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Thus Shalt Thou Keep Thy Lent.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



HE Travelers' Club had finished its last journey with books and maps, and the coterie of bright girls slowly separated, some chatting and laughing, and some absorbed in more serious talk. Ruth walked a little way alone, and then ran up the steps of a beautiful home to bring the cheer of her sunny face

into the room where Miss Randall was a prisoner from an unfortunate slip on the icy walk.

"All the way back from Egypt, Miss Margaret," she called, merrily. "Our steamer got in this afternoon, and we decided to stay a month at Cairo to see the pyramids and the mummies and all the rest."

"And so you begin with me; that shows your good taste."

"I should like to have all my journeys begin and end with you; but I came in this time to ask you a question—half a dozen of them, maybe."

"Go on, dearie. I'll answer if I can, but your questions are always welcome."

"Well, then," said Ruth, seating herself where she could lay her cheek against the soft white hand, "we were talking about Lent after the club to-day—just Jennie and Grace and I, and Jennie said she didn't see why all Christians shouldn't keep Lent as well as Catholics and Episcopalians. We all observe Easter, you know. What do you think, Miss Margaret?"

"I think it would be well for us all if we had more quiet hours in our lives; if we would step aside sometimes out of the rush and the hurry and give ourselves a chance to listen to the voice of the Master, and realize the divine presence in which we live and move and have our being."

Ruth's dark eyes dilated and her color deepened at this touching of a more solemn chord than that to which her thought was tuned. To leave the crowded path that she might walk more closely with the Master, and commune more intimately with him—she had not really thought of this. It was rather to share with others in a beautiful ceremonial, an expression of sympathy with the sufferings of Christ, and, in some sort, a penance from which she expected to derive satisfaction, if not exactly merit.

"Of course," she said, "we should go to service every day. Grace went to St. Andrews last year; the rector is a very spiritual man, and she says the service was lovely. Then we should make an offering, you know."

"An offering?"

"Yes; something you give up. We all said we'd give up candy, every single mite, though Grace thought we might make some ourselves, once in a while, but I don't see that making it yourself has anything to do with the case, do you, Miss Margaret?"

"Nothing at all," said Miss Margaret, gravely.

"So I said—but there's something more, and that is what I really wanted to ask you about. Jennie thinks we ought to offer something that means more to us than candy, and she wants to give up the symphony concerts—"

"And what do you say to that?"

"Why, it would be very hard—I've counted so much on them, and music is really a kind of worship, don't you think, Miss Margaret?"

"It ought to be, certainly."

"But I said I'd do it if the others did. Then there's another trouble about the afternoon service. I'm down for that very hour to read at the Old Ladies' Home, and Jennie at the hospital, and Grace has her mission sewing class, but we're going to try to get off, because if we really get any special good from the service we feel that we must go regularly, and not allow anything to interfere."

Ruth looked confidently at her friend, feeling quite sure that this resolution at least would meet her approval, but the gentle face was quite inscrutable, even when Miss Margaret asked:

"Just what good are you expecting to get from the service, dear?"

Her answer was not quite ready: she had to wait a little, and ask herself the question.

"Why," she said slowly, "to have spiritual things seem more real to us, and to think more about what Christ did and suffered for us—"

"But the thinking and the feeling are not really the end—"

"Of course the end is to be more like Christ ourselves—to follow his example."

"He took upon himself the form of a servant that he might minister to us. He laid down glory and honor; he knew temptation and hunger and weariness that he might enter into our life, and make it brighter. There was never a hint of merit in a sacrifice apart from the good it wrought for someone else. If you take him for an example I think he would tell you that true sympathy was better shown by ministering to his poor than by meditating upon his sacrifice."

"But we need the meditation."

"Surely, but must we let it take the place of some work for others that is already on our hands?"

"Like my old ladies at the home?"

"Yes, and Jennie's at the hospital. Don't you remember the story of the monk who was summoned from a wonderful vision of Christ to feed the poor at the convent door? He went sorrowfully, but when he returned the heavenly visitor was still there, and said to him, 'Hadst thou stayed I should have vanished.'"

"Those old monks had a wonderful way of painting the truth sometimes in their legends."

"We needn't forget that there was a time when they had about all the truth there was in the world. Now, dear, if out of all your daily leisure you think you can find some hour for prayer and meditation without depriving those poor shut-ins of what may be their one pleasure, and yourself of the profit of ministering to them, let us talk a little about the candy. Why should you abstain from eating candy?"

"For self-denial; because we love it, and Christ himself said we should deny ourselves if we wanted to be his disciples."

"I'll not ask you if he said we should do it in Lent any more than any other time, but I wonder if we quite understand what self-denial means—what Christ meant by it. You remember he said every man had a master whom he served, either God or self. If he chose God as

his master he must reject self; if he chose self he would reject God, because it was impossible to have two masters. To deny self is to reject its mastery, to turn from its service; it is the attitude of the heart, not any special act of the body. Self-denial is, in everything to put God first, to seek first his kingdom and his honor, and when that spirit really fills us it is possible even to eat and drink to his glory. I cannot think so meanly of my Father as to believe that the mere fact of my depriving myself of something that I enjoy is pleasing to him."

"But if you did it for his sake—"

"Then I could imagine him saying, 'Dear child, do you understand me so little?'"

"And you wouldn't stop the candy?"

"Oh, indeed, I would, and a good many other unnecessary expenses. I would say this is a good time to see how many things I can easily get along without. Because I am the Lord's treasurer and I must invest his money so as to bring the best returns. It is not right for me to waste it when so many really need it, and so I would save the money and bring the Lord an offering through his poor. My going without would not matter, but my giving to others would, for then I might come into fellowship with Christ."

"And the music, Miss Margaret?"

"The music is a part of your education. To listen to noble and inspiring music ought to make you nobler and more harmonious. If it is not helpful it must be because of the surroundings, or of your lack of the right spirit. What if instead of staying away, or selfishly enjoying it, you should try sharing it with someone who could not have the pleasure? Instead of going to six concerts go to three, and share your tickets with someone who is really thirsty for real music, and then you can both listen in the spirit of praise and worship."

Ruth's face glowed with a happy thought.

"There's Mabel—"

"Not this time. Someone has sent Mabel a course ticket."

"You, Miss Margaret; I know it was you! Well, there's—Beth, but she's so wooden. You never know whether anything pleases her."

"Try her. She has never learned expression, and a dumb soul is a suffering soul. Try, dear heart, to forget all about giving up, and make this Lenten season a festival of giving—of pouring out upon others—of love and adoration and gratitude to him 'who loved us and gave himself for us.' Don't try to think of it as one long forty days, but ask with every morning 'How can I serve my Lord this day?' Whether it is a gift, service, a song, or only gladness and gratitude in the heart, the days will be all holy, and Easter will come to you in a new sense as a resurrection morning. For you know, dear, it is not alone that Christ has risen, and that we are going by-and-by to rise, but Paul says, 'If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above.'"

Ruth left a kiss on the pale cheek, and said wistfully:

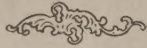
"I wish I could be as sure of helping others as you are: you always straighten out my puzzles."

"I ought to have a deeper store of experience to draw from than you, but often a little bit of fresh girlish sympathy is worth all the wisdom in the world, so don't discount the value of your riches. 'Such as I have,' was the measure of even an apostle's giving."

Evanston, Ill.



Pictures of Foreign Travel



By SAMUEL H. PYE



FLORENCE TO LAKE CONSTANCE.

ONE might as well travel by night as by day between Florence and Bologna, for the intervals of daylight between the tunnels are ex-

very steps of the railway station, for, instead of the lumbering omnibus of London, the more comfortable cab of Naples, or the fleetier jaunting-car of Dublin, we step into a gondola, and, resigning ourselves to the luxury of its comfortable cabin, we glide easily, almost noiselessly, through the waters of the Grand Canal, and are awakened as from a dream by the announcement from our gondolier that we are at our journey's end. Debarking, we hurry through the gaping crowd of beggars, with their incessant cries for *pourboire*, to our hotel on the Riva.

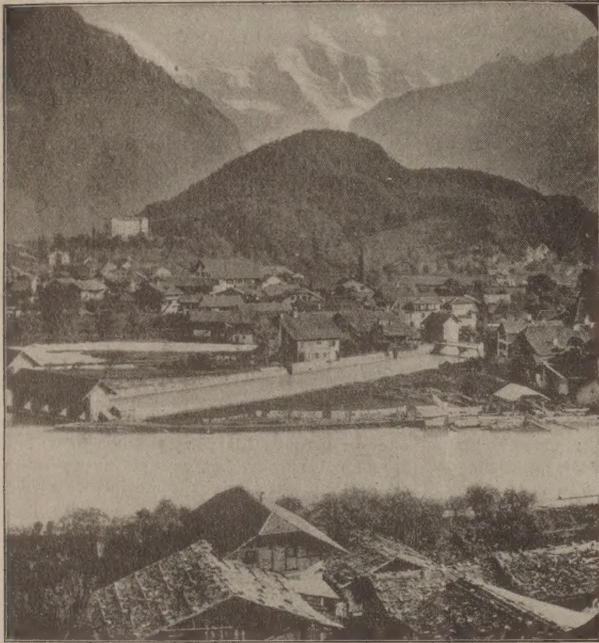
Venice has been so long the delight of tourists, and its attractions so fully described by Howells and others, that there is little left to be said by the casual traveler. With the encroachment of modern ideas and customs, its glamour fades away, and even the gondoliers show the effects of sharp competition with steam transports, and the gaiety and exuberant spirit of the past

Milan is to-day the great metropolis of the kingdom of Italy, and one of the most enterprising cities on the continent of Europe. Of course we clambered over the roof of its magnificent cathedral, and up to the top of the bell-tower, and looked away to the snowy summit of Mont Blanc, thus taking in the most extensive and attractive landscape to be found in all Europe.

Como was brilliant with the most complete exhibition of electrical appliances ever collected, the occasion being the celebration of the birthday of Volta, who was a native of this charming Italian city. The town was so crowded with visitors to the great exposition that we were glad to embark on one of the pretty little steamers that ply this lovely lake, for, notwithstanding the rivalry of Lugano and Maggiore and the Swiss and Scottish lakes, Lake Como will ever remain the brightest and loveliest of them all. We rested over night at Bellagio, near the head of the lake, and saw what has been well described as the most beautiful scene in all this world.

The ride by rail over the mountain to Porlezza, on Lake Lugano, and thence by steamer to the charming city of that name, nestled around the foot of the mountain, was exciting and exceedingly picturesque; the view from the summit embraced almost the entire extent of Lake Como, with its shore-lines studded with lovely homes, many of which are modern reproductions of the most ancient castles. From Lugano we ascended the Alps. After whirling through circular tunnels, now and then catching a glimpse of daylight and a bit of mountain scenery, or dashing over a bridge suspended far above the mountain gorge, and dipping again into the bowels of the earth, we tear at a mad rate through the wonderful St. Gothard Tunnel, nine miles long, and 1,000 feet beneath the summit of the mountain, and emerge into the pure and salubrious atmosphere of Switzerland.

The journey thence down the mountain and



INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.

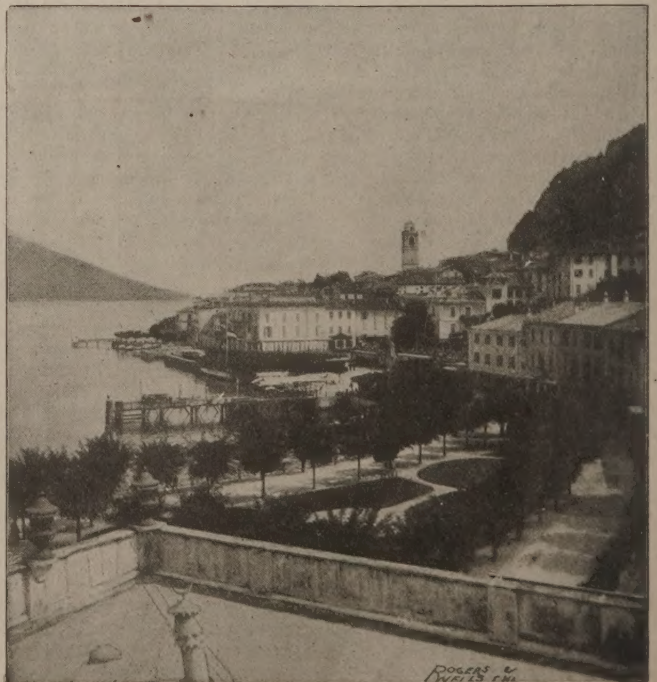
tremely short, and the occasional glimpses of the intervening valleys most unsatisfactory. After leaving the valley of the Arno the road winds through the beautiful plains of Lombardy and crosses the Apennines through a succession of tunnels, and over bridges, viaducts, and embankments in uninterrupted succession. There are only forty-five tunnels in this eighty-mile stretch, and two of them over a mile in length. The views, through the open country, particularly, through the fertile plains of Tuscany, are truly charming, and fully justify the appellation of "The Garden of Italy."

We entered the walled city of Bologna after night-fall, and drove for an hour along its arched streets, and past some of the most picturesque remains of mediæval architecture. These arches are the distinguishing features of Bologna, and along the colonnade leading to the pilgrimage church of La Madonna di San Luca there are 635 of these peculiar arches. We walked the entire length of this winding colonnade, ascending gradually until, at the height of several hundred feet, our vision took in the whole prospect stretching from the Apennines to the Adriatic. Tourists do not often visit this city, but if one is not going to Pisa, it is well worth a stop here to see the arches and the leaning towers. One of these, the Torre Garisendi, though only 163 feet in height, leans fully ten feet—a much greater departure from the perpendicular than that of the famous leaning tower of Pisa.

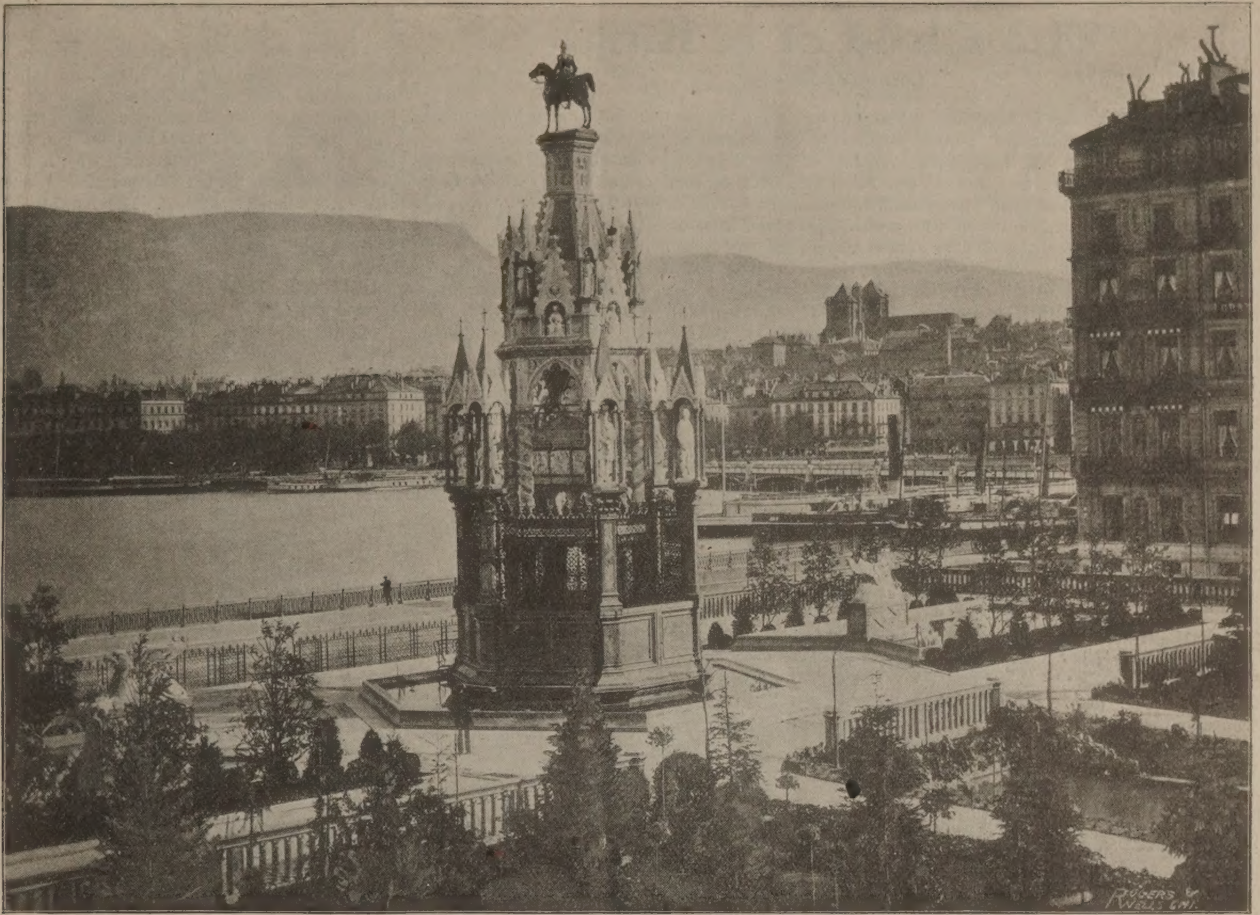
But we are off for Venice, not even the attractions of Padua and Ferrara detaining us for one moment. We are soon crossing the wonderful two-mile bridge, comprising more than 200 arches, and are set down in this delightful city of the sea. The romance of Venice begins at the

have given place to a dogged and sullen demeanor little becoming the nature of their occupation. The old hostleries are gradually giving way to modern structures that rival in magnificence of architecture and internal appointments the best hotels of Paris and Berlin. Still, there is enough of the ancient glory and picturesqueness of the old palaces and of St. Mark's Square and its splendid church to justify a stay of at least a week in this famous and romantic city. The fascination of a tour of its canals in a gondola; of a walk through its streets and over its multitudinous bridges, and the sensation produced by mingling with its heterogeneous population are indescribable and fadeless.

Our desire to reach the Italian lakes made our stay in Milan all too short, and gave but little time for an examination of the many attractions of this beautiful city.



BELLAGIO, LAKE COMO, ITALY.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

through the wild gorges to Fluelen, on the Lake of Lucerne, is indescribably beautiful and full of interest. The steamer-ride over this lovely lake, passing the Rigi, and always in full view of Mount Pilatus, is so beautiful that one cannot be pardoned for preferring the more expeditious railway. Lucerne is beautiful for situation, and a delightful city, but we tarry only long enough to view the gigantic Lion of Lucerne, hewn out of the solid rock after Thorwaldsen's design.

Interlaken is our objective, and the Jungfrau the attraction that hurries us over the Brunig Pass on that wonderful cog-wheel railway, at times on the edge of a precipice several thousand feet above the valley that lies so smiling in the evening sun-glow at our feet. A short, but most attractive ride over the Brienzler Sea brings us to Interlaken and a Sabbath day's rest within full view of the beautiful Jungfrau, with her radiant mantle of snow, decked as a bride for her wedding. It was a lovely June day that we ascended the mountain by way of the Wengern Alp and the Schiedeck, through a cut in a snow-bank twenty feet deep, and stood for hours in silent and enraptured contemplation of the majesty and beauty of this matchless mountain. The descent on the other side through Lauterbrunnen, passing the wonderful cascade of Staubbach and back to Interlaken, rounded a journey so replete with exciting and charming incidents that memory will never permit it to fade from our vision.

From Interlaken by steamer to Thun, thence by railway to Berne and Lausanne-Ouchy, and the Lake of Geneva, to Geneva, is a trip filled with glimpses of scenes superlatively beautiful. This is the choicest agricultural region of Switzerland, and evidences of prosperity were everywhere apparent in comfortable homes and bountiful harvests. The meadows were crowded with men, women, and children all intent on gathering the new-mown hay before the approaching summer shower should overtake them, and thus delay the work so important to every member of the family, including the cat-

tle and horses, for they really comprise a part of the family, being sheltered beneath the same roof.

Lausanne is not only an important railway and commercial center, but is growing and expanding so rapidly that it has reached down the hill to the lake shore, and now includes the port of Ouchy within its corporate limits.

Geneva has always been an interesting city to tourists, not only because of its delightful situation on this charming lake and its proximity to Chamonix and Mont Blanc, but because of its inherent loveliness as a place of residence and its beautiful suburbs. Being a central rallying point for tourists from all the different mountain passes, it has a population as conglomerate and as vivacious as can be found at any fashionable watering-place in Europe, and its enterprising citizens are always on the alert to meet the demands of its pleasure-seeking visitors.

Neuchatel is interesting as retaining many of the old customs and quaint costumes of the old regime, and is withal an enterprising and delightful city to visit.

Zurich is by far the brightest and liveliest city in Switzerland, and is famous for its institutions of learning as well as for its commercial enterprise. The manufacture of silk has been an important factor in its wonderful development as a trade center, and there are stores on its leading thoroughfares that equal, if they do not surpass, in attractiveness the best of those on the Parisian boulevards.

A delightful trip from Zurich is to the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, only two hours distant by rail. To an American, whose pride centers around glorious Niagara, these falls seem too insignificant to warrant an hour's delay; but to see them as we did, on a lovely afternoon in June, just as the sun reached that angle which brings out all colors of the rainbow, and more fully justifies its claim to be the most beautiful waterfall on earth.

With deep regret we bade adieu to Switzerland, and from Romanshorn sailed over the

lovely Bodensee (Lake of Constance), and entered Emperor William's domain at Lindau, Germany, in a drenching rain that followed us persistently throughout the whole of the German Empire.

Chicago.

Wit and Wisdom.

"To know a woman's age is not so important as it is to know how long she has been of that age."

And yet though all the world forsake,
And fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart and take
Half-views of men and things.

—Tennyson.

"Don't envy the man with a wonderful memory; he remembers much that he'd rather forget."

One good husband is worth two good wives; for the scarcer things are, the more they are valued.—Franklin.

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because, indeed, no man truly knows another.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

As a rule, women admire men as much as men admire themselves. Human admiration can go no farther.—Augusta R. Kidder.

Sufficient for the social day is the effort to avoid glancing at the cupboard where our neighbor keeps his skeleton.—Merriman.

So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valliant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light
And the great soul be stronger for our soul;
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

—Archibald Lampman.

"No Persian ever thought it right to ask blessings for himself, but only what was good for all, and for him through the blessing of the whole."

The Child of a King.

Gertrude A. Foster.



THE young Sunday-school teacher was perplexed. "Young" applies more to her experience than to her years. She was in the lovely maturity of early womanhood, and had been but a brief time awake to the realities of life; that is to say, the things spiritual. Her growth of soul had been rapid and beautiful. The days of her childhood and girlhood had been but dormant days, with no evil influences to mar the nescient soul. When conditions were right, normal growth had set in, as the live bulb puts forth root and leaf when the time of its slumber is done. Thus it was, that in a few months after her quiet confession of Christ and profession of a new walk in life, Mildred Clarke found herself mothering a class of girls in the Sunday-school. It was true spiritual mothering, and the girls needed it. Of their trials, temptations, tantrums, and tempers, a volume might be written, but this chapter may only concern itself with one of the teacher's experiences with one of the class—Bessie Edwards.

Bessie was a "mill-hand," Miss Clarke was the daughter of a millionaire. Bessie was ugly, Mildred Clarke was beautiful. Bessie was hot-headed, warm-hearted, impulsive, nervous, blundering; her teacher was calm, reserved, gentle, tactful, graceful. Bessie worshiped Mildred Clarke, who was as ignorant of the true state of affairs as a twinkling star is unconscious of the yearning eyes that trace its path.

"I do not know what to make of Bessie Edwards," said Mildred, speaking to a fellow teacher. "She seems so crude and is so utterly careless. I would think she had no heart were it not for the blushes that cover her face when I speak to her. I wish I could get at her in some way."

That very night, standing before a tiny looking-glass in her tiny room, Bessie was thinking: "If I could be like her I could amount to something. She was made right to start with. She is like that china cup Aunt Lou treasures so—clear, beautiful inside and out. She can't help it! Just look at her—if the wind blows her hair it just makes it nicer than ever! Every time she moves you'd think she did it on purpose to look nice. But me? I can't be good, and that's all there is to it. I'm ugly and awkward and hateful, inside and out. Aunt Lou's right. You can't 'make a silken purse out of a pig's ear,' and I'm the 'pig's ear' all right enough. She is silk and satin and pearls and—oh, how I love her!" The impatient, discouraged, sore-hearted girl flung herself face down on her bed of corn-

husks and vented love and longing for loveliness in a prolonged shower of scalding tears.

The Sunday after this the text of the day was: "Ye must be born again." Very earnestly did Mildred Clarke talk with her class. Bessie's head was bent during the lesson, and her eyes did not once meet her teacher's.

"It does not matter so much," said Miss Clarke to the girls, "what our earthly parentage may be; that we become the children of God is of the greatest importance. Nothing need cheat us out of this relationship—nothing can. Every one of us is born to be the King's own beloved child, and that kinship does for

world that I know anything about. My aunt, as she taught me to call her, adopted me when I was a very little baby in an orphan asylum. A man brought me there one night and said my mother was dead, and he did not want me. He just dropped me into someone's arms and ran out. They found out afterward who he was, and if you knew you would understand why it is impossible for me to be a Christian girl. I inherit every evil tendency straight. Besides this, I am ugly and awkward and poor. You cannot make a silken purse out of a pig's ear. My aunt believes in predestination, and so do I. I am predestined to be wicked, and I am not going to try to be anything else, because it is no use. I guess I will not go to Sunday-school any more because it does no good and only bothers you. If I was born and made like you, it would be different."

Mildred had carried the letter out into the fields that she might read it in the sunshine of the glorious summer morning. She read it over once, twice, three times, and then, as she said to herself, having "hid the sad little tale in her heart," she tore the letter into fragments. It gave her a new field of thought, and she sat still a long while, her thoughts half-prayers for the lonely, discouraged, wholly-to-be-pitied girl. She decided at last to take no notice of the communication, for a time at least. For while she recognized the sincerity of Bessie's trouble she was also sure that the confidence had been given partly to command sympathy, and partly as a challenge. It was as if a naughty child had said: "See how bad I am! What are you going to do about it?"

Bessie was at Sunday-school the following Sunday, and her teacher's manner was unchanged—serene, earnest, beautiful. The girl even wondered if the letter had reached her. Ought not the revelation of such dreadful things make some difference in Miss Clarke? It evidently had not,

and Bessie went home a little ashamed and thoroughly disappointed. Now she would leave the class, indeed! Probably the lady of good birth and culture despised her. So, for two weeks Miss Clarke saw nothing of her wayward pupil, and made no sign herself. But her heart was open heavenwards in petition, and for wise counsel from the Father of the fatherless.

The time came for the annual Sunday-school picnic, a festive-social occasion that "took in" a majority of the people of the country town. "High, low, rich, and poor," the community gathered to the great woods that skirted the pasture lands and spent a day under the trees. The "mill-hands," and others whose work kept them, joined the merry crowd for the evening meal, and then all rode home, singing, in the moonlight in the usual assortment of "rigs."

Bessie joined the picnickers, but kept aloof from her teacher and classmates, joining instead with certain rude spirits from the mill, young men



"Having hid the sad little tale in her heart, she tore the letter into fragments."

us what no other kinship can do. It uplifts us."

But Bessie Edwards found no help in the lesson. She did not know, poor child, that she was partly standing in her own light. That is to say, she was accepting and believing in a shadow that had been cast over her by others. For Bessie had a "history." Who has not? Bessie's history, however, was out of regular lines, and unless some wise heart soon interpreted it aright to the sorrowing girl, much unnecessary harm would befall her.

On Monday morning Mildred Clarke received a long, closely-written letter from the tired "mill hand," who had used several hours of much-needed rest to pour out her heart—in somewhat cynical fashion—to her teacher. There is space for only a few paragraphs:

"* * * Of course, I would like to be good. Everyone would! But I will tell you why I am not. The lady I live with is not my aunt. She is no relation to me. I have no relations in the

and women whose hilarity often bordered on profanity, and was always decidedly coarse. Bessie led them all, that evening, in boisterous mirth. This attendance of the rougher class of people was sometimes extremely unpleasant on this account.

Miss Clarke made no sign, but her heart and brain were busy. "Whatever I do," she said, "I must do it to-night. Bessie has gone too far to retreat of herself. But how? Oh, thou dear Brother of us all, how shall I—how can I help that foolish girl, my little sister in thy family?"

Half an hour later, a tall, graceful figure, dressed in white, walked softly across a moonlit space toward a group of noisy young men and girls. Their voices dropped to loud whispers as they recognized Mildred Clarke. Was she coming to "preach" to them? Bessie's heart beat painfully, and a worthy flush dyed more deeply her already hot cheeks.

"Good evening, all! What a perfect night for a wood-time! I wonder if we could not come here oftener—once a month through the summer time?" As she spoke, Miss Clarke had shaken hands with those nearest to her. Her gentle presence hushed their rude clamor. They felt awkward and shy, yet inwardly glad to be so near a beautiful woman—a woman whose life they knew was as unsullied and fragrant as a rare flower.

"I am in a bit of a dilemma," said Miss Clarke, "and I came for help. Our harness is missing—spirited away, somehow. I thought perhaps—ah, there is my little sister Bessie! Bessie, dear, are you a good walker? I thought if you were, you and some gentleman friend here, would be kind enough to act as my escorts home. We will leave the carriage in the woods. Father and mother are provided for. I had a dozen offers of a 'lift' but—to tell you a secret—I wanted to be with real young folks—this moonlight night!"

In five minutes the whole party had decided to walk home and Bessie's rough gingham sleeve touched the soft lace that floated from Miss Clarke's shoulder. The girl was proud to be chosen as her teacher's special escort. She had not suspected any plot. She wished she had not written that letter, wished she had kept her story to herself. People need not know such things! After all she was as good as anybody. This conclusion she arrived at a little fiercely and rebelliously. Perhaps the letter had never been delivered. Oh, she hoped it had been lost!

It was an hour's walk through field and wood. It took the party two hours, for Miss Clarke stopped more than once to draw her companions' attention to star and shadow and stream, telling them stories from history, bits of legend, reciting snatches of poetry, giving them glimpses into the glorious wonders of astronomy, never preaching, but often causing them to think reverently of the One who had created the beauties and wonders. Then they sang, and Bessie's really fine alto kept in proud harmony with the clear soprano voice beside her, the while the girl's self-consciousness said, over and over again: "Why cannot I be as good as she is? Why?" Something answered her every time: "You can!" Even the delicate perfume of her teacher's lace handkerchief appealed to her sense of longing for things lovely and lovable.

When all the company had said good-night to Miss Clarke save Bessie, the girl asked in a low voice:

"Did you get a letter from me, Miss Clarke?"

"Yes, dear."

A long silence fell between the two. The elder woman would not break it.

"I—Miss Clarke!"

"Well?"

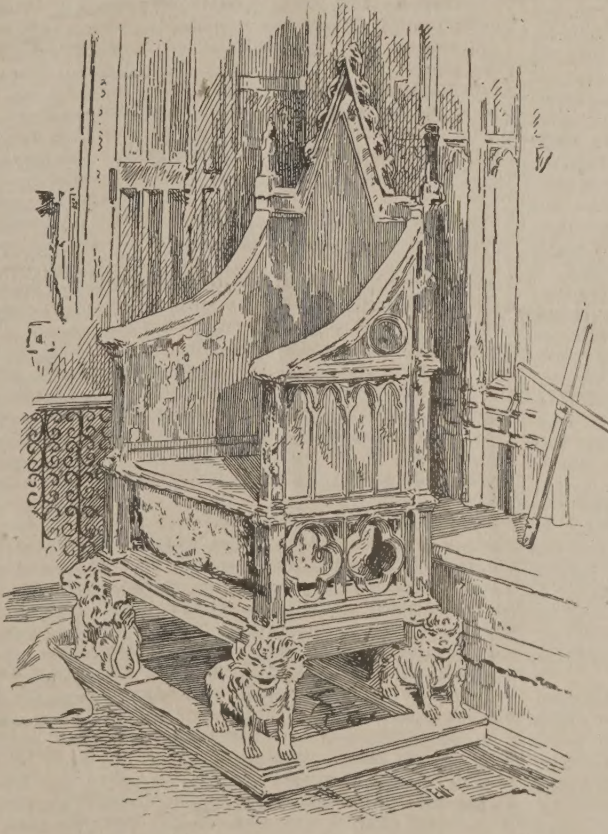
"I wish I had not told you."

"I wish you had not, dear."

Then Bessie was positively miserable, and tears flowed down her hot cheeks. She had nothing further to say.

"Bessie, listen to me, now, and after this we will never refer to the matter again. Our Father in heaven comes before any earthly parentage. We could not be without his allowing us to be. If he can make the grass and trees and the flowers grow out of the brown earth, what beautiful things can he not make grow out of the souls he has given us? Oh, little sister, do not envy me! Perhaps the very things you think help me are a hindrance. What counts for each of us is that we are royally descended—the children of the King! You know, Bessie, and I know, that you can be a good girl. Let me speak plainly: what difference was there between your conduct on the way home to-night, and your conduct before that?"

"Oh, Miss Clarke!"



THE CHAIR KING EDWARD VII. WILL BE CROWNED IN.

"You have been a little lady for the past two hours, have you not? Bessie, if you will walk with Jesus all the time, you may be all you long to be. Will you, dear?"

And Bessie looked into her teacher's true eyes, and chose the better way.

The next day, Miss Clarke confided to her father that she knew where the missing harness was. "I used a little strategy," she said, "for a good end. The harness was lost purposely—up a tree!"

"I knew my girl was up to something," said the father. "What did you find in that crowd of young people?"

"I found a sister—one of the King's children."

"Ah, child! You are of royal blood, sure enough. All you have of lovely character you owe to your inheritance in Christ Jesus, and not to earthly advantages."

"And having entered upon my inheritance," said Mildred, softly to herself, "I can help to restore to their place in his family others of the royal house of the King."

Chicago.

England's Coronation Chair.

Evelena L. Fryer.

IT IS a very ordinary looking chair, and would not bring much at an auction sale if no one knew its history, for it looks more suited to some corner of a kitchen than to an honored place in Westminster Abbey. It is really more clumsy and ugly and battered than you would think from the picture, and yet it is one of the most interesting chairs in the world, for England's kings and queens for five hundred years have sat in it when being crowned.

A big block of stone is built into the seat of the chair, and it is about this stone that the interest centers. Much blood has been shed in past years for possession of it. An old legend says that this is the identical stone on which Jacob's head rested at Bethel. It was carried to Egypt by his descendants—so the story goes—and was brought back to Palestine and finally was taken to Ireland by a beautiful princess, about five hundred years before Christ's time, where it was used at the coronation of the Irish kings. If the person to be crowned was not entitled to royal honors the stone groaned when he sat upon it, but if he was the rightful heir the stone was silent—so saith the legend.

From Ireland it found its way to Scotland, and was used in the coronation of the Scottish kings. Edward the First took it to Westminster and built the chair that contains it, and there it has been ever since.

There is a funny story told about a boy who once slept in this famous chair. In 1801—just one hundred years ago—a Westminster school-boy made a wager with a boy friend that he would not be afraid to sleep in the Abbey over night. So he hid himself in some dark corner until the lights were put out and the doors locked. He stayed in there all night, but fearing that his friend would not believe his word he decided to leave some proof; so he cut with his penknife on the oak seat of the coronation chair these words: "P. Abbott slept in this chair, Jan. 4, 1801," and there the words stand to this day to prove the truth of his statement.

The chair is placed before the altar when a sovereign is to be crowned, and a robe of ermine and cloth of gold is thrown over it. When Mary and William were crowned two chairs had to be provided, so another one was built as nearly like it as possible, except that the seat of the new one was made four inches higher, for William

was a short man, and Mary was a tall woman, and it would not have done for his head to be below that of his queen's—hence the four inches were added.

Philadelphia.

Take God at His Word.

SOME years ago in Russia a man was condemned to be put to death. When the time came for the sentence to be carried out, the czar, who presided over the execution, asked him if there was any one petition that he could grant him. All that the condemned man asked for was a glass of water, but his hand trembled so that it was impossible for him to get the glass to his mouth.

The czar said to him: "Your life is safe until you drink that water."

He took the czar at his word, and dashed the water to the ground. They could not gather it up, and so he saved his life.

My friend, you can be saved now by taking God at his word. The water of life is offered to "whosoever will." Take it now and live.—
Rev. J. McNeil.

Letters from Foreign Lands.

Our South American Cousins.

Estella C. Long.

ON this December afternoon, while the friends in the homeland are doubtless sitting around the blazing fires, the writer is doing her best to keep cool out in the open patio (court) of the Liceo Evangelia. It is just a bit difficult to adjust oneself to these changes in seasons, and remember that Christmas is just at hand, while flowers are blossoming out of doors, and we are reveling in all sorts of summer fruits. I look up at the great grape vine which covers the patio, and see the clusters of grapes some ten inches long already, and wonder if this can be December and not June.

Someone has said that if Africa is the Dark Continent, South America is the neglected continent. I never realized how little we know of this continent until I came here.

It is different from most other mission-fields in that we have to deal with people of our own race and with customs not so radically different from our own. The bathing season has just opened here, and yesterday, as Miss Hewett and I sat down by the seaside, watching the people as they came and went, we could almost imagine that we were at some seaside resort in North America. A priest-ridden land it surely is, yet we meet with no open opposition. We may establish our evangelical schools, churches, and Sunday-schools, and no one says us nay. Here in this city our girls' school, under the care of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, is very popular, and because of its high grade of instruction and moral tone Catholic parents bring us their girls, even though one unchangeable condition of entrance is that they receive instruction in the Bible. Hundreds of the people have left the Catholic church because of its corruptions. Though identified with no Protestant church, in the census returns they class themselves as "Evangelicals." Is not this an open door for our church? Many of these people who have thus renounced the old faith have not so much as heard of any other religion. We have two Spanish congregations in the city, and four or five Spanish Sunday-schools. There is also a small English congregation. As far as mission work is concerned, we are alone in the field. The girls' school is well established with a property of its own, capable of accommodating about 120 day pupils.

The boys' school, to which I came last September, has had a checkered existence, and was in its last gasps when I found it. Two native teachers were "keeping school" with ten boys. Their methods were most primitive. Every boy studied aloud, and was sometimes to be found in one seat and again in another as his own sweet will dictated. I sort of looked on for a few days. The sight was ludicrous, in spite of the fact that it was a bit perplexing to know just how and where to take hold. One day I remember being there when recess time came. The "master" clanged a loud bell several times, and above the din shouted, "Now, boys, it's time for recess! Be quiet! Order!" and every boy jumped and ran for the door. It looked like a formidable task, but I soon found that all they needed was careful direction to keep them in order. In a short time we moved into new quarters, and enrolled twenty-four boys. We even changed our name, and henceforth we are to be known as The North American Academy. They are bright fellows, eager to learn. All instruction is given in English, though about half are Spanish, and all speak the latter language better than the former. I employ a Spanish teacher, who speaks English readily. Another year we will be able to take sixty boys. There is no doubt that we will have all we can care for.

I am impressed that the great thing for this little republic, to bring it to Christ, is simple gospel preaching and careful, earnest, joyous Christian living among them. They are giving us their children to educate. Christian teach-

ers, who will be just what Christian teachers should be in the United States, are needed for this work as well as Christian preachers.

Montevideo. Dec. 16, 1900.

How a Cross Saved a Church.

Rev. W. A. Mansell.

ONE of the most important works for India accomplished by Dr. William Butler was completed a few years before his death, in the collecting of a fund for the erection of small chapels. This fund, known as the "Butler Chapel Fund," is suitably invested as an endowment fund, the income of which, each year, is available to aid in the building of small churches or chapels in villages where they are needed. A few simple conditions are to be met before the money can be obtained; for example, that the church applying must pay a certain proportion of the expense, and must agree to keep the building in repair after it has been erected.

And so it has come about that all over North India there are to be found small Methodist meeting-houses, known as "Butler Chapels." One of the most interesting of these is near Hardoi, on the road from Shahabad to an old Hindu city, now almost in ruins, known as Pali. The chapel is built on ground belonging to a converted fakir—a singing devotee named Cheta Dass. He was converted many years ago as the result of reading a tract given him by Mrs. T. S. Johnson at a religious fair, or *meta*, she attended. After his conversion he became useful as an evangelist, going about with the preachers from place to place singing the gospel story in a weird sort of melody, and accompanying his song with twanging rhythmically on a one-stringed guitar-like instrument, the body of which consisted of the dried shell of a gourd. As a fakir, or devotee of his old faith, he enjoyed the privilege of living on his land, rent free, and this privilege was continued after he had become a Christian.

In the course of time he had gathered about him a number of converts in the neighboring villages, and it became his earnest desire to have a chapel built for them on his own ground, a portion of which, adjoining the main highway, he agreed to give for this purpose. The preliminary conditions having been met, the chapel was duly built—a plain little structure with walls of mud (which, by the way, is an excellent building material, and, if kept in repair, will endure indefinitely) and a tile roof supported by plain wooden beams. The entire cost of the building was not more than \$70. On the gable at one end Cheta Dass fixed a rude wooden cross, which afterward saved the chapel from destruction:

It came about in this way: In the famine of 1896-97 one of the public works undertaken by the relief officials was the improvement of the road from Shahabad to Pali. As the immense relief camp, with its army of workers, moved on they came to our new Butler Chapel. The man in charge of the works happened to be a bigoted Hindu, who at once saw an opportunity of destroying a Christian church, and managed the survey so as to bring the chapel right in the middle of the proposed road. Orders were given to demolish the chapel, and the workmen set to work.

Instantly Cheta Dass appeared on the scene. He is a tall man with a flowing beard and commanding presence.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"We have surveyed the road, and find that this building must be removed," was the reply.

"Do you see that sign up there?" he asked, pointing his long, bony arm to the rude cross on the gable.

"Yes; what of that?"

"Do you know what it is?"

"No."

"Well, I will tell you. It is the sign of the re-

ligion of the British government, and if you, in any way, dishonor that sign, you may have to answer for it to that same British government."

The daring and confidence of the man impressed the Hindu that it might be unsafe to trifle with such a sign, and he gave orders to have the survey raised, and the chapel still stands.

Did It Pay?

Rev. Homer Wroten.

I NOTICED in THE EPWORTH HERALD a list of contributors toward famine relief. It may be of interest to some of them to know of some concrete cases which are proving very encouraging. Though Bengal was unaffected by the great famine of 1900, yet God opened the way for some of our missionaries, situated here, to take orphans and attempt to make out of them what might be. Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee of Calcutta succeeded in getting about fifty boys from Rajputana. Their condition was indescribable; no picture seen at home can carry a full realization of the direful results of a famine. Among these fifty was one boy whose name is Jalimo. When he heard, at his home, that missionaries were gathering starving boys with the purpose of transporting them to a land of plenty, his heart was full of joy. Of all his relatives, only a sister had survived, and she was with him—he a lad of fourteen years, and she perhaps ten or eleven. We did not care for the girls; since only a small per cent. of them could possibly be saved, we chose boys as the more useful in the future spread of the gospel. Jalimo could not think of leaving the land of famine and death, with his sister remaining behind to perish. So he contrived to dress her in boy's costume out of the few rags, which he possessed. When the children were selected she could not be told from a boy, as represented. So Jalimo and his sister came to Calcutta in a car of famine children as two boys. As soon as they were brought into the mission compound, and were being shown their quarters, he came to Mrs. Lee, and brought his sister, and told Mrs. Lee all about it. Who would condemn a boy for deception under such circumstances?

Anyhow, we all put Jalimo down as a boy made of the stuff we wanted. After five months some of the most likely ones were considered eligible for baptism. Jalimo had not been selected as a candidate who was ready. But he was wide awake and knew what was taking place. So he came on the Sunday when the others were to be baptized, and asked why he was not included. He was told that he was young and had not learned the significance of this solemn ceremony. "Why," he said, "I have believed Jesus ever since I heard about him. I never heard of him until I came to you. I know I am a different kind of boy, and I believe the Lord has taken away my sin. Since I came have you ever caught me in a lie? Have I stolen anything?" All he said seemed sincere, and no one could deny his assertions, and so he was included among the others, and Jalimo became a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Since that time he has been growing both mentally and spiritually. He is never so delighted as when doing some work which we are able to give him. He saves the expense of an extra servant even now, and is becoming more useful every day. We expect him to eventually become a preacher of the gospel. Such a preacher as he may become is worth as much as the best man the Missionary Society can send to India, in the matter of carrying the good news to his brethren. The missionary must spend several years before he is equipped to do evangelistic work in a foreign language—this lad has the vernacular from his childhood. The expense of a missionary is nearly ten times the expense of a native preacher from the very nature of the case. Does it not pay to invest in famine orphans? And is it not worth while to get a boy at this early age and start him toward the evangelization of India? The case I have cited is one of several more just as encouraging.

Calcutta, India.

Glimpses of American Humor.

Prof. P. M. Pearson.

IV.—Bret Harte.

REFERRING to "M'liss," "Miggles," "John Oakhurst" and other creations, Bret Harte said to a friend, "If I had been a painter I would have painted them." But no painting could longer outlast or better represent these perfect character sketches of the West. As we read, the characters seem to be entertaining us in their miners' cabins, or traveling with us over the trail.

Why Mrs. Harte, a widow, should have left her Eastern home to take up the long hard journey to California, there to endure the hardships of pioneer life, is not easily understood. But that she did so is fortunate for her boy, Francis Bret, as well as for those of us who have laughed over "The Heathen Chinee," and wept over "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Bret's father was a scholar, a teacher of Greek, and young Harte, though deprived of the advantages of an education, was a student by nature. Forced to make a living in California, he became a school teacher, and what trying times he experienced we may surmise from the local color of "M'liss." He tried mining, too, but it did not "pan out." Newspaper work was found to be in his field, and it had ready recognition. Though he has from his early career until the present time held a position under the government, he has devoted himself to letters. His contributions to the local press were so well received that when an editor was needed for the newly organized *Overland Monthly*, Harte was chosen. The first number of this magazine followed the conventional lines, containing nothing distinctive enough to give it a place of its own. Thinking that it should be unique, that it should give expression to the life of the West, Harte said to the publisher that unless something of this kind were contributed for the next issue, he would prepare an article himself. He was forced to do what he had proposed, and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was handed to the printer.

Trouble began when the proofreader declared the story coarse, and corrected the sheets only after much urging. Then the printer took it to the publisher, fearing that the insertion of such an article would injure the magazine. The publisher and interested friends all protested; but without avail. The story appeared, and was immediately attacked by the local press and pulpit. It was declared to be a vicious misrepresentation, and was pronounced poor literature and bad ethics.

But enthusiastic praise came from Boston and other literary centers, so that the magazine and the author became famous at once. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was declared to be one of the best pieces of American humor, and critics of a later generation do not dissent from the verdict. The picture it draws is not exaggerated, but is given to us just as the author saw it. The story is not coarse, as its local critics thought, for as Lowell says, "Vulgarity is in the thought, not in the word, nor in the way it is pronounced!" The handling is rough and irreverent, but the tenderness through it all is unsurpassed.

Harte says of those early days in the far West: "It was an era replete with a certain heroic Greek poetry," and no one has seen this more clearly or shown it more faithfully than he. Such dramatic life has not been known elsewhere in our country. It was the life of the individual, where every man took care of himself, and of his claim. Men were not asked what they had been, nor what they intended to be. Roughs and outlaws predominated, though there were some preachers and school teachers, and a few young college men out to make their fortunes. The saloon, the gambling-house, and the dance hall were the only places of resort. Crime went unpunished except when it became too rampant. Bret Harte shows that even among these characters were the virtues of a common

humanity. In crises such as try men's souls, they showed themselves possessed of a latent nobility, fidelity, magnanimity, and heroism that prove their kinship to the race.

In "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is the magic by which one touch of nature transforms selfish, coarse, hardened men to tenderness, decency, and sacrifice. No extract from this masterful story can do it justice, nor can it be told in other words than those of Bret Harte. The person who has not read it has missed one of the best short stories in American literature.

Harte is a painstaking artist whose every word counts. His descriptions, though short, give complete conceptions. His stories are full of external nature, full of forests, mountains, and storms, though these are incidental. As a writer in *The Critic* says, "He has the gift of hinting in a forest with a word." He does not indulge in a long description of the dawning day, but says, simply, "The quickening east," and then, hardly pausing in the action of his heroic "Santa Claus at Simpson's Bar," he says: "The Christmas dawn came slowly after, and the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies."

The stories are of homely life, and have a genuine philosophy, the more potent that it is not labeled.

Though he never preaches, he has a gospel—the gospel of the New Testament; the gospel of the great Preacher who told the parable of the prodigal son, and who spoke friendly words to Mary Magdalene. It is the gospel of faith in humanity, that people are not so bad as they seem. This message would be welcome even if it came in a form less artistic than that of the writer whose works we are considering.

Bret Harte has a rich sense of humor mixed with pathos, and the reader's emotion is a pendulum between a smile and a tear. He sees the pathetic humor and the humorous pathos of the life about him, and has the skill to paint it romantically. A friend came to him one day to say that he had just been talking to a gentleman who had wept while reading a passage from one of these stories. "Well," said Harte, "I wept when I wrote it."

His poems, though well known, have not won the recognition of his short stories. The directness of his verse is one of its chief characteristics. One may easily read "Her letter" or "Chiquita" in such a way as to deceive the hearer into thinking that one is talking, so perfectly do these poems lend themselves to the conversational style. They are abrupt and exclamatory, like Browning's dramatic monologues, and have, like them, much indicated action.

Perhaps his best known, and, to many critics, his most perfect bit of verse, is "The Heathen Chinee." He characterizes the life about him, whether that of man or beast. In "Chiquita" is his best expression of the moods and disposition of the horse; and in "Coyote" is further evidence of the faculty of observation which has done much to give him a place in literature. So sympathetic a treatment of an animal that is generally despised is rare and effective, and shows the deep sympathy with even the lowliest and most unlovely which constitutes so large a part of his charm:

"Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half-bold and half-timid, yet lazy all through;
Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing, an outcast in gray.

"A shade in the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
Lope-eared and large-jointed, but ever away
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

"Well, take what you will, though it be on the sly,
Marauding or begging, I shall not ask why,
But call it a dole, just to help on his way
A four footed friar in orders of gray."

Evansville, Ill.



ROEK FARMHOUSE DESTROYED BY THE BRITISH

Horace Greeley's Penmanship.

There are many amusing incidents given of mistakes arising from the illegible hand writing of Horace Greeley. The *Philadelphia Ledger* adds the following to the collection:

Here is what Horace Greeley wrote:

Dear Sir: I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 3. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now. Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.

M. B. Castle, Sandwich, Ill.

And here is how the lecture committee answered it:

SANDWICH, ILL., May 12.

Horace Greeley, *New York Tribune*—

Dear Sir: Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest it took some time to translate it; but we succeeded, and would say to your time, "3rd of February," and terms, "sixty dollars," are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity. If so we will advise you.

Yours respectfully,
M. B. CASTLE.

* * *

Vigorous Measures.

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle to the strains of an imaginary wedding march, to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother becoming tired of it, said:

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said:

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler; but if some man should ask you to marry him—"

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.

It is probably safe to say, however, that in a dozen years from now the future "man" need not seriously consider the chances of arrest.

* * *

Dangerous.

"I would rather have written that poem," he said, laying down the book, "than to be president of the United States."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Crossing the bar."

"Oh, Will! Don't let me hear you say such a thing, or I know she'll make me break our engagement. She's a regular crank on temperance."

* * *

Science and Superstition.

We cordially congratulated Science upon having made people less superstitious.

"Bless you, no!" exclaimed Science, deprecatingly. "Why, I haven't done a thing on earth but change the styles in superstitions! Simply replaced ghosts with microbes, don't you know!"

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

PAY WHAT THOU OWEST.

Topic for the Week Ending March 24: What I Owe to Christ.

(2 Cor. 8: 9; 1 Peter 2: 21-25.)

REV. P. ROSS PARRISH, A.M.

In Debt to Jesus.

Monday, March 19.—The cost of redemption (Matt. 27: 29-35; Tit. 2: 13, 14).

Tuesday.—For what was the price paid? (John 3: 16; 10: 10-18).

Wednesday.—With what are we redeemed? (1 Peter 1: 18-23).

Thursday.—The obligations of love (John 14: 15-24).

Friday.—Canceling the debt (Matt. 25: 31-40).

Saturday.—Offering our all (2 Cor. 8: 1-5).

Sunday.—Topic: What I owe to Christ (2 Cor. 8: 9; 1 Peter 2: 21-25).

What I Owe to Christ.

REV. CHARLES COKE WOODS.

The debt appalls me. It passes computation. My assets are not equivalent. No ample security is available. An inventory discloses the startling fact of bankruptcy. I am hopelessly insolvent. I am a pauper.

But my creditor is a Prince. He will be gentle and just. He remembers that I am dust. He knows that my life escapes with every breath. Never did His royal feet tread upon the poor. Himself had not where to lay his head. In that I find solace. My poverty will appeal to his pity. He will not hear heaven's melody while the threnody of my despair sobs in his ears.

What do I owe to Christ? Let us feel about the heart of that inquiry. What lessons has he taught? What service has he rendered? What gifts has he bestowed? Measure the worth of all these. Then you will know the scope of my obligation. Fathom his love? No plummet has sounded that sea. What eloquence can speak the value of the gift unspeakable? He gave himself for me. Then I am not my own. I am his. To be any other's would be theft. He is the heart of heaven to my heart. The aroma of his love is wafted across the desert spaces of my sorrow. And they blossom as the rose. He breathes across my sterile soul, and it breaks into gardens of bloom.

See the debit side of the ledger. I am indebted to Christ for the highest ideals.

He gives the highest ideal of life.

He gives the highest ideal of love.

He gives the highest ideal of the family.

He gives the highest ideal of society.

He gives the highest ideal of service.

He gives the highest ideal of personal character.

He presents the highest ideals of civilization. The ideals of the world are war, wealth, glory. Christ substitutes for them, peace, brotherhood, goodness.

He realized the ideal of a sinless life. The verdict of history is: "He did no sin." Even Pilate said: "I find no fault in him."

What do I owe to Christ? Let it be a personal question. I am indebted to him for pardon. It does not remove the sting of memory. But it takes away the sting of sin. Our God will abundantly pardon.

I am indebted to him for peace. It is not the stolid peace of stoicism. It is not the indifference of fatalism. It is not the grim acquiescence of despair. It is the peace of personal experience. It passes understanding. It is peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

To Christ I am indebted for purity. I am clean through the word he hath spoken. The flood-gates of the soul swing wide. The river of his love flows through in billows of bliss. It is the Holy Spirit's renewing. It is the purging of regeneration. This peace is deep, progressive, satisfying, permanent.

I am indebted to Christ for power. He is the mighty Master. His force falters not, nor fails. He girds me for the race. He equips me for battle. He nerves me to endure. He empowers

me to serve. If I save men I serve him. Omnipotence is at my service when I serve the Omnipotent. In Christ's strength I front the storm. I scale the heights. I mount. I fly. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."
Arkansas City, Kan.

What Do I Owe Christ?

1. It is almost superfluous to say that I owe him all the best things in my physical life and environment. Nothing is more evident than the secular or material benefits of a true Christianity.

2. I owe to him the good home influences of my child-life. Like many others, my parents were not rich in learning, lands, nor luxuries, but they were rich in the grace of God and the simple, sterling qualities that are necessary to the making of character everywhere. How many of us owe it to Christ that we were reared in the tonic atmosphere of Christian faith?

3. I owe him not only the favoring providence of having schools and teachers, but the intellectual impetus which made me a constant hungerer for truth.

4. I am indebted to him for the grace that came as a saving force into my child-life, and has been a keeping power ever since. It is no goodness or merit of mine that makes it possible for me to write these words for our thousands of Epworthians to-day, but the atoning merit and saving power of the Lord Jesus.

"O wondrous love! O boundless grace!"

5. I owe him a thousand debts for blessings past, present, and prospective. Blessings of body, mind, and heart. Blessings social, secular, and spiritual. Blessings personal, family, and civic. Blessings of health, home, and happiness. Blessings for to-day, to-morrow, and eternity. Blessings innumerable, immeasurable, and endless.

My Personal Debt.

1. The one who is not a Christian owes it to Jesus Christ to make an honest personal examination of his character and claims. This can only be done by reading the New Testament, praying to him for light, and beginning to obey. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

2. I owe it to him to make a full surrender of my heart and will. If Christ has any claims on me, he has all claims. If I owe him anything, I owe him everything. If he is my divine Saviour, I should yield him every power for salvation and service. It is inconsistent, if not impossible, to yield him a partial devotion. My security, my comfort, my strength, all demand a complete partnership with him.

3. I owe it to him to come into a growing fellowship with him. This is based, in no small degree, on knowledge. You cannot love anyone you do not respect. You cannot respect anyone you do not know. While love may lead to knowledge, it is even more true that knowledge leads to high regard and growing affection. You cannot wholly resolve to love even the Christ. But if you will come to know him by reading his life and teaching, entering into his Spirit, and marking his beneficent rule among men, you can but admire, love, and adore. We do not, in this, imply a critical knowledge so much as a practical acquaintance. Head, heart, and will act and react in this as well as in all other volitions.

4. I owe it to obey and follow him in all things as fully as I am able. And here is the testing-point. It is so easy to say "Lord, Lord," in a cheap flattery such as Judas gave, and then traffic with the Pharisees. It is so natural to accept Christ as our benefactor, and to reject him as our Master. It is so easy to crown him with garlands of creeds and songs and pious phrases, and then crown him again with the

thorns of pride, selfishness, avarice, ambition, envy, and vindictiveness in our daily lives. Ah, being a Christian means, I fear, so much more in the matter of a simple, soulful, actual following of the Nazarene than many of us have ever learned from our teachers or our most familiar types. It would not do any of us Epworthians, Methodist Church officials—ministers, even—to honestly and seriously ask the question: "Am I really a disciple and follower of the Man of Nazareth?"

5. If our consecration is of any value, it must be real, in detail, and complete. If I am his, then my body is his to be wisely held and used. My mind and talents are his to be given to holy service. Ah, yes, but how much that means! My home and family are his. My time and its possibilities are his. My money, estate, possessions are all his to be used as his steward. My pulpit is his. My pen and chair are his also. My types and clean pages are his. My soul is his.

6. We owe it to him to help bring others to him. Nothing pleases him so much as this. And one of the best ways in which to bring others to him is to take him to others in our own lives and deeds. When they thus come to see and know him they will desire further acquaintance. In every possible way I owe it to help realize his kingdom here in this world.

He Was Rich

In the Father's love and presence.

In his possessions.

In his dominion.

In his creative power.

He Became Poor

In his birth and nature.

In his circumstances.

In the humility of his spirit.

In his associations.

In his reputation.

Wealth of His Poverty.

This is seen (1) in its voluntariness, (2) in its vicariousness, (3) in the beneficence of its purpose, (4) in its adaptation to the end in view.

We Become Rich.

1. Rich in the provisions of redemption.

2. Rich in the joys of pardon.

3. Rich in the experiences of grace.

4. Rich in the hopes of glory.

How Make Payment.

By a full surrender to him.

By a devout and glowing love.

By a constant spirit of gratitude.

By practicing his teaching.

By kindness to the poor and distressed.

By giving time, money, energy to his cause.

By self-denial for the good of others.

By patience under the trials of life.

By winning souls to his love and law.

By helping to destroy the kingdom of Satan.

By translating his life and teaching into the literature, law, and life of the age.

A Perfect Example.

Jesus meets every requirement of a perfect example.

1. He was sinless.

2. He overcame all kinds of difficulties.

3. He must be able to forgive and restore.

4. He must be a living, ever-present, victorious helper.

The man of Nazareth possessed all these credentials.

Afterthoughts.

The heroism and unselfishness of Florence Nightingale, David Livingstone, and others is worthy of enduring renown. But they are only hints at the sublime life of Jesus.

Scores of expositors will write on this topic. Thousands of leaders of young people's meetings will seek to interpret it, millions of youth will confess the benefits received from Jesus, but not one can tell what we owe our Saviour.

The Best Things To Eat

ARE
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WITH

ROYAL Baking Powder

Hot-breads,
biscuit,
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muffins,
crusts,
puddings,
and
the various
pastries
requiring
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or raising
agent.

Risen with Royal Baking Powder, all these foods are superlatively light, sweet, tender, delicious and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder is the greatest of time and labor savers to the pastry cook. Besides, it economizes flour, butter and eggs, and, best of all, makes the food more digestible and healthful.

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The Sunday-School

Lesson for March 24: Jesus Crucified and Buried.

(Luke 23: 35-53.)

Golden Text.

Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures (1 Cor. 15: 3).

Time.—Of the crucifixion, 9 a.m., of Jesus' death, 3 p.m., and of his burial, from 3 to 6 p.m., on Friday, April 7.

Place.—Just outside the city of Jerusalem.

Connecting Links.

After Jesus had been given up by Pilate to be crucified, he was led out by the soldiers to Calvary. Two other men were taken at the same time—two criminals. Jesus was "numbered with the transgressors." A great multitude followed, among them some women friends of Jesus, weeping. The three crosses were set up, Jesus being nailed upon the middle cross.

Helps to Understand the Lesson.

V. 35. *The people stood.*—The crowds who had gathered to look on. Among these were some friends of Jesus. (See John 19: 25-27.) *Derided.*

—"Scoffed at him." Taunting him. *He saved others.*—They said to him that as he had saved others in trouble he should now save himself if he were the Christ. (Read Matt. 27: 40-43, and Mark 15: 29-32.)

36. *The soldiers also.*—Four soldiers kept guard round each cross. *Vinegar.*—The sour wine which the soldiers used. They probably offered it to Jesus, and then snatched it away.

38. *A superscription.*—This title was written in black on a whitened board, in three languages—Hebrew, Greek, Latin—so that everyone might understand it. (See John 19: 21.)

39, 40. *One of the malefactors.*—Matthew and Mark say both at first mocked. *The other.*—Seeing Jesus' suffering, and hearing his prayer impressed this man. He reproved his companion for taunting Jesus.

41. *We indeed justly.*—He confessed that he was suffering justly, but Jesus had *done nothing amiss.* Probably he had heard Pilate's words about the innocence of Jesus.

42. *Remember me.*—A humble prayer showing his belief that Jesus was a king about entering into his kingdom, who would have power beyond death.

43. *To-day.*—The man had asked only for re-

membrance, and Jesus promises far more than that—that before the setting of the sun he would be with him in paradise. That is, in the home of the blessed.

44, 45. *The sixth hour.*—Noon. *Darkness.*—The sun's light failed and for three hours there was darkness over the city and country. *The veil of the temple.*—This veil separated the holy place from the most holy, and it was torn in two. This showed that there was no more a veil to keep men away from God, since Jesus had died for the world. (See Heb. 9: 3; 10: 19, 20.)

46. *With a loud voice.*—The words were: "It is finished." His life and work were finished. *Into thy hands.*—He thus committed his spirit to his Father.

47. *The centurion.*—The Roman officer in charge of the crucifixion. *A righteous man.*—He was impressed by the way Jesus suffered. (See Matt. 27: 54.)

48, 49. *The people.*—A feeling of awe filled their hearts. *All his acquaintance.*—His friends and followers. *Stood afar off.*—Sad and hopeless.

50-55. *Joseph.*—A member of the Jewish court, rich, and a secret friend of Jesus. *Wanted for the kingdom.*—He believed that Jesus was the Messiah. (See Matt. 27: 57; John 19: 38.) Nicodemus also assisted at the burial of Jesus. The body was reverently taken down, washed, wrapped in spices, and laid in Joseph's new tomb.

The Teachers' Meeting.

1. *Word picture.*—This scene should be distinctly reproduced in every imagination. Emphasize the supernatural darkness.

2. *Place.*—The exact location is unknown.

3. *Meaning.*—Some such passages should be read as 1 Cor. 2: 2; Gal. 6: 14; 1 John 1: 7; Rev. 5: 9; 1 Pet. 1: 18, 19. Avoid treating the crucifixion as merely an historical scene, no matter how important; it stands as the basis of Christianity, of most of our modern civilization, and of our personal salvation.

4. *The "seven words" from the cross, with their lessons.*—Consider them all, but emphasize the three given by Luke.

4. *What do we see in this sufferer on the cross?*—
1. A voluntary sufferer, he laid down his life that through his death men might live. 2. A forgiving sufferer, he prayed in behalf of those concerned in his death. 3. A hated sufferer, persecuted for righteousness' sake. 4. An atoning sufferer, he saved others, himself he could not save. 5. A kingly sufferer, but his crown was a crown of thorns. 6. A redeeming sufferer, he opened the door of heaven to the repentant robber. 7. A dying sufferer, but his death was in reality the conquest of death and of sin. Other teachings of the cross.

Reflections on the Lesson.

1. It is not possible for a mere man of the world to see how anyone can possess power and yet decline to use it for his own advantage.

2. In taunting the Jews Pilate told the truth, for Jesus was a true King.

3. Let no one despair of the mercy of God in even the extremest case, and yet let no one presume upon it.

4. The right sort of courage is that which shows itself in a great emergency.

Blackboard Exercise.

HE DIED
IN FOR TO
SIN. SIN. SIN.

Put the words HE DIED on the board at the beginning of the review. Then bring out by appropriate questions the three ways in which the three crucified ones died. Wipe out the middle one, and the words HE DIED, and put in their place ARE YOU DEAD, making it read, ARE YOU DEAD TO SIN, OR IN SIN? Now lead in prayer, that God may lead each one in this school to die to sin, and not in sin.

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DOING OUR BEST WHERE WE ARE.

THE country boy who is in the habit of looking to the city as the source of all opportunity, and the fountain of all practical wisdom, should read a series of articles on the "Credit Man," prepared by Mr. H. N. Higinbotham. The writer held for many years the most responsible position in the great house of Marshall Field & Co.

Writing of the training which a young man needs for the responsibilities of the credit desk, Mr. Higinbotham says: "I am profoundly convinced that the credit man who has not lived on a farm or in a country village must always be at a distinct disadvantage in his work." The reason for this is that in the final analysis the prosperity of the country is dependent on the prosperity of the farmer. Hence, the conclusion that "the ideal basis of experience upon which to build a good credit man is a boyhood on a farm, a few years in the typical 'general store' of the average village, a period of service in the country bank, and a thorough drill in the cashier's department of the wholesale house."

In his testimony to the value of a country training this eminent merchant and friend of young men does not seek to draw any comparisons between the country and the city. He believes in both. But his words have a peculiarly significant bearing upon the lives of young people who are wont to despise what they regard as narrow surroundings. There is a growing tendency among country young people to seek the city as though it were an El Dorado—a place where fortunes might be picked up on the streets. Many of these come without any preparation whatever to secure or hold a position. They wander about the city, interviewing benevolent people, and wasting valuable time. Finally, many of them return to their homes with the feeling that the world is against them, and that it is little use to try to succeed.

The truth is that there is no place so small in which we may not get valuable experience if we will but make the best use of our opportunities. Let the country boy and girl, for example, study to understand thoroughly their own life where they are. Then let them seek something a little better—something that will naturally unite itself with what they have previously done. Afterward, when judgment has begun to ripen, and there is a good fund of experience to draw upon, the city may open its doors. If not, why there are still left the rewards of the country, which, if not so large and glittering as those of the city, are still substantial and increasingly pleasant. Among these rewards will probably be good health, independence, and an increasing influence in the community.

"THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE STAGE."

THE Rochester Democrat-Chronicle published not long ago a strong article upon the modern stage. It is refreshing to find in a secular daily such a candid statement of what every body knows about the play-house of to-day. The editor insists that the term, "the educational value of the stage," is obsolete. He asks: "Is the stage as we have it in this country to-day a necessary or even desirable part of the country's educational outfit? Does anybody to-day learn anything worth knowing in an American theater that he could not better learn somewhere else?"

Are habitual theater-goers, as a class, wiser, more thoughtful, broader-minded, mentally or morally better off in any way than habitual theater-absentees? Other things being equal, is the cultured theater-goer better cultured than the non-theater-goer? If every theater in the United States were wiped out of existence and memory to-morrow, would the country be any the worse off except by the loss of one form of amusement and means of recreation?"

These questions the Rochester editor answers negatively. Concerning the modern stage he remarks: "It has grown in neither grace nor knowledge. It has nothing to teach that is worth our learning. It has no *raison d'être* except as an agreeable entertainer. Its only real claim to respect rests on its past achievements, on the great things it did three hundred years ago. This it knows, and to itself acknowledges. To the English-speaking theater of to-day its 'educational value' is a public pretense and a private jest. Talk earnestly about 'dramatic art' or the 'educational value' of the modern stage to any modern American manager, and he will think you a fool. If he knows you well enough he will reveal his thought to you with much frankness."

The case is stated well. But if a religious editor should say as much he would be branded as a bigot and a fool.

CHICAGO POLITICS.

A WARM political campaign is on in Chicago.

There is widespread dissatisfaction among good citizens with the administration of Mayor Harrison. The big town is in a bad condition. Saloonists and gamblers and robbers and other male and female disreputables have pretty much their own way. It was therefore hoped that the Republicans would have nominated and elected such a splendid citizen as Mr. John M. Harlan, whose name stands for many needed reforms. There was a popular demand for Mr. Harlan's nomination, and if the matter had been left to the people he would have been named with a shout. But the Republican machine was against him. He has convictions, and a man who cannot be controlled is a man whom they do not want. Hence, that obnoxious boss, Lorimer, ordained that the nomination must go to another. The man selected was Judge Haney. He is a reputable gentleman, and if untrammelled by machine domination, would make a good city executive. But Haney is owned by Lorimer, and in case of his election Lorimer would virtually be mayor of Chicago.

It is, therefore, a choice between Harrison and Lorimer. We do not see how the Christian citizen can support either. THE EPWORTH HERALD does not assume to dictate to its five or six thousand Chicago readers who are voters. But we suggest that in the presence of two as corrupt political machines as ever existed, the only thing left for decent voters to do is to cast their votes for Mr. Hoyt, the Prohibition candidate. He is a consistent Congregationalist, and a citizen whose character is without blemish.

FASTING AND FEASTING.

IT is the Lenten season. Certain church members who are accustomed to carry their obligations to the church on one shoulder, and their obligations to "society" on the other, have gone into temporary retirement. The seats they have occupied so regularly at the theater are now used by "worldly" people. The ball-room is temporarily renounced. The card-table has been pushed into a corner of the parlor for a few days of rest. The clink of their wine-glasses is no more heard in home and banquet-hall. Certain specified kinds of food are also avoided. The change is good for tired nerves and aching heads and overfed stomachs. They will have a few days for recuperation. But soon Lent will come to an end. Then play-house and ball-room and card-table and health-destroying gluttony, and every form of refined debauchery will be on again! What a farce the whole thing is!

Lent is being recognized by the world in un-

expected ways. A fashionable New York restaurant keeper is conscientiously catering to his religious patrons. He evidently feels that Lent is a very solemn season, and should be observed with scrupulous care. He feels particularly strong about this matter of abstinence from rich foods, and has arranged a menu which provides for the plainest possible diet. This man is evidently a great reformer, a sort of Lenten pathfinder, and his name may go thundering down through the ages. But we reprint the document:

Lent begins Feb. 20 (Ash Wednesday). With its advent the Hotel — will begin the service of its special fast-day dishes—a progressive catering feature inaugurated by this hotel, and gratefully received by its regular patrons and the observing public. Each day of observance will be judiciously recognized.

DINNER.

Special Table Claret Cup.

Quarts, \$1.50; pints, 75.

Table Claret.

Quarts, 75; pints, 40; half-pints, 25.

Zinfandel, Vintage 1894.

Quarts, 60 cents; pints, 35 cents.

Wurtzburger and Pilsener Beer.

Glass, 10 cts; small mugs, 10 cts; large mugs, 20 cts.

Blue Points. Little Neck Clams.

Cape Cods.

Consommé Chevalier or Potage Velour.

Mixed Pickles.

Filet of Bass au Gratin.

Potatoes au Beurre.

Weiner Schnitzel Napolitaine.

Brussels Sprouts.

Punch Curacao.

Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

Celery Salad.

Vanilla Ice-Cream.

Petit Fours. Fruit in Season.

Brie Cheese.

Demi-Tasse.

Fresh Strawberries and Cream.

Mince Pie (Hot or Cold).

Coffee Served if Desired.

Inasmuch as music is supposed to promote spiritual contemplation and experience, the devout restaurant man has supplied his orchestra with rare Lenten selections, which are warranted to stir the conscience of the unrepentant and minister to the soul of the saint. This is one day's program!

1. March—"The White Squadron".....Hermann.
2. Overture—"Concert".....Conradi.
3. Waltz—"Sweet Dream".....Eilenberg.
4. La Paloma—"Spanish Serenade".....Yradier.
5. Selection—"Jacinta".....Robyn.
6. March—"Castaldo".....Norack.
7. Overture—"Plantation Echoes".....Ross.
8. Waltz—"Estudiantina".....Waldteufel.
9. Selection—"The Monks of Malabar".....Englander.
10. March—"Under the Double Eagle".....Wagner.

Now, do not all laugh at once!

THE DELAWARE CONFERENCE.

ALL signs point to a meeting of very great interest. If the applications for entertainment already received form a good basis for reckoning, the attendance will be large. Among the applicants are many presiding-elders. This is a good sign. If these sub-bishops and their district officers will come together in large numbers to plan and pray for the extension of our Epworth League kingdom, the result to the Methodist Episcopal Church will be greater and better than any prophet among us can foretell. Many young people especially interested in some particular phase of our work, such as missions, Bible study, personal evangelism, Christian stewardship, and Epworth League departmental duties, are also coming. Some will travel long distances at great personal sacrifice. But they are coming to give and get all the good they can.

The outline program has been completed. It is not made of cast-iron. Its very elasticity will enhance its helpfulness.

Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Gamewell, Dr. Oldham, Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, Mr. Cooper, Dr. Bashford, Mr. Taylor are among those who are under definite promise to conduct conferences and deliver addresses. But ample space has been left in all the sessions for free discussion. The in-

formality of the program is its chief strength. Many things will be said and done (helpfully) which could not be put down in advance.

The people of Delaware are noted all over this country for their Christian hospitality. They have entertained conventions and meetings almost without number, and have always done it well. They bid us welcome.

We urge our chief workers throughout Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan, Western New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia to make a special effort to go to Delaware. We name these states because they are not far away. The invitation is given to those living at more distant points, of course. Come in the spirit of prayer. Come to receive information and inspiration. Come to get clear light concerning the best methods of extending our work, and to receive a wonderful spiritual uplift.

Note the date—March 20-22. Opening session Wednesday evening. Closing session, Friday evening.

UNIQUE MESSAGES.

A HAPPY exchange of telegrams occurred recently in connection with the Epworth League Convention. Dr. Filben wired the Wisconsin State Convention as follows: "Committee invites you to California (Deut. 8: 7, 9); Coast Methodism needs you (Acts 16: 9). California, 1901." This, enlarged, reads: "Committee invites you to California—'A good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines and fig trees and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.' Coast Methodism needs you—'Come over into Macedonia and help us.'"

He received the following telegram in return: "Wisconsin Epworth League sends greeting (Zech. 8: 20, 21). Charles D. Thompson, secretary." This enlarged reads: "Wisconsin Epworth League sends greetings—Thus saith the Lord of hosts; it shall yet come to pass, that there shall come people, and the inhabitants of many cities. And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts. I will go also."

DR. A. B. LEONARD.

THAT name is familiar to everybody in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to thousands more. By absolute loyalty to his convictions and unflagging devotion to the duties of his office, Dr. Leonard long ago won the confidence and love of the denomination. For several years the doctor has carried a tremendous head of steam. He has worked too hard. Last fall there were some evidences of a physical break-down. He soon rallied, however, and has since been pretty well. But he is in need of a thorough rest. We are glad to learn, therefore, that the board has granted its chief secretary a vacation, and that he is presently to go abroad. We hope the change of air and surroundings, united with relief from the exacting duties of the office, will restore our friend perfectly.

Dr. Leonard is a giant in our Israel. The church cannot afford to have such a man break down. We need his optimistic, resourceful leadership yet many years. May God protect him in his journeyings, and bring him back to his loved work in perfect physical vigor!

The San Francisco music committee, of which Robt. Husband is chairman, has achieved a wonderful triumph. It has had under way for some time the plan to secure for the use of the convention the great organ that is to be installed in the Memorial Chapel of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Mrs. Stanford has cabled her consent to this plan. This, the greatest organ yet built on the Pacific Coast, will be erected in the pavilion for the use of the grand concert and the convention.

Jots and Dots.

The Chinese empress has not lost her head, but sometimes she acts as though she had mislaid it.

If a presiding elder or Epworth League official included in the invitation cannot go to Delaware, let him send an alternate.

Rev. Mr. Gamewell, the hero of Pekin, will be one of the speakers at our Delaware Conference. It will be well worth the journey to the conference to hear him.

The newspapers report a gift of \$30,000 by the Knox estate to erect a Methodist Episcopal Church at Manila. This is good news, if true. Such a gift would give our work a good start.

The Canadian Epworth Leagues observed the first week in March as a time for consecration and the deepening of the spiritual life. The season was a special benediction to the young people.

Dr. Clark of the Christian Endeavor Society urges Christian Endeavorers throughout the world to take the fourfold motto for the coming year: "Better lives, better churches, better homes, better citizens."

Cuba is indignant because the United States is not willing at present to give her the absolute independence promised. Señor Cisneros says that the Americans are like monkeys. They never loose their grip on anything they get their paws on.

Everybody is invited to the Delaware conference. The capacity for free entertainment at Delaware is limited, hence certain workers were specially designated in the call. But all who will come and provide for their own entertainment will be welcome.

The condition of Dr. Arthur Edwards has been very serious during the past week, but at this writing (March 6) he is reported to be improving. His friends at the Book Concern and elsewhere have been very solicitous, and are grateful for this more favorable report from the sick-room.

It has been decided that in future the international conventions of the Christian Endeavor Society shall be held once in two years instead of annually. A wise arrangement. We have found that each alternate year is often enough. In fact, there are those among us who advocate a quadrennial international gathering.

The students of the Southwest Kansas College recently gave a demonstration of their loyalty to the school. In a movement started by themselves, they quickly subscribed \$3,200 to apply on the endowment which is now being raised. If the members of the conference would give in like proportion, the school would soon have a fund of \$500,000.

Dr. H. R. Bender of Syracuse, N. Y., has issued an excellent little book called "The Convert's Helper and Expositor." It contains a large amount of material concerning the doctrines and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Those who have recently begun the Christian life will find much important and helpful matter. It cannot but prove a genuine help to those who desire to be intelligent and useful Methodist Episcopalians.

The name of Mrs. Maggie Van Cott was very familiar to Methodists a generation ago, and is so to a large extent still. She has been a very useful evangelist. Some years ago she purchased a home at Catskill, N. Y., hoping to pay for it gradually. But this she has not been able to do, and the property is now seriously involved. Mrs. Van Cott's friends are making an earnest effort to pay for the home, so that the aged evangelist may spend the evening of her life free from harrowing anxiety.

The growing sentiment against the cigarette has at last crystallized into a national move-



GOVERNOR STANLEY OF KANSAS.

ment. On Feb. 28 seventy-five delegates, representing eighteen states, met in Chicago for the purpose of forming the National Anti-Cigarette League. A constitution was adopted, and officers elected. Prof. Frank V. Irish, Columbus, O., is president, and Mrs. Ida Buxton Cole, Chicago, corresponding secretary. The cigarette evil is second only to the drink evil, and we hope this organization, with the help of all good people, will be able to root it out.

The English minister to Mexico desired a special service in the City of Mexico as a memorial to his departed queen. Bishop Hamilton, who was in the city, and Dr. John W. Butler were invited to participate in the service. But the dear little prelate of the church declined to join with the ministers of other denominations in the exercises. The meeting was held in his church, however, the congregation joining heartily with the whole English-speaking colony, under the leadership of Bishop Hamilton and Dr. Butler. They put on cassock and surplice, and conducted the whole service in the presence of the assembled diplomats, representing the nations of the world, while the rector sulked in the rectory.

PEOPLE.

Bishop Hamilton returns from Mexico. Mary Ellen Lease is a life insurance solicitor in New York City.

Dr. W. A. Spencer expects to attend the San Francisco convention.

Dr. Joseph W. Van Cleve wants the temperance folks to move on.

Pastor Mills' probationers' class at Arcola, Ill., has seventy-three members.

Dr. M. S. Hard addresses many Epworth League conventions, and does it well.

Dr. W. L. Davidson is superintending a Chautauqua Assembly at Melbourne, Fla.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian premier, is noted for his unstinted private charity.

Rev. Dr. Floyd Tompkins, Episcopal, is greatly beloved by our people in Philadelphia.

Dr. Thos. Van Scoy, president of Montana Wesleyan University, dies of pneumonia.

Dr. J. B. Graw was greatly missed at the recent session of the New Jersey Conference.

Jerry Simpson of Kansas has removed to Kansas City, where he has gone into business.

Mr. Arohibald McMillan, deceased, was greatly beloved at Madison-avenue, Bay City, Mich.

Rev. H. A. Crane of Lima, N. Y., had a birthday recently, and a \$70 gift to emphasize the fact.

Rev. Henry F. Shier, East Tawas, Mich., resigns his pastorate to accept a business position.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is in revival meetings at Hedding Methodist Episcopal Church, Elmira, N. Y.

Mr. Rufus N. Tilton, recently deceased, was a faithful member of Foundry Church, Washington, D. C.

Dr. C. W. Smith of the *Pittsburg Advocate* addressed the Cleveland preachers' meeting on Monday week.

Dr. M. S. Kaufman wrote a dedicatory hymn for the new Young Men's Christian Association at Brockton, Mass.

Rev. F. H. Coman, pastor of Riverside Church, Buffalo, is the new president of the Buffalo preachers' meeting.

Dr. J. H. Hollingshead reads a valuable paper before the Cleveland preachers' meeting on "A century of

Methodism in Ohio." It will be published in book-form.

Dr. L. A. Banks' sermon on "John Brown and Carrie Nation" is supposed to have had a circulation of 1,000,000 copies.

Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan.

Rev. Milton S. Rees is leading a series of revival meetings at the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Samuel Merwin, the young Chicago author, has written a French-Canadian story which is running in *Leslie's Magazine*.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hyde of Grand-avenue Church, Milwaukee, receive fifty \$20 gold pieces in honor of their golden wedding.

Dr. J. C. Arbuckle of Columbus, O., is organizing a company of tourists for a European jaunt, including the ecumenical conference.

Governor Bliss of Michigan has accepted an invitation to preside at one of the great meetings of the San Francisco Convention.

William Allen White, whose late article on Croker attracted great attention throughout the country, is an Emporia (Kan.) editor.

Bishop Merrill has been suffering from a severe attack of grip, but will be well enough, it is hoped, to preside at his spring conferences.

Mr. N. W. Rowell of Toronto, prominent Canadian Epworth League leader, made this sanctum a pleasant call a few days since. He hopes to go to San Francisco in July.

Miss Anna Callimore expected to sail for America about Feb. 19. She has been in Alikarh, India, for four years. Before that she had charge of a girls' high-school in India.

Mr. Bennet E. Titus has purchased the *Northern Christian Advocate*. As manager and editor he has already made a decided success, and we predict continued popularity and growth.

Dr. John W. Butler of Mexico hopes to greet a large number of friends next summer. Railroad arrangements make the side trip to Mexico very tempting to San Francisco visitors.

Rev. Ward Platt of Buffalo and a member of our General Board of Control, delivers an address before the Michigan Christian Endeavor Convention next week. That crowd will enjoy a treat.

Dr. Collins Denny has accepted a place on the program of the International League Conference at San Francisco, representing the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Dr. Denny was a representative at the first International Conference at Cleveland.

Dr. John P. Ashley, president of Albion College, has gone to Hot Springs for treatment and rest. The failure of his health in the very midst of his activity and usefulness is an occasion for sincere regret. We join many friends in sincere wishes for his speedy recovery.

Dr. T. C. Iliff has been asked by the Woman's Home Missionary Society to write a book on "Thirty Years among the Mormons." If any man in this country can furnish a startling array of facts from personal observation and experience, that man is Dr. Iliff. We hope he will undertake the task.

Dr. W. H. Withrow, editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, Toronto, is in deep sorrow because of the death of his beloved wife. The "In memoriam" which came from the doctor's pen is characteristically tender and beautiful. The great loss which our friend has sustained draws heavily upon our sympathy.

Revs. G. W. Kerby and G. R. Turk, two prominent Canadian Methodist pastors, have determined to work together in the evangelistic field. They are each in strong city pulpits, and they go into this special work in obedience to what they feel to be a distinct call. The singing of these brethren is said to be as sweet as that of Excecl and Gabriel. They are on the San Francisco program.

Dr. Charles Bayard Mitchell, pastor of Hennepin-avenue Church, Minneapolis, Minn., has been voted a three months' vacation during July, August, and September. He will spend July on the Pacific Slope, where he goes to attend the great Epworth League Convention. Accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell he will spend August in Spain, and then goes to London to attend the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, to which he is a delegate.

Dr. W. L. Bulkley, a colored graduate of Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., has been appointed principal of a public school in New York City. In a class of thirty-two applicants for principalship, he received the highest percentage on examination. Dr. Bulkley was for several years professor of Latin and Greek in Claflin University, and member of one General Conference. He is one of the best specimens of thorough scholarship and genuine manhood his race has produced.

METHODIST MENTION.

Asbury Church, Hackensack, N. J., has reached the prosperity era.

Bishop Key (Church, South) dedicates a church in the City of Mexico.

The Brotherhood of St. Paul holds a state convention at Jackson, Mich.

Emory Church, Jersey City, raises its \$8,600 debt with a surplus of \$2,000.

The Book Concern dividends for superannuates will be \$50,000 this year.

The Parker Bible class in the Central Sunday-school, Detroit, has 500 young men in it.

Woburn, Mass., celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of local Methodism with a week of festivities.

Hennepin-avenue Church, Minneapolis, celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with fitting exercises.

From nothing to a new \$19,000 church and parsonage is the story for ten years of our Mt. Tabor, Bohemian Church, Baltimore.

First Church, Anderson, Ind., was dedicated recently by Rev. Dr. J. W. Bashford and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bennett. Cost of property, \$55,000. Amount asked for, \$23,000. Amount subscribed, \$26,000.

Simpson Church, Detroit, is having a year of prosperity. The recent revival services were a benediction to the church. Fifty-six united with the church by letter and on probation, making ninety members since Dr. Curnick assumed the pastorate in September last.

The Fisk Deaconess Home and Bible Training School of Kansas City, Kan., is a new institution, established and maintained by the National Woman's Home Missionary Society. Though less than two years old, it has made rapid growth, having at present fifteen students, and having refused almost as many more for lack of room. They are planning to open larger quarters next year to give the opportunity for training to many consecrated young women who wish to enter missionary and deaconess work. Kansas City affords exceptional opportunities for practical field work in missions, kindergarten, and industrial schools, and the school furnished an able corps of teachers and lecturers from both cities. Miss Winifred Spaulding, 726 Washington Avenue, is superintendent.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

A vigorous new chapter wins its way at Waterloo, Ill.

Inkster, N. D., holds splendid Chinese missionary program.

Holmesville (Neb.) Chapter has an attractive lecture course.

Rensselaer (N. Y.) Chapter held a successful birthday social on Feb. 22.

The chapter at Mt. Erie, Ill., is sharing in gracious fruits of a blessed revival.

A new chapter of thirty-five members at Brightwood Park, Washington, D. C.

Union-avenue Chapter, Chicago, held a recent Colonial reception which was a unique success.

North East (Pa.) Chapter has arranged for a lecture course running through the month of March.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Tompkins (N. Y.) Methodist Church dons the Epworth League name and badge.

The *Epworth Recorder*, organ of the Morristown (N. J.) Chapter, is ten years old. Geo. C. Smith has been the editor from the beginning.

The spring rally of the St. Cloud District Epworth League (central division) was held in Fergus Falls, Minn., on March 8-10. Good program. Inspirational meeting.

The convention of the second subdistrict of Jamestown District, held at Ellington, N. Y., was a success from beginning to end. The music was an important part of the program.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Summit-street Church, Kansas City, Mo., becomes an Epworth

Rheumatism

Dr. W. H. Vail, of St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"I was called to a patient suffering from Rheumatism in the lower limbs, which were very sore and stiff. He was nearly wild with pain when I arrived. This was the fourth attack he had had in the present year. I placed him at once on Tartaralithine, and in twenty-four hours the pain was markedly abated. Three days later the soreness had disappeared and he could make use of his limbs quite well. I ordered him to continue the treatment for ten days longer in order to prevent a relapse. He did so, and has had no recurrence of the trouble."

Send for our Free Pamphlet, telling you how to cure Rheumatism.

Tartaralithine is sold by all druggists, or will be sent post-paid by mail. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.

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League with forty-one members. Consider yourselves received into full connection.

Ancient and Modern Proverbs.

"He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; avoid him."

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him."

"He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him."

"But he who knows and knows that he knows, is a wise man; follow him."

From the Arabian Proverbs.

"He who travels by the New York Central knows that he rides over smooth and level tracks, in luxurious trains, at great speed, through the most delightful country, and at a cost of but two cents per mile."

"This man is of sound judgment. Follow his example, and you will be happy."

An American Proverb.

—From the Brooklyn Standard Union.

van Houten's Cocoa

is of Unequalled Value as a Household beverage. Economical in use. Easy to make—Easy to Digest and of Exquisite Flavor.

Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

Some League Experiences.

A Literary Program.—Pawling, N. Y., has an interesting literary program for the winter and spring, as follows. It may be a guide to others:

Jan. 29.—The poetry of Edgar A. Poe.
Feb. 12.—William Cullen Bryant.
Feb. 26.—N. P. Willis the guest of the evening.
Mar. 12.—With the Quaker poet.
Mar. 26.—Under the inspiration of Longfellow.
Apr. 9.—The poetry of Longfellow.
Apr. 23.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
May 7.—Under the charm of Lowell's presence.
May 21.—An evening with literary women.
June 4.—Riley and Aldrich evening.

A Pair of Plans.—Galilean Chapter, Old Mystic, Conn., sends us two good plans of recent meetings. One had for its subject "A pioneer ministry." Six league members took part. One gave a paper on "Some beginnings in Methodism," the others read biographical sketches of Whitefield, Embury, Garretson, Asbury, and Lee. The pastor followed with a brief summary of the early work in America, making special reference to Peter Cartwright.

The other was "A Scotch social." The program consisted of music and essays on "James Barrie," "Robert Burns," and "Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.'" There were readings from "A Window in Thrums," one selection being delightfully rendered by a Scotch lady. The singing of "Annie Laurie" completed the program.

In His Steps.—From a very complete report of the mercy and help work for 1900 of the Trinity Chapter, Newburgh, N. Y., we summarize: Ten conference meetings of the department were held; eight prayer-meetings held at the homes of shut-ins; flowers or plants furnished every Sunday for the auditorium; more than 100 boxes and bouquets of flowers sent to the sick and aged; a nurse was hired for a sick sister; two members gave one afternoon each week to read to a blind lady; vast quantities of clothing and eatables have been wisely used; the young ladies sewed liberally for the poor; three socials were held at neglected homes; liberal offerings of supplies have been made to Bethany Home, St. Luke's Hospital, the City House, and the Deaconess Home in New York City. Calls have been made on the sick, shut-ins, and strangers, numbering 1,016. A multitude of smaller offices of love lie between these lines, and God has greatly blessed the workers, led on by the devoted second vice-president, Alpharetta Talcott.

A New Game of Authors.—The hostess may prepare a certain number of blank cards, with the heading on each one, "Who and what?" On a second lot of cards she can have pasted the pictures of some noted writers—Thackeray, Dumas, Dickens, Scott, Balzac, Tolstoi, Browning, George Eliot, Carlyle, Longfellow, Cooper, Emerson, Bryant, Holmes. The pictures of more recent writers will answer her purpose just as well. These pictures can be obtained from illustrated catalogues of books. Of these cards there should be as many as there are guests if the company be a small one, or as many cards as the hostess may desire; a dozen is a good number.

Supply each guest with one of the blank cards and a pencil and then start into circulation the cards on which are pasted the pictures of the authors. Let the guests pass the cards from one to another, and write down, according to the number on the picture-card, and opposite the corresponding number on their own, the name of each author and some book he has written. This will be found a more difficult task than one imagines, and numerous guesses will doubtless go wide of the mark.

Well Done.—The mercy and help department of Oakley Chapter, Kansas City, Mo., made this splendid record for a recent month. It is highly suggestive. It includes sixty-nine calls on the sick, nine on the poor, and six baskets of food dis-

tributed; a neighbor lost his wife by death; found himself with four small children to support, and out of work; employment was found for him, his house cleaned and set in order from cellar to garret, meals cooked for the little ones, and coal purchased; little ones looked after; doctor furnished sick; sixty-seven papers sent to county jail; medicine furnished the sick; two bed comforts furnished to needy ones; home found for little girl; cooking done for sick; assisted in three revivals at missions; many calls made; catholic priest notified of sickness of some children in his church; responded to the call of a dying man who wanted to know Jesus, and by the help of the Spirit his soul won for the Master; flowers provided for funerals; doing splendid work in connection with the revival held in this church the first week in each month.

Madison-avenue Chapter, Baltimore, sends a collection of magazines to the different engine houses. When the firemen have finished with them they are sent to the various city hospitals.

A Bryant Evening.—Mrs. F. W. Holmes of Pawling, N. Y., sends us a copy of the program used recently in her chapter:

Quotations at roll call from Bryant.
Minutes of the last meeting; announcements.
EPWORTH HERALD notes.
Piano solo.
Paper—"William Cullen Bryant."
Reading—"Bryant's place in American literature."
Reading—"Bryant as orator."
Reading—"Homes and haunts of Bryant."
Music.
Reading—"Bryant as poet."
Reading—"To a water fowl."
"Indian girl's lament."
"Death of the flowers."
Verses from "A winter piece."
Recitation—"Thanatopsis."
Tribute to Abraham Lincoln.
Paper by the pastor—"Abraham Lincoln."
Queries on American authors.
Piano solo.
Tea, wafers, and social time.

Tracts and the Bicycle.—Those who live in large cities can hardly realize how much illustrated gospel literature is valued in the country. Thousands live in places so sparsely settled and remote that it is impossible to sustain regular preaching. Many are indifferent, and will not make an effort to go to church. To these may be added the thousands of tramps of various kinds who are on the dusty roads of life. Now that the bicycle season is near, what an opportunity it affords to those who love Christ, and own wheels, to take with them a parcel of illustrated tracts, booklets, and picture cards for distribution on their journeys!

It is an easy, natural, and fruitful form of service. And how sweet will be the sleep of those who have thus tried to cheer the heart of another! Many are the sad, lonely, and ready to faint, who will be profited as much by the kindly attention as by the tract itself. Seeing that somebody cares for them, they will receive new hope and new life. Some, doubtless, by God's grace, will be born again, and will greet the wayside evangelist in heaven some day.

The literature may be occasionally dropped along the road for passers-by to pick up. It may also be left at the people's houses. Gospel cards and page leaflets can be fastened on the trees and fences. Of course judgment and discretion will be needed in this matter. The Holy Spirit can give that. I sincerely trust our heavenly father may lead many to engage in this noble and God-pleasing work. ARTHUR MEACHEN.

Round-Table Devotional.—The first twenty minutes is given to the devotional part of the meeting, at the close of which a march is played, and the younger members retire to a class-room, while the older ones arrange their

chairs around a table in the main room. Each of these classes has a leader previously appointed, who conducts the round-table, and the lesson is thoroughly discussed for thirty minutes. Then, to the music of the march, the Junior class returns to the main room for the closing exercises.

There are advantages in this plan which the old way did not possess. In the first place, the older members may attend and take part without feeling that they are encroaching on the rights or privileges of the younger ones. On the other hand, the younger ones are not restrained by the presence of the older ones, neither can they throw the responsibility on them, for it is distinctly and exclusively their meeting. The plan has created a decided increase of interest in the study of the lesson, and it is seldom that our members come unprepared. It also admits of variation; for instance, in the lesson of Jan. 27—"Our league mottoes"—the subject was divided between two of the girls, and was conducted in a manner that would have done credit to any person; but, as a rule, the older workers conduct the round tables, and the younger members lead the devotional exercises.

Any who may desire can easily adapt the plan to their needs, with the assurance that they make no mistake in adopting what has been, to us, a successful experiment.

Cortland, O.

MARY E. TREAT, Pres.

Redlands (Cal.) Rays.—At the end of the month the committees, or departments, are called together to hear reports of the work done, confer with each other, encourage those who are discouraged, and rededicate themselves to the Master's work. We hold our regular monthly business meeting without a miss. We accomplish the holding of twelve business meetings each year by giving notice that the last Monday evening of each month is our date. Thus other church meetings are never planned to occur on this night. It is of the utmost importance, and next to the spiritual work, that the business of the wide-awake and successful chapter be attended to promptly, and on business lines.

Make the business meeting attractive and interesting—a place of inspiration for laying plans, and discussing those plans which have been and are to be tried.

The especial feature of interest and benefit of the Redlands Chapter is its Sunday evening street service. Situated, as we are, in Redlands, with our church building only one short block from the center of the city, our Epworthians are enabled to hold a half-hour's service of song and testimony on the street each Sunday evening just preceding our devotional meeting. At 5:45 the Epworthians gather at the church for fifteen minutes of prayer and consecration. Then, with our baby organ and an average of fifteen to twenty Epworthians, we cause the street to reverberate with glad and joyous gospel songs and personal experiences. We are greeted by an audience averaging twenty-five to fifty men, who stand and listen reverently and earnestly to the gospel story, as told in song and testimony, and not a few follow the happy band of workers into the league-room. We have some members who testify to the fruit of this work in their personal salvation.

After participating in this half hour's service, the Epworthians are just in trim for a stirring evangelistic devotional meeting.

In the selection of leaders the greatest care is exercised. On the first Sunday evening of each month, at the close of the service, those who have been elected to membership at the last business meeting are publicly received.

And it is not the following of this or any other outline that will make a successful league. Had Redlands Chapter merely a plan that it was endeavoring to follow to the letter, it would be a dead and uninteresting affair. Whatever of success the Redlands chapter has, or is achieving, is the result of the untiring efforts and co-operation of its many members, whose lives are consecrated to the work of our blessed Redeemer.

Quizzer's Corner.

Queries for Quizzers.

(Sixth set.)

1. What English admiral was buried in a coffin made from the mast of a French flagship?
2. Who was known as "The mother of Russia"?
3. What great German poets were called "The twin sons of Jove"?
4. What celebrated conqueror was born in Europe, died in Asia, and was buried in Africa?
5. After what emperor was the month of August named?
6. What Roman orator was assassinated at the instigation of Mark Antony, while escaping in a litter from Rome?
7. Who lived to the greatest age of any ruler of authentic history?
8. Who was "The Star of Napoleon"?
9. What English general said: "Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry"?
10. What Polish patriot refused a sword from the Czar, saying: "I have no country to defend?"
11. What great ruler said: "My friends, I have lost a day, not having done any beneficent act"?
12. What commander in the civil war was a son of "Light-horse Harry"?
13. What has been the famous newspaper story of the nineteenth century?
14. Who wrote a famous pamphlet entitled "Common-Sense," urging upon the thirteen colonies the necessity of separating from Great Britain?
15. The daughters of what celebrated poet sold his manuscripts to the ragpickers?
16. What great orator, when called a boy by Alexander the Great, replied: "I will show him before the gates of Athens that I am a man"?
17. The bones of what great reformer were, by order of the Pope, exhumed, burned, and scattered on the River Avon?
18. Who was "The Bard of Avon"?
19. There is a famous sword in America inscribed "From the oldest general in the world to the bravest." Who was the donor?
20. Who was the recipient?

Answers to "Queries for Quizzers" in Feb. 23:

1. Plato.
2. John Milton.
3. Martin Luther.
4. Bismarck.
5. Constantine.
6. Sir Walter Scott.
7. Peter the Great.
8. Haroun Al Raschid.
9. Charlemagne.
10. Mohammed.
11. Queen Isabella.
12. Cleopatra.
13. Hannibal.
14. Garibaldi.
15. John Bunyan.
16. Victor Hugo.
17. John Kepler.
18. Attila.
19. Weinsberg.
20. Horatio Nelson.

What do you understand to be the Bible teaching about degrees in sin? Is it as great a sin in the sight of God to steal a penny as to murder a man—if both guilty persons were equally enlightened about law? Or is there such a thing as degrees in sin?—*Seeker.*

There can be no question about degrees in sin. There are degrees in everything. There is a vast difference in the actual guilt of the man who deliberately steals a penny, and that of the man who maliciously murders his fellowman. The common plane upon which we find the cases cited is that of the *sinful condition* of both. Both have broken the law of righteousness, and both are under the dominion of sin. In this respect they are equally under condemnation. But God is both just and righteous, and the adjustment of degree is wholly in his hands. It is impossible for the finite mind to comprehend the infinite. The question for us is to get rid of the *sinful condition*, which includes all degrees of unrighteousness.

Where can I find the words and music of the song, entitled: "Away from home and lost"? Also, the music of the song, "If I were a voice"?—*Melina T.*

If you have a well-stocked music store in your town, inquire there. If not, write The John Church Music Co., Wabash Avenue and Adams Street, Chicago.

Please give, in "Quizzer's Corner," a brief biography of Jerome K. Jerome, author of "Three Men in a Boat," "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," etc.—*L. G. H.*

Jerome Klepka Jerome, the founder of the "new humour," was born in Walsall, England, May 2, 1850.

B. & B.

pretty cottons

Never before so many pretty things.

Nor in all Fashion's history have Cottons for waists and dressy gowns been in such favor as now. Fine Wash Goods a great feature here. Assortment immense.

Variety, prettiness, and prices that not only bring a great and growing business to the counters daily—but mail orders from the East that should naturally go to New York or Boston—orders from the West that should go to Chicago, St. Louis, or San Francisco.

We want you to know this store's 1901 fine Wash Goods showing and satisfy yourself as to its advantages.

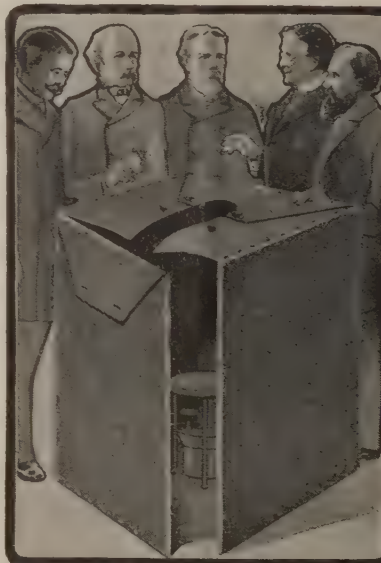
New American Madras, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c.
Fine to finest Imported Madras—best Scotch—20c to 45c.
Silk Charvet (silk Madras), 35, 40c to 75c.
Plain White Madras, 25c, 45c.
New Cheviots, 15c, 25c, 35c, 45c.
New sheer White Goods for gowns, 15c to \$1.50
White Goods Fancies for shirt waists, 12½c to 75c
Pretty American Dimities, 6¼c, 10c, 12½c, 15c.
Finest Irish Dimities, 20c, 25c.
Egyptian Tissues, 20c—satin striped, 40c
Satin striped Embroidered Tissues, 35c.

Glad to send samples soon as you advise us what particular things you're interested in—with so many styles, it's manifestly impossible to send samples of everything in reply to a general request.

New Lace Curtain Picture Book—styles and prices—worth times over the little trouble it is to write and ask for it.

Korah Pongees, 25c.
Solid color Foulardines, 30c.
Solid color Silk Warp Mousselines, 35c to 60c.
Satin Regence—new designs—40c.
Cotton Foulards, 15c, 25c, 30c.
Colored Bayadere Mulls, 40c—with side border, 45c
Embroidered Swiss Novelties, 50c to \$2.00.
Ecu Novelty Cottons, 25c to \$2.00.
44-inch Mohair Swisses, \$1.00 to \$2.00.
32 inch White Swisses with colored stripes, figures and effects, 40c, 50c, 65, 75c, 85c.
Colored silk stripe Voiles, 75c.

BOGGS & BUHL, Department EE, Allegheny, Pa.



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Dr. Anderson of Yale University says: "I am using your cabinet in the College Gymnasium, and at my home. I find it very valuable in treating Rheumatism, and many other diseases." Our Cabinet possesses four Essential Features, covered by patents, necessary for the successful use of the Cabinet Bath.

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He was brought up in London, and was successively a clerk, a schoolmaster, reporter, actor, and journalist. He made his first and greatest hit in "Three Men in a Boat," in 1889. In 1893 he started the weekly *To-day*. He is a very clever and entertaining writer.

Will you please explain in "Quizzer's Corner" how one may secure a patent without employing an agent?—*Mrs. M. Gaither.*

It would be impossible to explain so important a matter fully in the small amount of space we can devote to this department. You can secure a patent without employing an agent, but you will find it a great amount of trouble. The application and patent will cost you \$30. A patent lawyer will charge you from \$55 up. If you will send to the Press Publishing Co., Pulitzer Building, New York City, for the World Almanac and Encyclopedia for 1901, you

will find on pages 166 and 167 all necessary information on the subject. The price of the book is 25 cents.

Will you kindly answer the following questions? 1. How many votes did the Prohibition Party get at the last national election? 2. Also, how many pledges did the bishop get? (I mean the bishop who asked for 1,000,000 votes pledged for next election.)—*Reader.*

1. Two hundred and eight thousand, eight hundred and thirty-five. 2. We do not know the name of the bishop referred to. If you do, and are anxious to know, you might write and ask him.

Who is the author of "Beautiful Snow," and where can I find the complete poem?—*Anna Gray.*

James W. Watson is the author. The poem is given complete in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," page 334.

Bad Blood Breeds Humors

Boils, Pimples, Eruptions,
Sores, Debility, Languor,
Kidney Troubles, Indigestion and
That Tired Feeling,

All of which Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures, by purifying, enriching and
vitalizing the blood.

Blood troubles, left unchecked, in-
crease and multiply just as naturally
as the weeds and thistles infesting
the soil.

They need the same radical treat-
ment, too.

They should be rooted out in Spring.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Stops the breeding of disease germs
and impurities in the blood.

It also imparts vitality and richness,
and that means a strong, vigorous
body as well as a clear healthy skin.

You will look better and feel bet-
ter if you begin taking Hood's Sarsa-
parilla TODAY. It

Purifies The Blood

As nothing else can.

"My son had pimples on his face, which
after a while became a mass of sores.

"I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla
and soon the sores were getting better.

"They finally healed without leaving a
scar." MRS. L. THEIST, 7 Willow Avenue,
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1 pk. Blue Blood Tomato Seed,	\$.15
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Above 10 packages rare novelties we will
mail you free, together with our great
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Also Choice Onion Seed, 60c. a lb.
Together with thousands of earliest vege-
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1901 Models, \$10 to \$18
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600 Second-hand Wheels
all makes and models, good as new,
\$8 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing
Sale at half factory cost. We ship
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From the Wide Field.

EASTERN STATES.

Boston, Mass.—The chapter of Tremont-street Church tendered a delightful social to the young people and their friends recently. An interesting program was rendered, light refreshments served, and a pleasant evening enjoyed by all.

Morristown, N. J.—John Alden and Priscilla received the members of the Epworth League recently. After a bright business meeting and a pretty program, refreshments were served, and \$18 realized. Later this chapter gave "The cradle songs of many nations."

Westfield, N. J.—The annual report shows Mizpah Chapter to be in a prosperous condition—in members, finances, and spiritual growth; one of the strongest chapters on Elizabeth District. New officers have just been elected. The devotional meetings are well attended and profitable. Occasional union services are held with the other young people's societies. Leaders of the devotionals alternate between the sexes. The younger members are growing. In conjunction with the pastor, public vesper services were held during the summer. Four services were held at the fresh-air camp. A sunrise Thanksgiving service was a great benediction. The literary department furnished several choice programs. The social department attended wisely to their usual duties. The present membership is 147; 101 active and 46 associate. The records of the secretary are in superb condition. For the departmental work \$155 was raised and disbursed. In addition to this \$120 was paid toward the parsonage debt, and \$200 toward church improvement. The mercy and help report is a model, and we reserve it for our department of methods.

WESTERN STATES.

Kansas City, Mo.—Arlington Chapter prospers finely. All the departments are working diligently. Since the recent revival meetings ten persons have applied for membership. More are coming. A reception was held for the new members and new converts.

Anaconda, Mont.—This chapter has increased its attendance twofold in the last six months. All the departments are at work. It has sixty active and twenty associate members. The Sunday evening devotional meetings are earnest, interesting, and well attended. The mercy and help department reports for the year: Calls on strangers, 256; medicines and delicacies furnished in 484 cases; garments distributed, 233; money expended for charitable purposes, \$583.50. The league took an active part in the recent revival.

SOUTHERN STATES.

Ashtand, Ky.—The chapter here holds joint sunrise meetings with the other young people's societies on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other special days which are delightful seasons. A while ago it bought an invalid's chair, to be used by the mercy and help department. Last year the members furnished a room in the King's Daughters' hospital. Several delegates will go to San Francisco.

Clarkson, Miss.—In the "hill country" of Central Mississippi we have a Senior Chapter with forty members and a Junior with fifty. Bennett Academy and Bennett Home for white students, under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, are located here. The two societies are largely the fruit of the work of the mission teachers. Seven copies of THE EPWORTH HERALD are taken.

MIDDLE STATES.

Quincy, Ill.—This chapter has a membership of 160. The devotional meetings are well attended and spiritual. The literary department has instituted a course of lectures, the proceeds to be used for frescoing the church.

Greenfield, O.—This chapter is diligent in visiting invalids, strangers, the aged, and the poor. The mercy and help department recently distributed a carload of coal among the poor. It was shipped to one of the factories, but did not answer their purpose. So the shippers directed the league to give it to the poor.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavor Societies, and Baptist Young People's Unions of Indianapolis met recently in union mass meeting. Rev. Thos. J. Villers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, presided. The opening consisted of song, praise, and testimony, in which many gave ringing testimonies. Mr. George T. Howser, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, made the address of the evening. He spoke on the power of a consecrated young life. At the close a social half-hour was spent in the lecture-room, extending acquaintances and developing a brotherly spirit. More than 500 were present, and a most delightful and helpful evening was spent. The Epworth League

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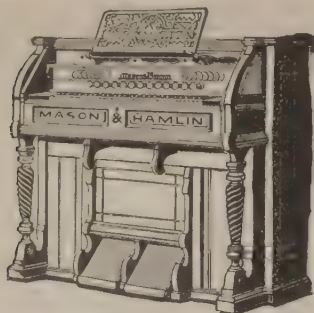
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and Christian Endeavor City Unions are doing good work, and a splendid fraternal spirit exists among all the young people.

Bloomington, Ill.—Asbury Chapter, First Church is out of debt, and has made a payment on this year's subscription of \$50 to the church building fund. A basket sociable proved a great success financially and socially. Some purely social gatherings have been held without any money-making accompaniment. There are now thirty-seven paid-up subscribers to THE EPWORTH HERALD. Flowers for the pulpit are furnished every Sunday, and after services they are taken to the sick. New and young members are developing good ability as leaders of the devotional meetings. The average attendance is a little over 100.

Decorah (Ia.) District Dots.

The Clermont Chapter reports that sickness in the town greatly hinders the work. It is in a fair condition, but there is much room for improvement. It is not alone in this.

The West Union Chapter will subscribe \$100 toward their new \$10,000 church. Sad news comes from the Williamstown Chapter on the Fredericksburg charge. For some cause this chapter has disbanded. I hope to see the work revived ere long. Diphtheria and grip are prevalent in many places on the district, but nothing of a serious nature has thus far overtaken any of our members. (Reported by M. L. Hill, district corresponding secretary Epworth League.)

COMING CONVENTIONS.

Apr. 24.—Tacoma District, Tacoma, Wash.
April 26-28.—Rockford District, Woodstock, Ill.
May 3-5.—Big Rapids District, Howard City, Mich.
May 14-16.—Galesburg District, Abingdon, Ill.
May 15.—New Haven, District, Torrington, Conn.
June 6-9.—Colorado State Convention, Colorado Springs, Col.
June 21-23.—Grand Traverse District, Petoskey, Mich.
June 23-26.—Youngstown District, Conneaut, O.

NEW YORK NOTES.

(From our special correspondent.)

The Epworth League of Saint Mark's Church, in West Fifty-third Street, is showing considerable activity in the spiritual meetings. Mr. A. J. Mitchell, the president, is introducing new and up-to-date methods in their work, and their Sunday-evening meetings, which are held in the church auditorium, are very largely attended and successful.

We believe that it is a good plan to hold young people's meetings in the church auditorium, as the majority of those who attend the young people's meeting under this arrangement stay to the evening preaching service. Dr. Brooks is to be congratulated on having such an active working force of young people.

The mercy and help department of the Epworth League at Union Church in West Forty-eighth Street has adopted a novel method of raising money for their work. A number of the young ladies of the league have spent considerable of their time in making aprons, and these have been disposed of not only through the church, but owing to the acquaintance of the president, Mr. W. S. Woods, in the city, a number have been used by other friends. This is a very novel and, we trust, a successful method of raising funds for the mercy and help department.

The young people at Fifty-sixth Street Methodist Church are planning for an old folks' concert to be held on the evening of March 26. The chorus is making remarkable progress under the direction of Mrs. W. J. Eakins, a member of Grace Church, who is assisted by several from that chapter in this work.

We are glad to welcome this spirit of unity among the chapters, and wish that it might prevail more generally throughout the city.

The New York District Spring Convention of the Epworth League will be held in Saint Stephen's Church, at Kingsbridge, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, May 2. The committee from the board of control met Dr. Hermance and President Carlough of the league, and arranged for a very enjoyable program. The district is to be congratulated on the opportunity of meeting with the people of Saint Stephen's Church. The church is new, very bright and attractive, and the pastor and entire people most heartily invite the young people of the district to this meeting. It is very easily accessible via trolley lines, New York Central, Hudson River, and Putnam Divisions, making splendid connections every few minutes from all points. We hope that all the young people of the district will have this in mind and make their plans accordingly.

We are very glad to receive the circular letter from the executive secretary of the Twentieth Century Forward Movement, which indicates that the young people of the city in Methodism are to be represented on the committee. We believe that with such an efficient executive officer as Dr. Tipple, that this movement will progress in a wonderful way. The young

HOLE IN THE LUNGS

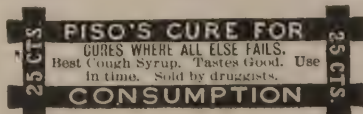
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people of the district are urged to cooperate in their local work in this important movement.

The missionary rallies, held under the auspices of the missionary committee of New York District, Feb. 18-21, inclusive, were very helpful, and while the numbers reached were not as large as the committee had hoped, yet there were good results reported from the meetings. Nine of the leagues indicated their intention of having a missionary committee; a number of others had one already; ten will study the missionary spirit; ten will pray regularly for missions in league prayer-meetings; ten will try a monthly missionary meeting; nine will secure a missionary library; three agree to organize a study class; four will conduct a canvass to secure systematic giving to missions; four will try to promote tithing. These results, of course, indicate only the intention of the chapters present at the meetings, and is, we believe, a very helpful and encouraging sign, as it was not the intention of the committee to endeavor to cover the whole district, but to interest the societies in the vicinity of New York. Seven different chapters were represented in the meetings, and we publish reports from the White Plains, Sing Sing, and Union meetings:

White Plains.—Although some local conditions prevented as large an attendance at this meeting as we had hoped for, an appreciative audience listened with close attention and deep interest to the stirring address of Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, D.D., of Korea, who gave a clear view of the conditions in that land, and of the encouraging progress which the gospel has made in the past sixteen years. Following his address, Mr. A. B. Williams, Jr., conducted a conference, giving suggestions as to lines of missionary work to be taken up by the chapters.

It was found that there were league representatives present from Kensico, Tuckahoe, White Plains, and from Asbury and St. Paul's Churches in Tarrytown.

Missionary committees had been appointed in two of these chapters and the White Plains chapter had contributed \$50 the past year to support a native worker under Bishop Thoburn in India, and had also secured a missionary library. Pledges were secured from all the chapters represented to undertake some line of missionary work, and we believe definite good will result from the meeting.

Union.—The feature of the evening was an address by Dr. W. L. Haven of the American Bible Society. At the close of the address Mr. S. Earl Taylor led a conference on methods. The attendance was large, made up chiefly of members and friends of the local chapter, who turned out in good numbers. It was the regular prayer meeting night for many churches, and perhaps they preferred to remain loyal to their local services.

Music, including two special anthems, was rendered by the full choir of Union Church. Rev. B. C. Warren, the pastor, presided. The effect of the meeting on the local league was seen the following evening, when a large delegation attended the closing rally at Grace Church.

Sing Sing.—The church was well filled, representatives being present from Peekskill, Tarrytown, Croton, and Boscobel. The meeting was interesting and full of enthusiasm. The speakers were: Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, D.D., founder of our mission in Korea, and Mr. S. Earl Taylor, field secretary for work among our young people in the United States. Dr. Appenzeller's address was very interesting, and should have been given more time on the program. He urged the \$25,000 line for young people. Mr. Taylor laid before us the plan of missionary prayer-meetings and a missionary library. This, more than the other questions, was discussed freely, much interest being taken in good missionary literature.

The final rally at Grace Church was attended by a representative gathering, and the presence of Bishop Andrews was inspiring and helpful. His introduction of the speakers was very bright. Dr. W. F. McDowell and Robert E. Speer both gave strong addresses.

Wisconsin State Convention.

The Epworth League of Wisconsin held its ninth annual convention at Marinette, Wis., Feb. 21-24.

The convention was one of the most successful ever held in the state. The attendance was smaller than usual owing to the fact that the convention city was not centrally located. About 300 delegates were in attendance. Among the principal features of the program were:

Opening sermon by Rev. W. W. Stevens, Janesville, Wis.; devotional services and love-feast, led by Mrs. Amanda Smith of North Harvey, Ill.; missionary address by Rev. Edward James, missionary at Nanking, China; lecture, "The loyal leaguer," by Rev. Charles Bayard Mitchell of Minneapolis; lecture, "What will you do with it?" by Rev. Frank Crane of Chicago; Bible readings and sermon by Dr.

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E. S. Dunham of Delaware, O.; convention sermon by Dr. H. W. Bolton of Madison; temperance address by A. E. Coe of Barron, Wis.; "Nicotine," by Miss Alice Stearns of Ladoga; "Junior League work," by Mrs. Josephine Eversz of Clintonville, Wis.

The deaconess work of the state was represented by Miss Comstock, superintendent of the Milwaukee Home, Miss Wallace, superintendent of the La Crosse Home, and by Miss Lucy Judson of the Lake Bluff Orphanage.

The music of the convention was under the direction of Prof. Harry Heard, instructor in vocal music at Lawrence University. Professor Heard was assisted by the Lawrence University Glee Club and, under their leadership, the convention was made a rich musical, as well as intellectual and spiritual feast. Among other items of business transacted, the time of holding state conventions was changed from the month of February to May.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Arthur E. Coe, Barron; V. P's, C. G. Goodsell, Marinette; Mary J. Comstock, Milwaukee; Alice Stearns, Ladoga; Mattie McMillan, Elroy; Sec., Chas. D. Thompson, Appleton; Treas., A. A. Hooper, Wausau; Jr. Supt., Alice Millar, Milton.

The officers' reports show a very prosperous year in Epworth League work in Wisconsin, and the outlook is very encouraging for still better work in the year to come. (Reported by C. D. Thompson, secretary, Appleton, Wis.)

Chicago German District Convention.

An Epworth League Convention of the Chicago District, Chicago German Conference, was held on Washington's birthday at Blue Island, Ill. The executive committee of the district had prepared a splendid program for the occasion. A hearty invitation had been received from the young people of Blue Island to come there and be their guests.

As all the subjects on the program related to the Bible, and Bible study, the convention assumed the character of a Bible convention. The league at Blue Island had decorated the church appropriately with flags, and the portraits of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, and had made every preparation necessary to make the gathering a success. Although the weather on the morning of Feb. 22 was very cold, a large number of Epworthians arrived at the convention city, and soon the church was filled to its utmost capacity with enthusiastic young people. Rev. John Diekmann of Laporte, Ind., president of the district organization, was the presiding-officer. About 150 delegates and visitors had arrived during the morning session.

Rev. C. Allert of Chicago read a strong paper on "Luther's merit and work in translating the German Bible." Rev. Mr. Oser of Chicago followed with one on "Reading the Bible systematically: wherein does it consist, and what benefit may we receive by so doing?" During the afternoon the following papers were read: "Memorizing Bible verses; how may it be done, and what benefit does it offer us?" by Miss Marie Christianson of Chicago; "How to mark our Bible," by Rev. F. T. Enderis, Chicago; and "What can be done to induce our young people to study the Bible more systematically and diligently," by Rev. J. Diekmann, Laporte, Ind.

The ladies of the church furnished a delightful luncheon for the visitors in the church parlors. Tables had been set for the accommodation of 100 guests at one time. At the close of this social supper several appropriate toasts were offered by different speakers.

The evening session opened with a testimony meeting, and at 7:30 Prof. C. W. Hertzler of Berea, O., delivered an inspiring address on "The Bible a mentor of world-overcoming piety."

After adopting various resolutions of thanks, the convention adjourned. The expressions heard on all sides indicated that it had been one of the most successful ever held on the Chicago District. (Reported by J. A. Mulingier.)

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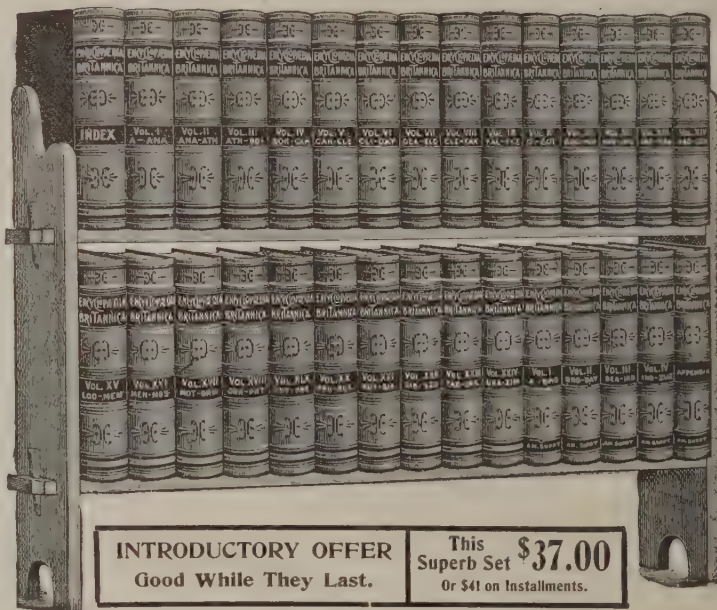
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THE REVIVAL WAVE.

Arcola, Ill., receives 150 members.
Bristol District, Tenn., reports 200.
Meriden (Miss.) District rolls up a list of 621.
Centreville (Md.) District enrolls 617 recruits.
Concord District, N. H., swells the total by 241.
Portsmouth (O.) District reports 640 accessions.
Four hundred converts on Mattoon (Ill.) District.
Over 600 converts on the Emporia (Kan.) District.
Tidings of 449 accessions on Paris District, Texas.
Kokomo (Ind.) District rejoices over 544 converts.
Olean (N. Y.) District is jubilant over 621 additions.
Galesburg District, Ill., has made an advance of 743.
Jacksonville District, Fla., makes creditable gains.
Oklahoma reports 400 additions on the North District.
Nearly 1,000 souls won on the Salisbury (Md.) District.
Flint (Mich.) District is in the midst of the revival wave.
Harrisburg Methodism is in the midst of a general revival.
News of 677 conversions on Crawfordsville (Ind.) District.
Vandalia (Ill.) District joins in chorus, over 500 conversions.
Northern District, Philadelphia, Pa., sweeps beyond 1,000.
Springfield District, Mo., had reached 536 when last heard from.
Hear the praises of 583 new-born souls on Keokuk (Ia.) District.
Splendid Union revival at Ridgway, Pa., with 140

accessions to the churches. Rev. M. S. Rees assisted the pastors.

The list on Independence District, Kan., climbs toward \$1,000.

Minnesota shares in blessing. Winona District has 190 accessions.

Not less than 2,000 converts on Kingston District, N.Y., last year.

Farmington District, Mo., will soon have a regiment (1,000) converts.

Great revivals on the Steubenville (O.) District: 661 conversions.

Connecticut is awake. Norwich District reports 850 conversions.

Oregon feels the oncoming wave, and Salem District reports 200.

Lafayette (Ind.) District is praying and working for 1,000 converts.

Barnesville District, O., counts up half a thousand. Reports not all in.

Times of refreshing reach Griffin District, Ga. Result, 707 accessions.

Greeley District, Col., is on the spiritual tide. Reports 184 probationers.

Every charge save one, on the Mattoon (Ill.) District has had a revival.

Presiding-elder Perry, Athens District, Tenn., is happy over 500 conversions.

Presiding-elder Black can count 700 conversions on Williamsport District, Pa.

Washington (Pa.) District is abreast of the advancing column with 857 conversions.

Conversions numbering 861 on West Philadelphia District, Pa. Revival still in progress.

Ohio reports these district gains: Sandusky 238, Chillicothe 307, Columbus 333, Findlay 493.

Franklin District, Erie Conference, has 329 catechumens as the result of revival meetings.

The forward movement has reached Vicksburg District, Mississippi; 560 joined the church.

Flemington, Pa., has an unprecedented revival. Think of 150 conversions at one appointment.

To describe the Shickshinny (Pa.) meeting as wonderful is no exaggeration; 150 professed conversion.

First Church, Burlingame, Kan., has been having a glorious revival. Members of the chapter were loyal.

First Church, Sioux Falls, S. D., reports an old-fashioned revival—thirty-two probationers, church quickened, and new impulse in the work.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

Secretary-Editor Du Bose is doing Mexico.

W. C. Stoeber is president of the Luther League of America.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew will hold its national convocation in Detroit, Mich., July 24-28.

President Clark gave the Endeavors the following watchword on their twentieth anniversary: "Better lives, better churches, better homes, better citizens."

A SENSIBLE SUMMER.

A Way to Obtain the Greatest Benefit for the Least Money.

A little woman went to a certain Chautauqua resort last summer, and experienced a most economical and cheerful way of living. She was at that time in a debilitated condition with poor digestion, which made it imperative that she have the right kind of food, and yet such that was nourishing and strengthening. "so I took an equipment of fresh, crisp Grape-Nuts. During that summer I lived on Grape-Nuts with a little cream or milk, and some ripe fruit, such as I could procure.

"Many meals were made of delicious Grape-Nuts alone. I experienced a peculiar clearness of intellect and a bodily endurance never known before on the old-time diet of meat, biscuits, butter, etc.

"It was a continual delight; the healthy way of living combined with simplicity, economy, and the highest utility, incurring no restaurant or board bill, and returning at the end of the summer with money in my pocket, realizing that I had lived sumptuously every day—for I had lived on the most perfect food known—and was renewed in health, strength, and mental power, and had acquired a complexion so clear and fresh-tinted that I was termed a picture of health, and felt myself to be a happy woman."

She lives at Monmouth, Ill. Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XI.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

NUMBER 42.

Uncle Frank's Friends.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

Sammy Slow.

"SNAILS would beat you in a foot-race," said his father one day to him, out of patience with his slowness. He had been sent on an errand, not more than two blocks away, and he had been gone a half-hour, and his father was in a hurry, too.

He is so slow. Why, he is late everywhere he goes, just because of his slowness and want of energy. He is not lazy, nor does he sleep too long in the morning, but he is so slow about everything he does. Why, sometimes he seems to just creep along.

His father says "dynamite wouldn't make him hurry," and that "he wouldn't run even to a fire."

You never know when he is going to arrive, but of one thing you may be reasonably sure, that he will not be on time. He is late for breakfast, late for school, late in the morning, late at noon, late for church, late at all times, and all on account of his slowness.

You can't say of him, "slow but sure," for while he is slow he is not sure, unless it is sure to be late, and behind time.

If you want things done in a hurry don't send Sammy, for you will regret it if you do. Give him things to do that may be finished at any time, soon or late, and you will get them late, too late for any good to you or anyone else.

He is always going to see parades when other folks are going home, and when "Professor" Highflyer made his great ascension in the balloon from the Fair Grounds, Sammy was seen going toward the Fair long after the "Professor" had landed five miles away.

It was on Sammy's birthday—his last birthday, last July—that he wanted to have a lawn party, and finally his mother consented, even to the birthday cake and the ice cream.

Sammy had a great time selecting the guests, and telling them of all the good things there would be to eat, and specially the ice cream.

The party was to be on the lawn from two until six o'clock in the afternoon. Chinese lanterns were strung about, flags were nailed up, and a long table, to accommodate fifteen persons, was placed under the large chestnut-tree. "Now, Sammy, I am all ready for the cream. You take that large pail with the cover, and go to Mr. Dairyman's, and get three quarts of fresh cream, and hurry back so I can have it all frozen before dinner," said his mother as she counted out the money to pay for it.

It was a very hot day, and Sammy went slowly along toward Mr. Dairyman's, five blocks away, but he didn't mind the heat very much, for he never hurried enough to get hot.

How often his mother came to the gate and looked down the street that morning between eleven and twelve o'clock I cannot say, but it was all in vain, for no Sammy appeared until long after the noon hour. And then he came so slowly and complacently that you would wonder at him.

"There it is, mother," he said pleasantly, as he set the pail on the kitchen table.

"Why did you not hurry?" she asked, as she

resignedly took the cream to pour it into the waiting freezer, but paused as she looked at it. Then she dipped a spoon into the rich yellow contents of the pail, and, as she tasted it, turned upon the unthoughtful Sammy a look of extreme disapproval.

"This cream is not fit to use, it is sour. You staid so long in the hot sun that it is turned, and we can do nothing with it for ice-cream. You will just have to do without ice cream at your party, for that may teach you a lesson, and besides I shall not spend any more money for you if you are going to be so careless, and thoughtless, and slow."

But what kind of a party would that be without ice cream? And hadn't he told all the boys and girls he was going to have it?

"Mother, can't I take some of the money grandpa gave me this morning to buy a camera, and get some ice cream at Crane's?" he asked just before the time for the arrival of the guests.

Among the presents he received that day was a book from his grandma, on the fly-leaf of which was written:

With best wishes from grandmother. "The King's business requirerh haste."

SINGING WIND'S CHRISTENING.

Mrs. H. E. Frohock.

THE early morning stillness was broken by a muffled sound, the tumbling waters of St. Anthony, and an occasional tap from Mama, the woodpecker, who was getting his breakfast from a decaying stump.

No clouds; sunlight flashing straight down until the water shone a foot—yes, two feet deep, and Rain-in-the-Face lifted the paddle so that his sister, sitting on the granite cliff just above him, might see how deep the sunlight was plunging into the lake. She was unmindful of his teasings, and went on lacing her moccasins.

This was a very important day to the little Chippewa maiden. She had been awakened by the robin's song, and found beside her mat a little copper basin, filled with charcoal. She knew just what it meant; it was her christening day. She could have nothing to eat until her name had been given by some kind spirit. She must go alone into the forest until she had found her name.

Rain-in-the-Face had been christened two years ago, so he knew how to sympathize with his sister. But then, Indian boys are young braves, and do not mind those things. He had just gotten a new canoe, and with boyish pride he wanted to show his sister the merits of the slender birchen craft.

It was no use to appeal to the squaw mother. She was busy braiding baskets, and the day had been decided upon. Besides, a little brown face, with blinking black eyes, peeped over the edge of a bundle, which was strapped to a board, and leaned up against the pine-tree near the wigwam. Of course they could not call two in one family by papoose names.

Rain-in-the-Face was glad the sun shone. It rained the day he went to find his name. He remembered how hungry he was, and as for sleeping and dreaming, the rain dripped through the branches, slid down his basket and dashed in his face, until he ran home through the sodden forest crying angrily that the bad spirit said that his name must be Rain-in-the-Face. Red Wing, his father, had grunted: "Ugh! Rain-in-the-Face good name."

His little sister had brought him the basket of parched corn, which she had saved for him.

The granite cliffs gleamed cool and gray at the edge of the forest. The lake dimpled and flashed. Little sister went to the pine tree, peeped at the bright-eyed papoose, smiled at her mother, tossed her head saucily at her brother, and walked straight into the shadow of the big trees.

Her step was light, but there were ears which heard it. A grouse sent four little scurrying balls of feathers under as many leaves. A red squirrel ran nimbly up a tree, and dropped a twig upon her jet black hair. She saw them at their pranks, and smiled back at them. Further along a fawn stood in startled beauty. She stretched out her hands, but this was only a signal for it to turn with flying heels, and bound over the low firs, seeking the very heart of the



"He was seen slowly coming up the street."

"Yes, if you want to spend your own money, and do without your camera," said his mother, who, too, felt the guests would be disappointed without the ice cream, and then continued: "You must wait until about 4 o'clock and then go for it."

At 4 o'clock Sammy started for the ice-cream saloon seven blocks away, and his mother began arranging the cakes and other good things on the table, while the guests, in bright and eager anticipation of the birthday feast, played merrily under the trees, and cast many a wistful glance at the table as they waited for Sammy's coming.

About half past five he was seen coming slowly up the street, all unconcerned, and when he set the pail on the table it was with misgivings that his mother uncovered it.

"It's all melted!" cried Sammy in dismay, and hid his face in shame.

His mother made some lemonade, but there was no ice cream at that feast.

forest. Then she found a hollow, carpeted with moss, starred with white flowers, and sinking into it she gathered enough of them for a crown, and wore them together with green vines. Now and then gleams of sunshine checkered the shadows, and birds trilled from the branches overhead.

For several hours she wandered about through the cool depths of the woods. Every emotion of her young life answered back to the spirit of the forest. But when the sun's rays came straight down between the lofty tops of the pines she was tired, and her appetite began to assert itself. A brook was near. She could hear its musical protest as it gurgled against the stones in the gorge. Plucking the largest leaf she could find, she walked toward the sound of the water, fashioning a cup as she went. After satisfying her thirst she selected her couch. She must sleep, she must dream. Surely good spirits dwelt near this spot.

An old monarch of the forest was lying beside the brook. For a century it had lain there, covered with a shroud of velvety moss. Clusters of ferns found root in its decaying sides. Sitting down beside it, she took off the wilted wreath of the morning, and, leaning her tired head against the soft pillow, fell asleep.

Wabasso, the little rabbit, hopping along on his way to the brook, stopped on his haunches to notice her a bit, but as she did not stir, he lost his interest and hopped away.

Happy, dreamless sleep of childhood! The sun dropped from his lofty height, and his bright rays of light grew more aslant. Still she slept, and dreamed not. At last hunger called her, and she awoke. A feeling of disappointment came over her. She realized that she was still nameless. The spirits had not spoken to her.

She arose and looked for her leaf cup. It was wilted, and she must fashion another. It was nearly sunset; she could tell that by the sound of the wind in the branches. She pushed aside some tangled vines to more easily reach a larger leaf, and uttered a cry of delight. The sun, coming through the branches, had flooded the little bower behind the vines and a granite bowlder, higher than her father's wigwam, was before her. All about its base were swaying branches of raspberries, blood red, mellow and warm. Her outstretched hand had loosened some of the fruit which, in its ripeness, had dropped into it. Her cry of delight was hardly uttered before she realized her temptation. She must not eat until the spirits had given her a name. Would it be wrong for her just to taste them? They felt so warm and soft.

She glanced uneasily about. The shadows had deepened, the boughs above her gave a soft sigh. They were watching her, and she dropped the berries which fell with a soft spat at her feet. Her hand was stained with the blood-red juice. A snake glided across the open space, and disappeared behind the bowlder. Turning from the branches of temptation, she ran for a long distance before she stopped.

Where was she? The forest was now strange; the spirits were indeed angry. The evening winds were singing in the tree-tops, and she could hear her own heart beating. She dropped upon her knees at the foot of a giant pine, and tried to hide herself.

She had heard footsteps following her. It was the pukwudjies—little wild men of the woods—coming. She shut her eyes, and pressed her face against the tree. Then a boyish laugh echoed through the woods, and it shut out all the horrid noises. With a gurgling cry of delight, she sprang to her feet.

"Rain-in-the-Face, my brother!"

Then she told him about her long, dreamless sleep, her hunger, and the red branches of temptation.

"The branches of the trees are still singing in the wind," she added, mournfully, "and I have no name."

Rain-in-the-Face hearkened for a moment to the sound, and said:

"Why, sister, listen. They have been trying to tell you your name—'Singing Wind, Singing

Wind!' don't you hear it? Come, Singing Wind, let us go back to the wigwam."

The granite cliffs gleam in the leaping fire-light; the lake catches and swallows the flame color. Two big fish are broiling on forked sticks, the corn-bread is already cooked, and a dusky mother has laid her sleeping papoose from her breast, for her ear is quick, and she catches the sound of feet behind her among the pine trees. She is willing and waiting to listen to the story they tell her—Rain-in-the-Face and Singing Wind.

Penn Yan, N. Y.

"Pussy Willow.

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,

The maple sap is running,

And on the highest elm a crow

His black wings is sunning.

A close green bud the Mayflower lies

Upon its mossy pillow;

And sweet and low the south wind blows.

And through the brown fields calling goes,

"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Within your close brown wrapper stir;

Come out and show your silver fur;

"Come, Pussy, Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,

The bluebirds will be singing,

And yellow tassels in the breeze

Be from the poplars swinging;

And rosy will the Mayflower lie

Upon its mossy pillow;

But you must come the first of all—

"Come, Pussy!" is the south wind's call—

"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

A fairy gift to children dear,

The downy firstling of the year—

"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

—Selected.

His Royal Bounty.

"GIVE us this day our daily bread," said Willie, and stopped thoughtfully midway in his prayer, almost as if he had forgotten what came next.

"Go on, dear," said mother, gently.

"Mother, why don't we say: 'Give us our bread and butter?' I wouldn't like just dry bread."

"Perhaps God wants us to give him a chance to give us more than we ask for," said Sister Milly. "He always does, no matter what you say. Just think of the nice things we get to go with our dry bread! Berries and melons and peaches and pineapples and cherries and oranges and bananas and—"

"Lots and lots and lots of things!" broke in Willie. "Just the way mother puts a piece of candy in the lunch box sometimes, or a handful of peanuts, besides all the nice bread and butter. There wasn't any need of God's making melons and pears and peaches, was there?"

"No," said mother. "It was all 'of his royal bounty,' as the Bible says. You know when the Queen of Sheba went to see the great King Solomon, she asked him to give her presents, and he

gave them to her—every one that she asked. But he gave her a great deal more besides—things that she had not asked, all 'of his royal bounty.' That's the way God does. I'm so glad you noticed it, darlings."

At the door of the breakfast-room they had to stop and stand aside for Molly, the maid, who was bearing in the great silver fruit-dish heaped with all the lovely pink and green and golden fruits to be found in the market that morning.

"Fruit of all kinds in coat rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell," said mother, smiling.

"Who said that, mother?" asked Milly.

"It was a man named Milton," she answered.

"He, too, noticed God's great goodness in these daily blessings, and loved to write about them."

"I'm going to write poetry about peaches and things when I grow up," said Willie, setting his white teeth into a splendid red one. "God is so good, folks oughtn't to say 'Thank you,' in just a common way, I think, don't you, mother?"

They all laughed, but mother only said:

"I'm glad my little boy wants to say, 'Thank you,' and I know the dear Lord is pleased with any heart he finds that wish in."—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

Junior Jottings.

A flourishing Junior Chapter has been organized at Clifton, Kan., by Rev. E. H. Parkinson. Several of the children have recently joined the church.

The Junior League at East Troy, Wis., is very flourishing. On a recent Sunday morning the president, Herman Wendt, in an appropriate speech, presented a handsome pulpit Bible to the church. Mrs. Collinge, the wife of the pastor, is the earnest and successful superintendent.

A Junior League was organized at Farmingdale, N. J., last year with nineteen members. There are ninety-one who attend regularly. The majority of them are also members of the church. About twenty-five have been recently clearly converted, and become probationers. Bible study and direct spiritual instruction engage absorbed attention every week. The pastor's wife is superintendent of the chapter. Rev. R. T. Sears is pastor.

Junior Chapter 1446 of Euclid-avenue Church, Cleveland, O., held a valentine social, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 9. Each Junior brought at least one valentine, some more than one. There were about forty in attendance, and a pleasant afternoon was spent with games, after which refreshments were served. The best part of the social was the idea of the valentines being brought to give to the primary class of the deaconess mission on St. Clair Street.

The Junior Chapter at Juniata, Pa., was half-asleep for a long while until Mr. J. U. Weidel was appointed superintendent. Since then the children have waked up and are very much in earnest. Sunday evening, Feb. 17, they gave a missionary program entitled, "Saved to serve," with other recitations and music. The Juniors were asked to contribute a penny for every year they were old. They gave \$3.48, to which the congregation added \$5.04, making a total of \$8.52. They hope to make the amount \$10 by conference, and give the sum to missions.

The Juniors of First Church, Los Angeles, collected



THE JUNIOR LEAGUE AT HARTLEY, IA.

the valentines which they had received during the past years, wrote their favorite Bible verses on them, and sent them to the children at the orphans' home. Only a small act done in His name, from which they hope some good results. These Juniors were given a valentine party by the superintendent, at her home on Thursday evening, from 7 to 9:30. The rooms were festooned with cupids and hearts in red, which made a bright setting for the beautiful picture of boys and girls enjoying an unselfish happy time. Valentine games were played, refreshments served, and all went home happy.

With the close of last year the Junior League of Hartley, Ia., graduated thirty-three of its older members. Almost all of these are members of the church, and all of them believe in Christ as a personal Saviour. The efficient and faithful superintendent, Mrs. J. S. Webster, whose picture appears in the center of the group which we print on this page, has labored long and well for these young people, who hold her in the highest esteem. The Sunday evening services were given over to the graduating exercises, which were well rendered to a large audience. They all became members of the Senior Chapter. They leave an enrollment of 111 in the Junior League with an average attendance of seventy-five. So writes their pastor, Rev. D. A. McBurney.

Miss Goldie Conner, secretary of the Junior League at Redkey, Ind., has written us an extremely interesting letter about the work of that fine band of earnest workers. We would like to publish her letter entire, but we cannot afford the space. We shall, therefore, have to tell the other Juniors in our own way what they are doing. The membership is ninety-three, ranging in age from three to fifteen. All meet together in the class-room of the church, and after interesting exercises, separate into three classes, who receive instruction appropriate to their age, the younger ones remaining in the class-room with the superintendent. They are supporting a little girl in India, one of the famine sufferers, which greatly stimulates interest in missionary matters. Nearly all the children are trying to be Christians, and they find the league a great help to them. They have a full cabinet, each member of which is striving to do faithful work.

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for March: Laborers with God:

March 24: How May We Learn the Law of Kindness?

(2 Cor. 6: 1-7.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—The school of life (Phil. 3: 13-17).
Tuesday.—Our teachers (Psa. 32: 8).
Wednesday.—Our lessons (2 Tim. 2: 15).
Thursday.—Dull scholars (2 Tim. 3: 7).
Friday.—Attentive pupils (Eph. 5: 1-3).
Saturday.—The lesson learned (2 Tim. 4: 7).
Sunday.—The "well done" of the Master (Matt. 25: 21).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Lead us, heavenly father, lead us."....
 Responsive reading, Psa. 68....Singing, "Saviour, listen to our prayer."....Sentence prayers....Singing, "Speak gently."....Roll-call with word "kindness."....Junior leader's talk....Blackboard lesson....Class study....Singing, "Kind words can never die."....Superintendent's talk on "The golden rule."....Special music....Continued story (a chapter of "Life of Wesley.")....Closing prayer.

To the Junior Superintendent.

(Talk on the golden rule.)

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to the United States, in a recent speech spoke of the golden rule as a perfect model for conduct. He claimed that Confucius, the great teacher of the Chinese, whose wise sayings are studied by every schoolboy in China, uttered the same truth in a different form.

Confucius said in substance that we should not do to others what we would not wish others to do to us, and this is a part of the golden rule as Jesus gave it, but it is not all.

Jesus said: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets" (Matt. 7: 12). The golden rule, then, is the law of kindness. To learn the law of kindness we have only to learn the golden rule, but there is only one way to learn that. How do you learn to skate, or swim, or ride a wheel? By doing these various things—you could never learn in a lifetime by repeating rules or directions. So you can only learn the law of kindness by being kind. In learning to skate you sometimes fall

down, and in learning to ride a wheel you sometimes fall off, but if you are the right kind of boy or girl you will keep trying until you succeed. So, if you sometimes forget and say a cross word, or do an unkind thing, do not get discouraged, but "try, try again," asking God's help.

Blackboard Talk.

Did you ever try to pump water when the pump had "run down," and do you remember how you made the water come? You kept pouring in water and pumping away until you felt the water coming. Sometimes your arm ached before you saw any re-



turn for your labor. That is the way we sometimes feel when we try to be kind to people. They are gruff and cross to us, perhaps, and we are apt to think there is no fountain of kindness in their hearts, but may it not be that for want of use the water has run down?

Let us begin pouring in kindness and love, a little at a time, and by and by the stream of returning love will begin to flow.

Jesus says: "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?" (Matt. 5: 46.)

Jesus showed us that the law of kindness teaches us to love our enemies and those who despitefully use us. He prayed for his murderers, and forgave the dying thief on the cross.

Whenever we find it hard to be kind to anyone who is not kind to us, let us remember this blackboard lesson, and let us try to see if there is not a well of kindness deep down in the heart, that only needs effort and a little kindness on our part to bring to the surface.

"Even Christ pleased not himself" (Rom. 15: 3).

NURSING IN ALASKA.

Need of Proper Food and Care for Miners.

The character of the food used in the mining camps is such that many strong men break down under it. Scurvy is a very common disease. They drink quantities of coffee and that does its work with thousands.

A nurse, Mrs. L. Lovell, who has been employed in different places in Alaska for the past three years, writes to say that she has induced many patients to leave off coffee and take Postum Food Coffee, which is very popular now in many of the mining camps, for they have learned its value.

She says of herself that she has been a great sufferer from the use of coffee, and had a most shameful bilious complexion. She says: "I not only suffered from the looks but had a very serious stomach trouble. When I finally quit coffee and began using Postum Food Coffee my stomach began to recover its normal condition, and my complexion gradually changed, until now, after a month or more use of Postum, my complexion is as fair as a school girl's."

"I send you a list of many names of miners that have given up coffee and are using Postum, and in each case there has been a remarkable improvement in health."

"I had one patient almost gone from scurvy. He could not retain any food but lived on Postum until strong enough to take other food and got well."

"I am going to take up a large supply of Postum next trip."



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A Remedy Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of Stomach Troubles.

The remedy is not heralded as a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion, and stomach troubles with which nine out of ten suffer.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant tasting tablets or lozenges, containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (government test), golden seal, and disastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of raw meat, eggs, and other wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after-dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines without having any effect whatever in digesting food or curing indigestion.

If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion, it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago, and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness.

This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive pure and simple, because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is promptly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely on the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve, and tissue. They cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power which weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure by the use of "tonics," "pills," and cathartics which have absolutely no digestive power.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores, and the regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit better than any other argument.

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It is pronounced by all who have seen it to be the best book on the market. Every piece in the book has been selected with special reference to the Prayer-Meeting, the Revival, the Sunday-School and Young People's Meetings. It contains a very large number of splendid new and singable pieces, and many of the most precious and popular hymns of the church. The following are a few samples of many testimonials we are receiving nearly every day:

"Praise and Promise" is absolutely the best book I have ever sung from."—Rev. R. E. King, Watertown, N. Y.

"It is the best revival book I have ever used."—Rev. S. D. Wilson, Catawissa, Pa.

"R. R. McCabe & Co. have published many song books, but 'Praise and Promise' is their crowning effort."—Rev. G. D. Pennybacker, D.D., Williamsport, Pa.

"I have used many different song books in my work as a Methodist preacher, but I consider 'Praise and Promise' to be, by all odds, the finest book for revivals I have ever used."—S. D. Wilson, Catawissa, Pa.

"Praise and Promise" is a large book of 208 pages, and sells at \$25.00 per hundred in boards, or \$30.00 per hundred in beautiful cloth binding. Send 30c for sample copy.

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SLIGHTLY MIXED.

There were 10,000 murders in this Christian land in 1900.

The late snowstorms cost Chicago \$50,000 in the downtown district alone.

Germany likes American mail boxes. The system will be introduced throughout the empire.

The Brooklyn Eagle conducts a free lecture course in eight centers, attended by thousands of people.

The City Homes Association of Chicago is about to build three model tenements, to cost \$40,000, for poor tenants.

A skyscraper is to be built in Chicago by the National Life Insurance Company. Will cost about \$1,200,000.

The world is just a trifle surprised that King Edward is able to get his head into the crown that fitted his mother.

The grip germ has scampered off in a manner indicating that he was afraid that he would be asked to shovel snow.

The Chicago Record's free courses of school lectures draw 8,000 people to the twelve centers in a single evening.

Washington has more park room per capita than any other city in the country; viz., an acre for every seventy seven people.

The Florida Chautauqua at De Funiak Springs, Feb. 14-April 2, will be the first Chautauqua Assembly of the new century.

Iowa will be rid of cigarettes by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, sustaining the law passed by the legislature.

The Prayer Book must be revised to suit the new conditions in England. We know of some other prayers that would be the better for a bit of reconstruction.

The Woman's Club (white) of Chicago voted 175 to 63 in favor of allowing the representatives of the colored women's clubs to become members of the National Federation of Clubs.

When the International Exposition of the Forest, Fish, and Game Association closes at the Coliseum, March 12, Lincoln Park will have the most complete representation of wild animals on the American continent.

A bill is now pending in the New York Assembly, designed to prohibit Christian Scientists from practicing in cases of sickness unless registered regularly as physicians. This is a simple requirement of justice.

One of Yale's graduates proposes the removal from England of all that remains of the body of Elihu Yale to the Yale campus. He says the time is opportune in view of the approaching bi-centennial celebration.

The American Tract Society has just issued a work which should command a place in the library of every student of his age—"The Story of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions," held in New York last April.

The property of the late Dr. Henry Foster, founder of the sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., worth \$70,000, is deeded in trust to a board of trustees representing seven evangelical denominations, to become a free health cure and resting-place for evangelical workers, ministers, and missionaries of every denomination.

California 1901—State Rallies.

The program committee has designated Saturday evening as the time for holding state rallies. The California committee desires that persons representing each state correspond with Rev. Thomas Flibben, D.D., Young Men's Christian Association Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Arrangements have been made so that almost anyone who wishes may inspect the instruction papers and books furnished their students by the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa. Numerous branch offices have been established in principal cities and in addition, representatives of the schools will call, on request, and furnish full particulars regarding the "International" system of education. Almost 8,000 towns are visited regularly by the school representatives. A postal-card, mentioning The Epworth Herald, addressed to the schools, will receive prompt attention. The schools teach mechanical, electrical, and civil engineering as well as many other subjects, and when writing it is advisable to state the subject in which you are interested.

Move Into the Suburbs.

The most beautiful country around Chicago is located on the Chicago & North-Western Ry. Low rates and numerous fast trains permit of suburban residence without loss of time. Choice locations are described in illustrated booklet. Free copy on application at ticket office, 212 Clark St., Chicago.

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HERE IS HEALTH



Unsolicited Testimonials.

HERNDON, PASCO CO., FLA.,
Sept. 30, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir: I received your medicines, and they have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had a sore place in my right lung, from which I had been suffering for two years; but since taking your medicine it has entirely disappeared, and I do not think it necessary to take any more, but if I am ever troubled with it again, I shall send to you at once. I am very thankful to you for your kindness, and remain,

Your sincere friend, R. F. KNAPP.

MOUNDS, MADISON CO., LA.
Oct. 13, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir: I received your Remedies, and wish to state that they have positively cured me of the touch of consumption with which I was suffering. I had been troubled with a cough for four months, but it has disappeared by the aid of your wonderful Remedies. Wishing you the highest success, I am,

Yours sincerely,
J. G. GRIFFIN.

CREEDMORE, GRANVILLE CO., N. C.
Oct. 18, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir: I answered your esteemed communication of recent date, in which you desire to ascertain the effect the medicine has produced in my case. It is a pleasure for me to state that before I took your Remedies my health was exceedingly impaired, but after the course of treatment was completed, I felt well and my strength has been entirely restored. I am most grateful to you for your kindness during the course of treatment, and feel that it is my duty to recommend the medicine to all those who suffer from any Throat, Lung, or Chest disorder, or who are in a weakened state.

Sincerely yours,
R. Q. SMITH.

OAKLAND, YALOBUSHA CO., MISS.
Oct. 14, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir: My delay in reporting the effect of your wonderful Remedies was prompted by the desire to ascertain whether the results would be permanent. I am now thoroughly convinced that your Remedies are all that you have claimed. The most unfortunate feature connected with my former difficulty was indigestion and Lung Trouble, but the application of your preparations has removed both disorders, and now I consider myself thoroughly cured. I shall endeavor, upon all occasions, to induce those who are afflicted to adopt your Special Method of Treatment.

Gratefully yours,
MRS. IDA WRENN.

OVERTON, WAYNE CO., O.
Oct. 4, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to write to you in regard to the great good your Remedies have done in the case of my boy. He was in a very critical condition when your Treatment was received, but within a week was able to walk about. I can say to anyone that if the half of the people in this world would use more of your medicine, we would be better off. May God bless you and your medicine. You may publish this letter if you like, as it may induce some poor suffering invalid to write to you for relief, and I assure you I will do all I can for you myself.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. MINNIE F. ROPP.

ROZELLVILLE, MARATHON CO., WIS.
March 29, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir: The Remedies which you so kindly sent were taken as directed, and I am pleased to report that I am entirely well. My duties can now be performed with perfect ease, and other inconveniences that I experienced have all disappeared.

Faithfully yours,
MRS. BERTHA LEICK.

FRIENDSHIP, SPARTANBURG CO., S. C.
Oct. 18, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir: It would be impossible to speak too highly in praise of your Remedies, owing to the most beneficial results they have effected. In the case in which you have so kindly interested yourself, the results have been most satisfactory. My appreciation of your skillful efforts can be most effectually shown by my desire to recommend your Remedies upon all occasions, and particularly to those who desire relief from any Throat, Lung or Chest disorders. If any difficulty arises again, either organic or otherwise, I shall certainly avail myself of the kind opportunities that you have extended to those who desire aid in the form referred to.

Sincerely yours,
R. SPLAWN.

These Four New Preparations comprise a complete treatment and cure for nearly all the ills of life. The Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is needed by some, the Tonic by others, the Expectorant by others, the Jelly by others still, and all four, or any three, or two, or one, may be used singly or in combination, according to the needs of the case. Full instructions with each set of four free remedies, represented in this illustration.

THESE FOUR FREE REMEDIES

Represents a new system of treatment and cure for the weak and those suffering from CONSUMPTION, wasting diseases or inflammatory conditions of nose, throat and lungs.

The treatment is free. You have only to write to obtain it. Its efficiency is explained as simply as possible below.

By the new system devised by DR. T. A. SLOCUM the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, all the requirements of the sick body are supplied by the FOUR remedies constituting his Special Treatment known as the Slocum System.

Whatever your disease one or more of these four preparations will be of benefit to you.

According to the needs of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free medicine, you may take one, or any two, or three, or all four, in combination.

A cure is certain if the simple directions are followed.

The remedies are especially adapted for those who suffer from weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, catarrh, grip, CONSUMPTION, and other pulmonary troubles.

But they are also of wonderful efficacy in the up-building of weak systems, in purifying the blood, making flesh, and restoring to weak, sallow people vigorous and healthy constitutions.

The many ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved.

The basis of the entire system is flesh-building, nerve and tissue-renewing food.

Every invalid and sick person needs strength. This food gives it.

Many people get the complete system for the sake of the Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which they themselves need, and give away the other three preparations to their friends.

The second article is a tonic. It is good for weak, thin, dyspeptic, nervous people, for those who have no appetite, who need bracing up.

Thousands take only the Emulsion and Tonic.

The third preparation is a medicinal healing cream, in patent Ozojell nasal tubes. It cures catarrh. It heals all irritation of the nose, throat, and mucous membranes. It gives immediate relief. It is also a dainty application for sore lips, rough skin, cold sores, etc.

Perhaps many of our readers need Ozojell Cure for Catarrh without any of the other articles.

The fourth is an Expectorant and Cough Cure. Can positively be relied upon. It is absolutely safe for children, goes to the very root of the trouble, and not merely alleviates but cures.

The four preparations form a bulwark of strength against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

FREE TRIAL

To obtain these four preparations, illustrated above, that have never yet failed to cure, is to write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine St., New York,

giving your address. The four free remedies will then be sent you direct from laboratories. When writing the Doctor please tell him you have read this in THE EPWORTH HERALD, and greatly oblige.

The above are from among the hundreds of testimonials received daily. The merits of the Slocum Remedies have been fully proven.

THE EPWORTH HERALD.

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST. John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, June 7, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 2.

William Taylor, Evangelist and Missionary.

REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP TAYLOR.

MRS. MARIE A. OLDHAM.

MY first acquaintance with William Taylor was in 1871. Rumors had reached Poona that a striking personality, a tall, well-built man, with a flowing iron-gray beard and a keen,



THE LATE BISHOP TAYLOR.

searching eye, a California evangelist, was turning the city of Bombay "upside down." He was preaching on the streets through an interpreter. The natives were attracted by the earnest, straightforward manner of the man. He not only talked to them, but encouraged them to talk back. The man evidently had a deep interest in them. "What do you want us to do?" was the query from the crowds. "I want you to turn to God, and become Christians." "Are these white people all around us Christians? We do not want to become like them. All the difference between us is that they eat beef and drink beer, and we do neither." As the preacher mused on these questions, he concluded to stop preaching through an interpreter, and to preach in his own tongue to all English-speaking peoples wherever opportunity offered, on the streets, in public halls, or churches. The churches that welcomed him were those that are known in British phraseology as "Dissenting churches." God put his seal upon these services. Multitudes of backslidden Christians were reclaimed, deacons and elders revived, nominal Christians were converted, sinners saved. It was not long before officials, clerks, merchants, men of all classes and grades, were rejoicing in God their Saviour, and were found pressing this salvation on their fellow officials and helpers.

The natives were not slow to notice the difference between nominal and real Christianity. The revival spread from Bombay to Poona, and the results were similar. Soon the question was on every lip: Who is this California evangelist? Does he represent any particular church? After bringing us to Christ will he go off and leave us to ourselves? They interrogated him, and found that he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. They asked him to organize them into a church. Then they learned that the Methodist Episcopal Church was already organized and at work in the North of India, but confined to five provinces, and doing excellent work for the natives.

We Europeans in the south knew naught of their existence. Perhaps we were to blame, but we believe that William Taylor was sent by God to convert the English-speaking peoples, and to bring them into touch with this movement in the North. When the South India Conference was organized, William Taylor defined

its boundaries: "The South India Conference shall consist of all territory not occupied by the North India Conference." This practically pledged the Methodist Church to extend her activities throughout the length and breadth of India. It no doubt put a heavy burden on American Methodism, but what a blessed thing it was for India the years have proven. The revival fire spread south to the Madras Presidency, northeast to Bengal, through Central and Northern India to Burmah, and eventually to Malaysia. The Bombay-Bengal part of the Northwest India and the Malaysia Conferences grew out of the movement. Europeans, Eurasians, and natives have witnessed and worked, and have entered into their rest. Many are still found in every walk of life. They are known as "William Taylor's converts." They have been staunch and true and self-sacrificing. Their leader and teacher set them the example. "He walked and talked with God." How carefully and well did he lay the foundations! "A total abstinence church! Impossible among moderate drinkers?" Such was the common opinion. Yet man after man joined the church, hundreds were saved from moderation in the use of liquor, which so often leads to excesses of all kinds.

The heaven spread to other denominations, and total abstinence (as opposed to temperance) societies were formed, and much gospel temperance work was done. Class-meetings were another *bete noir*. They were said to be nothing more nor less than Romish confessionals. "We will never attend them, nor give them any countenance. What right has anyone but God to our innermost thoughts, feelings, and motives?" The class-meetings were turned into cottage prayer-meetings. William Taylor led them, and without their knowing it, the young converts were relating their experiences and difficulties, and the class-meetings which grew out of these cottage prayer-meetings remain to-day a distinctive feature of India Methodism. I shall never forget the drill I had in praying in public. A dear mother had been quickened in her religious life; myself, three sisters, a brother, several cousins, and friends had come to Christ, and been richly saved and blessed; a friend who had been causing us anxiety by her indecision and hesitation, arose for prayer. William Taylor said: "Let us kneel in prayer, and ask God to bless and save this sister, Marie, you lead us." There was a profound silence. I was only fifteen, and had never heard a woman lead in prayer in a public audience! "God bless Marie!" "God bless Marie!" What could Marie do but start in? To this day she knows not what she said, she only knows that whenever she is tempted to hesitate or hold back in any service for Christ, the remembrance of those words, "God bless Marie!" impels her forward.

"Methodism for all India." This had the ring of prophecy in it. William Taylor may not have been a seer, in any accurate sense, but he had an unquestioning confidence that the gospel was what India needed. So he planned for continental evangelism. The India of to-day is glorious justification of his faith. India's sons

and daughters are pressing into the church, and thousands have welcomed the prophet into the home on high.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

REV. J. F. JENNESS.

NOT many months ago Bishop Taylor, through the editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD, sent his love to the young people of Methodism. What an inspiration he has been to the youth of the church, and how the story of his life will warm the hearts of the generations of Epworthians yet to be! A part of his own youth belongs to California, as he was still in his twenties when he began that pioneer work in San Francisco and the Santa Clara Valley, which first made him known to the world. Those who have read "California Life Illustrated" and "Seven Years of Street Preaching" have learned something of what can be endured and accomplished by a young man of strong physique, indomitable will, magnetic presence, powerful but sympathetic voice, and Christ-filled soul.

The work of a Christian minister in California was no sinecure in the days of forty-nine. The discovery of gold had brought to the Pacific Coast not only the rough miners, but adventurers of every sort. San Francisco was full of gamblers, saloon-keepers, and thugs. This did not promise to be good soil for the seed which William Taylor, by appointment of Bishop Waugh, had sailed around the Horn to bring to this far-western shore. A weaker man would have quailed before the obstacles which rose in his way. But the spirit of an apostle was within him, and William Taylor never faltered. There was no ample, well-furnished parsonage for "our new pastor just from the East" to occupy. Nor were the few Methodists who were found in San Francisco able to build one. Had there been a decent house to be rented for the pastor's family, the allowance made for his outfit and first year's salary—\$250—would have paid the rent, at the rates then current, for only two months. As the Methodist Society was still small, and the church had yet to be built, no large salary could be expected from the field. What was the young missionary to do? This is what he did. Hiring a boat, he crossed the bay to the red wood forests, near where the city of Oak land now stands, felled some of the trees, from which he split his own shakes, got them hauled to the bay and transported to San Francisco; and soon the needed house was ready for occupancy, having been built largely with his own hands. But the house was not the only thing needed. There was the question of something to eat. Here the minister's wife came to his rescue. She told the writer this morning that she "kept boarders" at \$25 per week for table-board alone. But with flour at \$50 per sack, eggs at 75 cents each, and other things in proportion, keeping boarders was not all clear gain.

Some of the strong churches of our California Methodism were organized by William Taylor, among them being our First Church in San Francisco; First Church, San Jose, and the church in Santa Cruz. But it was as a street-

preacher that the young missionary to California became famous. He seldom passed a Sunday without preaching at least four or five times, and fully one-half of his work was done outside of the church. He anticipated by many years the work of the Salvation Army in his readiness to preach and sing wherever there was opportunity. A whisky-keg served him for a pulpit, a bar-room or the plaza for an auditorium, and the highest or the lowest who could be brought to listen for an audience. One of the favorite hymns which he used to draw together his audience was that one which he tried to sing when Dr Berry visited him last winter, "Hear the royal proclamation." The following graphic description of the work of the street preacher is found in the "Annals of California:" "Suddenly from the piazza of an old adobe building on the plaza arises the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He raises a hymn in a voice which would be dreadful in its power were it not melodious. Hark! You may hear his words half a mile off. * * "The chariot! The chariot! its wheels roll in fire!" Had the vehicle spoken of really rolled over the planked streets of the city it is doubtful if the tumult of its lumbering wheels could have drowned the voice of him who was thus describing in thunderlike music its advent. The voice at once attracts attention.

"The loiterer turns aside from his careless walk, stops and listens. The miner, in his slouched hat and high boots, hears the sound of worship, recollects the day, thinks of the home and the dear ones far away, and of the hours

when he, too, worshiped with them in the old church pew in the country town * * and listened to the trembling words of the old clergyman * * and he joins the motley crowd. The loafing Mexican arouses from his reverie * * throws the variegated serape over his left shoulder, leans against the fence, and listens to the words he does not understand. John Chinaman passes along, and seeing books, and being of a literary turn of mind, * * joins the outskirts of the company. The Malay, with his red-painted cap, stops a moment to wonder, and perhaps forgets awhile the well-known trade of piracy while he is listening to a gospel he cannot comprehend."

The cosmopolitan audiences to which William Taylor preached on the streets of San Francisco were a prophecy of his larger work as a world-wide missionary of the cross. By-and-by he heard the Macedonian voices calling, and he hastened to go wherever he felt that the gospel which he loved was needed most. His parish was the world, and the story of his life in our own Eastern states, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, the West Indies, England, South America, and Africa, is known to the world. He has been fittingly called the modern Saint Paul. In abundance of labors, in evangelistic fervor, in firmness of conviction, and in relentless sacrifice of self to the cause which he loved, he is worthy to be compared with that old hero of the early church. He has preached in cities and continents of which Paul never dreamed. He has traveled more miles, and perhaps been the means of the conversion of

a larger number of people than was the great apostle to the gentiles. But Epworthians should remember that William Taylor began right, and while still a young man exemplified all those qualities which, in after years, in the face of still greater difficulties, enabled him to wrest victory from seeming defeat.

By the Epworthians of Palo Alto it has been deemed a great privilege to have this hero of all continents pass his closing days as their neighbor and friend. Last year, when he was eighty years old, quite a large company gathered at his home to celebrate the event. This year, on the Sunday evening following his eighty-first birthday, the league held a service in the church in his honor. That great heart had always kept young, and it has been a benediction to sit by his side, though his form was bent and his voice but a whisper, and hear him tell of the old battles for God and his Christ in the days when he was young.

But we have him with us no longer. Last Monday he said: "I feel that I am near the shore." That day a change came in his condition. Since then he has been lying, much of the time unconscious, waiting for the call to come up higher. Before these words are in print the hour of his translation will have come. He has finished his work, and is glad to go. In the meantime, the Epworthians of Palo Alto, though many of them are in the midst of university examinations, are treading more softly, speaking more gently, and trying to live more truly while he lingers among us.

Palo Alto, Cal.

Agnes Grant's Education. By Hope Daring.

CHAPTER XX.—A NEW OUTLOOK UPON LIFE.

AGNES was leaning against the screen-door, looking dreamily down the street. She crossed the room, and sat down on a stool at her aunt's feet.

"A teacher, Aunt Mary," was her grave reply to the other's question. "Dr. Taylor thinks, after next year, he can secure a position in a high school for me. I am eager for the opportunities of my new life, but not anxious. God will give into my hands the work he wants me to do."

She paused. For a time no sound broke the silence, save the chirruping of the canary and the droning of a golden-winged bee outside. Agnes laid her hand upon that of Mrs. Kent, and asked:

"Have you ever thought of your connection with it all? I could not have entered Maynard had not your kindness enabled me to graduate from Walters. Then I would not have met Genevieve, and accepted the trust she reposed in me. That has brought into my life a new and sweet assurance of God's love, an experience so deep that I trust my life's work—the work I am to do in her name—will bear much fruit for the Master. Owing to Mr. Marchmont's generosity, I have been able to aid Olive. Without your help, Aunt Mary, I do not see how all this could have been brought about."

Notwithstanding her usual undemonstrativeness, Mrs. Kent's slow tears dripped upon the hand of Agnes. "I never thought of it in that way, dear, but it makes me happy to hear you say it. I am grateful that God would use a poor ignorant woman like me to bring about so much good. May he bless your work, no matter what it may be."

Letters came frequently from Gretchen. It was evident that her life was far easier and happier than since her marriage. She wrote that Arthur liked the country, and was hard at work; that the children were well and happy, and that she was content, longing only to see the dear sisters who had been so much to her.

When enrollment day came, Agnes was conscious of a feeling of regret. It began her last year at Maynard. As the result of the personal

work instituted by herself, there was little opportunity for a new student to feel the sense of isolation which she had suffered from.

Perhaps no student at Maynard so influenced the life of the college as did Agnes Grant. Her personal magnetism and the abundant means at her command had something to do with this; the love that filled her heart for God and for humanity had far more.

While she was spending her Christmas vacation in Boston an incident occurred which brought the past vividly back to her. She had entered an art store, and, while enjoying the beauty about her, was suddenly recalled from her dreams by hearing a voice exclaim:

"I tell you, Paul Crandal, if you would only give up these fads and attend to business you might win a place among the best artists of this land. That picture is a gem, and will bring you a neat sum."

Agnes looked keenly at the two men. The speaker, a florid-faced German, was facing her. The other, a slender man with dark hair, stood with his face turned from her, apparently contemplating the picture of which they were speaking. Agnes directed her gaze to it.

It was a bit of woodland. The placid lake reflected the trees in its calm waters, and the softly-tinted sunset in the background appealed strongly to the sense of the beautiful.

"It suggests restfulness and peace," she thought. "I must see the face of the artist."

He turned just then, and she saw the well-remembered dark face, with the receding chin and dreamy black eyes. A heavy black mustache was the only change.

"You may be right," he said, in answer to his companion. "I have heard the same thing many times. As to what you call my fads—well, I am not sure even of them. I sought in literature for information regarding the skepticism in which I was honestly trying to find light, but it failed me. My lectures seem to me the best way to combat and overthrow fanaticism. In the meantime, I paint—to forget."

Agnes felt that she had already listened to too much. She stepped forward, saying:

"Excuse me. Am I not addressing Paul Crandal, formerly of Walters?"

"Yes, and you are Agnes Grant." There was no surprise in the drawing voice. "I should have known you anywhere."

Paul's companion withdrew, leaving the two old friends to tell the story of the years that had passed since last they met.

Thanks to Mabel, each was aware of the most salient points in the other's history. Paul manifested a little surprise on learning that Agnes still intended to teach; he had supposed she was the adopted daughter of the Marchmonts.

When questioned regarding his art he gave evasive replies. Regarding his lectures he displayed more enthusiasm, and Agnes decided that they were something new. Upon learning that the subject of these lectures was skepticism, or what Paul called "advanced thought," Agnes showed her pain, and he attempted a vindication of his position.

"You do not look at such things from the right point of view, Agnes," he said, unconsciously going back to the old familiar name. "You have never investigated the matter. Your ideas partake of the credulity of childhood. Men learn to think differently about these things."

Agnes thought of Professor Gregory and Doctor Taylor. Both were intellectually far above Paul Crandal, yet they worshiped God as their Infinite Father, and Jesus as his Son and their Saviour.

"Are you better or happier for your superior views?" she asked, a little sarcasm creeping into her voice. "I do look at this from another point of view—from that of your mother."

He flushed uneasily. "My mother—" he began, but his tone of lofty superiority failed him, and he went on gently: "My mother is a saint."

"She is a noble Christian woman," Agnes said in a firm voice. "Go where you will, do what you will, Paul, you can never escape from the influence of her prayers."

He had grown pale. "You are right!" he exclaimed huskily. Then he made a strong effort to subdue his emotion, and a moment later asked easily: "Are you to remain long in the city, Miss Grant?"

She replied in the same constrained manner in

which he had spoken. Then the conversation drifted to the picture. Paul accompanied her to Mr. Marchmont's door and promised to call the next evening.

Agnes spoke of this meeting to her host. Mr. Marchmont knew Paul slightly and spoke in tones of disapprobation of him.

"He is not dissipated. As an artist it is conceded he might win fame and fortune if he would devote himself to his work. He is fickle. Even as a skeptic he is always leaving one error for another. It is a sad sight—a young life that might be productive of good, wrecked for the want of principle and ambition."

Agnes felt the force of these stern words the next evening when Paul entered the parlor. Several other guests were present, and the clever young artist made himself very entertaining. Agnes had no opportunity of speaking alone with him until he bade her good-night.

"Ten years since we met," he said musingly. "Then you were a bashful school-girl, eager to conquer the world of books. Now I find you a college-bred woman but still eager to try the realities of life. You have retained your childish trust in people and things. Where will we meet again?"

"That is a question neither of us can answer," she replied. "Do you remember my brother, the crippled boy who was once entertained at your home?"

"Perfectly," and a gleam of delight came to Paul's eyes. "I have several studies of his face. I can never forget the look of divinity, if I may so speak of it, that came into his eyes that Christmas Eve when we were discussing the future. Could I reproduce that on canvass I would be content."

"When you think of that I wish you would remember that Bertie carried out his future as planned that night. Surely, Paul, your boasted reason must tell you that there is something beyond mistaken zeal in a faith which trustingly receives all that Bertie accepted because God knows best."

He could not reply. After lingering a little he held her hand in a firm clasp, then, with a graceful bow, left her. As Paul Crandal made his way along the street, there rose up before him that look of wondrous calm, that haunting sense of separateness from, and elevation above, the cares of life which had looked out from the eyes of the crippled lad. What was it?

Agnes returned to Maynard without again meeting Paul. The days glided unevenly by. Her last year was a busy one, for she had taken extra work. She had made German a specialty, hoping to obtain a position to teach it.

She greatly missed the Gregorys. Letters from them gave accounts of the difficulties attending the opening of a new college, yet told of much pleasure in the work. There appeared to be a wide field of usefulness opening before Vernon College, and Professor—now Doctor—Gregory wrote in terms of praise of the sterling good qualities of the pupils gathered under his charge.

Agnes and Olive found their joint occupancy of the same rooms very pleasant. It had been arranged that Olive should remain there the next year, receiving from Mr. Marchmont the same liberal allowance that Agnes had enjoyed.

Winter was succeeded by spring. As the days lengthened, and all nature quickened into new life, the heart of Agnes swelled with emotion. That was the last spring that she could watch the trees around Maynard College send out their delicate green foliage, and the hills off to the south change from dull brown to velvety emerald. Where would she watch this miracle of nature next year?

She was not worried over this question. The way would be made plain. She thought much of the responsibility resting upon her, for she considered the work upon which she should enter as Genevieve's no less than her own.

Dr. Taylor had made several applications to different schools for her. Nearly all of these were to decide about commencement time. Agnes was much touched by a letter from

Gretchen. The brother of Mrs. Grant was president of the school board in the thriving village near his home. A position here was offered Agnes at a salary of \$50 a month. Gretchen went on to say that it might be that Agnes could do better, besides, there was little of the society to which she had become accustomed in that new country.

"But should you decide to come," the letter ran, "you will be most joyfully welcomed by us all, and especially by me: I can never forget your kindness to the homesick little foreigner. In my heart, dear sister, there will always be a place for you."

Agnes replied, thanking Gretchen, and promising to lay the matter before Dr. Taylor. The president of the college was determined that Agnes should have a good situation. He looked forward to a brilliant future for the student who had so thoroughly proved her ability.

Commencement was the last week in June. Never had Maynard College been fairer to the eye than on those perfect summer days when the well-kept campus was dotted with visitors. Among these Agnes had many friends. Not only had Jenkie, Guy, and Aunt Mary come to witness the honor Agnes had won, but the Marchmonts also arrived at Maynard on the Saturday preceding commencement Sunday.

Agnes had decided that from that time she would cease to accept the bounty of her kind friends. Mrs. Marchmont had insisted on ordering, in addition to the graduating dress, a generous supply of new clothing, and Mr. Marchmont put into her hand a check for \$100. She opened her lips to remonstrate, but he said, gravely:

"Child, you took my daughter's place. Do you think I would have let her enter upon a new situation penniless? Next year Olive Garrison shall receive the same allowance and gifts that have been yours. After that you and I will find some other needy girl."

Agnes took his hand in both her own, and pressed it to her lips.

"There, there, little girl," and the strong man's voice was not steady. "I am sure she knows and is glad."

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont were very proud of Agnes that Sabbath morning when they attended service at the college chapel. Dr. Taylor preached the baccalaureate sermon, and Agnes sat, with the other members of the graduating class, directly in front of the speaker. From her seat near, the mother of Genevieve Marchmont watched the glowing face of the girl who had promised to try to fill her beloved daughter's place in the busy, needy world. As the tear-dimmed eyes of the bereaved mother saw the look of eager hopefulness deepen on the countenance of Agnes, she murmured: "It is well."

Dr. Taylor spoke feelingly of the triumphs he expected to see won by the students so soon to enter upon the active duties of life. He declared that the world needed sound bodies, cultured minds, and—greatest need of all—loving hearts. Not in their own strength would they win the most lasting honors, but by a thorough surrender to the will of God. Love—the love that "seeketh not her own," but "hopeth all things"—would be their true life.

Agnes bowed her head and thought prayerfully of her own new life. When she joined her friends at the close of the services her face was illumined with the light of perfect peace.

Among the gifts received by Agnes at this time was one which gave her a joy too deep for words. It was a life-sized portrait of Bertie, apparently painted by Paul Crandal. A wistful radiance looked from the eyes, and the artist had caught something of the restfulness and perfect love that had marked the face of the lad.

After Agnes had recovered from the emotion that the sight of the picture awakened, she recalled her conversation with Paul. Was this a token that the artist had turned from his old path? Surely no skeptic had painted that face. There was no address, so she could not, at that

time at least, learn if her hope for a change in Paul was fulfilled.

The day arrived on which the diplomas were to be given. On that morning Doctor Taylor told Agnes that a position to which they had both been looking with confidence, had been given to another.

"I also received a communication from the Hastings school board," he went on, regretfully. "While the reply was not final, it plainly intimated that your lack of experience was a serious obstacle."

The light on Agnes' face dimmed a little. She said: "There is always the Dakota offer. That must either be accepted or rejected within a week. Perhaps something better may come before that time. If not, I must content myself with that."

"I do not like to think of your burying your talents in that out-of-the-way place for—" he began testily, but she interrupted him.

"If no other path opens would you not think God meant that I should walk in that one?"

A thoughtful look came into Doctor Taylor's eyes. It was not the first time that a clear-cut question from his pupil had caused him to look at a matter in a new light.

"I believe you are right," he said, slowly. "As he has led you thus far, he will lead you to the end."

Removing his hat, Doctor Taylor reverently bowed his head. Agnes instead turned her face to the smiling summer sky. The disappointment was gone from her heart.

It was a solemn hour for her when she received her diploma. She had gained much; far more lay just beyond. All unrest concerning the future had fallen away from her. It was safe in God's hands, and with it was the strength and wisdom she would need to spend it aright. In good time they would be hers.

Thus, upborne by a sense of God's nearness, Agnes went through the hours of that day, and the banquet that occupied the evening. It was late when she went up to her room. Olive had started for home an hour before, so she was alone. She looked round the pretty rooms where, for three years, she had been so happy. Some letters lying on the table caught her eye.

She took them up. There were three, all bearing the postmark of Vernon. One was addressed in the well-known hand of Mrs. Gregory, another in the heavy one of the doctor, and the writing on the third she did not recognize.

"Congratulations," she murmured. "I wondered that I did not hear from them. Who can the third letter be from? Well, I must rest a moment before I read them."

She slipped into a white wrapper, and brushed her dark hair into a massive braid. Then she sat down by the open window, and again took up the letters.

Many emotions were mirrored in her eyes as she read them. When she had finished the last one, she laid her cheek on the window sill, and, while the soft night air fanned her flushed cheek, a fervent prayer of thanksgiving and loving trust ascended on high.

Doctor Gregory had secured for her the position of instructor in Latin and German at Vernon College, the letter in the unknown hand being a formal notification of her appointment. It had been agreed with Doctor Taylor that Agnes should know nothing of the application unless it was successful. The salary was \$1,000 for the first year, with the promise of an increase should the work of Agnes prove satisfactory.

Mrs. Gregory dwelt upon the possibilities of the school. There were many students contending bravely with poverty, and striving for a cultured Christian manhood and womanhood. Much work for the Master was waiting to be done, and Agnes was to be one of the happy helpers called to labor in the field.

So, on the threshold of an active, useful life, we leave her. Her education is, after all, but begun.

(THE END.)

The University of Oxford.

James Melvin Lee.

THE will of the late Cecil Rhodes, in providing two scholarships at Oxford University of \$1,500 a year each for every state in the Union, has aroused the American interest in the history of this institution, its life, and its customs.

Even before the time of King Alfred there were schools in Oxford, and it was doubtless from these that the university had its beginning. While Oxford has the reputation of having been founded by Alfred, in 872, it is certain that it did not assume the true character of a university till a much later date. The best authorities seem to think that it was not until 1228, when a large number of students, formerly connected with the University of Paris, migrated to Oxford as the result of persecution, that the latter was converted into a university in the full sense of that term.

In the early part of its history the students were taught in hotels or private rooms. No university buildings existed till the fourteenth century. On special occasions churches were also used for scholastic purposes. The buildings of to-day, however, for beauty and picturesqueness of form and outline, are unsurpassed.

The present collegiate system of English universities is the fraternity or student-club system of American institutions developed on a large scale. In this country a college community is composed of the members of the fraternities, local societies, eating clubs, etc.; at Oxford it is composed of the students from the twenty-one different colleges.

Of all these colleges, Christ Church is the most aristocratic. This is the one to which rich Americans and royal families go. Yet, it is said, the three great English religious revivals sprang from Christ Church; Wickliffe, John Wesley, and Pusey having been more or less actively connected with this college. Here, also, is the famous large bell of Oxford, which every evening at five minutes past nine gives the signal by 101 strokes for the closing of all the college gates. All Souls' College, which occupies a central position, was founded in 1437, and is distinguished by its legal character. It might be called a postgraduate law school. Balliol College is among the largest in enrollment, and was established in 1282. Being nearly the oldest, its buildings are very different in style, according to the age in which they were built. Magdalen College (1456) with its cloisters, its park, its walks, and its Gothic buildings, is by far the most beautiful of all the colleges. Its chapel contains an exquisite altar piece of Christ bearing the cross. The custom of singing a hymn on the top of the chapel tower on May-day morning was well described in the columns of THE HERALD about a year ago. Corpus Christi College (1516) is famous for its library, which is exceptionally rich in early English books and manuscripts. Worcester College (1283) is noted for the beautiful interior decorations of its chapel. Pembroke (1624) is best known to America as furnishing the model for Pembroke Hall at Bryn Mawr College. New College (1380), as its name signifies, marks the departure in the adaptation of buildings to scholastic rather than to monastic requirements. Queen's College (1340) is so called from its first patroness, Queen Philippa. Probably the college buildings least altered in the growth of the university are those of Wadham (1610). The other colleges, with the dates when they were founded, are as follows: Brasenose, 1509; Exeter, 1314; Hertford, 1874; Jesus, 1571; Keble, 1866; Lincoln, 1427; Merton, 1264; Oriel, 1324; St. Johns, 1555; Trinity, 1555; University, 1249.

While the colleges at Oxford are distinct, and each has its own rules, yet they are all presided over by one person, the vice-chancellor. The university requires that all students be inside the college gates by 9 p.m., under a penalty of a fine for the violation of this rule. It also has the system of faculty espionage.

The town of Oxford, situated on a low ridge between the Thames and Cherwell rivers, is, from an architectural point of view, one of the most attractive places in England. It is often called the cathedral city. The college gardens and university buildings add a peculiar charm, while the absence of smoky manufacturing plants contributes not a little toward making it the fairest spot of the island.

Naturally, college life in such a town is one of dreamy idealism. As there are no recitations, students may work or idle their time away as their inclinations direct. The examinations, except those connected with the awarding of academic honors, are not hard. Life at Oxford, while possibly of the literary and delightful sort, is not the kind which keeps one in touch with the world at large. The democratic spirit, the pride of American institutions, is wanting at Oxford. Caste lines are more sharply drawn, and we hear little or nothing of the boy who is "working his way." The cap and gown are worn much more extensively.

The laboratories, lecture-rooms, etc., of the university are open to the students less than twenty-four weeks in the course of a year. The student loafing more than half the time in vacation is strongly tempted to loaf the rest. Hence, it is rather doubtful whether the American youth, so fond of a strenuous life, will be attracted, even by the scholarships of Mr. Rhodes, to waste three of the best years of life on the "Oxford half-time" system.

Oxford, N. Y.

THREE GOOD RULES.

Rev. Page Milburn.

A YOUNG friend of mine, an Epworthian who had recently been licensed to preach, and was going away the next day to "supply" an appointment in another conference, stopped me on the street and asked me to give him a few short rules for preaching. He wanted them immediately. "Pretty short notice," said I, "to set down rules for preaching, when men have written many books on the subject." I told him to come to see me before he left home. I went to my home, and after very careful thought wrote on a piece of paper the following advice, which I gave my friend, and I now repeat for the benefit not only of young preachers, but of all young Christians who would speak publicly of God's Word.

"Whenever you go into the pulpit to preach, after having selected your text, studied and prayed over it as much as possible, and have filled your mind with your theme, follow these three rules:

"1. Decide on one central thought which you desire and intend to impress on the hearts of your hearers.

"2. Be sure that it is God's truth.

"3. Be sure that you believe it yourself."

Many public speakers talk without a definite aim. Some years ago a clergyman preached before a company of ministers. A half-hour after the sermon, five of the ministers took lunch together. Four of them praised the sermon, using such adjectives as "great," "strong," "magnificent," etc. The fifth preacher, when asked his opinion, challenged his brethren to repeat a single thing he had said. Would you believe it? Not one of them could remember a single sentence or a thought of the sermon. It was a splendid failure, a galaxy of beautiful words, and only that.

It is, moreover, necessary that the preacher feel that the thought he is presenting is God's truth, the message God's message. Otherwise he cannot be direct, emphatic, forceful. He cannot speak with authority. Jesus was a teacher sent from God. We must impress men so.

Then, finally, our hearers must realize that we are sincere. A skeptic being twitted about his habitual attendance on a certain minister's

preaching, replied: "Although I do not believe very much of what he says, I believe that he believes all he says, and I like to hear him for that reason."

A practical, experimental knowledge of the truth is absolutely necessary to success in preaching. There are many other rules given in books, and taught in the seminaries, but these three are the foundation of them all. I once gave them to a college class-mate, who is now a professor in Princeton Theological Seminary, and he said to me: "I will give them to my classes. They are as good as can be found in the books."

Definite aim, loving assurance, and undoubted sincerity—these three things are absolutely necessary to efficiency in public discourse for Jesus Christ.

Washington, D. C.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-molds rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its iris of ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toll
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let that new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WATCHING FOR THE STAGE.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

WALKING along the footpath beside the driveway in Central Park the other evening I suddenly heard a whip crack, and looking up I saw coming down facing me young Vanderbilt's splendid coach, with four horses hitched to it and a crowd of wealthy people on the top of it. The young owner of fifty millions or more was driving, and a right smart appearance he made. I knew that each one of those passengers paid \$5.00 apiece for this trip out to the suburbs, and the man of many millions carried on this play-stage acting merely for the lack of something interesting to do.

As I watched the stage go by, another picture flashed into my mind. I leaped the gulf of thirty-five years and more, and I stood out beside the highway on the Oregon hills to "watch the stage go by." A neighbor boy, who had got tired of the farm, and had been hostler for a while in the country town, had been promoted to the driver's seat. And the younger fry of the country boys were always on hand when he was to pass. I can see him now, as he gathered his lines up taut in his hands when he caught sight of our bare-headed, bare-footed figures, and I can hear the crack of his whip as he sent his horses galloping forward for our admiration.

Now, for that young fellow stage-driving was no play affair. It was a promotion, and was the most serious work of his life. He dreamed dream on the stage box of a stage line of his

own in the days to come. I intended to preach a sermon, but I will let you do it.

Cleveland, O.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

O the green things growing the green things growing.
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!

How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing!

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so—my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,

With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

And in the rich store of their blossoms glowing
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing;

Oh, I should like to see, if God's will it may be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing!

But if I must be gathered for the angel's sowing,
Sleep out of sight awhile, like the green things growing.

Though dust to dust return, I think I'll scarcely mourn,

If I may change into green things growing.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

ORIENT YOURSELF.

D. W. Working.

A DOZEN or more years ago the word "environment" was very popular. It is probable that it was used oftener than it was understood. But it was and still is a good, mouth-filling word, and therefore could be used to hide the absence of real knowledge while seeming to indicate its presence. It is not so frequently used now. We are getting away from the notion that a man's surroundings are of more importance than the man himself. We are learning that developed capacity, trained ability, and disciplined will count for more than all else. Environment is not to be neglected; indeed, it is always to be reckoned with, but it can no longer serve as a valid excuse for the failures of weaklings and cowards or as an explanation of the successes of those who have made themselves masters of their own powers and opportunities. Environment is no longer a good word to conjure with.

Every day our circumstances are changing; every day our outlook is different; every day, whether we realize the fact or not, we ourselves are different. There is constant movement, growth, change. Out of it all, and by it all, the world grows wiser and better. The march of events spells Progress. The increase of knowledge writes Opportunity. The world is being made over—its youth renewed like the eagle's.

While all this change is going on—old things passing away and all things becoming new—how is it with you? Do you grieve over the passing of the old half truths? Do you find yourself resenting the seeming arrogance of the new truths that are asking for examination and acceptance? You have read of Ruskin's dislike of the railroad and the rush and noise of the locomotive. Ruskin was a leader once—a teacher of new truths, or, rather, of world-old truths in new relations. As he grew older he lost interest in the new things and the new ways of thinking. The stage coach became his ideal; it represented the more leisurely way of traveling. But it is a symbol of the past; it belongs in museums. Ruskin lost the gift of orientation.

Orient yourself! That is the lesson for every young person to learn. It means adjustment, the discovery of relations, the fitting of the individual to work most effectively at the tasks nearest at hand. It does not mean that you are to do as others do, but that you should use your own powers with the least amount of friction. Get the lay of the land, is the advice we give to those unfamiliar with our Western ways. We allow for their lack of knowledge of our conditions and customs; we will not do so always.

The stranger must learn to allow for the set ways of the natives. His methods and habits may be the best, yet he cannot enforce them upon the crowd in a day. Let him take time and work wisely. The wise mountain-climber zigzags up the steep places, goes around the worst obstructions, gets used to the thin air. He conquers the steep, not by indirection, but by adjusting his powers to the obstacles to be surmounted.

Orient yourself! Get your bearings and keep them. Everybody knows that the good sailor does not try to drive his ship directly against the wind. It is the wind that furnishes him power; he must not oppose it, but use it. Keeping his general direction, he tacks to starboard, and then to port; and the head-wind, while it hinders his progress, is the power that enables him to move forward. Favoring gales were better, but a contrary wind is better than a dead calm. It is easier to sail before the breeze or to drift with the current; to do so is only justifiable when breeze and current are in the right direction.

Orient yourself. Understand your surroundings—the preferences and the prejudices of your neighbors, your own elements of weakness and of strength. Cultivate the spirit of fairness rather than the habit of bluntness. Let the one point on which you and your opponent agree be your opportunity to win him. The nine points of disagreement may not be essential. After all, attitude is the principal thing; the open mind, the sympathetic heart, the teachable spirit—these enable you to get power while using power, to win the respect and friendship of those whom you would help, and to grow in all the graces that keep men and women in harmony with what is best and most worthy. Orient yourself. Find your latitude.

Denver, Col.

BE THOUGHTFUL.

Serina Clarke.

"HOW is your mother?" The question was asked of a young lady who had come to spend the day with friends. She looked so sweet and cool in her dainty dainty—it was an oppressively warm day last summer—that her friends were almost inclined to be envious.

"Mamma is not at all well lately. No, thank you; I don't need a fan, I am very comfortable. I feel quite worried about mamma."

"Why didn't you bring her with you? This country air would do her a world of good."

"She is ironing to-day. Mamma has such big ironings, especially in the summer. Then, as you know, I am going to the seashore soon, and mamma is busy sewing for me. I have several dresses to be made, besides numerous other frills and furbelows."

While she proceeded to enthusiastically describe the fashions, her friends were busy with their thoughts. And—there is no need to point a moral to this true little tale; but, girls, listen! Some day those worn, needle-pricked hands that have so willingly worked for you will be crossed quietly upon her breast—perhaps sooner than they should have been. You cannot help her then. Tears, heartaches, and regrets will be of no avail.

Lighten mother's cares and burdens to-day, daughters; it may be too late to-morrow.

Orange, N. J.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

Rev. Charles E. Anderson.

A MAN in the prime of life whom I only knew as a most attentive hearer at public worship told me of his life-long struggle with sin and self in seeking the kingdom of heaven. Sometimes he had all but given up the fight. Once the conflict reached such intensity that he was pronounced insane, and confined in an asylum for several months. Still he felt that he was not yet in the kingdom. And then, choking back the tears, he said: "I have had a glimpse of heaven; I have seen the pearl of great price, and I want it." A few days later an assassin's bullet ended his warfare so suddenly that he

could give us no parting message, but methinks that, to every weary, struggling soul he would have said, in the immortal words of Captain Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship."

Worth, Ill.

SUNRISE.

FLORENCE L. SNOW.

All night we watched in darkness deep as death,
So great a storm had swept our strength away;

But even in the weakness of expiring breath
We found the promise of returning day.

The faintest bars of light across the eastern sky
Brighten into splendors that can never die.

Neosho Falls, Kan.

CUBA'S GOVERNMENT.

THE new government gives to the people of Cuba a representative form of government. It guarantees equal rights under the fundamental law, free speech, and a free exercise of conscience. It provides for the protection of foreigners residing in the republic, vests the supreme power in the people, and provides that this power shall be exercised by a House of Representatives and a Senate, to be conjointly known as Congress. Provincial assemblies and departmental assemblies shall govern the provinces and the municipalities.

The President will be elected for a term of four years, and he may not serve three consecutive terms. The senators will serve six years, and be chosen by delegates elected by the provincial assemblies. Representatives will be elected for four years, half their number being chosen every two years. The President is to be chosen by direct vote, and an absolute majority of all the votes cast in a single day. He is to be commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and is given authority to suspend the sessions of Congress in any matter upon which it fails to agree.

The judicial power rests in the Supreme Court, and such other courts as may be constituted.

According to the constitution, the government of Cuba will not enter into treaties with foreign countries which shall impair, or tend to impair, the independence of Cuba, and no foreign power shall secure lodgment in or control of any part of the island. No public debt shall be incurred which cannot be met by the ordinary revenues of the island. The United States shall have the right to intervene at any time for the preservation of independence and stable government and for the maintenance of order.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT PALMA of Cuba is sixty-seven years old. In stature he is small. His face is strong and genial. He was born in the Province of Santiago. When but a mere boy his mother had hard work to keep him from joining the revolutionary movements which were brewing. When he was fifteen he went to Havana and entered school. Before his education was completed his mother died and left him a large estate, to manage which he returned to Santiago.

The rebellion broke out, and Palma took up the island's cause. In 1888, when open war began, he became one of the leaders in the newly formed legislative body.

During the guerrilla campaigning of the ten years' war Palma was elected president of a republic organized by the troops. In 1877 he was captured by the enemy and imprisoned for a short time in Havana, and later was taken to Spain, where he was imprisoned for a year. After Palma's release he was postmaster-general of Honduras for five years. Then he went to Central Valley, N. Y., and opened a school for Cuban and South American boys.

During the last struggle for Cuban independence Palma was the head of the junta which, with headquarters in New York, raised money and carried on a propaganda in behalf of the cause. He says that his first work as president will be toward extending a free school system throughout the island, and he insists that there shall be neither ostentation nor formality in his conduct of affairs. The friendliness of the president of the little republic to the United States is well known.

The Two Doc's Smith.

Charles Newton Hood.

DOC. SMITH of Kansas and Doc. Smith of Ohio were both blue.

It was near the close of their third years in the New York Medical College, and the reports on their examinations had come in that morning. Doc. Smith of Ohio had passed with honors. Doc. Smith of Kansas had been "plucked"—and for the second time at that.

Doc. Smith of Kansas sat in his room with his head on his arms, stunned, humiliated, and disheartened. Not quite so badly stunned as he had been two years before when he had been "plucked" on his second year's work, and had to go over it again, but more disheartened.

Doc. Smith of Ohio sat in his room with his chin on his hands, staring out over the intervening back yards at the unvenneered rear of the solid block of flats on the other street, proud, but appalled.

His course was ended. He had passed each year's work with credit to himself and to his class, and in a few days more he would have his diploma and be a full-fledged M.D.; and yet the prospect appalled him. He had money just about sufficient to last him—if he made the present wardrobe do—until after commencement, and then there was no more available. He had no immediate prospects. He owed \$1,000. His own, and his mother's and sisters' savings had all gone to pay for his education, and some way—even with his preparatory work finished, and his longed-for and dreamed-of professional life before him—he scarcely knew where to turn. He was handicapped at the very start. He could not afford to settle down in some village and wait patiently, or patientless-ly, for a practice. He had not the money to pay his expenses while he waited. He had no capital to buy out an old-established practice, and he knew of no opening for him in any direction. He would have liked a little post-graduate work and hospital experience, but both were among the impossibles. The great money question appeared to predominate everything. He must begin earning money at once—and he sat and looked out over the areaways from his fifth-story window, and thought and thought.

And he was thinking still, to no account, when a knock came at the door, and Doc. Smith of Kansas came in.

The two young fellows had been friends, in a way, during the last two years, drawn together partly on account of their identity of names, and partly because of a similarity in their tastes and a sincerity in their professional aspirations which was lacking in some of their classmates.

"Well, old man," said the visitor, "I suppose you'll let me congratulate you. As we used to say to the girls when we asked to see them home and they gave us the mitten: 'May I sit on the fence and see you go by?'"

"Much obliged," replied the other, with an uncomfortable feeling that he could not return the compliment, and that he did not know at all what to say under the circumstances.

But Doc. Smith of Kansas made the situation easy at once. "Well, I suppose you know I've flunked again," he remarked, with a sorry attempt at indifference.

"Why—yes," stammered the other, "I think that I did hear that you didn't quite make it."

"Well, no; not quite," responded the other, drily. "Plucked in three subjects out of a possible five, and through by the skin of my teeth on the other two. I didn't even get a place. I'm away down among the 'also rans.'"

"Hard luck," remarked Doc. Smith of Ohio, with an attempt at a sympathetic tone.

"Yes, it is hard luck," responded the other, "though I don't suppose that you really think so, and maybe it's egotistical for me to allow myself even that crumb of comfort. I've been four years, now, taking a three-year course, and I'm not through yet. It's hard luck, that's what it is hard luck. I've studied and worked and en-

thused over this profession as much or more than any man in the class, and I believe that I'm just as well fitted to go out and take lives into my hands as you are, or any of the others who had three per cent. more in this and six per cent. more in that and nine per cent. more in something else than I did, that couldn't be rattled out of their heads when it came to a formal examination. I'll leave it to any man who has worked with me in the dissecting-room, or in the laboratory, in class or clinic, if I haven't shown capacity, fitness, and resource equal to any of them; and yet I can't pass an examination, such as this one, to save my life. I didn't pass it this year, and I couldn't pass it next year, even if prexy should let me try again. I know it as well as though I'd lived through the next year, and had my plucking. I know that medical students are the most egotistical people on the face of the earth, just as people say we are; but I don't feel myself that way, especially under the circumstances. I simply can't pass examinations."

"Funny!" remarked Doc. Smith of Ohio. "I would think you could. You're the last man I'd have expected would fail. I know, personally, that there hasn't been a subject we've studied together in the past two years that you haven't known more about, really, than I have, and Williams said, after you helped him on the ambulance at the Hester Street fire, that you were the best assistant he ever had. Your class work has seemed good all along. What's the trouble?"

"I can't tell," replied the Kansas student, with a despairing wave of his hand, "I can't tell, at all. I'm simply knocked out by a formal examination. Things that I know almost as well as I know my own name take leave of me the moment they become a part of a test. I never can get through. It's too bad. Next year my uncle is going to retire from practice in our town, and he wants to turn his whole business over to me. A practice worth a cool \$5,000 a year, too, and I could drop into it as easily as I could fail on an examination. I did my preliminary study in his office, and last summer I helped him with his practice, and he said that there wasn't a man on earth he'd rather turn his patients over to than to me, and he and the undertakers aren't very good friends either."

"Peculiar thing," broke in Doc. Smith of Ohio, discontentedly, "that you've got money, a good chance, and no diploma, and I've got a diploma and no money and no chance. I know, Smith, that I don't know a whit more than you do, really; but examinations were always my strong point, even back in the public schools, where the less I knew about a subject the more I used to write, and the teacher would look over the paper, and say, 'Well, he seems to have the idea all right, only he don't quite know how to express it,' and they would give me a few counts, which would help out on the general result. Of course, that sort of thing doesn't go here; but I seem to have the faculty of getting through all right."

"I wish that I was built that way," said Doc. Smith of Kansas, disconsolately. "If I didn't feel that I knew enough to be a doctor I wouldn't mind; but to feel that all a fellow really needs is a fool diploma is what—"

"You might buy one from some fake college," remarked Doc. Smith of Ohio, cruelly.

"Thank you, no. I've got my professional pride with me yet, thank you. My alma mater must be a first-class institution, or I won't play. Say!" he continued, straightening up suddenly, with a look of desperation on his face. "Do you want to make some money?"

"Do I? Well, you ought to see my pocket-book and my prospects with the naked eye," responded Doc. Smith of Ohio, with a bitter laugh.

"Well," began Doc. Smith of Kansas, slowly and thoughtfully, "I don't want you to get hot at what I am going to say. If you can't do it,

just say so and I'll not press you. If you should go to Baltimore, take a preliminary examination, enter as a third-year man, and take the final exams you'd have two John Smith diplomas on your hands, and you wouldn't need but one of them. Nobody knows you or me in Baltimore, and you wouldn't really be doing anything very wrong when you come to consider it. I'll pay all of your expenses and give you \$2,000, besides \$1,000 in advance and the rest when you hand me my diploma. Stop! don't say anything yet," he pleaded, as Doc. Smith of Ohio suddenly sat up straight in his chair, with a flushed face and breathing hard: "Wait until I've finished. This thing will only take a year of your time. You won't have to study much, and you can do practically post-graduate work. It won't be as though you were doing it for a fakir; I'm equipped well enough, and you know it, and, besides, I'll get a transfer to Ann Arbor and study like the old Harry all of the year to fit myself better. Think it over."

Doc. Smith of Ohio had settled slowly back into his chair. The flush of resented insult had settled into a blush, and there was a peculiar glitter in his eye. It was tempting, this proposition, to a man in his position. What harm would it do? Why shouldn't he have this year of ease and study and earn this extra money—and help out his friend? Why?—and he listened attentively as to the plans of Doc. Smith of Kansas.

It was June again. The city was Baltimore. Doc. Smith of Ohio sat in his room looking across the quaint old street from his second-story window. It was a better room than the one he had occupied in New York, but then he was living in Baltimore as Doc. Smith of Kansas, and comfortable living was a part of his reward. It had been a miserable year, and Doc. Smith of Ohio had grown haggard and worn under the strain.

To-morrow was to be the climax. Occasionally he had heard from the Doc. Smith at Ann Arbor; letters full of gratitude and encouragement and ingeniously-worded excuses for what they were doing, but Doc. Smith of Ohio could not disguise it to himself.

He rose suddenly and walked the floor, nervously, muttering to himself. To-morrow he would go in to begin the final "exams." He smiled, in half-amusement, at the thought of any possible doubt that he would be able to pass them. The thought presented a loop-hole of escape; would it not be a partial saving of himself if he failed to pass? He could so easily fall just below the standard required, make any sort of excuse to his friend for his failure, and so slide quietly out of the whole dreadful business.

"Poor Doc.," he muttered, "either way is doing him an unkindness. No!" he ejaculated, "there's only one way. I'll save him and I'll save myself. I've been a fool—he's been a fool, and it lies with me to save both of us. It's cruel all round, but it's the only way, and we both deserve it."

He sat down at his little table and figured carefully for a few minutes over the items in a little expense book. "Seven hundred and eighty-one dollars and twenty six cents," he remarked, after a time. "Pretty stiff, but then I've lived better than I did in New York."

He wrote steadily for a while, and then read carefully the letter he had written:

BALTIMORE, MD., June 2.
John Smith, Medical Department University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MY DEAR DOC: I suppose that it will surprise you what I am going to write, and I don't know, at all, what you will think of me. You can't think any meaner of me than I do of myself; but, Doc., I can't do it. It's simply impossible. Impossible for you, and impossible for me. We're both been blinded by our great needs. What we are doing is dead wrong, and we know it. It's almost too late to undo what we've done, but, thank God! not quite. Forgive me, old man. If this doesn't seem like acting honorably toward you but it's honorable dishonor for both of us, and I believe you'll understand it. Doc., I can't take those examinations to-morrow. I have felt it all along, and now I know it. 'Twould blight the

lives of both of us. I enclose my note for \$1,781 26 that I've had of you. The note isn't worth the paper its written on, really, but I'll redeem it, old man every last cent, with interest, if I have to live on a meal a day to do it. I know you'll thank me and forgive me when you come to think it over.

Yours,

J. S.

He sealed the letter, stamped it, and carried it to the post-box himself. As he walked slowly back to his room he was strangely light-hearted, although his future was more greatly handicapped than ever. He was appreciating very thoroughly how no man realizes the true value of his personal honor like one who has jeopardized it. A boy from the post-office was waiting with a special delivery letter when Smith returned.

The postmark was Ann Arbor. "Doc. must have thought I was in a hurry for that last remittance," mused the young fellow as he opened the letter leisurely. It read:

ANN ARBOR, MICH., June 1.

DEAR DOC.: As you love me, don't try the exams. I have been trying to write this a dozen times since you and I entered into our great scheme, but I didn't like to do anything that seemed like weakening. I can't help it, though; I don't want to hate myself, and have you hate me all of my life. I don't think that we were cut out for this sort of thing, but it's all my fault. You didn't want to do it, and wouldn't if I hadn't begged you to—put all sorts of extenuating circumstances before you, and taken advantage of your needs to urge you to help me out. I've brought myself to the point now. It must not be. I would rather work by the day in a ditch all my life than go into practice with a dishonest diploma. You've been

square with me, Doc., and I appreciate it; but I don't mean to call on you for this final sacrifice. The money we won't speak of. I have seen by your letters all the year, old fellow how this has been grinding you; but it's all over now, and we've got our honors left. A little groggy, maybe, but still on their feet, and we ought to be thankful for that. Tomorrow I'm going in to my exams. I'll funk as usual, and then I'll go home and go into the store with my father, as he's always wanted me to. You don't have to have a diploma in the hardware business, you know, thank goodness!

Yours, in a happier frame of mind, JOHN.

And Doc. Smith of Ohio shook hands with himself with great solemnity.

But, hold on! That is not all the story.

One afternoon, a few days later, as Doc. Smith of Ohio was following his trunk down the door-steps of his Baltimore boarding-house, a messenger boy came up languidly and delivered a telegram. It read:

ANN ARBOR, MICH., June 8.

Dr. John Smith, 330 Blank Street, Baltimore, Md.:

Your letter received. God bless you, old man, and hurrah for both of us!

What's the matter with the two Doc's Smith? They're all right!

I've passed my exams, with counts to spare in every subject.

Sizz!! Boom!!! Ah-h!!!! Tiger!!!!

The last bridge is passed. I'm licensed to "take life easily," as Bill Nye used to say, and I'm beginning to look down on the "lalty" a little, like any other young M.D. Will you go into partnership with me to take Uncle Jonathan Smith's practice at once?

Answer quick.

JOHN SMITH, M.D.

Medinah, N. Y.

Crumbs Swept Up.

Kipling Improved.

The list of British sports to which Mr. Kipling has made graceful allusion in his poem, "The Islanders," when he referred to

"The flannelled fools at the wicket, the muddled oafs at the goals,"

is unfortunately incomplete. The following lines will (possibly) be inserted in future editions:

"The rubber-shod rough with a racquet; the ass on the asphalted path;

The half-witted hurler of hammers; the lubber that leaps at a lath;

The ruffian riding in red, and the gaby in gaiters that shoots;

The fatuous flapper of flies, and the scoundrel with skates on his boots;

The lout that loafs on the links with his lingo of 'lies' and 'the like';

The blundering bent-backed boulder that buckets along on a bike;

The bare-legged boobies in boats, each bent on becoming a 'blue';

The crass-headed crooks playing croquet, the crapulous cad with a cue;

The maniacs mounted on motors that murder a man every mile

(And I think you will freely admit that I've bettered my earlier style).

A Mean Advantage.

Judge William L. Stark of Nebraska, now a member of Congress, said recently, when discussing the prosperity of his state, that he had seen the time when Nebraskans were glad to give away whatever real estate they had acquired in that section of the country. Their willingness to surrender land did not always imply the opportunity to do so.

"In one of our bad years," said the judge, "I met an old farmer driving toward the East. Hailing him, I found that he was on his way back to Illinois, where he had formerly lived. He told me an awful hard-luck story, explaining how he had lost everything on the farm except one cow, a cart, and a handful of farming implements. His nearest neighbor was a Dutchman, and to him the man went, in his distress, with the proposition to trade his cow and cart, his farm tools and half his freehold, about eighty acres, for the Dutchman's buckboard and team of spavined horses.

"And," continued the judge, "I said to this man: 'I suppose the Dutchman accepted your offer?'"

"He did," was the reply, "and, what is more, when I found he couldn't read, I deeded him over the whole 160 acres. That's why I am able to pull up stakes and make tracks for Illinois."

The Puzzled Gentleman from Japan

A distinguished Japanese official visited New York recently, and a member of the municipal government who had been in Japan, and can speak the language of the country, undertook to show him around.

"Is that an officer making an arrest?" asked the Japanese, as he saw a man stop a milk-wagon.

"Not exactly," replied the official; "he is a milk inspector, and his duty is, under the law, to see that no impure milk is sold in the city. If the milk is all right he will let the milkman pass on; otherwise, he will arrest him."

"What is impure milk?"

"Milk that has been mixed with chalk or water."

"Is the chalk a poison?"

"On, no; it impairs the quality, that's all."

"Does water in milk make anybody sick?"

"Why, of course not. But when a person pays for milk he wants milk, not water, which he can get for little or nothing when he desires it. It is a swindle on the public to put water in milk."

"But you say no one is hurt by it?"

"Feelings are hurt, that's all."

Soon after they passed a low corner saloon, when the door opened, and a man who came staggering out tripped, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell heavily on the sidewalk, where he lay as one dead.

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the foreigner from Japan.

"Full of benzine," replied the municipal officer, with a glance of disgust.

"Benzine? What is that?"

"It is a name we have in this country for poor liquor—poison whisky, you understand."

"Is there any good whisky?"

"Oh, yes; there is good whisky, but some sa-

lons make more money selling bad whisky."

"Bad whisky is a poison?"

"Deadly poison, sometimes."

"Has the man a license to sell whisky same as the milkman has to sell milk?"

"Of course, or he couldn't carry on business."

"And do you inspect the whisky as you do the milk?"

"Never."

"Yet there may be poison in it, while the milk is adulterated with chalk and water, which is no harm in particular, you say."

"Ahem," said the city official, twisting about uneasily, "let's look at the markets."

At the markets they found officials inspecting the meat which was on sale.

"What do they do that for?" asked the Japanese.

"To see that the meat is healthful," was the reply.

"If a man should eat a piece of unhealthful meat would he stumble on the sidewalk and split his head open against the lamp-post, as the man did coming out of the saloon? Would watered milk make him do it?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Yet you inspect meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whisky, which kills people, as much as they please. I can't understand your country."

Their Ideals.

The boytime ambitions of some great men are curious to recall. Howard Pyle wanted to be a locomotive engineer. Senator Benjamin R. Tillman says that, in his case, a good surgeon was spoiled. The lad who was known as Dr. T. De Witt Talmage aspired to be a stage driver at ten. Leonard Wood longed to walk a quarter-deck. The poor boy, Andrew Carnegie, in far-off Scotland, was itching to get to New York and become the owner of a great newspaper. If George Dewey had had his way as a boy, he would have been a brigadier in the Spanish War instead of sinking Montojo at Manila. Bronson Howard was disappointed that he was not a globe-trotter. William Jennings Bryan, had he been permitted, would have become a Baptist preacher. William Dean Howells recollects that his greatest ambition was to drive mules to tow a canal boat. So the world may congratulate itself on the results of many a case of disappointed ambition.

General Funston's Choice.

The most amusing story that has fitted around the haunts of legislators for some little time is the recital of a fictitious conversation between President Roosevelt and General Funston.

The President was most cordial in his welcome to the Kansas soldier, and invited him to stay to luncheon.

According to the fabricator, the two engaged in a long conversation after luncheon.

"Funston, I'd like to have you ride with me this afternoon," the President is quoted as saying.

"I don't particularly care to ride," replied Funston; "but if you don't mind we will go down and swim across the Potomac."

As Good as His Word.

Magistrate (to new policeman): "Did you notice no suspicious character about the neighborhood?"

New Policeman: "Shure, yer honor, I saw but one man, an' I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night. Sez he: 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on.' And that I says: 'I wish you success, sor.'"

Magistrate (disgusted): "Yes, and he did open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on, and stole seventeen watches."

New Policeman (after a pause): "Begorra, yer honor, the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar."

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

WHY TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS BEST.

Temperance.

(Rom. 14: 13-23.)

Topic for Week Ending June 15.

REV. CHAS. COKE WOODS, D.D.

There are two classes of forces in the world. They are constructive and destructive. These forces operate in every sphere. They are at work in different forms of matter. There is integration and disintegration.

By destruction we do not mean annihilation. An organ is destroyed when it becomes inoperative. It may still exist as a material thing, but it is defunct. Functional derangement is functional destruction so far as practical results are concerned. Nothing is properly done which is only partly done.

A great physician has said that the highest life of an organ lies in the fullest exercise of its function. Now the farthest reach of one's influence depends upon the freest and fullest use of one's power.

Alcohol Interferes with the Normal Operation of Power.

It deranges and destroys the intellect. Great business organizations are insisting more and more that brains are essential to business. And all great business leaders know that beer is destructive of brains. It dims the engineer's vision. It spoils the conductor's gait. It unsteadies the brakeman's nerve. It warps the faculty of judgment.

Any extreme is dangerous. Whatever makes the mind sluggish is perilous. Liquor is a drug that often deadens. He will be left who is too slow. However good his intention, he will not reach the goal. He would better not have started than to stop short of the end. It is the last step that lands one at the journey's end.

Alcohol is the stimulus that lays a death slumber on the soul.

Rum drives other minds too rapidly. It rushes them to ruin. The "fast young man" is too fast. He must stop or he will never win the prize. Rum spoils while it spurs.

Alcohol deranges and destroys the sensibilities. That is always ruinous which throws the soul out of range with righteousness. Truths, as well as trains, must run on tracks. Right never runs at random. Law is only another name for the line of life that God has laid.

Sentiment may be too slow. Feelings may be too fast.

Here is the point I make: Alcohol always makes the sensibilities too fast or too slow. It excites them, and then explodes them. Or it calms them, and then kills them. Either is derangement. Both effects are destructive. Right always travels on a regular road. Better let God put on the brakes. Better let his Spirit apply the spur.

Real goodness will go its own gait. Love always runs on life-lines.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,

Whose deeds, both great and small,

Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread

Where love ennobles all.

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells—

The Book of Life the shining record tells"

Alcohol deranges and destroys the will.

No talent can give strength to character when the will is weak. What the hub is to the wheel the will is to the man.

Resolution is the first step to strength. This step must be taken. It must be repeated again and again. That is the way we live physically. We must repeat the act of breathing over and over for a whole lifetime. We must take food day after day, and year after year. Such repetitions are worth while. Life itself is an infinite series of moments projected into eternity.

Resolution is the soul of strength. Resolution is the secret of revolution. The resolution of John Knox produced a great revolution in Scotland. The resolution of Martin Luther pro-

duced a revolution in Germany and in Christendom. The resolution of Washington gave us American independence. The resolution of Lincoln saved the American Union. The resolution of Jesus redeemed the world.

Even the poor prodigal in the swine lots had to resolve. When he said "I will," and did what he said, the fetters fell from his soul.

It was after repeated resolutions that Murphy, McAuley, and Gough stood strong. And by a moral process of perpetual resolution they held the serpent's head under the hero's heel. It is the coin that character pays for conquest.

More Reasons for Total Abstinence.

1. *Conscience.* That meant knowing something with another. Who is the other one. He is God. My conscience helps me to know something that God knows. The theologians and philosophers have their fine-spun theories about the nature and function of conscience. But knowing something with God—that is the practical import of it. Drink stifles conscience. It veils the soul's vision. The soul that habitually spurns God's voice will cease to hear the sweet sound some day. For conscience, sake abstain from alcohol.

2. *Character.* Drink is Satan's battering-ram that breaks down character. It lets loose the winds of woe on the temple of manhood. It lays deadly torpedoes under the life-boat of every man that sails its sea. Alcohol is as destructive of human character as it is of living tissues. For character's sake abstain from alcohol.

3. *Conduct.* Alcohol reverses the right where it touches. It spoils a man's speech. Many a man would be horrified to hear from a phonograph the unquotable words that came with blasphemous fluency from his own lips in a fit of drunkenness. When he "sobers off" how would he like to take his little girl, or his wife, or his mother to hear that horrid speech of hell. Drink demoralizes human conduct. For the sake of decency in conduct abstain from alcohol.

4. *Companions.* No life is lived alone. Every soul touches some other. It touches for weal or for woe. It helps or hinders. Every drunkard's life is poisonous to his companions. If they are bad he will make them worse. If they are good his influence, if yielded to, will make them bad. For the sake of your companions abstain from alcohol.

Saloon Products.

Woe.
Want.
Strife.
Bruises.
Despair.
Death.
Liars.
Thieves.
Adulterers.
Anarchists.
Suicides.
Infanticides.
Uxorides
Murderers.
Pandemonium.

Practical Temperance Reform.

We should not lose sight of the many encouraging indications in temperance reform as they appear quietly here and there. Perhaps the most signal fact is the determined purpose shown by the Roman Catholic Church to restrict the liquor traffic and to discourage Irishmen from seeking a monopoly of the business, as they have so largely done in the past. Some of the most strenuous and indispensable helpers in many of our communities in no license campaigns are Roman Catholic priests. On Good Friday in this city a number of liquor dealers complied with the requests of the priests by suspending business for from one to three hours, mostly during the hours observed in the Catholic and

Episcopal churches as the particular time of the "passion." A few dealers made a further concession and suspended their liquor trade entirely during the day.

That great railroad systems are becoming more and more stringent in the demand that their employees use no liquor, is another very forceful and far-reaching fact. The restrictions of the Burlington Road have now been extended so as to apply to all departments, including track, bridge, and building departments. The rule says: "The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use or the frequenting of places where they are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal."—*Zion's Herald.*

By Way of Illustration.

Of 766 saloons paying the Dow tax in Lucas County, O., 505 are controlled by seven breweries of Toledo.

In Cardiff, Wales, before the saloons were closed on Sunday, with a population of 80,000, there were sixty two convictions for Sunday drunkenness in 1881. Last year, with a population of 170,000, there were but nine cases.

Congress is being congratulated on passing the Gillett-Lodge Bill to protect "natives" of the New Hebrides from the drink traffic. What about protecting the "natives" of the United States from the same great curse?—*National Advocate.*

King Edward has just sent a personal contribution of \$54.50 (10 guineas) to the British Army Temperance Association. This is the first time in its history, extending over forty years, that the association has received a contribution from the head of the state. The war office contributes \$3,750 a year to the funds of the association. And well it might, as Lord Roberts has stated that the work of the Army Temperance Association had been equal to the addition of two battalions to the effective strength of the army in India, where the membership is 23,000.

He Was Repaid.

An annual visitor to the United States Mint is a shrewd son of old Ireland who presides over a saloon in one of the uptown wards of Philadelphia. His visit is always made a week or two before Christmas, and is for the purpose of getting a large quantity of bright, new silver dollars, halves, and quarters in exchange for bills. He entered the mint recently after his customary coin, and Cashier Murphy made bold to ask him what he did with the silver.

"Sure, and I make Christmas presents of it to me customers," was the reply.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Murphy, "you don't mean to say that you give money away?"

The saloon man looked at the cashier and grinned.

"Certainly, why not?" he said. "Other people make presents of liquor and cigars and such things. I don't. I give away the money, for"—and here he grinned wider than ever—"when I make a man a present of a dollar it isn't long before it finds its way back to me again. See?"

And then he gathered up his coin and sauntered out.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The power of a great modern corporation to effect a great moral reform when it conceives it to be to its interest to urge such reform, receives a striking illustration at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Twenty-five saloons have been compelled to close their doors within the last month because of the order of the Union Pacific Railway Company forbidding all its employees to frequent drinking-places whether on or off duty. The city has been practically forced upon a prohibition basis, in spite of the wishes of the people. Now, some conclusions with regard to the liquor traffic at Cheyenne are so patent that they need not be stated. Every reader of the paragraph can frame them for himself. Pushed to their legitimate application, they would make for the annihilation of the liquor curse everywhere, upon economic grounds solely.—*Midland Christian Advocate.*

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for Sunday, June 15: Paul Crosses to Europe.

(Study Acts 16: 6-15; read Acts 16: 1-5)

Golden Text.—"Thou shalt be his witness unto all men" (Acts 22: 15).

Lesson Topic.—The advance of missions into Europe.

Places.—Phrygia, Troas, Philippi.

Time.—A. D. 51.

Outline.—1. The doors shut (v. 6-8). 2. A door opened (v. 9-13). 3. The first convert (v. 14, 15).

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Paul crosses to Europe (Acts 16: 6-15).

Tuesday.—Cast into prison (Acts 16: 16-24).

Wednesday.—The jailer converted (Acts 16: 25-34).

Thursday.—Obedience to the call (Acts 20: 12-23).

Friday.—Reference to the journey (2 Cor. 2: 12-17).

Saturday.—The opened heart (Ezek. 11: 14-20).

Sunday.—Letter to Philippi (Phil. 4: 1-9).

The Macedonian Call.

In a vision Paul saw a Macedonian, and heard him saying: "Come over and help us." The man represented all those who lived in that heathen country, few of whom realized their great need. His appeal was enforced by the command of the Saviour: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations" (Matt. 28: 19). That was a call of heathenism to Christianity—a call which now is as strenuous and as obligatory as when Paul heard it.

Lesson Tapers.

Study the separation of Paul and Barnabas from a natural difference of opinion.

V. 6. *Phrygia*.—An undefined region in the central portion of Asia Minor, southwest of *Galatia*. Here Paul was taken sick, probably with his "thorn in the flesh"—the oriental disease of the eyes. (See Gal. 4: 13-15.)

V. 8. *Troas*.—About four miles south of the old city of Troy, rendered famous by Homer—the seaport of the Hellespont.

V. 9. *A man of Macedonia*.—A vision, or an angel, known to be Macedonian by his appearance, dress, and words. *Macedonia*.—A famous country north of Greece, now a part of Turkey.

V. 11. *Samothracia*.—An island in the *Ægean*. *Neapolis*.—The seaport of Philippi, ten miles distant.

V. 12. *Philippi*.—This city was built by Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great. So far as the New Testament history directly informs us, Philippi was the first city in Europe that heard the gospel message. *A colony*.—That is, a military city in the conquered country, planted by Roman citizens who still held their citizenship and right to vote at Rome, and governed the city after the manner of Rome.

V. 13. *Where prayer was wont to be made*.—A *proseucha*, or prayer-house, enclosed but open to the sky, and used by the Jews in places where there was no synagogue.

V. 14. *Purple*.—Either the dye or the cloth. *Whose heart the Lord opened*.—That is, enlightened, impressed by his Spirit, made willing. Probably the opening was a process that had been going on for a long time. From day to day she tried to do the Lord's will. She used the means of grace. Her heart was opened to the truth as flowers to the gentle influences of the spring sun.

V. 15. *And when she was baptized*.—As soon as she believed she made a public profession of her faith in the appointed way—by baptism.

Lesson Jets.

The Disagreement.—The second missionary journey was first planned as a visit to those who had entered the Christian life as a result of the former journey. The contention between Paul and Barnabas was unfortunate, and probably both men were at fault. Yet the disagreement really gave two capable leaders the opportunity to work independently, instead of together. Silas was the man who came as messenger from the church in Jerusalem. His choice for that

errand proved that he had a good deal of influence among the disciples.

Paul's New Helper.—Timothy had been instructed as a Jew (2 Tim. 1: 5; 3: 15), but could not be circumcised as a Jew because his father was a gentile. But Paul now made him a Jewish proselyte as well as a Christian teacher. Timothy was probably quite young at this time—not over twenty years old. By giving to the churches the decision of the elders at Jerusalem, they gave them confidence and courage, and stirred them to zeal in trying to win gentiles.

Paul's Vision.—When Paul reached Derbe he wanted to go on, and so traveled northward, probably doubling back and forth under the prohibition against going into Asia. This Asia was the western end of Asia Minor, the wealthiest and most populous part of the district. Paul spent a great deal of time there afterwards. The direction indicated by verses 7 and 8 was northwest. Troas was the point from which travelers usually set out for Europe. The vision which came to Paul was rightly regarded as a divine direction to go into Europe. The change from "they" (v. 8) to "we" (v. 10) indicates that Luke joined Paul at Troas. The company thus had at least four members—Paul, Silas, Timothy, and Luke. Very likely there were others also. "Sought" indicates the necessity of waiting until some vessel for Europe should appear. Samothrace is an island midway of the course to Neapolis, in whose harbor small vessels passed the night. Neapolis was a small seaport tributary to Philippi, and the missionaries passed on at once to the larger city. Colonies of Rome had the same standing in the empire as the Italian cities, and most of their landholders were Roman citizens.

Conversion of Lydia.—No Jews were met in Philippi, and no synagogue was found there. But even a few Jews might assemble to pray on the Sabbath without a synagogue. Probably most of the women found were proselytes rather than native-born Jewesses. The expression "one that worshipped God" indicates that Lydia was a converted Greek. She had learned the Jewish doctrine in Thyatira. Her action and the mention of her household indicate that she had some property, and she may have been rich. She was probably a widow. Her invitation was very cordial, expressing the feeling that its acceptance would be an honor and an undeserved favor.

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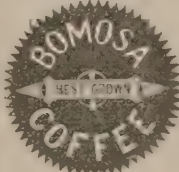
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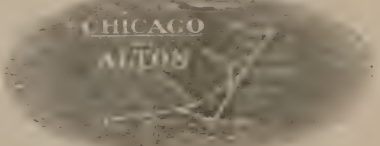
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GEO. J. CHARLTON,
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The Anniversary Collection.

The responses to the plea of the treasurer have been quite liberal and prompt on the part of a number of chapters, but there are hundreds who have evidently given no attention to his request.

The expenses of the Board of Control and the Cabinet have been larger than usual on account of the effort to obtain and record a complete list of all chapters and chapter officers throughout the league.

I trust no chapter will neglect this important collection.

S. H. PYE, Ass't Treas.,
57 Washington St., Chicago.

DR. BEET'S CASE.

DR. J. A. BEET, a talented English Wesleyan minister, has not been reappointed to the chair of theology in Richmond College. We are glad to hear it. We do not share the regret of the *Western Christian Advocate*, nor accept its view, that this action will hurt the Wesleyan Church more than it will hurt Dr. Beet. Why was the Richmond professor excused? Simply because his published teachings on a great doctrine are out of harmony with the standards of the church in whose halls he was employed to teach. The doctrine of "The Last Things" is utterly at variance with the interpretation which Methodism from the beginning has placed upon the scriptures. Why should the Wesleyan Church retain a theological professor who has boldly published a book which virtually repudiates her historical position? Dr. Beet, as a private member of the Methodist Church, may have very wide latitude as to what he believes and disbelieves. But as a teacher of young men, especially as the teacher of young ministers, who in turn are to teach the people, he has no right to promulgate his heresy. How he could expect to remain in a Methodist theological professorship, draw his salary from a Methodist institution, and pose as the official representative of Methodist theological views, is more than we can comprehend.

Several young preachers have asked us during the past year whether the views of Dr. Beet on the future life were those of the Wesleyan Church, and, if not, how he could continue as a Methodist teacher. The questions have embarrassed us. The embarrassment has now been removed by the consistent action of the Wesleyan brethren.

A GREAT VICTORY.

FOR ten years Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, at Council Bluffs, Ia., has been groaning under a crushing debt. The ladies have raised and paid \$16,000 on interest alone. Think of it! Several efforts have been made to pay the debt. But they have not been successful. The people had become weary of the burden, and almost disheartened. When Rev. W. J. Calfee was appointed to Broadway a year ago he faced a debt of \$22,000. Most people said it could never be paid. Calfee said it could be. Under the inspiration of his faith the crusade was begun. Last Sunday week the debt-mountain was attacked. Bishop Joyce was there to inspire the multitude with one of his soul-stirring sermons, and Mr. J. W. Powell of Buffalo managed the finances. Before night \$23,700 had been subscribed! That includes \$2,000 from the

Conference Board of Church Extension and \$1,000 from Bishop McCabe.

Yes, it was a great victory. We never saw giving that was so actually heroic. The burdened church will soon be free. And it will be an increasingly potent factor in the moral and religious life of that growing city.

TWO NEW BISHOPS.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, elected two new bishops. They are Dr. E. E. Hoss and Dr. A. Coke Smith. Good men, both. The former has been the pungent editor of the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville for many years, and was the fraternal delegate to our last General Conference. The latter has been a prominent pastor and influential leader in the councils of the church. What will be the attitude of the new bishops on the question of federation and possible organic union between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South? It will be conservative. The episcopacy makes men that way. Besides the sentiment of the Southern ministry is against anything which squints toward union. The new chief pastors will stand with the mass of their church. That will help to make them popular bishops, though their position will be influenced by judgment rather than expediency.

We vote for Bishops Hoss and Smith as the episcopal representatives from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at our next international and inter-Methodist convention.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

WHAT shall be done for the boys and girls who think themselves too old for the Junior League, and are a trifle too young to be Seniors? That question is being anxiously asked.

Some propose an intermediate state—or league. To that proposal others object, saying that, with the Senior League and the Junior League and the Sunday-school, we have organizations enough.

Some would divide the Junior League into two sections, providing a distinct organic existence for the big girls and boys under the jurisdiction of the Junior superintendent. They would graduate members from the primary section into this advanced section whenever, because of age and size and knowledge, they are ready.

Still others would have this intermediate or organization conducted as a part of the Senior League.

We are thinking of these propositions and others. The problem is not easy. Perhaps you have opinions. If expressed, your opinions might help to a wise decision. Our columns are open to short-stop statements. We would like to print twenty. Drop us a line.

THOSE TEMPERANCE LESSONS.

THE Sunday-school folk of the continent look toward Denver. Within a week or two the delegates to the tenth International Convention will be headed that way. Several important matters will be attended to during the convention; but by far the most important piece of business will be the election of a lesson committee to prepare the international series for 1903-1911.

This lesson committee will have nothing to do but to select the lessons. It is left largely to its own wisdom in doing this work, but if the convention expresses itself definitely on any part of the committee's task, of course that expression will be heeded.

Since we published a paragraph some months ago concerning the temperance lessons we have had many expressions of concern from individuals, churches, and representative bodies lest the temperance lessons should be endangered. The Denver Convention will consider this exceedingly important matter, and, unless we are very far astray in our estimate of its make-up

and temper, the committee will get definite instructions to retain the lessons.

Any other course, in the present state of public sentiment, would greatly lessen the value of the convention's work, and later, of the committee's selections. The Sunday-school workers of this country are not ready to abandon the temperance lessons. Since the movement in favor of their abandonment really exists, the delegates to the convention may properly put themselves on record, and we most sincerely hope that they will be found squarely against any diminution or weakening of temperance instruction in the Sunday-school.

THE NORTHWESTERN.

OUR next-door neighbor, *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*, celebrates this week its semi-centennial anniversary. We join with the editorial fraternity in extending hearty congratulations. *The Northwestern* has had an honorable career. Its editors have been men of ability, and the positions which the paper has assumed upon churchly and general questions have been sound. If we should criticise at all we would say that our venerable contemporary has seemed to follow rather than to lead in the creation of public opinion. It is a family paper rather than an official organ. With this most of its patrons will find no fault, as the average reader takes no special interest in debate. The present editor, Mr. D. D. Thompson, is a Christian gentleman. We do not expect to have the privilege of working side by side with a more genial associate. He is the embodiment of industry. No Methodist or non Methodist editor works harder than he. His early newspaper training is shown by the emphasis he places upon the news features of his paper. *The Northwestern* measures well up to the ideal Christian newspaper. We send a whole armful of greetings and well-wishes to *The Northwestern* working-force. Come to think of it, not the least useful of that force is Miss Richmond, the office assistant. Her intelligent devotion to the duties of her position has made her indispensable to the paper.

FOR COMMENCEMENT THINKING.

THE year's crop of graduates is just beginning to come on the market. A fair proportion of the diploma ornamented host will become doctors, preachers, and teachers. If the graduates who seek these three avenues of activity amount to anything, and will confess their real intentions, you will find that they purpose to be of service to the world. That is entirely proper. A teacher whose first thought is salary, a doctor who puts fee before helpfulness, a preacher who would rather win dollars than souls—such people are fit subjects for scorn.

But what of the graduates who will go into banking and insurance and retail trade and pork-packing and engineering? Most of them will frankly tell you they are going to make money. Of course, they will do good work, but always with an eye to the main chance. But if there is criticism of the mercenary teacher and doctor and preacher, why not of the mercenary grocer and shoemaker? Public opinion does not scorn them, because there is no room in business, we are told, for sentiment. And that is where public opinion is wrong.

There is more room for sentiment in business than anywhere else, because there is so little of it there. Business is not organized that way. Even the business end of religious institutions is often wholly heartless. But a change is coming. There is a growing notion that the good of one is the gain of all, but business is yet in bondage to the old fallacy that the more one man loses in a business transaction the more the other man gains. Which fallacy, to be frank, is at the bottom of a vast amount of business gambling.

The graduates of this year are going to spend their active lives in a world which is growing steadily away from the idea of competition. A

dozen notable illustrations from the newspapers of a single month could be cited. The new principle is the principle of cooperation. And its keyword is service. The young men and women who take note of that, and shape their course in accord with it, are the ones whose careers will count. Competition, as a system, is still sufficiently active, but as a scheme by which to plan a life course, it is worn out.

The new order will put service first, not only in the so-called occupations of helpfulness, but in every sort of activity which is important enough to be considered as a life work.

DID US HONOR.

IT is the unanimous verdict, South and North, that the addresses of our fraternal representatives to the Southern General Conference did our denomination honor. We have read both speeches, and enjoyed them greatly. No representatives to our Southern brethren were ever received more cordially, and none ever made a better impression.

Dr. Huntington has enjoyed the confidence of his brethren in a marked degree during a long ministry. He won laurels as pastor and presiding-elder in Western New York, and then came West to render what has really been the greatest service of his life, viz., the rescue of Nebraska Wesleyan University. Lieutenant-Governor Bates, the lay representative, is one of the ablest of our younger laymen, the son of an honored member of the New England conference, and a man of splendid character. We join in felicitating these brethren upon the way in which they discharged for our church their delicate duty.

GOOD PROGRAMS.

WE are pleased with the programs of many of the spring conventions. Provision for formal speech and essay is limited. The training-institute idea is at the front. Most of the themes are worth talking about. Not only so, but they are sufficiently practical to admit of handling in concrete style. That means useful discussion. A convention program can get into the ruts just like other people and things. Ruts mean monotony. Monotony kills conventions. Most program builders have ordained that every hour of every session is to be lively. Blessings on their heads!

Some people get most excited when talking about nothing.

A wise man is slow about giving advice. So is a fool about taking it.

A good many people of kindly disposition have grown very weary of Carrie Nation.

Too much must not be expected of Cuba for a season. Give the little republic a chance.

Schemes which looked like less work and more money have spoiled the lives of a multitude.

The new Spanish king may as well make up his mind to spend the next fifty years watching for anarchists.

If Cuba finds that it cannot get along without a guardian, Mr. Palma knows this nation's telephone number.

The extravagance which buys what it does not need soon comes to be the poverty which needs what it cannot buy.

With the last issue, THE EPWORTH HERALD entered upon its thirteenth year. The birthday passed so quietly that we did not recognize it until some days later. Our paper is an infant no longer, but a vigorous, growing, bounding youth.

The opinion of the postoffice authorities on the "chain-letter" nuisance is worth noticing. They have ordered 95,000 of a certain variety of chain-letters to be returned to the writers from the post office at Wilkesbarre, Pa. Other variations of the chain scheme are not so hopelessly

bad as this one, but they are all inexcusable annoyances.

It is proposed to reduce the size of the Chicago Auditorium, the fine room where our last General Conference was held. The room is now too large for profit.

The Penrose-Lawrence bill, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors at immigrant stations *should be passed*. Say so in a letter to your senators and to the congressman from your district. These men are waiting to hear from public opinion, and they should not be disappointed.

Mr. Cornelius S. Loder of Simpson Church, Brooklyn, is greatly interested in the boys, and does a vast amount of work for their benefit. Among his plans to help and hold them is a summer outing. It is conducted in such a manner that the maximum of safety, enjoyment, and physical and moral improvement is secured.

An index to the volume of THE EPWORTH HERALD just closed will be ready within a few days. It is printed upon a separate sheet, and will be mailed free to all persons sending a request to the publishers at 57 Washington Street, Chicago. Not many persons bind their paper, and this plan of furnishing the index to those who desire it seems to be the best solution of the index problem.

The university has a large place in this world. It has a magnificent mission. But it is not the mission of the university to dominate the church, and determine what she shall believe and teach. The assumptions of certain "scholars" are amazing. Let the day never dawn when they will stand between the Bible and the common people, and ordain what portions of the Word the people shall accept, and what portions they shall reject.

The advertisers and cartoonists have made abundant use of the awful Martinique catastrophe. Cheap and flippant wit has been expended in abundance over one of the most terrible occurrences in all history. We are properly gratified that American aid was the first to reach the stricken island. But we may well be ashamed that even the destruction of a city full of people did not check the unfeeling jest and the dollar-hunting advertisement.

The Chicago Methodist ministers' meeting is not a bear garden. You would suppose its membership is composed of a lot of fanatics and fools, if you based your judgments upon the reports of the Chicago daily papers these days. The reporters have no proper business in a Monday preachers' meeting. They do not come to report, but to seek for material out of which to make a sensation. A rigid law should exclude every mother's son of them, as they are excluded in New York and elsewhere.

An intimation was received some weeks ago that if the next International Convention should go to Brooklyn, N. Y., it would be entertained in a generous way. The committee on location did not need this assurance. The Epworth League leaders of Brooklyn are men and women of large views. Everything they have undertaken for the benefit of the organization has been notably successful. We predict that our big gathering will be held in the territory of Greater New York at no distant day.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Dr. Leonard is at work.

Bishop McCabe reaches Europe.

The French president has been visiting the White Czar.

Mrs. Dr. W. F. Oldham is in demand for missionary addresses.

Dr. G. L. Hanawalt of Cleveland succeeds as a street preacher.

Dr. Lewis Curtis has been dedicating a church for the Congregationalists.

Dr. Buckley was our fraternal delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Rev. Franklin Hamilton is giving a Sunday even-

ing series of "Short talks on stray subjects" in First Church Boston.

Gen. John B. Gordon reflected commander-in-chief of the Confederate veterans.

George Hartt of Coral, Mich., won in the oratorical contest held at Howard City, May 15.

Dr. W. B. Pickard of Cleveland lectures on "Municipal ownership" once in a while.

Dr. J. S. Montgomery is unanimously asked for to succeed himself at Wesley Church, Minneapolis.

Bishop Warren writes Warren wise and pungently for a number of magazines and other periodicals.

Dr. J. D. Walsh has done some characteristically good reporting of the Southern General Conference.

Dr. W. K. Beans of Sacramento, Cal., and Miss Carrie Phillips of Los Angeles, were married May 28.

President Guy P. Benton of Upper Iowa University preaches the baccalaureate sermon at Simpson.

Dr. E. L. Eaton of Allegheny has been nominated for Congress by the Prohibitionists. Will not accept.

Dr. Love of First Church, Minneapolis, is given a three-months' vacation, and will spend it in Ireland.

Dr. E. P. Parker has had a pastorate of forty two years in South Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn.

Dr. R. S. MacArthur has been thirty-two years pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, his first and only pastorate.

Rev. K. A. Janssen of Sweden has collected \$17,000 for the proposed Norway Sweden theological school, and must have \$10,000 more.

Bishop Thoburn had a chance to speak some plain truths about the Philippines to the Senate committee, and he made good use of it.

Dr. Charles Parkhurst of Zion's Herald has not been in firm health for some weeks, and is resting for a season at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Bishop Moore has his itinerary made out for the next eighteen months. It is a large program, but he will stick to it, or something will happen.

Dr. R. W. Van Schoick of Michigan will soon have recovered from the effects of the painful accident which has kept him quiet for several weeks.

Rev. J. K. Miller, pastor of the Methodist Church at Manhattan, Kan., is mayor of the town. There are no "joins" in that town, you may be sure.

Now they are saying that Lewis Nixon, the ex-Tammany leader, would make a good Democratic candidate for governor of New York. They love him for the enemies he has made.

Dr. W. A. Shanklin, pastor of Memorial Church of Reading, Pa., has been given a vacation until autumn, owing to a nervous breakdown. It is the sincere hope of his friends that complete rest will restore him to health.

METHODIST MENTION.

Kankakee, Ill., will remodel temple.

Marvelous revival at Fairmount, Ind.

Camp-meeting announcements appear.

East Liverpool, O., will arise and build.

Dr. J. W. Hancher's lecture on "The real boy" is in demand.

Emory Church, Pittsburg, holds its sixth birthday celebration.

Littleton, W. Va., had a circuit Epworth rally. Good time—very.

Dr. John P. D. John is commencement orator at Baker University.

First Church, Parkersburg, West Va., goes to \$1,000 for missions this year.

The Methodists helped the other day to make Cambridge, O., a "dry" city.

The work in Oklahoma is marching right forward. New churches in all directions.

First Church, Germantown, Philadelphia, has a surplus boy choir. Starts well.

Rev. B. M. Powell, Baker '90, preaches the alumni sermon June 1 at his alma mater.

Lisbon, O., had a week's anniversary of the Epworth League and four or five fine lectures.

Dr. J. M. McFarland of Topeka preaches the baccalaureate sermon at Baker University this year.

W. J. Bryan went to Cuba to describe President Palma's inauguration for an illustrated weekly.

The current statistics of English Methodism show the largest annual gain in membership since 1883.

The hymn book committee will soon resume work—this time jointly with a committee from the Southern church.

Price's Chapel, Pomonkey, Md., is to have a new building. A fine subscription was secured for that purpose May 11.

A special summer campaign is on in Porto Rico to utilize the vacation time of Spanish-speaking students in American schools, and to send out a host of

colporteurs and exhorters from the places which are already Methodist centers.

Seventy-five per cent. of the members of the Onarga (Ill.) Sunday school attend Sunday morning preaching services.

The chorus choir of Centenary Church, Philadelphia, recently gave Rossini's "Sabbat Mater" in the Academy of Music before a great audience.

Lincoln avenue, Pittsburg, conducted a May festival. A decided success. No wonder, for Dr. Slutz invented the idea, and knows how to make it go.

Central M. E. Church of Los Angeles, under the new pastorate of Rev. Jno. Stafford, D.D., recently transferred from Minneapolis, is having a boom.

Old Ebenezer Church, Philadelphia, had a "home-coming" day two weeks ago, when the members she had given to other city churches came back for the jubilee.

That was a great address delivered by Dr. W. H. Brooks of St. Mark's, New York, our fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church.

The church at Fairfield, Ill., is making improvements in preparation for the annual conference, which will be entertained there. The league chapter provides part of the expense.

Chancellor Hickman of De Pauw University has decided views on the necessity of the Christian college. He preached on that theme recently at Meridian-street Church, Indianapolis.

Rev. J. L. Miller is pastor of our First Church, Denison, Tex., and not of Haven Chapel, as our notice of two weeks ago indicated. When Haven Chapel was destroyed by fire the official board of that church asked Bro. Miller to act as treasurer of the insurance fund, and of offerings made for the work of rebuilding. Hence our mistake.

"Knappen's class for men," of the First Church Sunday-school at Sioux Falls, S.D., has raised enough money on two Sundays to support two native missionaries in India or China. The attendance does not average above fifteen, so is all the more noticeable. The class is planning to "stir up the pure minds by way of remembrance" of a number of the other classes that they may provide for supporting one native preacher each next year.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

West Davenport (N. Y.) Epworthians have pledged \$50 on the pastor's salary.

Dennett Chapter, Hollister, Cal., is the only chapter of the Epworth League in San Benito County.

Fairfield, Ill., has a Senior League, an Intermediate League, and a Junior League—175 members in all, and all hard at work.

St. James Chapter, Denver, is planning to hold meetings in Lincoln Park at 6 o'clock Sunday evenings during the summer.

Holly, Mich., has a large missionary circle. The plan is 2 cents a week and a prayer for missions. It has been decided to use the money to educate.

A leaflet, containing hints to leaders of devotional meetings, is printed by Rev. W. H. York, pastor of Centenary Church, Syracuse, N. Y. He has some extra copies for sale.

Grace Chapter, Denver, has prepared grounds near the church for tennis and croquet games, in the hope of cultivating and extending the best social life among the young people of the community.

Flint District plans to support a native teacher in China next year and also to raise \$100 for Clara Merrill, who went as a missionary to China from Flint a few years ago. The mission study classes and classes in Bible study are being pushed.

The eleventh anniversary of the Graham Circuit League was held at Swan Chapel, May 18. One of the interesting features of the day was a number of quartets rendered by the Graham Choir. The evening address was delivered by the pastor, Rev. C. A. Field.

The Christian Endeavor Societies, Baptist Young People's Unions, and Epworth League Chapters of Utah held a union convention in Ogden, May 10. Addresses were delivered by Drs. Albritton and Tyler, and an inspiring Junior rally was the chief feature of the afternoon.

The program for the convention of the Fourth General Conference District is out. This big meeting at the national capital will have all sorts of success. It is planned with that result in mind. Epworthians from seven states will be there. Washington will belong to the Epworth League from the 19th to the 22d of this month.

The group meeting of the chapters of Avoca, Kanona, Wallace, Wheeler, Mitchellville, Townsville, and Harrisburg, Corning District, N. Y., was held at Wallace, May 16, afternoon and evening. Miss Carrie Faulker of Mitchellville, president of the group, pre-

sided. A paper, "Old ruts, and how to avoid them," was read by Mrs. Ryan of Wallace, and one on "The value of influence," by Miss Nellie Angel of Mitchellville, also one by Mrs. N. S. Hall of Avoca. "How Epworthians may help the cause of temperance." Reports were given from all the chapters of the group. A very interesting address was given in the evening by Rev. Mr. Doane of Wheeler. Some excellent music was furnished by the Bijou Orchestra of Avoca.

At the Crawfordsville District Epworth League, which met at Thorntown, Ind., May 17-20, the congratulations of the convention were telegraphed to President Palma on the birthday of the Cuban republic as follows: "Congratulations from Crawfordsville District Epworth League. Peace, prosperity, and American friendship forever. C. C. Travis, Pres."

The chapters at Waterloo, Ia., have been greatly strengthened spiritually by the recent ministry of Dr. Craig of Toronto, who has been engaged in special services with the pastor of First Church, Rev. J. E. Johnson. The chief characteristic of Dr. Craig's revival sermons is that *they revive*; they do not lay added responsibility at the door of the Christian, but revive the old responsibility, assumed at conversion, but oftentimes lost sight of in later years. His vigorous sermons have done both Epworthians and church an incalculable amount of good, and must tell largely for the strengthening of the Master's work. The Cedar Falls District Convention, just held at Waterloo, was regarded as one of the most helpful sessions spiritually, held in years. Pentecostal services, under Dr. Craig's direction, were made a prominent feature.

The Pipestone District (Minnesota Conference) Epworth League Convention will be held at Redwood Falls, June 13-15. A fine program has been arranged, and a large attendance is expected. Owing to the beauty of its scenery, Redwood Falls is an ideal convention city. Its surroundings are full of historic interest. The beautiful valleys of the Minnesota and Redwood Rivers lie stretched out on either side, with their wooded bluffs and hills. One of the features on the program is an afternoon drive and a picnic dinner, with an open-air meeting in the evening. It is thought that the outing may include a visit to Monument Park, Birch Cooley, where stand two of the handsomest monuments in the state, marking the site of the Birch Cooley fight during the "outbreak." One of the monuments is in honor of the American troops who perished there, the other in honor of the friendly Indians.

COLLEGES.

Columbia University plans to have a school of fine arts next year.

John Dyneley Prince has given eighteen Babylonian tablets to Columbia University.

McKendree College celebrated its seventy-fourth anniversary this week. The program was unusually rich and varied.

The friends of Wesleyan University residing near and in Philadelphia recently had a social reunion in

The detestable odors of many hotel and sleeping-car soaps are intended to conceal the poor quality of the soap itself. The traveler who wishes to thoroughly enjoy his toilet and bath will carry a piece of Ivory Soap in his toilet case.

that city. Addresses were made by President Raymond, Professor Rice, Bishop Foss, Dr. J. M. King, and others.

The baccalaureate sermon for Kansas Wesleyan University will be preached by Dr. Henry J. Coker of South Kansas Conference.

The freshman class at Baker University for each of the past five years, respectively, has been 68, 87, 99, 121, 149. In the same time the total enrollment has been 512, 568, 587, 629, 727.

Grand Prairie Seminary had a fine commencement this week. President James of Northwestern delivered the address on Thursday.

In the recent death of President Henry Morton of Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J., the institution has suffered a great loss.

Nicholas Murray Butler, the president of Columbia University, will deliver the oration at the commencement exercises of the University of Pennsylvania.

A gold medal has been awarded to Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., by the Charleston Exposition for superiority of "industrial and academic work of students."

Chancellor W. B. Hill of the University of Georgia and Booker T. Washington will deliver addresses on education in the South at the Chautauque Assembly this summer.

A friend in the farther West tells President Murlin of Baker University that he will be one of twenty men to see him through on the balance needed for the new library building.

Harvard won the annual debate with Yale this year. Harvard had the affirmative on the question "Resolved, That the immigration of Chinese laborers into our insular possessions should be prohibited by law."

A vocation, for practice purposes, is being placed in Crouse College of Fine Arts, Syracuse University. It is one of the finest instruments of its kind, having three manuals, twenty-six speaking stops, and a large number of mechanical accessories.

The Phi Beta Kappa oration at Allegheny College will be delivered this year by Dr. William V. Kelley, editor of *The Methodist Review*. The sermon of dedication of the Ford Memorial Chapel, at the same institution, will be preached by Bishop E. G. Andrews.

The Chautauquan magazine, speaking of education in Italy, says that there are twenty-one universities in that country, of which Bologna, founded in 1200, is the oldest and Naples, founded in 1224, is the largest, having an enrollment of 5,465, but a faculty of only eighty-one. Comparing Naples with Harvard, the latter institution, with a smaller attendance, has a faculty of nearly 500.

On the last Tuesday morning of their formal work the members of the senior class of the college of liberal arts of Hamline University, in accordance with an old custom in the college, attended morning chapel exercises in cap and gown, listened at the close to a short address from the dean, and during the singing of a hymn of the church, fled out in token of their having bidden adieu to regular college duties.

Anniversary Echoes.

St. Johns, Md., is happy over its successful day.

Amsterdam, N. Y., celebrated. Six new HERALDS taken.

St. Augustine, Fla., had the Rainbow program May 18.

President Murlin of Baker helped Paola (Kan.) Epworthians to have a great day.

Shindler, S. D., is a year-old chapter. Had a joyful anniversary, in charge of a new member.

The sunrise prayer meeting on Anniversary Day at Huntingdon, Pa., was a time of peculiar blessing.

A delightful anniversary service at Madelia, Minn. A missionary thank offering of \$47.27 was received.

The league at Newton, Ia., celebrated appropriately May 18, under the able direction of Miss Libbie Dean.

Boelus, Neb., says: "We carried out the program in full." So they did, including the collection for Central Office expenses.

Dennett Chapter, Hollister, Cal., obtained five new subscriptions for THE EPWORTH HERALD, and sent \$2.00 to the Central Office.

May 18 was observed at West Davenport, N. Y., and the Rainbow program used with some additions. Pastor Neff talked on missions.

Elberon, Ia., had a good anniversary service. This chapter, with twenty-five members, takes forty two HERALDS. So far that is the record.

Hamline Chapter, St. Paul, Minn., presented a delightful anniversary program Sunday evening, May 11, and installed their new officers. The outlook for the coming year is bright.

The anniversary number of "The Harvester," published by the literary department of the First Church Chapter, Los Angeles, is a beauty. Its cover is artistic, and its contents indicate a singularly active and prosperous chapter.

The day was well observed at Lewiston, Mont. Rev. H. W. Van Arsdale, superintendent of the North Montana Mission, used as an appropriate text: "And he took him by the hand and lifted him up." A large and interested congregation was present.

Claremont, N. H., observed the league anniversary Sunday evening, May 11. Rev. C. G. Garland gave an address on "The league of to-morrow." A large league cross, about ten feet high, was placed back of the pulpit. A new HERALD list resulted.

The league at Bridgewater, Ia., celebrated Anniversary Day, May 18, by an excellent and timely program of short addresses, recitations, and special music. A ladies' quartet, also a male quartet, sang some beautiful selections. Rev. E. A. Moore is pastor.

The league of LaSalle-street Church, Beatrice, Neb., used the Rainbow program with good effect, making it one of the most interesting services of the year. A collection of \$3.15 was taken, and two new subscriptions secured for THE EPWORTH HERALD.

The Baltimore papers gave large space to the anniversary exercises at the South Baltimore Church. Dr. Pate, the pastor, preached a league sermon in the morning. At the service there was special music by an augmented choir, and the new officers were installed.

The league at Fairmont, W. Va., observed May 18 as Anniversary Day with an all day celebration. Sunrise prayer-meeting, sermon to the league by pastor, and anniversary program at night. A club for THE HERALD was secured, and a collection for the general expenses.

At Greenwood, Neb., the local chapter gave the Rainbow program to a large congregation, including forty visitors from the Ashland Chapter, who gladly traveled the seven miles between the two places in order to share in the devotional service and enjoy the program.

The league held the post of honor at Mt. Ayr, Ia., May 11. All the services recognized the league's relation to the church, and in the evening a special service conducted by the league deeply interested a large audience. At the conclusion of the program the new officers were installed.

Woodlawn Chapter, Chicago, was mindful of the day. Dr. Burns gave up the evening service to the young people, who furnished an enjoyable evening with special music and papers suggested in the official program. There was a large attendance. A club for THE HERALD is being organized.

Aurora (Neb.) Chapter observed Anniversary Day May 18. The Rainbow program was used. Thirty-four HERALDS are now taken. The reading circle is well attended and much interest manifested. Rev. J. R. Woodcock and his wife held a reception at the parsonage for the league Saturday, May 10.

Anniversary Day was observed by the Newport (N. H.) Chapter Sunday, May 11. The pastor preached

in the morning on the question, "What is your life?"

Special services were also held in the evening. Members of the cabinet sat upon the platform with the pastor, and each had a part in the exercises.

Fairfield Chapter, assisted by the Junior League, held a delightful service, using the Rainbow program for foundation. The church was beautifully decorated. About 100 young people knelt at the altar of consecration at the close of the service. The chapter has grown from eighty seven to 112 the past year.

The Decatur (Ill.) Chapter held anniversary exercises May 11, and on May 15 gave an anniversary banquet, as a farewell to the retiring officers and a welcome to the new. The tables were arranged in the form of a Greek cross. About 150 were present to enjoy the program of toasts and other good things.

At Broadway, Logansport, Ind., the pastor, Rev. P. Ross Parrish, preached on "Epworth League ideals" in the morning. In the evening, a young people's chorus, two lady vocalists, a male quartet, and an orchestra contributed to the program. Attorney B. C. Jenkins, a devoted Epworthian, and the pastor gave addresses.

The I. W. Joyce Chapter at Decatur, Ind., observed Anniversary Day on May 11, in the auditorium at the evening service. A large audience attended, and the services were very interesting. The paper of the evening was read by J. T. Merryman, on the subject: "Our duty." The pastor then installed the officers of both the Senior and the Junior Leagues.

Brown City observed the thirteenth anniversary enthusiastically. The church was decorated with the league colors, a large Epworth wheel, badge, and mottoes. The league choir led the singing. Readings on evangelization, missions, and the reading course, a paper on local work, and a consecration service for closing made up a program which was a spiritual uplift.

Anniversary services were held at Western-avenue Church, Chicago, by the league, Sunday, May 11. Dr. M. E. Cady gave a special sermon in the morning. The praise service at 6:30 in the evening was conducted by the president, Miss Mainwood. In the evening Dr. Patten of Northwestern University made the address. Twenty new subscriptions for THE HERALD were added at the close of the praise service.

Prospect Chapter, Thorofare, New Jersey Conference, observed Anniversary Day Sunday, May 11. The pastor, Rev. Milton R. Eastlack, preached a special sermon to the league at the morning service, and the Senior and Junior Leagues rendered the anniversary program in the evening. Two new members were secured, also six new subscribers to THE EPWORTH HERALD, and an offering of \$5.00 was received for the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia.

Paterson-avenue Church, Paterson, N. J., celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of the league Sunday evening, May 12. The pastor, Rev. T. C. Mayham, gave a history of the convention at Cleveland, O., and the birth of the Epworth League thirteen years ago. Much enthusiasm was created, and at the business meeting the following Tuesday evening five new members were received, and six subscribers secured for THE EPWORTH HERALD. The future is full of promise.

Magee Chapter, Newark, O., held its anniversary service in the Auditorium. The regular program was carried out. The treasurer's report was a surprise to many, for over \$150 had been received during the year from entertainments, donations, and dues, the most of which had been expended in refurnishing the pulpit. Clothing, provisions, and flowers have been distributed to those in need and sick. The pastor, Rev. A. E. Johnson, gave an address on "Epworth League work," followed by Rev. W. B. Fleming of the Newark Conference, who spoke on "Workers, shirkers, and jerkers."

The chapter at Fairbank, Iowa, celebrated the thirteenth anniversary on both the 11th and 18th. The morning of May 11 the pastor, C. H. Blake, preached a sermon on "The rainbow; its meaning and lessons." At night the league held a consecration service. On May 18, after the water from the flood of the night before had receded from the church, the league held its sunrise prayer service—twenty minutes late. At 11 a.m. Presiding-elder H. H. Green, D. D., preached a sermon to the Epworth League, and at the close conducted the communion service. The evening service consisted of the special Rainbow program.

Immanuel Chapter, Elgin, Ill., celebrated Anniversary Day May 18. The day began with a sunrise prayer meeting. In the evening the pastor, Dr. J. T. Ladd, preached to the Epworthians, who attended

the service in a body. His subject was "The history of Methodism," and he urged the young people to do all with one purpose—the salvation of souls through Jesus Christ. The installation of officers preceded the sermon, and the meeting closed with an altar service. The chapter has a Bible study class with an average attendance of fifteen. The church deaconess, Miss Duncan is leader.

Cheyenne Chapter, Cheyenne, Wyo., observed the thirteenth anniversary May 11. The day began with a sunrise prayer service, led by Mrs. W. A. Page. All present felt the power of God, and knew that a blessed day was in store for them. At 11 a.m. the anniversary sermon was delivered by Rev. D. D. Forsythe. At 8 o'clock the anniversary program, the "Rainbow" service, was given. The church had been tastefully decorated, and special music prepared for all the services of the day. The papers prepared by those on the program were especially good. The day was a blessed one, and will be long remembered by the Epworthians of Cheyenne.

The Stanberry (Mo.) Chapter celebrated Anniversary Day May 18. The church was beautifully decorated with the league colors, potted plants, and mottoes. A large rainbow was hung in the arch behind the pulpit. The rainbow colors, used by the Junior girls in "The seven colors," were suspended from a flag staff in the center of the platform. At the morning preaching service the Junior and Senior Leagues occupied the center of the church. At the evening devotional service the Christian Endeavors of the Presbyterian and Christian Churches united with us in a joint meeting. At 8 o'clock the regular program was given. The Junior interlude was an especially pleasant feature.

Stockton, Cal., celebrated the birthday of the Epworth League by all-day services, beginning with a sunrise prayer-meeting and ending with the installation of officers at the evening services. The morning meeting was marked by good attendance and fervent spiritual interest. Two other leagues joined in this meeting. At eleven a sermon was preached specially to the young people on "All things are yours." At the close of the evening league service the members went into the church in a body, singing "Onward, Christian soldiers." The officers, having received their commission from the pastor, took their places, and the entire league rose and pledged to do its utmost in aiding the work. The chapter has over 100 members.

South Manchester, Tabor Chapter, celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of the founding of the Epworth League, May 18. A sunrise prayer-meeting was held at 6 a.m., at which about forty were present. At 7 o'clock in the evening the regular anniversary service occurred. The Junior League attended in a body, about fifty strong, and sang. One of their number read an essay which she had written during the winter in connection with her study of Bible characters. Other features of the program were special music by the choir, an address by Rev. C. T. Hatch of Manchester, whose league was present by invitation, and the installation of officers. The church was elaborately and appropriately decorated with red and white bunting and flowers.

Anniversary and Old Folks' Day was celebrated on May 11 at Grinnell, Ia. It was in every way a delightful day. The league provided transportation for those who might not otherwise be able to attend the special morning service. All the older members of the church were present but four. After a sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. P. Stoddard, on "God's presence at evening time" the sacrament was administered to the old people. In the evening anniversary service was held. The program embraced league facts interesting and inspirational. The Wesleyan and Junior Leagues were also represented. Two members of the Wesleyan League graduated into the Senior League, and the new cabinet was installed. After this twenty-six probationers were received into full connection. In all, thirty-one were admitted to the church during the day. A very pleasant feature of the day was the abundant floral decorations.

Dalton (Mass.) Chapter observed Anniversary Day on Sunday, May 11. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, the rainbow, and the league colors. In the morning the pastor, Rev. Edwin Genge, preached a sermon on "The message of the Epworth Leaguer." For the evening service a programme full of good things was presented. The Juniors had their place in it, while the Seniors, in song, recitations, and readings told of the work of the several departments. On Tuesday, May 20, this chapter celebrated its eighth anniversary. Invitations were sent to the young people's church organizations in town, and to the chapter at Pittsfield. Reports of the year's work were read, and an excellent address was given by Rev. John A. Hamilton of North Adams. The pastors of the several churches participated in the exercises. A social hour followed, and refreshments were served.

The Story of a Bird.—By Ida H. Munsell.

(A Story for Children's Day.)

Part I.

One sweet spring morning about thirty-five years ago a little bird first opened its bright eyes to the light! There was one peculiar thing about this little fellow which marked him as vastly different from most other birds. He had no wings! Now, it is possible that had he been born in some other bird family, he would not have been welcome; but this little bird's parents lavished a wealth of loving care on him, not seeming to notice his lack of wings.

The nest in which this bird family lived was somewhat out of the ordinary, and it lacked the usual characteristics of homes in the air. It was built upon the ground, not far from a great hole in the earth, whose black depths yawned fearfully at every passer-by. The nest was large and roomy—for birds—and, though not especially handsome, it afforded a comfortable shelter to the father and mother and the little bird who had so recently come to claim shelter within its walls.

The mother-bird had a tired, anxious expression in her big, brown eyes, but the father looked proud and happy whenever he entered the home, for of course, you realize that he had to be away the greater part of the time earning bread for his family.

It is barely possible that some of you boys may wish to interrupt me at this point to inform me that birds relish worms instead of bread. But I must remark again that this particular family of birds were a little peculiar, and had a fashion of doing things a trifle out of the ordinary manner of winged songsters. So this father went away very early every morning in search of bread for his loved ones, and it was late at night before he came wearily back, so tired that he could barely put one foot before the other. Of course, you think he might have flown, but, like the baby in the nest, he, too, was wingless. When he returned each evening his face was fearfully black and grimy, and if Mrs. Bird had not dearly loved him I'm sure she could not have met him with a wifely kiss. But when he had washed and tidied up a bit, and eaten the homely supper laid aside for him, while with awkward care he attempted to hush the baby to rest, Mr. Bird was quite a changed being. He even looked, in his wife's eyes, almost handsome. As the hours passed and bedtime came, he shared in the cares of the little mother, and he could croon a sleepy lullaby as well, or even better, than his mate. At 9 o'clock he said his prayers—now you need not laugh. There must be good birds as well as good boys and girls—yes, he said his prayers, blew out the light, and went to bed like other folks whose name is not Bird; for perhaps you have already guessed that the father was a great big fellow six feet tall, the mother a little, rosy woman, and the baby in the nest a boy who could kick and cry or laugh and crow with the best.

And the hole in the ground—what do you think that was? Why, the mouth to the great coal mine, wherein the father and many like him labored day by day.

It is a dangerous occupation even in these days of invention and improvement, but thirty-five years ago a man took his life in his hand every time he entered the great cage, and was let slowly down into the abyssal black depths.

"Down in a coal mine
Underneath the ground,
Where no ray of sunshine
Ever can be found."

These words, while they sound awe inspiring, can only faintly picture the terrible realities that confront the persons employed in a colliery. And yet Baby Bird grew and flourished on the verge of this coal-field in spite of the fact that he, too, would have to join the vast army of workers in the black pit below the earth's surface just as soon as he reached an age required by the law. It is strange that, with this prospect before him, he could enjoy the nine or ten years of his childhood; but he did, and Jimmy Bird had as much fun and got into as many scrapes as any of you boys who are here to-day. His mother would have kept him always her "little boy" if she could. She had a horror of his going down into the mine, but parents cannot control such things as the growth of their boys and girls, you know; so, in spite of herself, Mother Bird saw the morning arrive when the lad stepped boldly to his father's side, and followed him into the cage and disappeared down the shaft of the mine.

I do not propose to tell you of those days underground. They seemed endless and horrible and torturing, and Jimmy Bird was fast settling into a lifeless little automaton, who possessed but one idea—to lie still, and never labor again in the awful mine,

when, unexpectedly, something happened which changed his whole life. One day four visitors found their way underground. They were full of eager curiosity, and asked innumerable questions. At length they stopped to rest near a door which kept the impure air from entering into a gallery down which the boys and mules brought the tramcars full of coal. Jimmy Bird had charge of this particular door, the monotony of tending which at times nearly drove the lad insane. The four strangers looked grotesque and goblin-like in the light of their lamps. Three of them stood in a group, and began to banter each other regarding the unbecoming workmen's clothes which all had assumed for the tour through the mine, but the fourth asked permission of their guide, and then went close to young Bird. He had a kind face and a ministerial manner which even the disfiguring miner's clothes could not hide. He began to question the lad with reference to his work and his surroundings, and it shocked him to find a naturally bright boy so hopelessly sad and lifeless, so devoid of all education, so unacquainted with the knowledge of God and heaven, as this one appeared to be. "You surely love your Saviour, don't you, my child?" he asked in a horrified tone. "Yes, sir, when I'm not too tired," the boy replied. "Oh, child, child, what a life! What a life!" the man said sadly, as he thought of his own more fortunate boy at home.

Jimmy Bird roused himself for a moment, and his face lost the dull apathy it had worn for months. "I've never had a chance, sir, what could you expect?" he cried so sharply that the others turned, and looked at him in dismay. At this moment a rumble, followed by an explosion, fell upon their ears. The guide and young Bird threw themselves face downward upon the ground, while the four visitors, uttering shrieks of terror, did the same. Every lamp but one was quickly extinguished that such pure air as yet remained in the gallery might last the longer, and then, with varied emotions, the six persons awaited the result of the disaster. One, three, six, twelve, eighteen hours passed ere their rescue was accomplished.

The mine boss had been generous, and given his workmen a half holiday after their almost superhuman exertions to rescue their imprisoned comrades. The good news of even this brief respite from work filled every heart with pleasure. I said "every heart," but there was one exception. In his little attic chamber Jimmy Bird tossed restlessly upon his narrow bed. He was not distressed so much by the memory of his recent narrow escape from death, as he was by the few words the kind gentleman had uttered just before the accident in the mine. He was almost fourteen by this time, and yet it is safe to say he had never thought of his lack of education before. So he spent the hours of his rare half-holiday tossing wearily to and fro, while new ideas, new yearnings for something more and beyond him rushed through his mind like a flood.

"Must I always be a pit lad, dirty and tired to death? Always run the risk of losing my life by accident in yonder horrid hole? Oh, for some way of escape! Oh, for a chance!" was his bitter cry.

A week passed by. Jimmy was still puzzling his tired brain over the questions the stranger had caused to arise; but he had taken one step in the right direction, for he had begged an old book of the parish priest, and by the light of his Davy lamp he was trying to spell the words. It was painfully slow work, but he would not give up. Jimmy Bird had waked up! He did not have an idea of how the result was to be attained, but he had determined for one thing that he would somehow get an education, and for another that he would not always be a colliery lad. But he never for a moment neglected the work on which his living depended. At times he almost lost courage, but that was when the body was so tired that it almost mastered the spirit; but he always took up the struggle with renewed vigor. And then, because he had withstood the temptation, and had hung on with an undaunted courage to his determination to become somebody, his reward came.

Part II.

Mrs. Judge Marshall sat in her luxurious library one dreary winter day enjoying alike the cheerful grate fire, and the surrounding objects of beauty which wealth alone can bring. Outside the wind blew in fitful gusts, bringing with stinging force flurries of snow, almost blinding to the eyes of those who were so unfortunate as to be abroad this disagreeable afternoon.

Mrs. Marshall, viewing from her plate-glass win-

dows the discomfort without, congratulated herself upon her own comfortable and sheltered life.

Suddenly a dray came dashing around Lake Street, the great dappled gray beauty who drew it prancing and stamping his feet, as his driver made preparations to dump the load of kindling wood beside the curb outside Mrs. Marshall's window. It took but a few minutes to unload the wagon, and then, with a snap of his long whip, the man and his gray beauty disappeared from sight. Mrs. Marshall had just turned to her book, when, hearing hasty footsteps, she turned again to the window. This time her eyes fell upon a young man, who had stopped beside the wood-pile and stood meditatively regarding it.

Such a tall, lank, gawky sort of a young man, the judge's wife had never before beheld. Upon his head he wore a dilapidated old straw hat; upon his feet a pair of tattered shoes; his faded trousers hung in slouchy folds about his legs, while his shabby coat had evidently belonged once to a much smaller individual. As Mrs. Marshall noted these things the youth still stood pondering the pile of wood. His arms were clasped behind him and the coat sleeves—Inches too short—showed how cold, red, and chapped with hard work and exposure were the big, bony hands.

Turning suddenly the youth espied Mrs. Marshall before she could leave the window, and thereupon he began to make signs which the lady took to mean a request to carry the wood into the cellar for the customary "quarter," which unemployed men in cities eagerly accept for services of like nature; so she nodded an assent, ringing a bell as she did so to summon her maid. "Watch him well, Mary," she said to the tidy servant who appeared. "You know I do not approve of granting to strangers an entrance to the house."

Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before Mary again entered the library. There was a comical look upon her face as she held out a card upon the silver salver for her mistress's inspection.

"MR. J. BIRD,
"STUDENT,
"113 Park Place.

"All kinds of work done. Please assist me, as I am preparing for the ministry!"

These were the words the astonished lady read.

"He's a fine-looking sort of a bird," she said, smiling. "Send him in here, Mary, when he has finished his job," she added quietly.

"Mr. Jay-Bird, ma'am," said Mary with a suggestion of a laugh in her voice, ere she pushed the awkward youth into the library, and closed the door.

Mr. Bird, who was apparently about eighteen, stood, hat in hand, first upon one foot and then upon the other, his red, homely face twitching with embarrassment, while his eyes, which had a frightened look, added to his grotesque appearance. At a suggestion from his hostess, the youth dropped into the nearest chair—which happened to be a frail spindle-legged affair of white and gold—and there he sat unable to speak.

A sudden pity for the ungainly youth filled Mrs. Marshall's breast.

Perhaps he had no mother, poor boy!

This idea was enough to awaken all her sympathies, and she began at once to question him adroitly as to his plans for the future.

In answering her, the youth had a peculiar manner of beginning each sentence which a stranger could not fail to note. It consisted of but a word; but there was a singular long-drawn-out explosiveness about it which is very difficult to repeat. "Wall—ah! Yes, ma'am, I am studying for the ministry," he told her, as she referred to his card, which yet lay in her lap.

That lady could scarce refrain from smiling as she looked at the ungainly form beside her, although she did not for a moment doubt the truth of what the boy had said.

"And so you are studying for the ministry here at the theological school, are you? Do you know, I wonder that all the difficulties to be surmounted before you become capable of filling a pulpit do not create a doubt as to your duty."

"Wall—ah! I believe I'm right. I think I am called of God to preach. I could get through college quicker, of course, if I had to work less hard and could study more, but so far I have not found anything better than odd jobs. You don't happen to know of any place where I could earn my board and clothes, do you?" he asked.

Mrs. Marshall hardly knew what to say. She thought of her absent husband, and wondered if he

would object to paying another servant. The youth needed to be encouraged—and perhaps the Lord had sent him to her for an especial purpose, something whispered to her. Like a flash an idea came into her head. There was "Billy's" place, to be sure! "Billy" was the under-coachman, and only the day before he had said he would like a vacation, since his old father up in Maine had written of failing health and a great desire to see his boy before his death.

Mrs. Marshall had not given the matter much thought; but now it flashed upon her that here was the opportunity to help this aspiring divinity student with no added expense to her husband.

When she made known her plans to Mr. J. Bird he seemed overjoyed.

"Wall—ah! that is too good to be true; and for all the food, the comfort, and warmth you offer me. I have only to tend the furnace and help your coachman! Wall—ah! that is very kind indeed of you, ma'am. Now I shall not be so behind with my studies, and in a few years I can be given a charge. When shall I come, my lady?" And the youth arose as awkwardly as he had entered, and waited for the reply.

"I think you may begin to-morrow, as 'Billy' is in haste," his hostess replied. And then, somehow, the young fellow managed to get his awkward person outside of the elegant library, through the hall, and so out into the street.

The judge's wife was late for dinner that evening, but she had not felt in years so much enthusiasm or peace with the world in general as she did then.

The judge, while he forebore to criticize his wife's action, shook his head gravely over the recent addition to his household. But his wife felt sure this peculiar bird possessed many virtues, and even talents, which a few weeks in a cultivated atmosphere would develop.

Part III.

In a well-known Eastern city, upon a fashionable street, stands an imposing church. It has for its pastor a well-educated, handsome, popular, elegant mannered man, who is brave enough not to forget his past humble existence. Rev. Dr. James Bird is sometimes accused of being a little too fond of dwelling upon his humble origin! There is no doubt but that when feasting at some pretentious banquet he delights to recall the days when he had to eke out a living on a choice of beans, oatmeal, cornbread, and potatoes, or that, when being driven about the city in his handsomely equipped brougham, he thinks of those other days when he served as hostler in the stable of the rich, or that, when he is entertained at some fashionable summer resort, it reminds him forcibly of the time when he served, perchance at the same hotel, as waiter during the long summer vacations. Twenty years ago that wasn't the most popular way of going through college, and it took backbone and determination, as well as hard manual labor, for James Bird to win that diploma on which he had set his heart.

To-day at any of our well-known colleges there may be found self-respecting, self-supporting men and women, who are thought none the less of by their fellow students because they have to work their way through. But young Mr. Bird had many a heart-ache, and received many a slight, because of the snobbishness of some of his classmates. His influential friend, the judge, was slow and deliberate, and impelled to do all things in a systematic manner. But though tardy in coming to the rescue of the lad who had so won his wife's sympathy, he was unfailing in his help and friendship until the day of his death. He it was who secured for the young student the loan of \$90 every year from the wonderful educational fund, with which he could buy the necessary books. Work would procure food and lodging and often cast-off clothing, but it took cash to purchase the required volumes.

Young Bird at last graduated with honor from a celebrated Eastern college, though he went out into the world with scarcely a cent to his name, and \$300 in debt to the society which had helped him over the tight places. Possibly he was more fortunate than most, or he might have been possessed of more grit and common-sense than are some persons, but, be that as it may, he soon found work and success. But whatever the duty confronting him he rolled up his sleeves and made the best of the situation. The pluck and dogged determination called to life in his colliery days never deserted the man.

His father and mother were both dead, so that there was nothing to interfere with his great desire to repay the loan which lay so heavy on his mind. Until that was accomplished, he could not be a free man. That done, he would strive to pass the kindness on, so he worked feverishly. In time he established another nest wherein dwelt a father and a mother Bird with babies three.

At Dr. Bird's church Children's Day is always the



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great event of the year, and the pastor himself never fails to explain that the collection goes to help struggling schools, colleges, and students who, but for the loans secured in this manner, must, of necessity, fail of success. Every little toddler in the primary department knows that their own dear Dr. Bird would probably never have been other than a black-faced white slave in a coal mine if pennies and dimes from the Educational Fund had not helped him out. While the larger pupils know that, though the times have changed in many ways, there are plenty of other deserving boys and girls, young men and maidens, who must be aided by the collections taken all over the United States on Children's Day.

God said that he cared for the sparrows. I think, then, he knew of and rejoiced over the rescue of Jimmy Bird, and he must see with pleasure how he has profited by his opportunities; and that in his happy life he forgets not: the prison from whence he emerged, nor does he fail to lift up others as helpless as he was in his youth.

Chicago.

SUMMER COMFORT.

Get Ready for Warm Weather.

By a complete change in breakfast, at this time of the year, one can put the body right to go through the summer comfortably.

Leave off meat potatoes, and heavy body-heating foods, and use the food that will nourish the body and give reserve force to the brain and nervous system.

A most appetizing and healthful breakfast can be made on Grape-Nuts and cream, some fruit and perhaps two soft-boiled eggs—this meal will furnish full strength and nourishment up to the next and has a remarkable effect on the body during hot weather. Remember the cells of the body you are now building will last you into summer, so be sure and build the kind that tend to keep a cool body and level head.

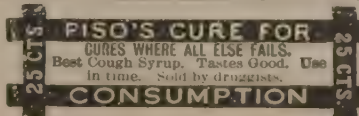
One pound of Grape-Nuts has more nourishment—that the system will absorb—than ten pounds of meat, without any of the internal heat of meat that a person wishes to avoid during the warm season; its rich, nutty flavor added to the delicate sweet of the grape sugar makes a dish pleasing to the most critical taste.

You receive Grape-Nuts from the grocer ready to serve, as it has been thoroughly cooked at the factory by food experts, and this saves heat from cooking and time and exertion necessary in preparing ordinary food.

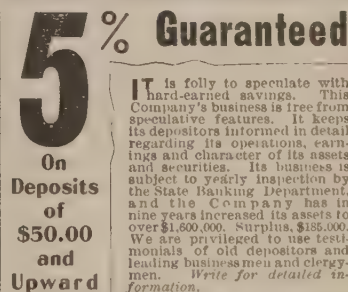
A change from the old breakfast to one like this will refresh and invigorate the system in a surprising manner and permit you to enjoy the pleasures of summer in a cool, comfortable fashion when your neighbors, differently fed, will be "hot."

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From the Wide Field.

EASTERN STATES.

Ickesburg, Pa.—The young ladies of the Ickesburg Chapter undertook to raise money for the remodeling of their church by making a quilt. The quilt is made of the league colors—red and white—and the pattern is the league badge. Nearly 200 names were collected, which are written on the quilt with indelible ink, and from this nearly \$40 was raised. The quilt is now lined and quilted, ready for use, and is to be sold for the further benefit of the church fund.

Harrisburg, Pa.—From the annual report of Ridge avenue Chapter read on Anniversary Day, these items have been gleaned: Sixty eight spiritual, three social sixteen cabinet, nine business, and two special meetings were held. A reading circle of twelve members was organized. Ten sets of the reading course were bought. One hundred and five EPWORTH HERALDS are taken. The mercy and help department did worthy work in distributing flowers to the sick and food and clothing to the needy. The membership includes 196 active, and eight associate members. The Junior League has seventy-three members enrolled.

North Hoosick, N. Y.—Chapter 3,236 celebrated Anniversary Day in the conventional way. The chief item of interest was the fine report of chapter work read by the president. The membership is fifty-eight—thirty-seven active and twenty-one associate. The average attendance at the business meetings has been thirty-eight. A great deal of mercy and help work has been done. A Bible class has been organized, which has held eighteen sessions during the winter. A league library has been started. Twelve EPWORTH HERALDS are taken. The receipts of the treasurer during the year were \$155.75. The young people will take up the work of the new year with high hopes and determination.

MIDDLE STATES.

Sheridan, Ind.—During the past year the chapter here has established a class in systematic Bible study, a mission study class of high standing, and a titling band.

Loda, Ill.—The chapter at Loda is active, and full of good works. The attendance is always as good. Seven new members have been recently received. New song books have been purchased by the league, and all the departments are at work.

Martin's Ferry, O.—The chapter at Martin's Ferry has just closed a very successful year's work, each department having an excellent report. The mercy and help department has done especially good work, with a record of nearly 1,000 visits, and \$150 spent on practical mercy and help work. There is also a very prosperous Junior League (Estelle Lewis, Secretary).

Cleveland, O.—The Brooklyn Memorial Chapter held its annual business meeting and election of officers on May 6, and closed the evening with a banquet, served by the Ladies' Aid Society. A delightful list of toasts rounded out the banquet. The chapter is supporting a native teacher in India, and forty per cent. of its members are giving systematically to missions.

Conneaut, O.—The special work of the Conneaut Chapter, during the summer months, is a weekly meeting on Thursday evening at the Seamen's Bethel, which is located at the lake port, about a mile north of the city proper. Often a street-car full of members attend the meetings, and, with an experienced leader in charge, the meetings are always lively, and frequently conversions are witnessed.

Cincinnati, O.—A. U. Beall Chapter of Asbury Church has done a great work in the past year. A hint of it is here culled from the annual report. A Chautauqua circle has been operated. 700 calls made on the sick and aged, flowers, provisions, clothing, coal, Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners provided for sick and needy families, and all the regular league activities have been fully maintained. The Juniors have done fully as well. They sent a barrel of potatoes to the Children's Home, and a box of oranges to the German Hospital besides keeping up all the business, social, and religious work in workmanlike fashion.

WESTERN STATES.

Newton, Ia.—Chapter 1468 sends in a most admirable report of work done during the past year. Mercy and help came in, as it should, for a large share of attention. Nearly 400 calls were made on the sick and strangers, and substantial relief given to the needy. The faithful secretary has filled her position nobly, having written nearly 300 personal letters. An Intermediate League was organized a few weeks ago, with Miss Libbie Dean as leader. They meet every Sunday at 3 o'clock for one hour. Their leader has been going with them to the homes of aged people on Sun-

day afternoons, and singing for them. This good work is much enjoyed. Miss Dean is doing splendid work.

Donnellson, Ia.—The Dimmitt Chapter at Donnellson was organized March 1, 1901, with twenty members. Since then it has pledged \$364 on the new church building, and paid nearly half of the amount. There being no other church of that denomination in the town, they immediately went to work to see if such were possible, the league pledging \$100. When the church was fairly under construction the league again pledged \$204 for church pews; later assuming a debt of \$60 at dedication, Dec. 8, 1901, making a total of \$364, and only twenty members. But they went earnestly to work, aided by their pastor.

Mt. Ayr, Ia.—The league here is in a high state of efficiency—earnest, spiritual, and growing in numbers. The past year has been eminently successful, and the prospect for the future sends out brightening rays. The chapter organized a class for Bible study. A library of 100 choice books has been purchased. The devotional meetings are well attended and spiritual. The mercy and help department is active, holding cottage prayer meetings, visiting the sick and aged, providing for the destitute, etc. The subscription list to THE HERALD has more than doubled, and the league is out of debt, and has money in the treasury. Altogether, these young people seem to be walking the way they should go.

The Dells of the Wisconsin.

The most picturesque and restful spot in Wisconsin is midway between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi—at the Dells of the Wisconsin River. It is a place of summer rest and coolness, and of nerve-quieting surcease from the worry and din of work-a-day life. Wisconsin Epworthians are seeking to establish an assembly here, and the chapter at Kilbourne City, near by, is often encouraged by the visit of a wagon-load of summer boarders from the Dells above. They take hold of the "regular" meeting, and transform it by their fresh and cheery helpfulness. The old church is sacred with memories of a long line of devoted workers. Once it was a part of the Galena (Ill.) District. Now it is "near the Dells," which is fame enough.

MILLIONS TO TEST IT.

Every reader of THE EPWORTH HERALD is entitled to a free sample bottle of Liquid Veneer by writing to the manufacturers and mentioning this paper. This is a new discovery which renews the finish of all furniture, pianos, and woodwork by cleaning, disinfecting, and veneering it at the same time, and leaving it in the same brilliant, glistening condition of newness as when leaving the factory. Write at once to Buffalo Specialty Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for sample bottle of Liquid Veneer. It will be sent absolutely free and postage prepaid. A child can successfully use it.

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The Wabash will sell tickets from Chicago to Boston and return, June 12, 13, and 14, at very low rates. Tickets will be good going via Niagara Falls and Hoosac Tunnel Route, via Montreal, or via New York and rail or boat lines. Final return limit July 31st. For rates, time cards and full information write F. A. Palmer, A. G. P. A., 97 Adams street, Chicago.



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Recent Conventions.

Manhattan District.

The Manhattan District Epworth League met in semi-annual convention, May 13, at Beattie, Kan. The convention was called to order by Pres. Rev. W. D. Hamilton. After the welcome address and response the evening was devoted to evangelistic services, Rev. L. L. Oakes being the principal speaker.

Wednesday morning began with an inspiring sunrise prayer-meeting. Although rain fell during the night, and continued during the day, the spirit and enthusiasm of the delegates were all that could be desired. After the devotional services at 8:30 the greater part of Wednesday forenoon was taken up in reading and discussing the papers, "Literature for Epworthians" and "The importance of consistency." The papers, "How to lead the children to Christ," "What training do I need socially?" and an address by Rev. J. D. Smith, the representative of Baker University, on "The benefits of a Christian education," took up the afternoon session. The evening session was again devoted to evangelistic work.

Thursday was a full day, beginning with the sunrise prayer-service, and closing with the revival service in the evening. This was conducted by Miss Eva L. Buffum, and at the close seven souls sought and found pardon, while several asked for the prayers of the Christian people. Some of the subjects discussed during the day were: "Obligations and duty to young converts," "The causes of decline and decrease of the chapters that did but little of what they might," "The league of to-day," "The church of to-morrow." Miss Eva L. Buffum, district Junior League superintendent, conducted a very helpful Junior hour, giving a unique and practical talk to the children on the breaking of the first commandment. Deaconess Renetta Hill ably filled the hour set aside for Bethany Hospital, giving a complete history of the institution. At the close of her address about twenty chapters pledged \$7.00 each toward the running expenses of the free-bed department of the hospital. (Reported by Margaret E. Johnson)

Cambridge District.

The Cambridge District (Mass.) Epworth League held a very successful convention at Newton Center, Mass., in the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, May 7. Mr. L. L. Dorr of Woburn, the district president, called the convention to order, and presided over the sessions.

In the afternoon session the third vice-president, Miss Emma C. Daggett of Somerville, spoke of the work of the literary department in a very interesting and helpful way, and conducted a conference, in which reports were received from chapters which had done special work in this department. Miss E. May Chisholm of the Deaconess Home sang a solo, and then spoke on "Some ways we can help," referring especially to the open-air work which the deaconesses do in the summer.

The social department conference was in charge of Mr. Wendell H. Brayton, the fourth vice president. Miss Gertrude Mayo of Lynn gave an address laying a good deal of stress on the personal responsibility of league members in the social work. Reports of successful socials were also given. Dr. Joseph H. Mansfield, presiding-elder of the district, took charge of a discussion on "Special problems of our district work." Mr. Harry S. Thompson, president of the Lynn District Epworth League, spoke on "Circuit leagues."

The following officers were elected: Pres., Mr. Wm. O. Cutler of Natick; V. P.'s, Miss Daisy Mac-

Brayne of Lowell, Miss Bertha E. Dudley of Clinton, Miss Emma C. Daggett of Somerville, Mr. Wendell H. Brayton of Newton Center; Sec., Miss Grace M. Snow of Winchester; Treas., Mr. F. A. Rowley of Fitchburg; Jr. Supt., Mrs. L. W. Staples of Waltham.

The evening session began with a love-feast, in charge of Dr. Mansfield. A very profitable half-hour was spent in this way, and about seventy-five testimonies were given. Miss Daisy MacBrayne of Lowell, the first vice-president, spoke in a very interesting and inspiring way of the work of the spiritual department. Dr. E. M. Taylor of Cambridge gave a stirring address on missions. Mrs. Butler was introduced to the audience, and spoke earnestly on missionary work. Mr. George W. Penniman, secretary of the First General Conference District League, spoke of the Worcester convention, and Mr. J. Clark Glidden of the Stirling assembly. Eighty-seven registered from twenty-five leagues. (Reported by Grace M. Snow, secretary.)

Olean District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Olean District, held at Bolivar, N. Y., May 16-18, was one of the best of recent years. About 200 delegates and visitors were in attendance, and thirty-four of the forty-eight leagues of the district were represented.

The report of the district president, Mr. E. E. Stone, shows that the league has prospered during the year. There has been a considerable gain in membership, and new chapters have been organized at Stannards, Westons, and Allentown. The leagues of the district show an increasing interest in Bible study and in the special mission study, and several chapters have members who are giving one-tenth of all they have to the Lord.

Under the department of spiritual work Miss Jennie M. Bingham of Folts Mission Institute gave an instructive address on the importance of Bible study. She advised intensive study of some special book of the Bible until one becomes authority on it. The work of the department of mercy and help was ably presented, and there were inspiring papers on literary work and on social work.

Junior League superintendents report a lack of capable workers, a condition which the Epworth League must endeavor to improve.

Lectures by D. L. Tuttle, president of Genesee Conference Epworth League, and by Dr. E. E. Helms, both of Buffalo, N. Y., were pleasing features. Mr. Tuttle's subject was "Hurry, hurry, you'll have to hurry," a paraphrase of the verse from Zechariah, "Run, speak to that young man." Dr. Helms spoke on "People I met at the Pan." The lecture abounded in humor, philosophy, and religious sentiment.

Sunday began with a sunrise prayer-meeting, and was followed by the regular services of the church. Dr. Helms preached the convention sermon. In the afternoon a communion service was conducted by Presiding elder Woods. The Epworth League devotional meeting was led by Miss Bingham, who also spoke at the evening service, and was followed by Dr. Helms. The convention closed with a consecration service, in which many took part.

Prof. M. J. Hill of Corning, N. Y., conducted the music, and the songs of Epworth Hymnal No. 3 were sung with enthusiasm.

Prof. Howard N. Wilson of Eldred, Pa., is the new district president. (Reported by Ella I. Crandall.)

Oshkosh District.

The twelfth annual convention of Oshkosh District was held at Neenah, Wis., May 16-18, and was the best held in the district for some time. The attendance was good, nearly every charge on the district be-

ing represented. The program had been carefully planned and was carried out in fullest detail. The papers and discussions on department work were particularly helpful. A new feature of the program was a concert and reading given by the Orpheus Glee Club of Oshkosh, assisted by Miss Clyde Mitchell of Ripon. A missionary mass-meeting was held Sunday afternoon, which was very helpful. The convention was very fittingly closed by an evangelistic service, conducted by the gospel team of Lawrence University. The following officers were elected: Pres., Mayhoad Mott, Neenah; V. P.'s, Mrs. E. H. Leonard, Oshkosh; Miss Morey, Neenah; Claude Paris, Waupaca; Miss Mae Brown, Dartford; Sec., Miss Sadie Chase, Oshkosh; Treas., Cephas Smith, Neenah; Jr. Supt., Mrs. John Mills. (Reported by Sadie J. Chase, secretary.)

A County Alliance.

On the evening of May 15 the Alameda County Epworth League Alliance held its quarterly meeting in First Church, Alameda. The parlors of the church were beautifully decorated in league colors, greens, and flowers. The devotional exercises were led by Rev. M. H. Alexander, and then the business matters of the alliance were taken up. It was decided to change the usual order of things, and to have one meeting a year of a purely social nature. It is the object of the executive committee to have some well-known speaker deliver the address of the evening. Prof. J. Pond, principal of the Oakland High School, was the speaker of the occasion, and gave an address on "Personal responsibility." After the close of the exercises refreshments were served by the local chapter, and a pleasant social hour enjoyed by all. These

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quarterly meetings have an added interest since the 1901 convention, as they bring together many of the "white-caps," who enjoy the reunion very much.

THE CHICAGO DISTRICTS.

(By our regular correspondent.)

Anniversary Day was very generally observed throughout Chicago, Sunday, May 11. It was found impracticable by the officials to arrange for a mass-meeting, but a special program, more or less elaborate, was prepared and given in nearly all the churches. A few brief reports follow:

Auburn Park—Addresses by the first president, also the first vice-president of the chapter. Letters were read from absent members, scattered in several states and the Philippines.

Berry Chapel—Union devotional service with First Ravenswood Chapter, led by Dr. Berry. Special sermon preached by Rev. D. B. Brummitt, assistant editor EPWORTH HERALD.

Berwyn—Special printed programs. Short addresses on all phases of league work, including Christian stewardship and missions.

Centenary—Speakers, Mr. A. G. Lane, Dr. Anna Handshaw, and H. W. Whitlock. Attendance large and enthusiastic. Special music by Misses Anderson and Rice and Mr. Roberts. Platform beautifully decorated with palms and ferns.

Deering—Special devotional meeting, led by Evangelist Rev. S. B. Shaw and wife. Anniversary sermon by the pastor, Rev. C. P. Pledger, closing with a consecration service, in which a number expressed a desire to live a new life.

Despaines—Special printed program. Short addresses by Professor Schroeder, Miss Nellie Jones, Miss Eleanor Schroeder, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. W. H. Stott.

Douglas Park—Addresses by District Officers Misses Helen Ingram and Bertha Goetzman, and Mr. W. A. Webber, followed by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Burwall.

Evanson—A union meeting of all the Methodist churches, including the Swedish and Norwegian-Danish, held in the evening. Nearly 1,000 young people were present. Miss Emma V. Alling of Emmanuel presided. Rev. W. T. Euster of Wheaton led in responsive reading, and Rev. O. F. Mattison of Hemenway made the invocation. Dr. Berry spoke on "The forward movement" in the Epworth League, and outlined the manifold branches of the work.

Fulton Street—Special services at both devotional and church evening services. Addresses by Misses Ingram and Barnett, district officers.

Hermosa—Devotional service and closing altar service, in charge of First Vice-President E. Woolley. Address by D. D. Thompson, editor of *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. Special music by large chorus-choir.

Iving Park—Devotional meeting led by president, and short talks by local cabinet officers. Special sermon by pastor, Rev. A. S. Haskins.

Lake Hitchcock—Addresses by District President Skinner on "Personal evangelism," and Rev. F. C. Sherman, on "The Epworth League name."

Maywood—The Rainbow program was used, and new officers installed. Attendance very large, and good music.

Normal Park—The Rainbow arrangements were strictly carried out. Miss Bertha Thomas, Miss Roberta L. Folk, W. H. Strickland, Mrs. C. F. Whitney, Miss Susie L. Abbey, Samuel Menagh, Miss Marlon Martin, Miss Grace Muirley, Miss Anna Van Burk, and Mrs. A. L. Fuller were the speakers.

Park avenue—Installation of new officers and special services. Addresses by Dist. Pres. J. M. Kittelman and others.

Western avenue—All the services of the day were given over to the Epworth League. Several short addresses and special sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cady.

Centenary Chapter had a social May 15, at which \$23 was cleared. The Children's Orphanage at Lake Bluff will be the beneficiary.

Hyde Park Chapter had a large and enjoyable banquet Saturday evening May 24.

The annual convention of the Chicago Swedish District was held in South Chicago, Thursday and Friday, May 22 and 23. A complete report will be published next week.

Douglas Park Chapter has organized a class for Bible study, led by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Burwall.

Irving Park and Mayfair held a joint debate in the latter church, May 6. The topic was: "Resolved, that municipal ownership and operation of street railway and gas plants in the city of Chicago would be to the best interests of the citizens." The judges rendered a verdict in favor of Mayfair.

A "linen shower" social was held in Irving Park Church May 23, for the benefit of the Deaconess Orphanage and Epworth Children's Home at Lake

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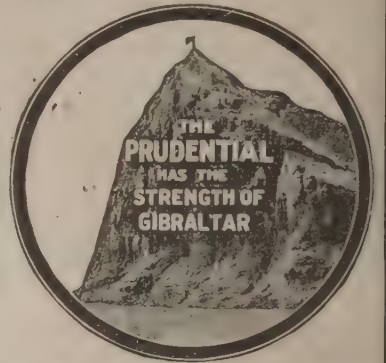
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Bluff. Special invitations were sent to all members and friends of the league, and the result was very satisfactory.

Willard Chapter, in the Chicago Western District has recently elected new officers, and the work will be prosecuted with increased vigor. The district officers will assist.

Arrangements have been completed by the Chicago Northern District for a lake trip Saturday afternoon, July 26. The steel steamship, Chas. H. Hackley, has been chartered for the exclusive use of the Epworthians and their friends.

The first convention of the new Antioch Subdistrict was held at Lake Villa, May 10.

As usual, whenever a convention takes place in Lake County, inclement weather was experienced; but an interesting and profitable session was held. The northern district was represented by President Skinner, First Vice-president Woolley, and Treasurer Horth. Mrs. J. P. Sherman, an energetic and enthusiastic Epworthian, was elected president, and a permanent organization effected.

Gospel meetings under the auspices of Emmanuel Church are now being held in a large tent one block from the church. Forty-fourth and Park Avenues. Presiding elder Sheets and neighboring ministers are assisting the pastor, Rev. J. G. Armstrong. A cordial invitation is extended to participate in these evangelistic services.

The Chicago Western District Cabinet is already planning for the annual convention to be held in September. President Kittleman reports everything moving nicely throughout the district, and his cabinet officers doing faithful and successful work. Earl C. Hey of Fowler Chapter has been appointed district first vice president to fill vacancy.

The semi-annual convention of the Oak Park Subdistrict was held in Maywood Church Thursday evening, May 15, and was a great success in every way. The church had just been renovated and repapered throughout, and new opera chairs placed in the auditorium. The program was excellent and the attendance large, the church building being full of Epworthians. Mrs. White and Miss Pike sang a duet which was much enjoyed. The program included a song and devotional service, an address of welcome by Rev. E. G. Schutz, addresses by Rev. Charles La Verne Roberts, on "A thing of value to Epworth Leaguers," and Presiding elder F. H. Sheets, on "Life and its work."

Mr. Chauncy King of Maywood was elected president of the subdistrict for the remainder of the conference year.

Illinois State Convention Program.

Tuesday Evening—Song service; Mt. Carmel Choir, conducted by Rev. F. H. Knight, pastor. Sermon, Dr. D. F. Howe, Springfield. Acquaintance social.

Wednesday Morning—Sunrise prayer service, Rev. Chas. V. La Fontaine, Chicago. Song service, P. P. Bilhorn, Chicago. Appointment of committees. School of methods, Dr. J. F. Berry in charge. 1. "The young American and his money," Frank Osborn, Quincy. 2. "Personal evangelism," Mattie Knight, Salem. Each paper to be followed by round-table discussion. Address, Dr. W. F. Oldham, Missionary Secretary Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago.

Wednesday Afternoon—Music, in charge of P. P. Bilhorn. School of methods, "Forty interrogation points" (twenty questions asked of the convention by the leader, and twenty asked by the convention of the leader); Dr. Berry, leader. Missionary conference, led by Dr. Oldham: 1. "The claims of home and foreign missions," Rev. J. A. Alford, Keithsburg; 2. "The organization and conduct of study classes," C. W. Neitz, Fairbury; 3. "Methods of missionary helpfulness," Rev. E. A. Hedges, Clayton.

Wednesday Evening—Music, in charge of P. P. Bilhorn. "A temperance gospel of self-help," W. H. Anderson, state president Anti-Saloon League, Springfield. Vocal solo, Miss Pearne Peake, Salem. Fraternal sermon, Dr. James W. Lee, Pastor St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, South, St. Louis, Mo.

Thursday Morning—Praise service, Rev. John Harmon, Mt. Vernon. Junior hour: "How secure coöperation of parents in the religious training of the children and youth?" Mrs. F. L. Thompson, Junior superintendent, Mt. Vernon District, Carbondale; "How enthuse Juniors in Missions?" Mrs. Marie A. Oldham, superintendent gospel expansion army, Chicago; "How hold the older Juniors?" Mrs. Mattie Miles, state Junior superintendent, Maroa; "The Junior League an evangelistic force," Rev. F. L. Honeywell, Junior superintendent, Chicago Northern District; "Relation of our boys and girls"—(1) To God's book, Miss Libbie R. Hamsher, ex-superintendent Illinois Junior League; (2) To God's house, Rev. T. K. Gale, Chicago. Discussion: Topic, "What the Juniors are doing." Bible hour, Prof. Amos W. Patten, Evans-

ton, of chair biblical instruction, Northwestern University.

Thursday Afternoon—Business session. "Object of pledge," Rev. Chas. V. La Fontaine. Love-feast, Rev. Harlow V. Hoyt, ex-state president. Sacramental service, Dr. Daniel Van Pelt, ex-state president, Moonmouth.

Thursday Evening—Christian Stewardship, R. W. Ropiequet, ex-state president, Belleville. Address, "The dynamite of youth," Dr. Camden M. Coburn, St. James Church, Chicago.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

June 10-11.—Springfield District, Taylorville, Ill.
June 10-11.—Clarksburg District, Fairmont, W. Va.
June 10-11.—Cambridge District, Dexter City, O.
June 10-12.—Urichville District, West Lafayette, O.
June 10-12.—Council Bluffs District, Glenwood, Ia.
June 10-12.—Davenport District, Monmouth, Ia.
June 11-12.—Des Moines District Convention, Carlisle, Ia.
June 12-13.—Washington District, West Washington, Pa.
June 12-13.—Hillsboro District, Greenfield, O.
June 12-13.—Milford District Institute, Lebanon, O.
June 12-13.—South Bend District, Culver, Ind.
June 12-13.—Steubenville District, Toronto, O.
June 12-14.—Harrisburg District, Hanover, Ia.
June 12-15.—Holdrege District, McCook, Neb.
June 12-15.—Blairsville District Institute, Derry Station, Pa.
June 12-15.—Colorado State, Salda.
June 12-15.—West Boise Subdistrict, Payette, Ida.
June 12-16.—Huntsville District, Stevenson, Ala.
June 13-15.—Litchfield District, Litchfield, Minn.
June 13-16.—St. Paul District, Red Wing, Minn.
June 15-18.—La Fayette District Institute, Attica, Ind.
June 16-18.—Muncie District, Fortville, Ind.
June 16-18.—Lebanon District, Sparta, Ill.
June 17-18.—Chariton District, Mt. Airy, Ia.
June 17-18.—New Albany District, Leavenworth, Ind.
June 17-18.—Jacksonville District, Jacksonville, Ill.
June 17-18.—Dixon District, Mt. Morris, Ill.
June 17-18.—Fairmont District, Madelia, Minn.
June 17-19.—Independence District, Independence, Kan.
June 17-19.—Burlington District, Hillsboro, Ia.
June 17-19.—Oskaloosa District, Oskaloosa, Ia.
June 17-19.—Montana State Convention, Butte, Mont.
June 17-19.—Atchison District, Hiawatha, Kan.
June 17-19.—Springfield District, Humansville, Mo.
June 17-19.—Goshen District, Topeka, Ind.
June 18-19.—Alton District, Edwardsville, Ill.
June 18-19.—Frederick District, Martinsburg, W. Va.
June 18-19.—Deatur District, Illinois, Ill.
June 18-20.—Kokomo District, Kokomo, Ind.
June 19-20.—Quincy District Institute, Rushville, Ill.
June 19, 20.—Holston Conference Rally, Johnson City, Tenn.
June 19-20.—Algona District, Corwith, Ia.
June 19-22.—Ashland District, Bayfield, Wis.
June 19-22.—Crookston District, Bemidji, Minn.
June 19-22.—Iowa District (Swedish), Hiteam, Ia.
June 19-22.—Fourth General Conference District, Washington, D. C.
June 19-22.—Walla Walla District, Elgin, Ore.
June 19-23.—North Dakota State Convention, Grand Forks.
June 20-22.—Madison District, Poynette, Wis.
June 20-22.—East Boise Subdistrict, Mackay, Ida.
June 20-22.—La Crosse District, Baraboo, Wis.
June 20-22.—Eastern Division of Boise District, Mackay, Ida.
June 23-24.—Danville District, Fairmount, Ill.
June 23-24.—Peoria District, Peoria, Ill.
June 23-24.—Akron District, Akron, O.
June 23-25.—Marshalltown District, Geneva, Ia.
June 23-25.—Moore's Hill District, Rising Sun, Ind.
June 24-25.—Rock Island District, Erie, Ill.
June 24-25.—Port Huron District, Bad Axe, Mich.
June 24-25.—Barnesville District, Clarington, O.
June 24-25.—Joliet District, Chicago Heights.
June 24-25.—Canton District, Salem, O.
June 24-25.—London District Institute, London, O.
June 24-25.—Mansfield District, Shelby, O.
June 24-25.—Champaign District, Urbana, Ill.
June 24-25.—Ida Grove District, Rockwell City, Ia.
June 24-25.—Sandusky District, Tiffin, O.
June 24-25.—Pt. Wayne District, Garrett, Ind.
June 24-25.—Decorah District, West Union, Ia.
June 24-25.—Mt. Vernon District, Pinesburg, Ill.
June 24-25.—Puget Sound Conference, Whatcom, Wash.
June 24-25.—Creston District, Lenox, Ia.
June 24-25.—West Virginia Convention, Oakland, Md.
June 24-25.—Galesburg District, Macomb, Ill.
June 24-25.—Richmond District, Union City, Ind.
June 25-26.—Kankakee District, Watseka, Ill.
June 25-27.—Fort Dodge District, Humboldt, Ia.
June 25-27.—Seymour District, Charleston, Ind.
June 25-27.—Atlantic District, Cay, Ia.
June 25-28.—St. Joseph District, Sturgeon, Mo.
June 26-27.—Mattoon District, Neoga, Ill.
June 26-27.—Maine State, Livermore Falls, Me.
June 27-29.—Appleton District, Grand Rapids, Wis.
July 2-3.—Zanesville District, Zanesville, O.
July 8-10.—Keokuk District, Moulton, Iowa.
July 8-10.—Illinois State Biennial Convention, Mt. Carmel.
July 9-11.—Junction City District, Junction City, Kan.
July 10-12.—Indiana State, Indianapolis, Ind.
July 11-21.—N. W. Kansas Epworth Chautauqua, Beloit, Kan.
July 19-21.—Kansas State Convention, Deloit.
July 24-Aug. 1.—Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Coifax, Ia.
July 25-Aug. 25.—Ludington Assembly.
July 28-Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 31-Aug. 3.—Michigan State Convention.
Aug. 5-6.—Connerville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 5-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Pt. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 21-22.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1902.

NUMBER 2.

The Children's Story.

A FORTUNATE ACQUAINTANCE.

Clara E. Waite.

MR. HORACE ALDEN, of the great mercantile firm of "Alden, Clark & Co.", was a prisoner within stone walls. Not that the walls were those of a penitentiary or jail. They enclosed a large suburban lot, in which were trees and flowers and a pretty cottage. An unfortunate step, when attempting to leave a moving electric car, had resulted in a crushed ankle. For six long weeks he had kept his room. This lovely June morning his housekeeper, Mrs. Plummer, had carried an easy chair, some cushions, and a small table, and placed them under a low-spreading tree in the far corner of the lot. Then she had assisted him out.

He had sat there for some time, thinking of the busy, bustling "up-town" life, and wishing with all his heart that he were a part of it, when, all of a sudden, he heard a noise. It seemed like something pounding and scraping on the other side of the wall in front of him. Then there was a soft little pattering, and presently a starched and fluted little white hat appeared, and under it were a pair of large brown eyes, a rosy face, and tumbled brown curls. The dimpled chin rested on the vine-covered stones; the scarlet lips parted, showing two rows of tiny white teeth—a most delightful little picture.

"Dood morpin', Mr. Man!" chirped a bird-like voice. "Has you seen Tatters?"

"Good morning, little Rosebud. I can answer your question better if you will tell me who Tatters is."

"I isn't Rosebud. I'm Faye Foster, and Tatters is my little doggie. He's runned away, long time ago—las' week, I dess. Has you seen him?"

"No, I have not seen any little dog," replied Mr. Alden.

A step higher. This time the neck and sleeves of a clean white muslin frock came into view.

"Are you lonesome, too, Mr. Man? Hasn't you got any doggie?"

"No, I have no doggie, Faye, and I believe I was lonesome."

Another upward hitch, and the dainty little figure perched itself on the top of the wall.

"Then I'll stay and visit you. Gussie's asleep, and I've got my work all done."

Horace Alden laughed heartily. The worn, weary look slipped off his face.

"You work! What can you do, chickadee?"

"Oh, lots of things. I water the lily, and wipe the knives and spoons, and I brush Tatters dry after mamma washes him. I dess Tatters runned away 'cause he wanted some meat. He likes meat better'n anything, and there's only 'nough for Gussie now. Gussie's been drefful

"No."

"And have you got a—a lady who would be the little girl's mamma if you had one?"

"No, Faye." The smiles were chasing each other over Mr. Alden's face now. "I haven't any lady. Just the woman who keeps house for me."

"My! How drefful poor you must be. Mamma says we would be a great deal poorer'n we be now if we didn't have each other. How do you s'pose I got up here, Mr. Man?"

"Oh, I suppose you crept up, like a cat." Faye laughed gleefully. "No, sir. I comed up on Miss Jane's stepladder."

"Do you live in the next house?"

"No; that's Miss Jane's house. We live in Mr. Brown's house, upstairs. We haven't any yard, and Miss Jane lets me come over and play in hers. Say, Mr. Man, haven't you got any brother, or anybody at all?"

"No, Faye; not anybody in the wide world. I had a brother once, but he is under the geraniums, too, somewhere, I suppose."

"What was his name?"

"Augustus Kingsley Alden."

Faye's brown eyes widened. "Why, that's just exactly same as Gussie's name," she exclaimed.

"Child!" cried Mr. Alden, excitedly; and, bending eagerly toward her: "Is not Gussie your brother?"

"No," answered Faye, a little frightened by her new friend's manner, "not quite, but it's just the same, I dess. You see, Gussie had another mamma, once, but she went away, and a papa, too. He's got their pitchers in a nalbum."

"Go and bring me the album, please, Faye, and I'll give you a bright silver dollar. Be careful!" he cried, as the child backed quickly on to the ladder, eager to do his bidding.

The man leaned back in his chair, pale and trembling. Was it possible that the "Gussie" Faye referred to was the child of his long-lost brother. The supposition seemed reasonable.

In a few minutes Faye's head bobbed up over the wall again.

"Mamma's gone out somewhere, and Gussie's sleepin' yet; but I went, just as still, and I got the nalbum!"

She clambered over the wall, and brought it to him. He took it eagerly, and turned over its leaves, Faye standing by his side. Suddenly the dimpled hand grasped his.

"There, that's Gussie's papa and mamma!"

Ah, yes. The well-remembered boyish face, with the laughing blue eyes, the sunny, waving hair, and the proud smile curving the sensitive lips. And the pretty profile on the opposite page, fair and sweet and womanly. Oh, what had he not lost by this long estrangement! If



"The dainty little figure perched itself on the top of the wall."

sick, and the big doctor-man said he must have lots of good things to eat. Mamma cried when he said that, 'cause her money's all gone. Mamma makes little girl's dresses and things for ladies."

"Where is your papa?"

"Why, don't you know? Papa is under the g'ranums up to the cemtery." The voice was grave and the smiling face serious now. "Anyways, part of him is. The rest is up in heaven with God. I don't 'stand it very well, but mamma says I will when I get bigger. Does you know God?"

"Not very well, I am afraid, darling."

"My mamma does," nodding confidently. "She talks with him. Have you got a little girl?"

he had only been a little more forbearing, a little more patient with his wayward young brother, and now it was too late.

Mr. Alden took a card from his vest pocket, wrote a few lines upon it, and, putting it into Faye's hand, asked her to carry it to her mother.

Mrs. Foster had been to the corner grocery to make some small purchases. Miss Jane, sitting on her cool porch, had called to her to come and see a cushion she was making. So it was two calm women, composedly discussing fancy work, to whom Faye came in an excited little flutter. Her story was very disconnected and not at all clear, but the gentleman under the tree was distinctly visible, and the message on the card plain and simple.

Rising from her chair Mrs. Foster descended the steps, crossed the little lawn, and, reaching the stone wall, stood looking at Mr. Alden with questioning eyes, which he noted were large and brown, like Faye's own.

"I beg your pardon, madam," began that gentleman, "and thank you for so kindly granting my request for an interview. I have been making the acquaintance of your little daughter, and she tells me of a sick boy who, strange to say, bears the exact name of my only brother, who parted from me in anger fifteen years ago. During all this time I have never been able to obtain any trace of him. And she brought me this album in which I find his pictured face. From what your little girl has told me, I infer that he and his wife are dead. Will you tell me what you know about them, and how the boy comes to be in your care?"

"Certainly, sir; and the name on your card convinces me that Gussie is really your brother's child. I often heard his mother speak of her husband's brother Horace, and wish she knew where to find him for her boy's sake."

"Five years ago my husband and myself were living in Pittsburg. He was foreman in one of the large machine shops there. Close beside us lived Mr. Alden, his wife, and little son, then about three years old. Mr. Alden worked in the same shop, and the two men were very intimate."

"One day there was a terrible explosion in the boiler-room, and both of them, with several others, were instantly killed. Faye was only a few days old at the time, and Mrs. Alden, bravely putting aside her own grief as much as possible, helped me to bear mine. We lived together to lessen expenses, and when she died, two years later, she gave her boy to me. He is almost as dear to me as my own child."

That very afternoon a man was sent to bring the sick boy to his uncle's beautiful home. And, as he would be lonely without them, and there was plenty of room, Faye and her mother were persuaded to come, too.

The wandering Tatters returned to his old quarters, and was soon discovered by Faye, whose cup of joy was now filled to the brim.

Mr. Horace Alden would have no hesitation now in saying that he "knew God," for the simple faith and trust of Gussie, who is now well and strong, have led him to the source of all true peace and happiness. It was another verification of the sweet promise: "And a little child shall lead them."

Brunswick, O.

Inquisitive Sarah.

Katherine M. Hale.

SARAH was a pretty child, with dark brown hair and eyes, and such fresh, rosy cheeks, and plump little hands, that one liked to look at her; and at home she was a very quiet, well-behaved child.

But when she went calling, she seemed to forget what was right and proper, and, instead of listening to what her mamma and the other ladies were saying, or entertaining herself in some quiet way, she ran around, asking all sorts of questions about whatever she saw in the rooms, putting her fingers on dainty little ornaments, lifting up frail vases, and saying, "What's this for?" "Who gave you that?"

until her mamma's friends quite dreaded to see her coming.

One day, while calling at a neighbor's house, she ran to a fireplace, and, seeing a queer looking little wire box, as she thought, with a small piece of something white inside of it, in she reached her little hand, which was caught and held fast in the trap, which was set for a wee mouse.

Then she screamed, and in her struggles to get free, down tumbled tongs, shovel, and poker, all of bright, shining brass, upon the tile hearth with such a jangling crash that it added to her fright, and made her think she would never be so rudely inquisitive again.

Appleton, Wis.

The Elm Tree.

The farmer stood by the carriage-house door, Surveying with pride his homestead o'er.

"I wish I had planted one more tree, Just here on this side, by the vines," thought he.

Then he brought to the spot that sweet spring day, A young, strong elm, from over the way, And placed it there by the carriage-house door, Just where it was needed so much before.

Lo, the years went by, till ninety were told—

One sows, nor reaps, 'tis the story old—

When a farmer, young, stood by the door, Surveying with pride his domain o'er.

Said he: "The most beautiful thing I see Is this grand, o'er arching, old elm tree. Who planted it, boy? His name we must read In the loving thought, the loving deed."

—S. B. B. Merrifield.

Tillie's Knitting-Work Lesson.

WHEN my grandma was young, little girls were taught to do many useful things. Little girls thought it no hardship to wash and dry the dishes, and spread up the beds after a stronger hand had shaken the great feather mattresses; and all the doll clothes of those days must have been well made, because the "little mothers" were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting, or knitting, as soon as they were old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, grandma's mother called her three little daughters to her, and said: "I am going to teach you to knit. I will give a reward for the first pair of socks; and how proud papa will be to wear them!"

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida, and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles. She patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to "set up a sock" on three needles, and how to hold it, and how to use the fourth needle to really "knit."

The upper maid, Dinah, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and "parrow" and "bind off," as she herself was to be away for some weeks.

So every day, very soon, each little girl took her ball and needles, and went away to her own favorite nook; and for some time a very lively race went on for the prize.

For at least a fortnight the little girls knitted industriously. Then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed; and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth.

But how little Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew. Her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn, and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to them. Every day she took her little stool out into the grape arbor, and diligently knitted away, though the shouts of the children paddling in the brook came to her ears, the loudest among them the voices of her two sisters.

"I will finish first!" she said. "I will win the prize! I know I can!"

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to the sisters, Tillie announced—it was on the day after mamma's return home—that her socks were finished; and then Alida wished she had not been having such a good time, and had more to show than just one-half of a sock, not very tidy-looking. Lucinda had

finished one sock, and it was very prettily and evenly knitted; but she, too, was ashamed that little Tillie had outdone her.

Tillie laid the pair of socks on mamma's lap with a triumphant little smile.

The three little girls hovered near while mamma slipped one of the socks over her hand.

But what do you think?

There were about a hundred little holes where Tillie had dropped a stitch every now and then! Alas! and the other sock was quite as bad.

Mamma smiled as she said: "These socks will have to be darned before they can be worn."

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda put her arms around poor little Tillie, whose tears were falling softly over the careless work.

"Never mind, Tillie," she said; "you will get the prize, for you did knit the first pair!"

Well, grandma's mamma—grandma was Tillie—gave them each a prize for learning to knit, a little work-box, with needles, scissors, thread, and tiny thimble.

"Tillie has learned something else, too, I think," said mamma, as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face. Then she gave Tillie her work-box, a pretty blue one, and said in a whisper, "Make haste slowly."

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotten how to knit; but the lesson she learned along with her knitting she will never forget.—Mary Goodwin Hubbell, in *Little Folks*.

The Sparrow and the Eagle.

A little sparrow twittered near my door,

And to my ear

The meaning clearer came than e'er before,

And brought me cheer.

"Not one of us without our Father's care

Falls to the earth.

Why doubt his fonder care for you, who are

Of far more worth?"

A soaring eagle in his lofty flight

Gave me a thought

That to my weak and faltering soul a bright,

Fresh courage brought.

"Know ye not they that wait upon the Lord

Strength shall renew?

Shall mount on wings as eagles? This his Word

Has promised you."

Thus humble sparrow and the prouder bird

Sweet comfort give.

And I, reminded of God's faithful Word,

More trusting live.

—Annie E. Poulsen.

Junior Jottings.

A Junior Chapter has just been organized at Salem, S. D., with a membership of forty.

A Junior chapter has recently been organized in Elmhurst, L. I. The charter number is 7788.

The Junior Chapter at Stockbridge, Mich., is prospering wonderfully. The children are deeply interested in the study of Bible characters, and love the work in every way. Miss Alice Morgan is superintendent.

The Thomson Junior Chapter of Wheeling, W. Va., is doing noble Christian work. The children furnish flowers for the pulpit, which are afterwards given to the sick or shut-in. They also send papers to Spring City, Utah, to help Miss Nora Willingham in her work among the children. They thoughtfully carried Easter baskets to many who would otherwise have been unremembered. The chapter has a membership of over 100.

There is a thriving chapter at Waupaca, Wis. It was organized about six months ago, and has forty-five members. The weekly meetings are held Friday afternoon at 4:15 o'clock. The first Friday of every month a collection is taken, when every member is expected to pay at least one cent as dues. Arbor Day was made a very interesting occasion this year. The children planted fifteen trees in the yards of the church and parsonage with appropriate exercises. Popcorn was sold, and \$1.45 was made in this way. The expense of the tree-planting was \$2.00. Rev. George White is superintendent. Miss Nettie Whitaker, our correspondent, is president.

There is an excellent and up-to-date Junior League at Loda, Ill. Sunday, May 18, was a memorable day with the Juniors. The evening service was devoted to a program and exercises, in which three members graduated, having met all the prescribed require-

ments. At the close of the exercises, and after speaking to the children, Pastor D. McLeish presented the diplomas to the graduates. This is the first graduating class from the Juniors at Loda. Miss Mary West is the devoted superintendent.

There is a flourishing young chapter at Tippecanoe, O. It was organized in January, 1902, and already has sixty members. They are taking up the different departments of work as rapidly as possible. They have adopted a plan for getting members given in *The Junior Workers' Quarterly*. They made ribbon into badges about three inches long, and give the girls a red fish for every name brought in, and a white one to the boys for every name. The children are eager and enthusiastic. Miss Clara Howes is their efficient superintendent.

The Junior chapter at Greensburg, Pa., is prospering. It was organized Feb. 27, 1897, with a membership of fourteen. It now has 106, thirty having been added last year. The devotional meeting is held Tuesday evening. One evening each month is devoted to missionary work, and one to temperance. One Friday evening each month is set apart for a business and social meeting. The children are giving \$5.00 a year toward the education of a Chinese boy, and it seems to bring mission work very near to them. During the last revival twelve of the Juniors were converted and joined the church. The chapter was greatly saddened by the death of one of their number not long ago.

Mrs. E. T. Fegly, superintendent of the Junior League at Ashton, Ia., sends a glowing account of the fine work done by that earnest band of young Christian workers. The membership is fifty-six, and the average attendance at the Sunday afternoon meetings is thirty-five. The business meetings are interesting, each officer making it a point to be at his or her post. In quiet ways the treasury has been kept supplied. During the past year \$54.53 have been raised, and the money has been wisely expended: \$15 was applied on the pastor's salary; \$9.35 on church and parsonage improvements; \$5.00, church incidentals; \$4.00, missionary work; \$5.00 on Bibles. On Sunday evening, May 18, the anniversary exercises were given over to the Juniors, who gave a pleasing program of music, motion songs, and recitations. The installation of officers was participated in by both chapters. The most interesting feature of the evening was the presentation of large self pronouncing Bibles to fifteen Juniors for memorizing the Psalms, passages of scripture, and other parts of the first year's course. Eight of the younger members were given smaller Bibles for learning the Lord's prayer, etc. One Junior has been received into full membership in the church, and two others will soon follow. At Christmas a box was sent the Shesler Deaconess Home valued at \$24. Sunday-school cards and pictures have been sent to Asia. Mrs. Fegly says: "In unobtrusive ways garments, bouquets, and delicacies have added to the comfort of those about us. We trust a prosperous year awaits Ashton, for surely this is the Lord's work."

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for June: The Beautiful World.

June 15: Beautiful Minds.

(James 3: 17; Phil. 2: 5).

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—The mind of Christ (1 Cor. 2: 16).

Tuesday.—Keeping our minds in the love of God (Jude 21).

Wednesday.—A mind to work (Neh. 4: 6).

Thursday.—The beauty of holiness (Psalm 29: 2).

Friday.—A contented spirit (Isa. 26: 3).

Saturday.—A steadfast mind (Heb. 3: 14).

Sunday.—A sound mind (2 Tim. 1: 7).

PROGRAM.

Temperance praise service....Responsive reading (Isa. 26: 1-14)....Apostles' creed....Chain of prayer....Lord's prayer and response....Singing, "Wonderful love for thee and me."....Junior topic....Blackboard talk....Class study....Singing, "Trust and obey."....Temperance lesson....Solo, "Beautiful home."....Continued story....Closing song, "God be with you."

To the Junior Superintendent.

"Shall I urge my Juniors to pray in the meeting?" is one of the questions that comes to me. Unwilling prayer is never true prayer. I never urge children to offer prayer, but I speak of the things we want to ask God for, and the blessings for which we should desire to thank him. Then I say: "Those who will follow me in a few words of prayer may raise their hands." In this way we gain willing volunteers, and after a

child has overcome the fear of his own voice it is easy to pray.

For the chain of prayer in our program, write the Bible readings of the week on seven slips of paper, and give them to seven boys and girls who know how to pray. Tell the Juniors who make up the chain of prayer to ask for the one thing mentioned in the Bible-reading slip.

The first child says: "Lord, give us the mind of Christ." The second says: "Help us to keep our minds in the love of God." The third: "Give us a mind to work."

If each Junior is provided with the leaflet containing the Bible readings for the year, it will not be necessary to write them off on slips of paper, but each Junior can find out what he is to pray for by his leaflet. "Daily Bible Readings for Junior Leagues" Jennings & Pye, 57 Washington Street, Chicago. Price, \$3.00 per hundred; 5 cents single copy.)

Blackboard Talk

The sermon on the mount was the first public revelation of the mind of Christ.

Dr. Watson says: "When Jesus opened his mouth, his new society was in the air. When he ceased everyone knew its nature, and also on what terms a



man might belong to it." If we want to know the mind of Christ we must study the sermon on the mount. Let us repeat the beatitudes. Nine golden strands are woven together to make up a perfect life and character, and every one of these strands was woven into the life of Christ. He was poor in spirit, with the humility of a little child. He mourned for others' sorrow, and wept at the grave of Lazarus. He was meek and lowly in heart. He had such a hunger and thirst after righteousness that he did not care to eat and drink when he found an opportunity to preach to the woman of Samaria. He was full of mercy. He was pure in heart. He was a peacemaker, giving his disciples an object lesson when they disputed over the question which should be first in the kingdom of God. He was persecuted for righteousness sake, and yet showed love for his enemies. He was reviled and spoken against, yet he answered not a word.

This is a picture of himself which Jesus holds up for us to see, and if we want to have beautiful minds we must strive for the mind which is in Christ. Let us resolve to have beautiful minds, even though we may not possess strong or brilliant minds."

"Intelligently joined.

To battle all proceed:

But arm yourselves with all the mind

That was in Christ, your head."

THREE DAYS.

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It makes rather solid friends of people when they discover a liquid food that will save life in extreme cases of need.

Speaking of Postum Food Coffee, a lady in Toledo, O., says: "For over five years now I have used Postum Coffee entirely in place of the ordinary coffee or tea."

"I used to have stomach trouble, and every time I drank a cup of ordinary coffee, suffered the greatest distress. My troubles left when I left off coffee, and began using Postum."

"The most severe test I know of was when my husband was down with gastric typhoid fever. His stomach would retain nothing; we tried milk, and various other drinks. Everything we put into his stomach would come up in less than three minutes. After the third day of this kind of work, I concluded to give him some Postum Coffee. He drank it and retained it and retained it, and for four weeks he lived on Postum and nothing else to speak of. You can depend upon it that Postum gained some good friends, for husband would have died if it had not been for the nourishment afforded by Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Rheumatism

Dr. Raley H. Bell, of New York City, of the Editorial Staff of the *Medical Legal Journal*, writes:

"I have used Tartaralithine with marked success in treating hitherto obstinate cases. So far as my experience goes, you have in this preparation a combination most valuable to the profession."

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Too Much Holiday Fun and Folly



Too much of a good thing! That's what we are all liable to take during a holiday season. Healthy, jolly people will do it and make themselves sick. "In time of peace prepare for war," and have about the house a pleasant, perfect, palatable, positive medicine for sour stomach, sick headache, colic, winds, belching, biliousness, furred tongue, lazy liver, constipation, bad breath, bad taste, all liable to result from holiday over-indulgence. Cascarets Candy Cathartic is what you want; a tablet after a big meal will prevent sickness, or a tablet at night before going to bed, after a good time, will fix you all right for morning, and let you get up clear as a bell, ready for business or pleasure.

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BALTIMORE BUDGET.

(From our own correspondent.)

In the receptions to pastors and their families after the recent conference, the chapters of many of the churches had a prominent part. No greetings were heartier than theirs, and none were more appreciated.

The wide-awake chapter of Broadway German Church gave its pastor, W. A. Stark, a surprise party at the parsonage the evening of April 29, making the occasion one of great good-cheer for all in the home, and, most of all, for the hard-working preacher beginning his third year's pastorate.

The literary department of North-avenue Chapter has recently organized a Bible-study class, with Mr. J. R. Boblitz leader. It has begun well with semi-monthly meetings, new members joining at each meeting. During the past winter the mercy and help department was noticeably active in ministering to the sick. The chapter has a committee of the social department at the church door at the close of each service to welcome strangers.

The April business meeting of East Baltimore Chapter is reported "largely attended and productive of good results." It is usually that way at its meetings.

Sunday, May 4, Caroline street had as the principal feature of the evening service the installation of the newly elected league officers. It was so conducted as to be spiritually stimulating to the members of the league and the large congregation that witnessed it.

On the evening of May 9 Roland Park Chapter was hospitably entertained by Mr. F. W. Bolgiano at his home, many of the Methodists of the Park being present. Mr. John W. Pules was reflected president, with Mr. Henry Snow of Normandy Heights as vice-president.

At South Baltimore Station, May 18, officers of the league were installed at the evening service with an appropriate address by the pastor, C. L. Pate, and special music.

May 11 most of the chapters celebrated in fitting manner the thirteenth anniversary of the league. Some of the churches gave it the day, with an elaborate program for each of the services. A large attendance was generally secured. At Franklin street Pastor F. G. Porter, full of resources for pleasing and profiting young people, preached in the morning on "The fire of a new purpose," and at night Mr. Arthur E. Warner spoke effectively on "Influence." Connected with Franklin-street League is a "Bible-study circle," led by Mr. Daniel L. Ennis, with an average attendance of twenty-seven at the weekly meeting. The pastor also has a company of about sixty young people and children, who read with him every morning and evening a designated portion of scripture. At Grace Church Anniversary Day was observed by a sermon in the morning on "The angel of the dawn," by the pastor, D. S. Colt, and a platform meeting at night addressed by Dean Griffin of Johns Hopkins University and others. Congressman Washington Gardner of Michigan spoke at Madison-avenue in the evening on "Does it pay to educate?" The most unique celebration was at Strawbridge in the evening, where, with an address by Judge Henry Stockbridge, brief messages to the young people were read from a number of distinguished persons in the

state and church. Among them were President Roosevelt, who urged the "right reading" of the Bible as "a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord; to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world even if only a little better, because we have lived in it"; Cardinal Gibbons, who "would especially recommend to young men truth and sincerity of character"; Senator Frye, who said, "The men and women needed for the world's work are those who believe in the fundamental teachings of the New Testament and in the ten commandments, and whose lives are controlled by their beliefs"; Admiral Schley, who asked: "Is not the moral maxim to cultivate and stimulate patriotic sentiment and influence in our homes during peace as praiseworthy as it is in peace to be prepared for war?" and Senator McComas, who commended "honesty, patience, persistence, sobriety," as the things which count in this world, and "usually bring success." With others, representing various positions and pursuits, two Jewish rabbis sent wholesome counsel.

May 16 West Baltimore District League held a Bible conference at Bethany Church that was exceptionally instructive. At the afternoon session there were addresses, with discussion following, by Rev. L. A. Ferris, on "The Bible in life and in work;" by Mr. W. H. Morris of the Young Men's Christian Association, on "Is the study of the Bible now being done sufficient for the equipment of our young people for service?" and by Rev. W. L. McDowell, on "What can we suggest as a rational and attractive plan for Bible study in our chapters?" In the evening, after an hour for "Bible reading," in charge of Dr. C. H. Potter of the Baltimore Medical College, Rev. D. S. Colt gave a stirring address on the general topic of the conference. Choice music varied the exercises.

East Baltimore District League held its second quarterly rally chiefly in the interest of the coming Fourth General Conference District Convention, at East Baltimore Station May 29. A first-rate program brought together a numerous company, and could hardly fail of good results to the work. The principal address was by Rev. Lucien Clark. Presiding-elder H. S. France also spoke.

Baltimore Epworthians are anticipating much at and from the Washington Convention of the fourth district June 19-22. They will be largely represented.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONS.

The foreign element in New York numbers 1,270,000. The Woman's Home Missionary Society bands and circles have furnished a beautiful children's ward in Sibley Hospital.

It is said of Mr. and Mrs. Tuck, missionaries to Alaska, that "the history of their sacrifices would fill a volume."

The commissioner of Indian affairs says that the larger, more powerful tribes of Indians are located in an arid region, on unproductive reservations, and often in a rigorous climate, where there is no chance to make even a living.

In writing of Labrador missions, Mr. Harlan P. Beach says: "When the preacher in his parish finds a woman preparing bacon by chewing it before putting it into the frying-pan, and is liable to have the church lamps fail him because the oil has congealed,

one can realize that the work is prosecuted under unusual conditions."

The Interdenominational Council of Home Missionary Women, headquarters in New York, is earnestly at work seeking to secure a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy. It is believed that if this be not secured at this session of Congress it cannot be secured hereafter. All Christian people interested in the purity and progress of our country should seek to do what they can to further this movement.

The following leaflets on Mormonism will furnish suitable material for a program at young people's missionary meetings: "How to Meet Mormon Missionaries," 2 cents; "Missionary Work in the Mormon Empire by Bishop Fowler," 1 cent; "Methods of Mormon Missionaries," 1 cent; "Present Attitude of Mormonism," 1 cent; "Historical Sketch of Mormonism," 1 cent; "Political Aspects of Mormonism," 1 cent; "Articles of Faith of Latter-Day Saints, with Mormon Explanations," 1 cent; "Ten Reasons why Christians Cannot Fellowship with Mormons," 1 cent; "Story of Utah," 1 cent; "Utah Sketch," 1 cent; "Capitola," 2 cents; "From Within One Heart," 2 cents. If less than 10 cents' worth of leaflets are ordered, please enclose an extra stamp for postage. Address Miss Sarah M. DeLine, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

A little Chinese orphan of thirteen years was sold by her dying mother for \$30, the money to be used in paying the funeral expenses. This was in free America, not in China. She became a little slave in a family in San Francisco, was cruelly beaten at times and greatly overworked at all times. In some way she heard of the mission under the care of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and tried to find it. A Chinese cook opened the door for her and told her he would take her to the mission. Instead of that he sold her back to the same family in which she had been a slave for \$20. Miss Lake, the missionary, heard of the story and finally succeeded in rescuing the child. She is now in the mission and very happy. The rescue of the Chinese girls goes on, and our mission is doing a noble work.

Chicago Training-School Items.

Fifty-one graduates!

Seventy going into mission and deaconess work.

The spring normal course was a great success.

The one-year's Bible course is growing in popularity.

About two lectures a week are given in nursing and medicine.

The enrollment reached 235 for the year.

The training-school course more than covers the whole bishops' course.

Miss Emma Robinson's work during the primary week was helpful and inspiring.

There is a well-equipped sick-room for the ailing ones of the big family. And a trained nurse always in attendance.

The normal course is to become a part of the regular program of the school.

Dr. Wm. F. McDowell, secretary of our Board of Education, gave a splendid address at the recent commencement anniversary.

About forty students came in this spring to avail themselves of the very fine normal and primary teachers' work.

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JENNINGS & PYE, Publishers,
57 Washington Street, Chicago.

A. E. DUNN, Manager Advertising Department.

Some Facts and Questions from the Central Office.

Thirteen thousand eight hundred letters have recently been sent to 13,800 pastors in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From two to five stamped cards were enclosed in each letter, making a total of 40,000 cards sent out.

Returns.—About 13,000 cards were returned, reporting 8,000 Senior chapters and 4,000 Junior chapters. Remember that there are 21,250 enrolled Senior chapters and 7,924 Juniors. What has become of all these unanswered letters?

Lists of delinquent chapters have now been sent to secretaries of all organized districts. Merely to make out these lists took the entire time of three persons for four days! Will the district secretaries be more courteous than the pastors? How many will respond?

The district secretary will need the coöperation of the secretaries of the local chapters. Will you, dear chapter secretary, help in this matter by responding promptly?

Re-elections.

Have you elected new officers? Has your secretary reported them to the Central Office?

Secretaries will please note the following form, and use it in sending in reports:

Name of city or town.....
State..... Conference.....
District..... Name of church.....
Epworth League Charter No.....
*Name of Circuit.....
Date of next election of Epworth League officers.....
Number of Senior members.....
Epworth League President.....
Address.....
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First Vice-president.....
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THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Published May 20, 1902.

The *and Living Way.*

An orderly arrangement and exposition of the "Doctrines of Christian Experience" according to the Scriptures.

By Milton S. Terry, D.D., LL.D.

Presentation edition, with portrait of author, printed on Strathmore deckle-edge paper, duodecimo, extra cloth, gilt top, 75 cents net; by mail, 82 cents.

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The desire of the author is to furnish a brief but comprehensive statement of the main facts of Christian experience, to formulate them in true logical order, and to expound them after the method of a strictly biblical theology. He further endeavors to bring forth from the original texts of the Bible precisely what they have to tell us of the blessed experience and possibilities of the New and Living Way which Jesus, the great Priest over the house of God, has opened for us into the Holy of Holies. It is hoped that this volume may serve as a probationer's guide to a scriptural understanding of the most vital truths of our holy religion. It may furnish topics as well as a course of reading and study for various meetings of the Epworth League. It may be helpful as a class leader's manual to enhance the necessity of cultivating all the phases and possible experiences of a well-rounded Christian life.

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DEACONESS DOINGS.

Boston has nearly \$40,000 toward its new deaconess hospital.

Ancient Jerusalem has a deaconess hospital affiliated with the work in Germany.

Bishop Thoburn, overtaken by sudden sickness, is cared for at Boston Deaconess Hospital.

Mrs. May Leonard Woodruff of the Home Missionary Society has been visiting the deaconesses in Porto Rico.

A young lady sent \$10 to the Omaha Deaconess Hospital. She went without a new hat, gloves, etc., to do it.

The Methodist deaconesses of England have come into possession of a large building, which is to be used as a training-school.

Wesley Hospital (Chicago) current expenses average nearly \$4,000 a month. A great work is being done in that "house of mercy."

A medallion of a black hand clasped by a white hand is going into Rust Hall, at Washington, as the gift of the colored people of Atlanta, Ga.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society supports a deaconess at work among Chinese women in San Francisco, and another among the Japanese.

The *May Deaconess Advocate* contains, besides its usual bright stories of the work, a very complete résumé of deaconess work in general. Order a sample copy, 877 Fifth Street, Chicago.

PENCIL POINTS.

The Presbyterian papers are full of creed revision these days. Not entirely unanimous, either.

The *Western* has a new cover in the "clay-modeling" style now fashionable. Has a good deal of symbolism about it, and shows up well.

The *Central* discusses amusements in a thorough-going way. Dr. Spencer brings convictions, knowledge, and good sense to bear on the theme with telling effect.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* has abolished its exchange list. That means it will lose a lot of free advertising. But maybe Editor Bok's modesty was not equal to the monthly strain of preparing literary notices for other editors' scissors and paste.

THE EPWORTH HERALD

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, June 14, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 3.

How the Britnell Cup Went from Hilton.

Miss M. MacL. Helliwell.

IT was the last match of the year, and all Hilton had turned out to witness the struggle, and cheer their men to victory. The hockey season that winter had been an unusually brilliant one. Club after club had sent teams of picked players to Hilton, only to welcome them home again sadder if wiser men, while the Hiltonites had traveled north and south, east and west, losing very few leaves from the laurel wreath which had adorned their manly brows for three successive and successful winters. But early in February a new star had arisen. From the East came a club which challenged right and left, and before whose stalwart representatives rival teams went down like ninepins, until there were left in the arena only the Hilton Club and the newcomers, who called themselves the Hamburg Tigers. In one conflict had these redoubtable rivals engaged, and so evenly matched were they that at the end of the game the score stood one to one.

And now the last great encounter was at hand. The Hamburg Tigers had come to town by the 5:30 express, and had been dined by the Hilton Club with great politeness and a very choice menu. They had brought a large party of friends with them, whose allegiance was ostentatiously displayed by the immense black and yellow rosettes adorning their breasts, and the long black and yellow streamers waving wildly from their canes.

The surging crowd in the rink swayed and tossed, speculated and waited. Before seven every seat in the gallery had been taken, and by half-past there was no standing room. If the Hamburg Tigers were assured of loyal support their opponents had no reason to complain, for on every side young men and maidens, old men and matrons were ribbioned with the pretty dark green and pale pink which the Hilton Club had chosen for its insignia.

For three brilliant, triumphant years the Hilton Hockey Club had been the honored guardians of the Britnell Championship Cup, and each year it had become dearer not only to the club, but to every individual citizen of Hilton. And now, should these presumptuous newcomers, who three years ago were unknown in the land—these tiger-cubs of Hamburg—should they, forsooth, think for an instant to wrest from Hilton's tried and proven warriors that cherished trophy? Perish the thought! Every loyal Hiltonite shivered with indignation at the mere suggestion.

Eight o'clock—five minutes past! The crowd was stamping and shouting. From one side of the gallery came the rhythmic cry:

"H-A-M-T-I-G
Hamburg Tigers—Tigers we!
H-A-M-T-I-G
Victor—Victor—Victory!
H-A-M-B-U-R-G—T-I-G-E-R-S Rah! Rah! Rah!"

while from the other side the air was rent with the answering defiant roar:

"Who are we? Who are we?
We're from Hilton, don't you see?
Hilton! Hilton! Chink, chink, chink!
Triumph, triumph—green and pink!
H-I-L-T-O-N! H-I-L-T-O-N! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Suddenly the door of the clubroom swung open, and the roof rang with the volume of applause which greeted the two teams as they glided gracefully over the ice to the middle of the rink, the cry of the home-team's supporters changing suddenly, as Burleigh Burke, the Hilton captain, made his appearance, into a unanimous shout of "Burleigh Burke! Burleigh Burke! Three cheers for Burleigh Burke! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

He was the idol of Hilton, this handsome, graceful, young man. He smiled up into the sea of eager faces, then lifted his cap as he caught sight of his father, mother, and sister, who had secured seats in the front row of the gallery, and were fairly bubbling over with excitement, for they had the winning of the championship as much at heart as Burleigh himself, and the consciousness of their perfect belief in him sent a buoyant thrill of confidence through his heart as he turned to give a few last words of advice to his men.

They were a fine-looking lot of young fellows, every one of them—the Hiltons in their dark green jerseys, with the pale pink "H." on their breasts, and the Tigers, whose long, lithe bodies looked like snakes in their striped black and yellow sweaters.

The men swung into position, the puck was placed, a moment's breathless silence, then the referee's whistle blew, and the fastest game ever seen in Hilton was fairly under way. Back and forth, like flashes of lightning, the players darted; now here, now there danced the elusive little puck. The combination play was perfect. Each team was doing its best, individually and collectively. Slowly the puck would advance near one or other goal, the spectators would hold their breath—then would come a rush, a strike, and, behold, the rubber would be skimming away, and the goal for the nonce would be safe. At half time neither side had scored.

Up in the gallery the excitement was at white heat. Above the hum hundreds of eager-voiced Hamburgers hurled defiance at Hiltonites, Hiltonites responded with their confident shout of triumph, while across the din of these opposing factions the band at the end of the gallery struck in with the martial strains of "Men of Harlech."

"How do you think it will end, judge?" asked Dr. Burke, wiping away the moisture with which the excitement of the last three-quarters of an hour had bedewed his brow.

"End!" cried Judge Harper, who sat beside him, and whose eldest son was goal-keeper.

"End! Why it can only end one way. Your son never captained a losing team, doctor. They'll get a goal this half, or my name's not Harper. As for the Tigers' scoring—well, my boy'll see to that!" And his honest face glowed with paternal pride.

The young man standing by the chair of Burleigh's sister took up the strain. "Of course we'll score next half. Burleigh's been saving his men for this, while the Tiger's captain has been playing his for all they were worth. Why, their goal-keeper looked quite groggy when time was called, I thought, Miss Daisy, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't, Mr. Merle," answered Miss Daisy, candidly. "I thought he looked horribly fresh. I'm afraid this half will be harder than last even; I don't think there has been much saving done on either side."

Burleigh skated out with his overcoat thrown over his shoulders. He had a piece of sticking-plaster on his cheek, and there was a long red streak on his neck where the blood had run down. He stopped under the gallery just below his family.

"Bravo, old man!" shouted Merle. "How are your men?"

"Pretty fair," yelled back Burke, showing his handsome white teeth in a hopeful smile. "It's the worst fight we've ever been in, but *nil desperandum* is our motto, and we'll do something yet!"

In the dressing-room the men were scattered about, some discussing the match, some picking out fresh sticks, some tightening their skates; a few sucked luxuriously at great fat lemons, and here and there were lying some who had thrown themselves down immediately to get the most out of every second of the resting-time.

Phil Harper dropped down on the bench beside Jack Harmon, who was placing a huge piece of plaster behind his left ear. "How do you feel, old boy?" he asked, surveying the operation lazily.

"Wild!" answered Jack with emphasis. "If we can't beat those roaring Tigers I'll never touch a hockey stick again!" Phil laughed easily. "Don't waste your energy in useless vehemence. Take a lesson from Burleigh. He feels as hot as any of us, yet he goes round as easy as you please, does the polite to the Tiger cap; gives a hint and an encouraging shake to each of us, then out he sails as cool as a cucumber."

"I tell you what," cried Jack, "it will about break Burleigh up if the cup leaves Hilton. He's trained us and watched over us like a Trojan, and his family, and in fact the whole town, believes in him so—I tell you, Phil—he brought his hand down hard on the other's knee as the cry 'Time's up!' rang suddenly through the room—"I tell you we're going to score this half or I'll die in the attempt, you mark that!"

The men filed out; someone relieved Burke of his coat; the puck was placed, the whistle blew, and they were at it again, hammer and tongs. It was now clearly a fight *a la mort*! The great gallery was silent. The most aggressive Hamburgers, the most enthusiastic Hiltonites were dumb. No one seemed to even breathe. Only the click of the skates on the ice, the whirl of the flying puck, or a low order from one of the captains broke that calm, unprecedented silence.

Steadily forward traveled the minute-hand of the great clock, with a serene and lofty indifference to the mighty conflict going on beneath its placid face, which Daisy Burke found peculiarly exasperating. Try after try the Tigers made to score, but Phil Harper, quick and sure, stood at his post like a block of adamant, and it must be confessed that the "groggy" Hamburg goal-keeper was equally efficient. At last there

were only three minutes left to play and neither side had scored.

Slowly the puck went down the ice towards the Tigers' goal, every inch of the way desperately contested. Half way down it stopped. There a rush—a dash—a confused jumble of green and pink and black and yellow—two minutes more—then out from the tangle of sticks and skates flew the rubber! Burleigh, in one of the most brilliant plays of the evening, was after it like a deer. Through the network of opposing bodies and sticks he glided, bearing the puck before him, then straight through the goal of the astonished Tigers it skimmed, just as the cry of "Time!" rang through the rink.

For one half second no one seemed to realize what had happened, then suddenly there came a mighty roar that shook the great building from roof to foundation. Hilton had scored! The Hamburg Tigers, who were after all very good fellows, swallowed their disappointment and cheered the victors heartily. The two captains gripped hands; then the young men of Hilton poured in upon the rink, and took possession of the triumphant champions. Burke, carried on the shoulders of his admiring countrymen, had to make the circuit of the rink, waving his cap in answer to the cheers which greeted him on every side. Girls unpinned the flowers which they wore, and cast them down upon the conqueror, one little knot of violets falling straight on the top of his disheveled brown head.

Then, while the band played the triumphal march and the gallery rang with—

"Hilton, Hilton, chink, chink, chink!
Triumph, triumph, green and pink!"

the people streamed out of the rink and hurried over to the townhall, where the presentation of the cup was to take place.

As the teams were leaving the dressing-room to take their places in the hall, Phil Harper stepped up to Jack Harmon, who was standing near the door, just in front of Burleigh Burke.

"Say, Jack," he said, touching him lightly on the shoulder. "That was a daisy play of Burleigh's, but who shot the puck out?"

"I did," answered Jack without looking up.

"You?"—the other hesitated an instant, then went on—"Look here, old man, don't get crusty, but I could almost swear that just as the puck whirled out I noticed your hand and stick hemmed in by that heavy red-headed fellow. Are you sure it was you?"

Jack did not reply for a moment, then he said in a low voice:

"I'll own up, Phil, you saw right. I didn't get a fair shot at it, but you needn't say anything about it. It was right by my foot for an instant, so I did what any fellow with brains would have done under the same circumstances—I kicked it out. No one noticed it, and the Britnell Cup is safe. I told you Burleigh would not know defeat if I could help it."

The men passed on to their places on the platform, but as they took their seats more than one person in the immense audience was struck by Burke's expression.

"What's the matter with Burleigh?" they asked one another anxiously. "Do you think he was hurt in the game? See how white and set he looks."

The mayor of Hilton took the chair. Judge Harper and Dr. Burke occupied prominent seats to his right. Colonel Harmon beamed over his glasses at his boy and his boy's club.

The mayor rose. Long and loud was the applause. When the noise had subsided a trifle, he commenced to speak; but after the first few sentences, just as he was beginning to dilate in glowing terms upon the evening's victory, Burleigh Burke rose suddenly from his seat and came forward, white, stern, erect.

At his expression the mayor ceased speaking abruptly, and eager hands ready to burst into clapping were still.

"Your worship, ladies, and gentlemen," he began, his firm voice ringing clear and distinct through the great hall. "I crave pardon for this seemingly inexcusable interruption, but when one has a disagreeable duty to perform, it is

always better to get it over as quickly as possible. The kind friends and loyal supporters of the Hilton Hockey Club, and most of the players themselves will be as shocked and surprised as I to learn that our apparent victory is not only no victory, but something far worse than mere defeat, for it is only just to the Hamburg Tigers and ourselves to tell you that when I shot the puck through the goal, it had been kicked out to me by one of our own men! That any player on either side could be guilty of such an act never entered my head. I took the puck in good faith, and I confess that I was proud of our victory; of our fairly-fought fight, and our hard-earned triumph. Of my feelings when I learned the truth a few minutes ago, of the feelings of every honorable Hiltonite when he learns it now, I shall not speak. I shall merely add that, although neither side scored, I think the Britnell Cup belongs rightfully to our visitors from Hamburg. I congratulate Captain Thrift and his men upon the clean, manly, honest—" as these words rang out, one head sank low upon a guilty breast, and the soul of one miserable young man died within him—"fair game which they have put up; and for the sake of those members of the Hilton team whom I know to be upright and honorable men, I ask them not to look too hardly upon us all because of the disgrace which one unhappy member has brought upon the club, whose interests, alas! he had too zealously at heart!

"Gentlemen of Hamburg, the cup is yours. I hope, if you can trust us, that next year you will allow us to strive to replace it where it has stood for the last three years."

There was just the least tremor in his voice as he finished speaking. He bowed to the mayor and to the people, then, with his face turned carefully away from Jack Harmon's direction, he took his seat, in a silence that could almost be felt.

Then one of the Tigers sprang to his feet. "Three cheers for Captain Burke!" he cried. As one man the great audience leaped to its feet, and cheered until the rafters rang. Then "Three cheers for the Hilton Hockey Club!" shouted another Tiger, and right royally it was given.

Then Captain Thrift advanced to the front of the platform.

"Your worship, ladies, and gentlemen," he began, "to congratulate Captain Burke upon his honorable conduct in this regrettable circumstance would be, I feel, little less than insulting to a gentleman of his principles and ideas, for from what I have the honor to know of him, I am confident that the idea of following any other line of action would never enter his head. But there are many men, I fear, who in a similar position would have preserved a discreet silence, for it is not only a question of the loss of the championship, which the Hilton Club has so proudly and deservedly held for the last three years, but it is also a question of the honor of his club, which it is plain Captain Burke holds far dearer.

"Gentlemen, I am no public speaker. My position as captain of the Hamburg Tigers was not given me for any gift of oratory, and therefore I feel that it is not in my power to say adequately all that should be said of the Hilton team and its captain. But there is no need for any words of mine. Mr. Burke has captained the team for three years, and from every side, all who have ever played against the men from Hilton bear witness to their honorable principles, their clean, manly, brilliant play, their scorn of anything approaching pettiness or meanness, and their courteous treatment of their opponents, which is just as manifest on the ice—where, alas! too many players throw aside their good manners—as in the clubroom.

"This one little act of a single player, who in a moment of excitement yielded to a temptation many would find it hard to withstand, only serves to throw into stronger light the unsullied character of the club which has the honor to call Mr. Burke captain.

"Of course, under the circumstances, the score stands as it was before this little incident

occurred. Neither side scored, therefore neither side won, and neither side is justly entitled to the cup. Therefore, if Captain Burke will give us the opportunity, we shall be delighted to play the match over again to-morrow, and forgetting the painful part of what has passed this evening, we shall carry away with us only the memory of him who could not serve his club so well 'loved he not honor more.'

"In the name of the Hamburg Tigers, whose feeling in this matter I know is unanimous, I must refuse to accept the cup until we have fairly and actually won it."

Then how the applause burst forth! Again and again, as it seemed about to die away, it broke out with redoubled vigor. Burke spoke hurriedly to the members of his team, and finding that their sentiments were identical with his, when the tumult subsided, he made a few brief remarks in which he thanked Mr. Thrift for his kind words and generous offer, but stated that it was the unanimous wish of the Hilton Hockey Club that the Tigers should take the cup. "If we cannot persuade you to do so in any other way," he concluded, with his sweet, frank smile, "we shall look upon Captain Thrift's generous offer as a challenge to which we shall fail to respond, and the cup will pass to you by default."

It was useless to argue further. Burke was firm. The Britnell Cup passed, with the championship, into the hands of the Tigers. Perhaps it will come back to Hilton next winter, for Burke has promised to take his men to Hamburg to fight for it.

That evening Harmon sought a private interview with Burleigh. What passed between them none but themselves know, but the two have been from that hour as inseparable as Damon and Pythias of old.

When the club held its next business meeting, Jack Harmon rose and addressed the gathering. In a few brief, straightforward sentences he made his confession, gave utterance to the remorse and shame which possessed him, and tendered his resignation.

He had barely resumed his seat before Harper and several others sprang to their feet to thank him for removing the embarrassing uncertainty which had filled their hearts, and to move that his resignation be refused. Deeply touched, Harmon replied that he did not feel that they could ever play with him on the old footing of mutual trust, and he urged them to let him go; but the club, with whom he had always been a great favorite, was firm, and in the end prevailed. Harmon's name is still on the roll, and every member knows that not even Burke himself will more zealously guard the good name and honor of the club than he who so nearly trailed it in the dust.

Outside of the clubmen, no one has the least idea whose action it was that threatened to bring disgrace upon Hilton. They never speak of it, and even the townspeople have ceased to allude to it.

Only once was the matter spoken of in the Burke household. As the family were about to separate that eventful night, Dr. Burke wrung his son's hand. "I was sure I should see you win that cup, Burleigh," he said; "but what I did see made me a prouder man than if you had won fifty cups. There are things in this world of greater value than championships, my son."

And Mrs. Burke, as she kissed him, whispered softly: "There's nothing so royal as truth!"

Daisy lingered in the hall a moment to ask, gently: "Do you know who did it?" Then, as he nodded assent: "Ah," she said, "that made it so much harder for you! Poor Burleigh, I'm so sorry—and so glad!"

Toronto, Canada.

CREATION.

Twenty-six letters in due order set
Suffice for all of Shakespeare's varied verse;
The elements of Nature's alphabet,
As few and simple, spell the universe:
Can they, by any chance together banded,
Compose a Hamlet or create a world?

—Harper's Weekly.

"UP! UP! MY FRIEND, AND QUIT YOUR BOOKS."

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow,
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books? 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! On my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings?
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

—William Wordsworth.

ONE OF THE DEVIL'S JOKES.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN, a policeman, who lived at No. 1059 Thirty-fourth Street in Brooklyn, was a good, honest man—when sober.

He lived at the address mentioned a few days ago with his wife and children, to whom he was devoted—when sober.

At present he lives in a cell charged with murder. His wife is buried, killed by him, and his children are bereft.

The story of the change in Policeman O'Brien's life is very short, and he himself described it better than anybody else could possibly describe it.

He came home drunk. His wife told him he ought to be ashamed to appear drunk before the children.

He arose unsteadily, took his revolver from the mantelpiece, and shot his wife dead.

Then he went out, and gave himself up to another policeman. His explanation of his crime was as follows:

"It's the devil's joke. No better woman than my wife ever lived."

It was indeed the devil's joke that put an unfortunate wife in her grave, that will inevitably send O'Brien to the electric chair, or to imprisonment for life, that makes his three children fatherless.

The devil plays these jokes on humanity. It is the devil of whisky, and he plays his jokes every day in every big city, and in every little village of the world.

Sometimes his jokes lead to murder, sometimes to theft, and other crimes. They always lead to disgrace of some kind.

Once upon a time Policeman John J. O'Brien believed that a little whisky did no harm.

A great many thousand men to day believe, as O'Brien did before he became a murderer, that a little whisky does no harm.

The young man and the old man who think that a little whisky does no harm ought to have witnessed the last meeting on earth of O'Brien and his wife and their three children.

O'Brien, sobered up, the whisky out of his head, was filled with remorse, and wept constantly. His grief was so great that it was thought he would become insane, and the district attorney in charge of his prosecution consented to his attending his wife's funeral.

He was taken, hand-cuffed, to the house in which he lived with his family before the "devil's joke" took place.

The murdered wife lay in a coffin, and her mother sobbed at the head of the coffin. The three young children, all under seven years of age, stood at the foot of the coffin as the father and murderer, handcuffed to a detective, leaned over the coffin, his tears falling on his wife's face.

At the edge of the grave later on O'Brien knelt down, and the detectives handcuffed to him knelt also—the handcuffs compelled them to kneel.

The dirt was thrown in, O'Brien was taken to the prison, and the children went away in another direction.

The "devil's joke" had been played out to an unusual successful end.—*New York Journal.*

A WEAK POINT.

Priscilla Leonard.

"CONSIDERIN' what a variety of excuses there is in this world," remarked Uncle Eben, thoughtfully, "it does seem queer to me that so many folks pick out the foolishhest one of the lot. Wherever I go, that same excuse crops up. I met Jim Mearns to-day, lookin' pretty well broken up after his spree last week; 'nd Jim, he begun at oncet. 'You know it's my weak point, 'nd it allers gits the best of me.' I guess I wuzn't ez sympathetic ez Jim expected. 'Well,' sez I, 'I know it's your weak point, Jim, 'nd you know it; 'nd with that knowledge, you could hev stopped it long ago. Knowin' a weak point ought to mean strengthenin' it, not makin' it weaker! Jim didn't like it, my treatin' his pet excuse in that disrespectful way—but I couldn't help speakin' the plain truth, fer a more idiotic excuse, in this sinnin' 'nd sufferin' world, there never wuz—no, str!

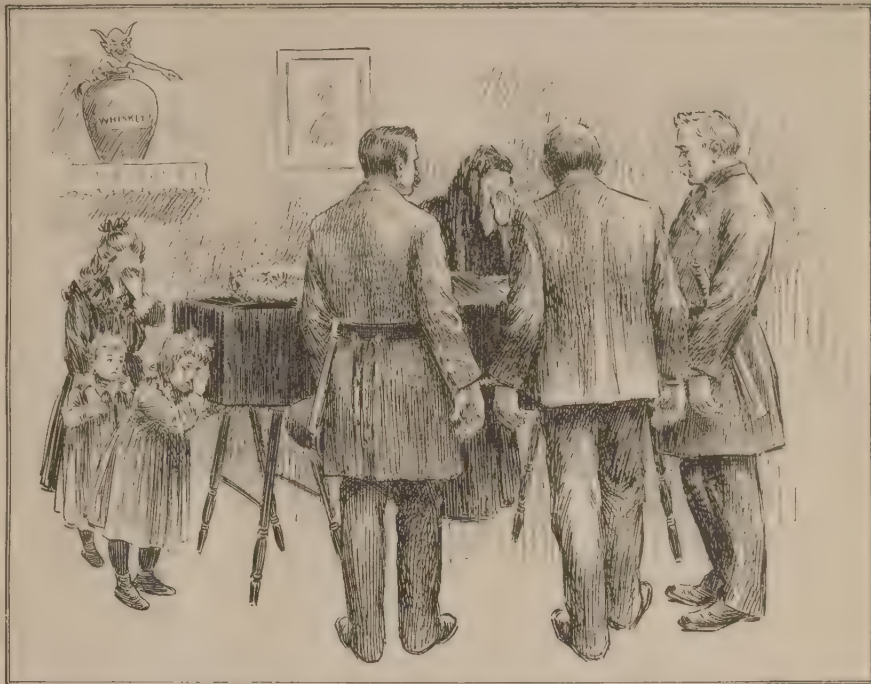
"All the copy-books say that 'knowledge is power.' We're mighty quick to learn that about other things. Ef a boy doesn't grow, he doesn't go round callin' attention to it, 'nd sayin' it's his weak point. He jest keeps his mouth shet, 'nd takes exercises 'nd eats all he kin git of good, wholesome food, 'nd tries every way he kin to stretch up a little, till by 'nd by he starts 'nd grows. I've been there, 'nd the fust inth that come, jest when I thought it never wuz comin'—my, I kin remember it yit! You can't add a cubit to your stature by takin' thought, but you needn't be a dwarf fer all that, if you take care not to stunt yourself by mistaken livin'. 'Nd it's the same way with folks that start in with weak lungs 'nd weak throats, 'nd weak stomachs, 'nd so on—ef they know their weak

point, 'nd build it up careful, they come out ez strong ez anybody. There's John Mason, down to the corners, hed seventeen relations that died of consumption while he wuz growin' up. But John didn't mean to hev consumption, 'nd he took breathin' exercises, 'nd kep' his feet dry, 'nd worked hard over himself to keep well 'nd cheerful. The doctors said he hed a 'tendency to lung trouble,' 'nd that wuz what John wuz fightin'. Well, he enlarged his chest by four inches, 'nd he hezn't hed consumption yit, 'nd he's sixty now, ef he's a day. Never been rugged, John hezn't; but he's been able to do a man's work, 'nd a useful man's work, too, all his life.

"Ef those seventeen relations of his hed been ez sensible ez John wuz, I b'lieve at least half of them would hev lived out their lives all right. The trouble wuz, they gave in to their weak point, 'nd that finished 'em. Ef a dyspeptic, fer instance, will eat plum cake 'nd mince pie, there ain't no hope fer his digestion. Henry Sands uset to do that, 'nd then groan over his subsequent sufferin's. Henry's second wife wuz his salvation. She wuz a determined sort of woman, 'nd she laid out a bill of fare for Henry, 'nd kep' him to it. There wuzn't a pie, nor a sausage, nor a hot cake in the Sands' house fer ten years—but it wuz a happy home jest the same, fer Henry got well 'nd stayed so. Once know a weak point, 'nd you've got the remedy in your own hands, ef you choose to take it.

"There's the Baldwin brothers. Everybody knows the Baldwin temper. It's a combination of a dynamite bomb 'nd a boiler explosion, so to speak. Well, Seth Baldwin excuses himself fer it by sayin' thet it's his weak point, 'nd then he let's it go. It's lost him many a job, 'nd made his home about ez onhappy ez it can be. Fred Baldwin, his brother, hez it, too; but he's been workin' at it ever sence he wuz a boy. In the beginnin', his temper wuz ruther the wust of the two, ez I remember it; but now, though the steam 'nd dynamite are all there, jest the same, they're used fer hard work, 'nd not left lyin' round fer explosive purposes. Fred hez actually made his weak point inter a means of strength, fer his energy is jest his temper harnessed down so's it can't git loose, 'nd hez to turn wheels 'nd drill through rocks instead.

"Ef a gin'ral is buildin' a fort, all he wants is to hev its weak points shown him, 'nd he builds 'em up till they're the strongest part of the plan. It's only when he doesn't know the weak point thet the enemy hez any chance of gittin' in.



ONE OF THE DEVIL'S JOKES.

MAP SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL ACTIVE VOLCANOES OF THE WORLD.



Volcanoes designated by stars are those which have recently given manifestations of abnormal activity. Volcanoes designated by dots are always active.

Pretty excuse it would be, wouldn't it, fer a gin'ral to make after his fort hed been taken: 'Yes, I knew that wuz the weak point; I wuz sure they'd get in there if they got in anywhere, 'nd so—I let it stay weak.' There wouldn't be any medals or arches fer thet kind of a soldier, I guess. I wuz readin' about a different kind of fighter not long ago—a gin'ral named Baden-Powell, thet hed a pore little mud-walled place to hold, out on a flat plain, 'nd only a few men to help him, 'nd water 'nd food both scarce, 'nd a big force against him, camped all round about, 'nd the best authorities on fightin' gave him three weeks at the most to surrender in. Three weeks—'nd he held out fer seven months, till a relievin' force came in, 'nd the town was saved. They say the way he did it wuz by keepin' allers on the watch fer weak places, 'nd fixin' 'em up from day to day, 'nd findin' out where the enemy wuz goin' to attack next, 'nd bein' ready fer him right there. He knew the secret of takin' weak points 'nd makin' strong positions out of 'em—'nd that secret is the secret of victory, everywhere and anywhere," and Uncle Eben's eyes lit up with admiration as he spoke.

Wilmington, Del.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

ROUGHLY speaking, volcanoes are distributed over the face of the globe in lines. They mark lines of weakness in the crust of the earth; for along these lines the earth's rind has not been strong enough to withstand the enormous subterranean pressure. It is believed that this pressure is caused largely by water, which, sinking to the heated regions, is converted into steam, and steam is now commonly regarded as the main motive force of volcanoes; hence the rise of volcanoes along these lines of weakness; and also earthquakes, naturally occurring most frequently along lines of weakness where the rocks may be most easily disturbed.

The long chain of the western islands of the Lesser Antilles lies along such a line of weakness. Their rocks are porphyries and lavas, igneous material that was evidently thrust up from the bowels of the earth through a submarine break in the crust that extends in the form of a bow, roughly north and south, for about 700

miles. The islands rise like the ruined piers of a bridge, the outer rampart of the Caribbean Sea, surmounted by great volcanic cones, many of which are now extinct, though some are still active, and are occasionally a vent for the pent-up volcanic forces of the interior of the earth.

These are the Caribbean islands of the Lesser Antilles. The eastern or Atlantic part of the chain, extending from Sombbrero on the north to Barbados on the South, Barbados being the most important and largest, are not of plutonic origin; at least, if any part of them was thrust upward from the interior of the earth by volcanic energy, it is the basis on which they stand, for all that is within reach of investigation is formed of the calcareous remains of marine life. In other words, they are of oceanic origin, while the western islands are of plutonic origin, with margins of more recent marine formations overlying the volcanic rocks. Guadeloupe alone curiously unites the two formations. The eastern part of it is of marine origin; the western part, joined to the other by a narrow isthmus, was thrust above the sea by volcanic energy.

These facts show why it is that the western islands, the larger and, with the exception of Barbados, the more populous and important of the Lesser Antilles, are subject to more ills than the eastern islands. All alike have climates that, at least in the rainy season, are very insalubrious; all are subject to devastation by hurricanes; but the western islands have the added affliction of earthquakes and volcanic outbursts. They stand along a line of crustal weakness; and, in fact, owe their origin to it, while the eastern islands rest upon a foundation of firm rocks.

Martinique is purely volcanic. With an area of only 385 square miles, less than one-fourth that of Long Island, six volcanic peaks, not very high, rise into the air, conical in form, clad to their summits in the most luxuriant verdure, and giving to the whole island, as seen from the sea, an aspect of striking beauty. Five of them have been extinct throughout the historic period; the tallest one, Mont Pelée, near the northwest extremity of the island, 4,428 feet high, at whose base stands the port of St. Pierre, has generally been quiescent, but near the end of the eighteenth century, and again in 1851, there were weak eruptions. There has

always been plenty of evidence that life had not departed from Mont Pelée, but since the island was discovered there had not been any indication that the volcano was capable of serious mischief. Following along the main axis of the mountains to the south are the other cones, three-crested Carbet, about midway on the island, being scarcely inferior to Pelée in altitude. —New York Sun.

TRUE WEALTH.

The heart it hath its own estate.
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great,
While there's a coin surpassing gold.
No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means.
A narrow heart is always poor.
'Tis not the house that honor makes,
True honor is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes,
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO WORK.

ONE thing that keeps young men down is their fear of work. They aim to find genteel occupations, so they can dress well, and not soil their clothes, and handle things with the tips of their fingers. They do not like to get their shoulders under the wheel, and they prefer to give orders or figure as masters, and let someone else do the drudgery. There is no doubt that indolence and laziness are the chief obstacles to success.

When we see a boy, who has just secured a position, take hold of everything with both hands and "jump right into his work," as if he meant to succeed, we have confidence that he will prosper. But if he stands around and asks questions when told to do anything; if he tells you that this or that belongs to some other boy to do, for it is not his work; if he does not try to carry out his orders in the correct way; if he wants a thousand explanations when asked to run an errand, and makes his employer think that he could have done the whole thing himself—one feels like discharging such a boy on the spot, for he is convinced that he was not cut out for success. That boy will be cursed with mediocrity, or will be a failure.—Success.

Twigs from Various Trees.

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense.
A plenty all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school,
too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to brown, bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billow clover,
Or down by the mill the whippoorwill
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us;
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times.
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of Heaven away off yonder.

—Eugene Field.

A Living Girl.

It was twilight on a warm May night. The children were playing in the quieter avenues of the western part of our city. The electric lights shone white among the pale green of the young leaves, and the "bluish" shadow of evening stole silently over everything. It was an hour for dreamy melancholy. I was a lone woman—sadly alone. Even the children's laughter had a far-off sound in it, for I had no part in their childhood life, and they had none in mine. I had narrowed down to my own little narrow circle of friends; of these some were busy, and some were gone away. I was tasting the life of a "boarding-house hermit."

A light, brisk step joined me. It was a neighbor's daughter. I had met her frequently in streetcars, drawing-rooms, and in the church we both attended; a bright, wholesome-looking young woman, with a face that, if not always smiling, was at least always warm with sympathy. I watched her now more closely as we went down the street. The children stopped in their play to look at her as she passed. Loving little child-smiles enwreathed their sweet young faces.

"Good evening, Tommy, Johnny, Mary, Andrew," etc., as we passed the little groups.

"Why, Miss Arnold, do you know the name of every child in the West-end?" I asked.

"Pretty nearly."

"How ever do you get to know them?"

"Oh, I have a Sunday class. They come to see me Saturdays, and bring their little friends, and I don't know just how I get to know them all. I wink at them in the streetcars, grin at them, and somehow, we get acquainted."

We passed on. A poorly-clad man and woman approached. The woman looked at my companion wistfully. The man would have passed without speaking. But Miss Arnold recognized them suddenly, stopped, shook hands cordially, inquired about the children, each by name. I watched her more interestedly than ever. There was no touch of patronage in her manner. She was the same girl I had seen in the drawing-room. With the same spontaneous, natural manner she greeted these people as if they were old friends.

We passed on again into a poorer district of the city. As I had no particular object in my walk, I accepted the invitation to accompany

her. The evening shadows were thickening in the narrow streets, but the little ones were still out at their play. We climbed narrow stairways to stuffy rooms, where crippled old women sat, looking out over the roofs of the city. We visited cheery little parlors, where the struggle to make both ends meet had not put out all the sunshine. We visited a pair of lonely little women, who, while maintaining themselves independent of charity, yet were too poor to afford books and magazines, and other such luxuries. To these I noticed Miss Arnold had a new book to lend, and some current magazines. Me! I had all the newest things in books and magazines stored up on my shelves at home. I had not thought of using them, except to lend to the friends of my own set, who had a multitude of other interests to occupy their time. Yet how much sunlight Miss Arnold seemed to bring into these two quiet, gray, uneventful lives. How gladly everyone greeted her. Poets have written fondly of daisies springing up in maidens' footprints. I saw no daisies in the narrow streets that night, but I saw smiles follow the footsteps of one girl, genuine heart-smiles, that were fair as any daisies. I understood better the meaning of the poet because of the girl at my side.

That night I sat by my window and thought. Was my life lonely? Was it narrow? Whose fault was it? True, I had not wealth to distribute. I had little money to give, and not a great amount of discarded clothing. But I might have given a little of myself. Was I lonely at times in my boarding-house home? Others in that great city were lonely, too, and in cheering their loneliness I would have forgotten my own. There were many people who were not poor enough to need one's left-over soup, yet they led narrow, toilsome lives, and would be glad of a cheery caller, a bright book or paper, a little Christian sympathy. I had read of beautiful women in books who reached out and touched the lives of those around them. But now I had had a lesson from a living girl. No parade in her efforts. In fact, they were not efforts. These people were simply among her friends. She enjoyed seeing them. They enjoyed seeing her—the same Miss Arnold that people welcomed so gladly in the mansions on the most elegant avenues. Before I went to bed that night I laid aside three of my latest books for the two lonely little souls on X—Street, and that primrose in my crowded window for the dear little old woman above the roofs. Then I decided to take those three little sweet-faced Darwin children out to the park with me next time I went. I could at least afford car-tickets. Evelyn Arnold doesn't know yet that I slept a happier woman that night for my walk with her. Some day I shall tell her.

The Success of Failure.

What seems failure sometimes bears within itself success of another and better and more helpful sort. An instance of success out of failure is told by a contributor to the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.

A Persian girl and her mother, who lived in the neighborhood of the missionary station, seemed to have a fear and dread of all the workers, and absolutely refused to listen to any of our teaching. The girl was in need of an operation, but both she and her mother were terrified by the suggestion. There were several weeks when we did not see them at all. Then one day they appeared at the dispensary, and were persuaded to remain. The girl underwent the operation, which was only partially successful. But during the weeks that she lay in the hospital, when her mother came in every day to see her, they lost entirely their fear of the missionaries, and began to listen with interest to the reading of the Bible, and to the explanations and teaching that followed. Two more operations followed, but neither fulfilled expectations. I began to feel, however, that I could see God's ap-

pointment in it. The mother grasped the truth with wonderful comprehension, loved it, and seized every opportunity to listen to the reading and preaching. Even after she had taken her daughter home from the hospital, she came back on the slightest pretext, to be there at the time of the reading. She is now a true Christian at heart, though she has not yet made an open confession. She has promised to bring her daughter back in a few months for further help at the hospital, and judging from present appearances she will be in time restored to health.

Keep Sweet.

Suppose a world of troubles do
Annoy you day by day;
Suppose that friends considered true
Your trust in them betray;
And rocks may bruise and thorns may tear
Your worn and weary feet,
And every day you meet a snare—
Keep sweet.

Suppose you have not each desire
That forms within your mind;
And earth denies you half your hire,
And heaven seems quite unkind;
And you have not the best to wear,
Nor yet the best to eat;
You seem to have the meanest fare—
Keep sweet.

A sour heart will make things worse
And harder still to bear.
A merry heart destroys the curse
And makes the heavens fair.
So I advise, whatever your case—
Whatever you may meet,
Dwell on the good—forget the base—
Keep sweet.

Children's Manners.

In many American homes lack of manners is fast becoming something akin to lack of morals. The grandmother and guest are frequently forced into a secondary position in conversation, the teatable talk being monopolized by children's chatter and clamor. Deference to age is conspicuous by its absence. The child is encouraged to think of himself first, and others last, for fear that his "spontaneity" be checked. Among well-bred Europeans the American child is usually considered a nuisance, to be held up as a warning. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer tells a good story of her experience in a German railway train, when a tiny Karl, who had committed some little rudeness, was reproved in a shocked tone by his mother. "My son," said she, "what shall I do with you? You behave just like an American child." Evidently nothing more crushing could have been said. The traveler who has once lived with foreign children, and observed their sweet courtesies, and absence of pertness, and has seen how happy children are in considering others, may well desire that our active, vigorous American children may add a new grace to the other charms which make them the light and joy of our homes.—*The Congregationalist*.

Tell-Tale Lines.

"I watched that pretty woman the whole evening, and I saw that she was cross and dissatisfied. There were tell-tale lines about her face that spoiled her beauty."

"Suffering lines, maybe?"

"No; suffering writes one story, and ill-temper another. That woman is not a good-tempered person."

The fragment of conversation gave me a text. Tell tale lines are graven on our countenances by emotions which ravage and lay waste our souls. She who would be free from those marks of care and fretfulness which disfigure some middle-aged faces, must be neither careworn nor fretful. We are the artists of our own faces; we, not outsiders, by the domination of our thoughts, change ourselves from one degree of grace to another, or mar the loveliness we might have. No fretful heart can fail to impress itself on a face that will proclaim fretfulness to all beholders.—*Christian Herald*.

Some Noted Hymn Writers.

Charles S. Nutter, D.D., Author of "Hymn Studies."

Toplady.

"**R**OCK OF AGES," all things considered, is perhaps the grandest and most popular hymn in the English language. It is scriptural, it magnifies Christ as a mighty Saviour, and it is full of penitence, faith, and prayer.

To be the author of such a hymn, sung by all Christendom, is certainly a very high honor. Those who use this hymn ought to be familiar with its history, and with the life and character of the writer.



TOPLADY

Rev. Augustus

Montague Toplady, M.A., was a Church of England clergyman, born in Farnham, County of Surrey, Nov. 4, 1740. His father, Richard Toplady, a major in the English army, died at the siege of Carthage soon after the birth of Augustus. His widowed mother devoted herself to the care, training, and education of her only child, and won in return the gratitude, sympathy, and filial love of her son.

The early conversion of Toplady was somewhat remarkable. While a student at Westminster School, London, where he prepared for the University of Dublin, he visited Ireland with his mother. Here he was providentially led, as he always believed, to attend a religious service at a place called Codrington. The meeting was held in a barn, and was conducted by an uneducated layman named Morris. The preacher's text was Ephesians 2: 13: "Ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." The boy was at this time less than sixteen years old. Recalling the circumstances in later years, he wrote: "It was from this passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call. By the grace of God, under the ministry of that dear messenger, and under that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ in August, 1756. Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought to God in an obscure part of Ireland amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvelous."

Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart, one of the assistant editors of the "Dictionary of Hymnology," says that the preacher at Codrington was James Morris, a Wesleyan Methodist, and that he was not the illiterate man, Toplady's words would have us believe. If so, then this magnificent hymn is indirectly one of the products of the reformation under John Wesley in the eighteenth century.

Toplady was ordained in 1762. In 1768 he took possession of the vicarage of Broad Hembury in Devonshire, which he held until his death in 1778. It was a modest living, valued at only £80.

To understand the hymn, "Rock of Ages," we must be familiar with the circumstances under which it first appeared. In the *Gospel Magazine* for March, 1776, an article appeared, entitled "A remarkable calculation." It mainly consisted of a series of questions and answers upon the enormous debt of England, and closed in this manner: "Question 9. When will the government be able to pay the principle? Answer: When there is more money in England's treasury alone than there is at present in all Europe." "Question 10. And when will that be? Answer: Never."

Toplady at this time was the editor of the *Gospel Magazine*. Immediately following this

article was another entitled, "Spiritual improvement of the foregoing by another hand." This article consisted of a "calculation" as to how many sins a person would commit who violated the law of God once a day, once an hour, once in every minute, once a second. The writer argued that, as we can never rise in this life to the mark of legal sanctity, it is fair to infer that our sins increase every second. At this rate he calculated that at the age of ten years a person would be chargeable with 315,000,000 and some thousand sins. He continues the estimate at twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy years, until at eighty he makes the estimated number of sins 2,522,000,000. "Question. When shall we be able to pay this immense debt? Answer: Never." The writer then presents Christ as the Redeemer from the curse of the law, and closes the article with the hymn, "Rock of Ages," which he called "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." The hymn was signed with his initials, A. T. The original hymn, of four stanzas, exactly as printed, can be seen in "Hymn Studies," under No. 415. The abbreviated form was made by Rev. Thomas Cotterill early in the nineteenth century.

Toplady was an intense Calvinist. One of his hymns begins with these lines:

"How happy are we
Our election who see,

And can venture our souls on thy gracious decree."

In his controversies with Arminians he sometimes used what we would call unjustifiable language, but he was, by no means, the only transgressor. It was one of the faults of his time. We do not conceive of him as a perfect character. He was a partisan; he believed that he was right, and that his opponents were wrong. He did not have, perhaps, a judicial mind—few men have. He saw his own side, saw it clearly and forcibly. He could see no merits in the arguments of his opponents. He was a soldier's son, a born fighter; and he argued and wrote according to his convictions.

Toplady's merits, on the other hand, were conspicuous. He was zealous for Christ, a fearless preacher. His experience of saving grace was rich, indeed, and his confidence in his Saviour unbounded. In spite of all defects, he was a holy man. His death was most triumphant, and his disease—consumption—allowed him to assure his friends of the victory of saving faith. Again and again in his last days, he exclaimed: "I am the happiest man in this world!" He said: "I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise." He could find no words to express the goodness of God and the sweetness of his communion with him. He died in London Aug. 11, 1778, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He was buried in Tottenham Court Chapel, where a plain stone marks his resting-place.

The Eldridge, St. Albans, Vt.

One by One.

WILLIS W. COOPER,

First General Vice-president.

Few realize the importance of personal spiritual work. Time was when it was possible to have great revival meetings in the winter and camp-meetings in the summer, in which hundreds and thousands were brought to Christ and converted. We believe thoroughly in these means. Would we had the anxiety, devotion, and enthusiasm which would lead the rank and file of our churches to put aside business, convenience, or pleasure, and enter unitedly into such a crusade. If this could be done no doubt results equally wonderful would be seen.

But in these later days much more can be accomplished by consecrated personal workers, who will prayerfully and wisely present the matter of personal salvation to the unconverted.

During the past two years many instances have come to notice where marked blessing and success have attended such efforts.

The Twentieth Century Forward Movement, authorized by the General Conference in 1900, sounded to the church the battle cry, "Personal work!" "Win one!" "Win ten!" and no greater words have gone forth than these. They were seeds sown in good ground. Although this particular movement as an organized force expired by limitation Dec. 31, 1901, it is to be hoped the hundreds of thousands, who pledged themselves to faithful endeavor for one year, will never cease to try to win men to Christ by personal effort. Let the work go on and on. Scarcely a day goes by but we hear inspiring news as a result of the seed-sowing done two years ago. Below is a sample and a suggestion for others:

Mr. Cooper: I received a letter from you over one year ago. I kept it a long time before I signed my name to the little pledge that was in the letter, but last December I put my name to it, and then I went to work. Now I am sending the pledge with my name on it, also on the back with fourteen other names. We are going to form a class and study together. You may send all the manuals to my address, and I will see that the others get them. I am superintendent of the Twentieth-Century Volunteer Club of First Church. We have sixty-five members. There have been ten conversions this winter as the result of personal work.

MRS. E. L. P.

We believe this is the way the largest work is to be done in the future. It is reasonable and logical. If a great mercantile enterprise is to be organized the promoter visits individuals whom he wishes to interest, and by tact, logic, and argument, seeks to show how profitable his particular enterprise will be to the investor. The many "isms" of to-day are propagated in the same manner. The Mormons have several thousand missionaries scattered to the ends of the earth. Dowie's emissaries go in the same way. Christian Scientists do not hold revival meetings, but with their literature and personal work have won thousands of adherents to their faith.

Should loyal disciples of Jesus Christ do less? Let the membership of the evangelical churches of Christendom learn by observation the twentieth-century method, which is the method of the first century, and with the same devotion and love, press home the need of salvation—never greater than it is to-day. So millions may be added to our numbers during the next few years.

Let the individual work as did Nathanael. Let men and women band themselves together for this purpose, and, with each other, study method. Then, uniting in prayer, and trusting God for guidance, they can reach out for the greatest success. The writer will be glad to mail to would-be workers a copy of "Suggestions for Personal Workers," a helpful pamphlet greatly blessed during the campaign of a year ago.

Chicago.

One Dozen and One Facts.

DR. L. W. MUNHALL.

It is a fact that the three leading worldly amusements are card-playing, dancing, and theater-going.

It is a fact that the Bible demands that Christians shall be separated from the world. (See Matt. 6: 24; John 17: 15, 16; 2 Cor. 6: 14-18; James 4: 4; 1 John 2: 15-17, etc.)

It is a fact that not a single evangelical denomination approves of these amusements; and many of them have formally declared against them.

It is a fact that unchristian people, when brought under conviction for sin, invariably believe that these amusements should be renounced.

It is a fact that persons desiring to become Christians never want a dancing, card-playing, theater-going professor's assistance in learning how.

It is a fact that the worldly-minded members of any church contribute little or nothing to the spiritual forces and work of their church.

It is a fact that any church sanctioning these amusements is spiritually inert.

It is a fact that unchristian people have little or no respect for the religious professions of church members who indulge in these amusements.

It is a fact that the persons most difficult to win to Jesus Christ are the children of church members who approve of these pastimes.

It is a fact that indulgence in these amusements has led multitudes to disgrace and ruin.

It is a fact that no one, in the dying hour, wants one who loves these things to pray with him, or speak to him of the life to come.

It is a fact that church members given to these pastimes have little knowledge of the Bible, and are seldom found in their church prayer-meetings.

It is a fact that, if you are a Christian and indulge yourself at all in these worldly measures, and, for the honor and glory of our glorious Saviour and Lord, will at once and forever renounce them, you will have his sweet approval, the approval of your own conscience, and such joy as the world cannot give (Matt. 19: 29).

"Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Germantown, Pa.

A Reasoning God—A Reasonable Service.

REV. J. M. MCLELLAND.

Through the prophet Isaiah God issued the invitation to his people, "Come now and let us reason together." To Isaiah God was not only the *Holy One, The Living God, The Mighty Ruler* but he was a *reasonable Being*. Who doubts the prophet? Let him look around for the evidence. The heavens declare not only the glory, but the wisdom, the reasoning of the Divine. It was the Supreme Intellect that conceived the universe we find. Planetary, sun, and nebular systems are not the outgrowth of a blind non-intelligence. Order, adaptation, harmony bear evidence to the power of mind. When God gave his master-stroke to creation the result was man, whose supremacy over lower orders lies in his superior intellect and moral possibilities. Man is a reasoning being if he is anything. Land and sea bear record to his intellect. A non-intelligent—that is, a non-reasoning—something as a First Cause producing an intelligent, reasoning being like man is more of a mystery and miracle than the God of the Bible.

Paul, writing to the church at Rome, speaks of "your reasonable service." If we grant that God is subject to reason, that order, principle, law, are the methods of his operation, it is easy and natural to conclude that the service he demands of his creatures is a reasonable service, having nothing of the impossible on the one hand, and perfectly adapted to human needs on the other.

Serving God implies the forgiveness of sins, the removal of the hurtful and finally ruinous to human life and character. Christ's religion demands a heart made right with God for its development. His words to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again," contain the profoundest philosophy. So far has that service been from standing in the way of any man's ultimate success, that it has contributed in a large measure to the broadening and enlarging of life. Now, whatever gives significance and power to life, in addition to saving it from its destructive elements, commends itself to the intelligence, or, in other words, is reasonable.

The service which God asks contains the highest ideals. It has in view man's largest development. The message it brings from its divine source is to the effect that the best attainable is none too good, and since we are capable of our best, God expects each man to do his best. What an inspiration in such an ideal! To the young man and young woman it says: "Start right; look well to your aims; be not blinded to your

possibilities; choose the best means by which to attain; struggle bravely; overcome evil; achieve character." Such service is in keeping with the highest and purest reason.

Chicago.

Think Honest, Just Things.

REV. R. W. MCMASTER.

We may hope that a very small per cent. of the world's folks will dare to be dishonest in overt act.

But Paul exhorts us to be honest in thought. To think dishonestly is to put ourselves into a pit, and to breathe foul, poisonous exhalations; while honest thoughts are to the soul what a pure atmosphere is to the body. We must think the honest thing about others, but that is far more easy than to think the honest thing about ourselves. Possibly the most difficult thing enjoined by the divine word is this: "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think." Tupper well said:

"All is vanity, which is not honesty—thus it is graven on the tomb;

I speak of honest purpose, character, speech, and action."

When we think "just" things, we are, in so much, godly—godlike. The unjust are mannish, or fiendish.

There is no more frequent blunder in common life than the thought of being merciful at the expense of justice. One may be—yea, must be merciful when acting for self in personal matters. But as an agent, acting for two other parties, mercy to one party will be injustice to the other. The parent may not undertake to be merciful to one child if that involves being unjust to another child. The church member may not be merciful to an accused brother in a trial if that involves an injustice to the church and to the community. The judge, the juror must not think of mercy—it is theirs to know the law and to weigh the evidence. Mercy belongs to the chief executive.

What a mass of gross injustice is practiced in our world under the name of mercy. No man can exercise mercy for another man. He may, and should, advise the other to be merciful. But when one undertakes to exercise mercy for another he only practices an injustice to that other, and none the less so in fact because his act is unintentional or misunderstood.

And God is not honored, nor can humanity ever be benefited by this muddle in our thoughts—this "swirl of bats around the inverted dome" of the overturned temple of mind.

Siloam Springs, Ark.

Sunshine and Earthquakes.

L. I. OTTE.

It would be better for the world if we spent less time trying to make out that our ancestors were noblemen, and more time trying to make out that we are noble men.

Many a conceited individual thinks within himself that all that he lacks of being an angel is wings, when really it is all that he lacks of being a goose.

Christian ambition lays the emphasis on excelling oneself, not on excelling others.

It is a great mistake to think that agreeing with everybody makes you agreeable.

Humility should always come in when Christian work is offered us. Not as an excuse, however, for not attempting it, but as the proper preparation for accomplishing it.

It is all right to be rich, but let us remember that true values depend upon the assay of the man, and not of his gold.

Some say "religion is a good thing in its place;" but, alas! their heart does not seem to them to be that place.

Considering the frequent ministerial changes since our last General Conference, it would seem that the "time limit" would have been more appropriately called the "time extension."

Once "the dictates of conscience" was largely used among Christians with reference to worshipping God; now the phrase seems to be used

more largely with reference to liberty to play cards and dance.

"Shall I whistle to keep up my courage?" Yes, by all means; for it says to the coward within: "My friend, you are going to have a hard time of it."

We are now living in such a "strenuous" age that we need a new phrase to match "the powers that be." We must recognize "the powers that do."

We have often met people who are pessimistic in an optimistic sort of way—that is, they enjoy talking about their troubles.

After all the statistics of heathendom are in, we venture to affirm that the idol that has the largest amount of followers is idle-ness.

May we as a church ever find something to glory over besides our antiquity. Things old enough to boast over are very often old enough to smell.

One Way to Give.

REV. CHARLES E. ANDERSON.

While soliciting funds for a suburban mission church, I wrote to Mr. A. of another city, president of a corporation having a branch office in our city. Promptly came the reply requesting me to call on Mr. B., their local manager. The next day a letter came from Mr. B. acknowledging the receipt of my letter from Mr. A., and inviting me to call. Although a stranger to the whole firm, Mr. B. received me as cordially as if I had been one of the firm's best customers. I briefly explained our work, to which the firm was under no obligation other than that of doing business in the same city and belonging to the same humanity. Then, as cheerfully as if signing a contract by which the firm would profit a few thousand dollars, he entered in my book a subscription, very liberal considering the many calls upon the firm. I cannot tell which did the most good, the money or the spirit of the givers.

Worth, Ill.

A Shut-in's Beautiful Work.

Thousands of earnest people go every year to see and converse with one of the most remarkable of God's consecrated but afflicted servants. Bella Cook is known as the "queen of invalid philanthropists." Confined to her room for thirty years with spinal disease, she is, nevertheless, an angel of mercy to the poor, and a fountain of inspiration of the rich and famous.

For over ten years she has been unable to sit upright in her bed. How then can she help the needy who come to pour their difficulties and tribulations into her sympathetic ear? Simply by acting as the medium between New York's richest and poorest people.

Mrs. Cook is a beautiful woman, with soft, dark eyes, lovely complexion, sweet expression, and wonderfully youthful appearance for her seventy-seven years. Her pretty little room is adorned with pictures, texts, and flowers. Her bed is surrounded by marvelous mechanical contrivances for her help, so that she can reach the various things she wants without troubling others.

During the past year Mrs. Cook has dispensed over \$2,000. She has a list of names of people whom she helps to eke out their monthly rent money. She never pays the whole amount, thinking it better to leave them to help themselves a little. At her bedside no fewer than 500 garments are yearly given, and she every year gives a complete wardrobe to about ten babies. She is never deceived by impostors, for her helplessness encourages whatever good exists even in the most depraved, and she does not actively intervene on a first acquaintance. From her abode are sent turkey dinners on Thanksgiving Day to 150 poor families. During three days she is busy with her feeble fingers in putting on each turkey a "necklace" consisting of a text of scripture suited to the family to whom the dinner goes. Furthermore, about eighty widows are provided with similar dinners at Christmas. Mrs. Cook was a little English girl before she became an American citizen.

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

OPPORTUNITIES, FACILITIES, AND RESOURCES OF THE CHURCH.

(Psa. 2: 8; Rev. 3: 8; Isa. 40: 9)

REV. CHAS. COKE WOODS.

Topic for June 22.

How large is the task before the church? What is the scope of her service? The wide world is her field. The conquest of all earthly empires is her task. Every pagan plant is to be uprooted by the gospel plow. Ancient error must give place to eternal truth.

The sum total of all vice and immorality is the size of the church's foe. The feebleness of pigmies can never match the might of giants. Truth is the only tower that will stand. Everything false must fall.

The church's head is Christ. He must be the church's heart. Every false way must give place to him. He is the way. Thrones of error must go down. He is the errorless truth. Death is doomed. For Christ is the life.

All resources that make for righteousness spring from his sacred soul. He is infinitely resourceful. Cheer thee, thou church of God. The resources of Christ are the resources of the church. Long ago he said in Galilee: "All authority is given unto me in heaven and in earth." That is the proposition that throws eternal emphasis on the "therefore" of Jesus in the command: "Go ye, therefore, and disciple all nations."

Let the church's hosts of loyal Epworthians sing with Gilder:

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him I cleave away.

"If Jesus Christ is God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow him thro' heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air."

Opportunities.

The pathway of opportunity runs to the gateway of every human need. Every gaping wound of human woe is Christ's opportunity. And Christ's opportunity is the church's opportunity.

Wherever darkness hangs heavy and long—there is the opportunity for light.

Let it be the light of self-sacrifice. "As the marble wastes the image grows." No matter how the material wastes, the soul ever grows in self sacrificing service. Toil may emaciate the hands, but it ever enlarges the heart. As the sands of the river scatter and disappear the current deepens and widens. The power is in the water's flow. Not in the still rocks of the river's bed. The life that gives most is the life that grows most. The soul that saves is the soul that survives. It was a great teacher of truth who said that the lives of all great men live in the higher life of a world renewed.

Wherever misery exists, there is the opportunity for mercy. It is heaven's balm for heart-bruises. It is the stream of love that flows eternally from the God of love. If you would know the scope of the church's opportunity you have only to gauge the world's grief. His mercy is more lasting than man's misery. For "his mercy endureth forever." Do mountains of misery rear their heads aloft? "His mercy reacheth unto the clouds."

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis tightest in the migatist; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."

Wherever ignorance is, there is the church's opportunity to teach. The Teacher of teachers said: "Go, teach all nations." Let the church teach that Hinduism cannot save the Hindus. They have enough philosophy. But philosophy *per se* cannot even save the philosophers. The Hindus must know that their three systems of

philosophy—the Sankhya, the Nyaya, and the Vedanta—are not to be compared with the one Saviour of Christianity. It is not the head-light, but the heart-light that saves.

Long did the Grecians dream of the perfect man. But their philosophy was like a graceful bird building a beautiful nest in which to die.

Every plague-spot of paganism is an opportunity for the church to let in the healing light of truth.

Facilities and Resources.

A great missionary was asked concerning a dark and dreadful field to which he had been called to labor: "What was the prospect of success?" Nothing but a cloud as black as night hung before his eyes. But he exclaimed: "The prospects are as bright as the promises of God." That is always the ringing note of faith.

1. *Agencies.*—God still works through them. They are naught without him. Empowered by his Spirit, they become invincible. Witness Moses, Elijah, Joshua, David, Paul.

The window-pane lets in no light till the sun rises. Then it is a gateway of splendor. The soul of man is dark till the "Sun of Righteousness" shines upon it and through it. Every disciple of Jesus must radiate his light.

The engine, with its perfect mechanism, is inert and impotent till the energy of steam throbs in the boiler. That is the picture of the church with all her perfect machinery. It is not in machines, but in men that power resides.

Wires hang limp and lifeless till the forceful electric flash empowers them. It is thus with the soul of man and the spirit of God. The first great essential to successful service is stated by the chief apostle: "Be filled with the Spirit."

"O that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come."

1. *The Home.* Let the parents empowered of God empower that. Let that be a prime resource of strength. Let the home be the recruiting station for the King's army. Let the young eaglets' moral pinions grow to power here. Let no father or mother dare to lay a life as an obstruction across the soul-path of sons and daughters. Jesus taught that it were better for a man to be hanged than to hinder a child. What that teacher said was always radical, but it was always right. Make the hearts in our homes mighty for missions.

2. *The Sunday-school.* Let every class be an ally of missions. Let every teacher teach the truth of missions. Let every superintendent be filled with the spirit of missions. Let the international committee select more lessons that bear directly on the great theme. One specific missionary lesson per month for seven years would set all Christendom aflame for the conquest of the world.

3. *The Epworth League.* It is the organic leaven that will yet leaven the whole lump of Methodism. Let it continue to blow the gospel's bugle blast. This youth of thirteen summers has already grown puissant with missionary purpose. Victory is in the air. The sacred feet of faith are waiting at the pagan doors of death. The light of life is leaping over the high hills of heathenism. On, ye brave. The feet of the King mark every step of the path that lies ahead of this conquering host.

4. *The Official Board.* No man is worthy of a place on such a board if he be not in sympathy, heart and pocketbook, with the great commission of Christ in the last chapter of Matthew. But there are such men among us. They are the troubleshooters of Israel. They are the "false brethren."

The above are some of the organic, official facilities of the Methodist Episcopal Church. May God make them all loyal and legion, many and mighty.

Levers to Lift.

The printing press
Schools, seminaries, colleges.
Christian testimony to the truth.
More missionary mass-meetings.
A dollar from every adult member of the church for missions.
More missionary prayer-meetings.
More missionary sermons.
More missionary songs.
More missionary money.
More missionary men.

The Missionary Society—

Is the church spending its resources, and using its facilities, in order that it may properly measure up to its opportunities.

Is the church organized for aggressive action. It has over 3,000 missionaries at home and abroad; 6,082 native preachers, local preachers, teachers, and helpers; 188,000 church members in the foreign field alone.

Is an educational force, having eleven schools of theology, sixty-three high-schools, and 1,344 day schools; a total enrollment in these schools of 62,966.

Is a publication agency. It has eighteen well-equipped printing presses, located in India, China, South America, Africa, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Mexico.

Is a healing agency. It builds hospitals, dispenses medicines, and alleviates suffering among the millions of Asiatics and Africans.

Is a civilizing force. It institutes and carries forward great reforms in social, civil, and family life.

Is the pathfinder of all progress.

You Can—

Pray for the Missionary Society.

Pray for a spiritual baptism on our missionaries.

Pray for all Student Volunteers, that they may be divinely directed in their preparation.

Pray for the church, that an absorbing passion for the extension of Christ's kingdom may come to all ministers and laymen.

Pray for your own heart, that it may yearn for the salvation of those for whom Christ died.

Study the plans for the work.

Read the Missionary Campaign Library.

Join the Epworth League mission-study class. If there is none, form one.

Read *World-Wide Missions*.

Send for and distribute missionary literature.

Help the Epworth League in its monthly missionary meeting.

Give systematically and proportionately of your income.

Agitate systematic giving in your church.

There are two sides of life's road—the side on which are lying the wounded, the suffering, the needy, the despoiled, the dying, and the "other side." The "other side" is a well-trodden side. It is the easier side to go on. There is nothing to interrupt us. We do not need to lose time in stopping to help people who are sick, weak, fainting, wounded, or in any want or trouble. We shall get along faster on this side, and shall save ourselves a great deal of inconvenience and annoyance, and much uncomfortable feeling. But this "other side" bears none of the footprints of Jesus.—*Wellspring*.

MAKES OLD THINGS NEW.

A remarkable product has been discovered recently, called Liquid Veneer, for renewing almost anything that has a polished, varnished or enameled surface and giving it that rich, brilliant appearance of newness so desirable. Every reader of THE EPWORTH HERALD is entitled to a free sample bottle of it, and by writing the manufacturers and mentioning this paper, a bottle will be mailed, postage prepaid and free of charge. Write at once to Buffalo Specialty Co., Buffalo, N. Y., the sole manufacturers of Liquid Veneer.

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for June 22: Temperance Lesson.

(Rom. 13: 8-14.)

Time and Place.—The letter to the Romans was written to Rome from Corinth about A. D. 58.

Golden Text.—Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light (Rom. 13: 12).

Outline.—1. The law of love (vs. 8-10). 2. The life of holiness (vs. 11-13). 3. Putting on Christ, (v. 14).

Home Readings.

Monday.—The better way (Rom. 13: 8-14).

Tuesday.—Resisting evil (James 4: 1-10).

Wednesday.—Clean hands (Psalm 24).

Thursday.—The way of holiness (Psalm 119: 1-16).

Friday.—Exhortation to holiness (1 Peter 1: 13-25).

Saturday.—Be separate (2 Cor. 6: 11-18).

Sunday.—Freedom and life (Rom. 6: 12-23).

Introduction.

The letter to the Romans is the most methodically constructed book in the New Testament. It discusses the sinful nature of man, the method of salvation by faith, the resultant holy life, led by the Spirit. The first eleven chapters are doctrinal, the concluding chapters unfold duties that rest upon the Christian, as such, and are equally applicable to all ages. At this time Nero was upon the throne; the government was hostile to Christians. The tendency would be to insurrection, a version to government as such, a hatred for persecutors. Paul urges subjection to the law of love; this would mean helpfulness to others, the keeping of the moral law so far as it applies to our fellow men. Selfishness and greed would give way to the good Samaritan spirit. The saloon, the drink traffic, would pass away at once if love to God and love to man were to dwell in the heart. Human nature has always the same perils, needs the same forgiveness, the same help from God. That man who hopes to meet Christ face to face will be a holy man, subduing evil, keeping the body in subjection, following righteousness, serving God and his fellow men.

Illustrative and Suggestive.

Love versus Intemperance.—"If I love my friend, will I steal from him? No. Why not? Simply because I love him, and love forbids me to do so evil a thing. If I love him, will I envy him his good fortune? No. I will rather be glad that he is so prospered, and will wish that he may go on in the same line. Love will lead me to rejoice with him when he rejoices, and not indulge in the spirit of envy. Envy implies dislike, or even hatred, which are the opposite of love. If I love my friend, will I run him down in my conversation about him with others? No; for that would harm him, and as love never harms, it would forbid me to talk in that way about him.

"Yes, if love were the rule in any village, the inhabitants of that place would live like true, loving brothers and sisters, and there would be there a kind of heaven below, because in heaven the law of love is universally obeyed. It is that which makes heaven heaven."—Rev. A. F. Schaeffer, D.D.

Intemperance leads to those actions which express hatred to others. It is continually doing injury; it arouses bad passions against others; it renders the soul so selfish that a man will starve wife and children, neglect all good for the sake of gratifying his appetite. In its scales the drink outweighs the world.

Deacon Giles' Distillery.—The tract with this name, written by Rev. Dr. Cheever, is one of the most effective of temperance illustrations. It represents, as in a dream, that the workmen in Deacon Giles' Distillery suddenly left him, when a set of singular-looking fellows applied for work, and were permitted to run the distillery by night. They were very busy, and made a large quantity of rum. But they wrote on each barrel and cask invisible inscriptions, which remained invisible till the first glass was drawn, but then burned in flames of awful red.

Most of the titles ran thus: "Consumption sold here. Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." "Convulsions and epilepsies. Inquire at A. Giles' Distillery." "Insanity and murder. Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." "Dropsy and rheumatism, putrid fever, and cholera in the collapse. Inquire at Amos Giles' Distillery." "Delirium tremens. Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." Some of the demons had even taken sentences from the scriptures, and marked the hogheads thus: "Who hath woe? Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." "Who hath redness of eyes? Inquire at A. Giles' Distillery." Others had written sentences like the following: "A potion from the lake of fire and brimstone. Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery." All these inscriptions burned, when visible, a "still and awful red." One of the most terrible in its appearance was as follows: "Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Inquire at Deacon Giles' Distillery."

In the course of the week these casks were sold, and as soon as the retailer began to draw from them, the invisible inscription flamed out on the cask, visible to every beholder. Rum-seller and rumdrinker were affrighted at the truth thus read. "One would have thought that the bare sight would have been enough to terrify every drunkard from his cups, and every trader from his dreadful traffic.

Burning Words of Advice.—"Had I 10,000,000 tongues and a throat for each tongue, I would say to every man, woman, and child here tonight: Throw strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell. It sears the conscience, it destroys everything it touches. It reaches into the family circle and takes the wife you had sworn to protect, and drags her down from her purity into that house, from which no decent woman ever goes alive. It induces the father to take the furniture from his house, exchange it for money at the pawnshop, and spend the proceeds in rum. It damns everything it touches. I have seen it in every city east of the Mississippi River, and I know that the most damning curse to the laborer is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle. I had rather be at the head of an organization having 100,000 temperate, honest, earnest men than at the head of an organization of 12,000,000 drinkers, whether moderate or any other kind. Every dime spent in the rumshop furnishes a paving stone for hell. In one Pennsylvania county, in a single year, \$17,000,000 was spent for liquor, and it was estimated that \$11,000,000 of the amount came from workingmen."—T. V. Powderly, at the head of the Knights of Labor.

Spring Medicine

There is no other season when good medicine is so much needed as in the Spring.

The blood is impure, weak and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength, and want of animation.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Make the blood pure, vigorous and rich, create appetite, give vitality, strength and animation, and cure all eruptions. Have the whole family begin to take them today.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used in our family for some time, and always with good results. Last spring I was all run down and got a bottle of it, and as usual received great benefit." MISS BEULAH BOYCE, Stowe, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.



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Annual dividend paid Jan. 6, 1902	10 per cent

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THE WAR ENDED.

THE end of the war in South Africa has been a matter of history for a week. The newspapers of the world have given large space to the closing scenes. Extraordinary scenes they were. The terms of peace were a surprise. Considering the fact that the Boers were practically defeated, and had almost nothing to hope for from a continued struggle, the conduct of the British representatives was generous. The final adjustment seems to please the world. Only a few intense Boer sympathizers in Holland and America complain. Serious problems confront the British government. Many perplexities must be faced before the people of the defeated republics can adjust themselves to the new conditions which peace has brought. But if the authorities manifest the same liberal spirit in the treatment of the new British subjects as they have shown in arranging terms of peace eventually all will be well. Much of the conquered territory is capable of rapid development. The people will be more prosperous under the guidance of the progressive English than they could have been under the ultra-conservative leadership of the Boers.

We have upon several occasions expressed our admiration for the heroism of the Boer soldiers. That admiration has steadily increased. The closing scenes of their hopeless struggle show these Dutchmen to be men of magnificent courage. The world has never seen the like before. The wars in which German, English, and American armies have been involved furnish examples of superlative heroism, but this latest chapter in the world's war record surpasses them all.

British and Boer both needed peace badly. England is full of widows, orphans, and cripples. She is groaning under heavy taxes, and on the point of conscription. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State have changed from lands of plenty to utter wastes, with almost all farms and homes destroyed, and more than half of the population either dead or confined in military prisons and concentration camps. What a wretched picture! And what a commentary upon the civilization of the twentieth century! We say a hearty amen to the sentiment of the Pope, who, when informed that the South African war was ended, said: "Thank God! And may I close my eyes upon universal peace among the nations."

THE NEW READING COURSE.

THE reading course for the year just closing has been a splendid success. The number of sets sold exceeded the expectations of almost everyone. The success is all the more remarkable when we remember that for the first time we have had a Bible-study course, and that extraordinary efforts were made to push it to a large sale. The special campaign in behalf of church benevolences and Christian stewardship also attracted wide attention, and diverted much of the enthusiasm which otherwise would have been concentrated upon the general reading course.

The wide circulation of this year's course is a practical proof of the theory for which this editor has contended for ten years. Our young people want good literature in condensed form—a terse, juicy, sparkling, handsomely printed,

low-priced set of books. When such books are offered they will buy by the wholesale, and read with avidity. The jump which we have made from 2,500 sets to 9,000 sets in one year is an argument which will not down.

But a new year is soon to dawn. The new year has a new course. It will be even more attractive than the last. It will consist of three volumes, uniform in size and style with the books of this year.

First, we have the second volume of "Nature's Miracles," by Prof. Elisha Gray. The great popularity of Professor Gray's first volume throughout our constituency left no alternative but to bring out the second volume. This is a better book than the first.

Then we have a volume from the practiced pen of Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, formerly corresponding secretary of the Sunday-school Union and Tract Society. It was written especially for us, and is entitled "Our Church: What Methodists Believe and How They Work." The doctrines and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church are discussed in a most entertaining manner. There is not even one tame paragraph. Indeed, we found that the reading of the manuscript held our attention as a strong story does when we become thoroughly interested in the plot. This book of Dr. Hurlbut's is to become a Methodist Episcopal classic.

The third book was written for us by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. It is entitled "The Youth of Famous Americans." The volume takes the place of the usual story. It has thirty stories between its covers—bright stories, too. Much of the material is not available even in the great libraries. The subjects and data have been selected with skill, and we believe the little book will add greatly to the value of the course.

This by way of introduction. Much more later on. We have a suspicion that the three books noted above will make the most popular reading course which the Epworth League has ever sent forth.

THE ANNUAL LIBEL

ABOUT this time of the year look for a lot of nonsense in the papers about college graduates. Here is a sample: "After spending four years in solving theoretical problems, grappling with Greek conjugations and Latin translations, and stuffing his head with ancient and modern history, with facts concerning science, and with many other unrelated branches of knowledge, the college graduate feels himself vastly superior to the shrewd, practical man of business who has not the advantage of a college training."

Now, that is mostly pure nonsense. For one thing, the college graduate is not a fool, unless he was a hopeless simpleton when he began his course. There is no sort of community so joyously eager to reduce a fellow-mortals' stock of egotism as the American college.

The case of megaloccephalus which is not reduced during a college course so that its victim can be fitted in any ordinary hat store will never be cured. The college man who thinks he knows it all is a great deal more difficult to find than the "shrewd, practical man of business" who thinks he could give pointers to J. Pierpont Morgan.

And the college man who has "no practical experience" is not so badly furnished, after all, if he has amounted to anything at all during his course. The modern college is a business institution. It teaches more than "Greek conjugations and Latin translations." The student with any business capacity gets abundant opportunity to exercise it. He tackles a few problems that are not theoretical. The life outside the class-rooms furnishes scope for a great variety of talents. There are lecture courses to be managed; papers to be edited, published, and made to pay; associations of a dozen sorts to be engineered, financed, and welded into a community of interest; athletic enterprises to be promoted, organized, and directed; and all these things must be done under the eye of a watchful, exacting, and merciless public. The smooth-

spoken humbug is certain to be detected, and as certain to be held up to derision.

The average college student needs no champion. He can defend himself. But if any prospective student is hesitating because of these awful pictures of the college-made prig, stuffed with ancient and modern history and "facts concerning science," let him hesitate no longer. There is no danger to him. He is immune. If such awful beings exist, the country owes a debt of gratitude to the colleges. For if, as graduates, they are so dreadful and so unlike healthy American young men, just imagine what they were before the college course mitigated their unloveliness. Worse still, imagine what they would be now if they had not gone to college, after four years of unchecked cranial growth!

BISHOP TAYLOR'S PILLOW.

REV. HENRY W. HICKS writes to the *Michigan Christian Advocate* an interesting paragraph about the late Bishop Taylor's stone pillow. Until we read this direct testimony we supposed the story to be fiction. Mr. Hicks says:

When the good bishop visited Oregon, in the summer of 1890, Prof. S. A. Starr, then of Willamette University, saw the pillow, and asked the bishop for it for the university museum. He was told that he could have it for that purpose if he would furnish him a duplicate of it to use. So the professor and myself got a marble cutter to make one as near like the original as possible, and gave it to the bishop. The stone Bishop Taylor had carried with him in all his missionary travels, and used every night at home and abroad for over fifty years, was placed in the university at Salem, Ore., where I presume it remains to this day. The pillow was made of a piece of white marble about eight by ten inches in size, and an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. On one side a cavity was cut about two-thirds of the way through the slab, as near the shape of the head as could be, and then it was perforated the rest of the way with small holes, which, the bishop said, were to allow the surplus heat generated by the brain in sleep to pass away. To the use of this stone pillow he attributed his ability to sleep soundly and his bodily vigor. What wonderful visions of conflict, conquest, and victory the grand old Pauline hero may have had while resting his head on his stone pillow! And at last the angels, whom he may so often have seen ascending and descending, came for him and escorted him in triumph to the skies!

THOUGHTS FROM STATISTICS.

SEVERAL people have been greatly puzzled by a study of the missionary gains of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They have found that in ten years the membership in our foreign missions has more than doubled. This result has been attained among strange peoples—strange in the important matters of language, customs, and ways of thinking. To most of them the gospel went under the great disadvantage of being a foreign and, presumably, an undesirable religion. Yet it found acceptance so largely that more than 100,000 converts were received during ten years. That is not in itself a great total. But when we remember that the whole number of missionaries at this end of the ten years is only about 300, while the number of Methodist Episcopal preachers in the United States is 17,600, the figures grow interesting. The other workers in the foreign field are more than equalized, for comparison's sake, by the vast host of unpaid workers in the home land.

The increase in the foreign field is relatively wonderful. The same percentage of increase in our church in the United States would have given about 5,500,000 in the ten years, instead of 2,746,000. The same increase, in proportion to the number of ministers employed, would have given us in the United States an increase of half a million last year!

These figures are rough, and might be modified greatly by more accurate statistics. Even then they would be open to large discount. But the fact remains that missionary work is very much more successful than work in the home land. Why?

Is it because the missionary is a better preacher than his brother at home?
Is it because the gospel is most successful where it is least known?
Is it because the more civilized men are the more difficult they are to reach?
Is it because the missionary is more a man of one work than his home colleague?
Is it because the missionary has a calling, while the clergyman has a profession?
Whatever the reason or reasons, the progress of Methodism in heathen lands is a ringing challenge to every Methodist at home. We must do two things.

First, we must seek to reach the standard set by our fellow-Methodists in the dark lands. We must be as much in earnest as they are, as generous in our giving of time and strength and prayer, as willing to sacrifice and to suffer for the gospel's sake.

Second, for very shame of doing less, we must stand by the glorious work being done in the foreign field. No backward step, no retrenchment, but a forward movement in giving of men and money that shall be worthy the followers of Him who "has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat."

RE-ELECTED.

REV. H. M. DU BOSE, D.D., was reelected by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as secretary-editor of the Epworth League. Dr. Du Bose has put himself into his work with intelligence and zeal. He has had some peculiarly difficult problems to solve, and his prompt reelection is therefore a vote of confidence in his ability and devotion. We extend hearty congratulations to our friend, and wish for him another four years of unmeasured success. The Epworth League yonder has not met with the universal cooperation of the denomination as it has with us, but sentiment leageward is growing steadily.

Youth seldom appreciates youth.

Impure thought is spiritual suicide.

God's delays are not always denials.

A reformer seldom begins on himself.

To temperance leaders: GET TOGETHER!

A personal canvass for any cause is a winning canvass.

The fool is a man whose plans all end this side of eternity.

Why is it that people who doubt never doubt their doubts?

The young person who is popular with himself is unpopular with other people.

The citizen who bows the knee to God and to the liquor oligarchy is a hypocrite.

The Sunday newspaper is the devil's best invention to destroy the Sunday spirit.

FOCUS AND FIRE! Two good things to put in that coming convention address.

Has the "Christian stewardship" idea taken root in your chapter? If not, why not?

The popular summer sermon is short. So, also, that of spring, autumn, and winter.

A fifty-dollar summer suit came into this office the other day—covering a fifty-cent man.

Have you noticed that the man on the other side of an argument is nearly always a crank?

Is there a gap between the young people and the elderly people in your church? Close it up.

It is predicted that a few churches will still allow the bishop to pick the preacher next fall.

Festus told Paul that much learning had made him mad. Festus was wrong. But if he could

aim his remark at some of our destructive Bible critics the charge would stick.

When a man travels away from God he does not have to pay his fare. The devil attends to that.

Blessed is the convention speaker who maketh a short speech, for verily he shall be invited to speak again.

You sat at the end of the pew and compelled other people to climb over you. Yet you claim to be a gentleman!

The business sessions of some Epworth conventions are made ridiculous by the way people wrangle about nothing.

Why is there so little heart in some people's religion? The answer is easy. They have so little religion in their heart.

Backbone is one thing. Mulishness is another. People often get credit for the former when the latter is what troubles them.

Have you not observed that people who never become religious until they get sick, get sick of their religion as soon as they get well?

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, appointed the following Epworth League Board to serve for the quadrennium: Bishop W. A. Candler, president; Sterling Fisher, J. M. Barcus, W. T. McClure, J. W. Newman, A. F. Watkins, W. F. Packard, T. B. King, H. G. Armstrong, J. D. Clary, Frank Talbott, S. B. Adams, and J. G. Brown.

Wesleyan University has just had an anonymous gift of \$75,000 for the erection of a building for instruction in physics and chemistry, to be known as a science building. A gift of a new recitation building was announced recently. That is good news. The friends of old Wesleyan should not allow the present thank-offering season to pass without doing something munificent.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* expresses pleasure that the next International League Convention will be held at Detroit. Says Dr. Potts: "Detroit is a convention city, is used to the entertainment business, and will give special welcome to the representatives of our Epworth Leagues. Come on, one and all. The league has about two million members, and we wish that every one of them might set eyes on the beauties of the City of the Straits."

The American Bible Society's total issues of the year, at home and abroad, amount to 1,728,791 Bibles or portions. This is an increase of 169,663 over those of last year. Of these, 686,755 were distributed in the United States, not counting the Philippine Islands, and 1,087,036 in foreign lands. This means an increase of 63,421 in the foreign field, and 106,242 in our own country. One-half of these issues were manufactured at the Bible house; of the remainder, a large part were printed in China, Japan, Siam, Syria, and Turkey. The total issues of the society in eighty-six years amount to 70,677,225 copies.

The *Tablet*, a Roman Catholic quarterly, issues a special Bible number. This significant paragraph gives the reason: "It is generally accepted by the Protestant world, and, we regret to acknowledge, by many Catholics as well, that Holy Mother Church forbids her children to read the Bible. In the hope of disproving, as much as lay in our power, this absurd statement, we have prepared this special Bible number of *The Tablet*, and feel sure that it will be read with interest by the reverend clergy and religious, and, in the end, tend to develop an interest in Bible reading by our people. The *New York Sun* of April 27, 1902, states that the American Bible Society alone issued more than 1,500,000 Bibles last year. It is safe to say, after a careful computation, that not 25,000 Catholic Bibles were sold in the United States last year."

PURELY PERSONAL.

Dr. W. A. Wright writes sense on the amusement question.

C. S. Buchanan comes home on furlough after five years in the mission school at Singapore.

Rev. E. C. Delaplaine, after years of pioneer service in Oklahoma, begins a pastorate at Warren, Pa.

Dr. B. L. Paine delivered the address at the Epworth League anniversary at First Church, Omaha.

Miss Jennie Bingham is in great request at district conventions because she *knows* about mercy and help work.

Dr. H. M. Hamill is superintendent of the Teachers' Study Circle of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Dr. A. C. Hirst of First Church, Omaha, who has had several weeks of very severe illness, has resumed his pulpit duties.

President Angell of Michigan University frowns on shirtwaists, and has requested the gentlemen in his classes to wear their coats.

Mr. A. S. Moore, a leading Methodist of Beaver, Pa., becomes United States judge for Alaska by appointment of the President.

Bishop Galloway of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is one of the preachers at Chicago University for the second quarter.

Bishop Joyce and Dr. J. W. Bashford are among the speakers announced for the Kokomo (Ind.) District Epworth League Convention.

Hon. Washington Gardner, one of our most eloquent congressmen, delivered a Memorial day address at Washington to an immense crowd.

Dr. R. J. Cooke of the *Methodist Advocate Journal*, Chattanooga, will be one of the attractions on the program of the Michigan League Convention.

Rev. Charles Roads, D.D., will conduct a combined Sunday-school and Epworth League Convention for the Portland (Me.) District early in the autumn.

Rev. P. J. Maveety of the Michigan Conference visited the Southern General Conference, and brought home a most entertaining account of his experiences.

Rev. George B. Winton, the new editor of *The Christian Advocate* of Nashville, begins his duties like a veteran. It is predicted by his friends that he will make a first-class editor.

The booklet written by Mrs. J. M. Johnston of Irving Park, Chicago, "Christ in the School," has been reprinted by the American Sunday school Union. An edition of 5,000 is being distributed.

Dr. F. G. Barnes of Grand Prairie Seminary preached the annual missionary sermon at the Hale Memorial Church, Peoria, Ill. The offering was twenty-five per cent. greater than last year.

Mr. J. W. Fisher of Newport is one of the trustees of Grant University. At the recent commencement he quietly paid up all the arrears of salary due the faculty, so that, for the first time in years, the teachers have been paid in full.

Rev. G. M. Mathews, D.D., the associate editor of *The Religious Telescope*, is elected bishop *pro tem.* in the United Brethren Church, to take the place of the late Bishop Holt. His term extends to the date of the next general conference of his church.

Dr. John Henry Barrows' death has been widely mourned. His influence was great, especially in the Middle West. His relations to all evangelical churches were close, and the mourning for his departure has been interdenominational and international.

Bishop Hamilton spent several useful days in Chicago last week. He preached the dedicatory sermons of the new Evanston avenue Church on Sunday. On Monday he made a ringing address at the ministers' meeting, and greatly encouraged the brethren to attempt the payment of the Methodist church debts of the city.

METHODIST MENTION.

The congregation of Grace Church, Buffalo, sings to the music of a new and great pipe organ.

Tyrone (Pa.) Methodists know the sense of freedom which follows the payment of a debt of venerable age.

The Methodist churches of Chicago are in debt \$260,000. It is proposed, by a united effort, to cancel the whole amount.

Dr. J. B. Brady is making an effort among outside friends to collect funds to pay the debt of Grace Church, Worcester, Mass.

With one exception, there is not any indebtedness against a brick or plank of Methodist property (school or church) in the Holston Conference. So says Dr. R. J. Cooke.

The new Carnegie organ at the Belmont-avenue Church, Youngstown, O., was heard for the first time

IVORY SOAP PASTE.

In fifteen minutes, with only a cake of Ivory Soap and water, you can make a better cleansing paste than you can buy. Ivory Soap Paste will take spots from clothing; and will clean carpets, rugs, kid gloves, slippers, patent, enamel, russet leather and canvas shoes, leather belts, painted woodwork and furniture. The special value of Ivory Soap in this form arises from the fact that it can be used with a damp sponge or cloth to cleanse many articles that can not be washed because they will not stand the free application of water.

Directions for Making.—To one pint of boiling water add one and one-half ounces (one-quarter of the small size cake) of Ivory Soap cut into shavings, boil five minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Remove from the fire and cool in convenient dishes (not tin). It will keep well in an air-tight glass jar.

June 5. Miss Minnie Gibson and Miss Ellen Kelly were the officiating organists.

The church at Vassar, Mich., has the joy of freedom from debt—the first time for years. Rev. O. J. Blackford is properly proud of the achievement.

ANNIVERSARY ECHOES.

Dartford, Wis., held a beautiful service, with profuse decorations adding to the general effect of the "Rainbow" program.

Dixon (Ill.) Chapter celebrated its anniversary by a lecture May 16, and sermons May 18 by Rev. W. A. Birch. Bro. Birch was at his best.

Hamline, Minn., reports: "Our program was A1 in every respect." It was an all-day observance, and the Wesley service which closed the day was especially successful.

First Church, Pasadena, Cal., gave the whole day to the league. Dr. Huston preached on "The step of the Epworth League." At the evening service a fine annual review was an inspiration.

Portland Chapter, Louisville, Ky., celebrated in a thorough-going way. The history of the league was reviewed, the departments gave full reports of their work, and Pastor Hayes spoke words of cheer.

Mt. Air, Ia., made the day a combination of anniversary and general benevolence. At the morning service \$1,000 was subscribed as the annual benevolent offering. There is a notable increase in the number of really active members of this chapter.

Whitlock Chapter, Augusta, Ill., celebrated Anniversary Day, May 18, by the installation of new officers and the graduation of Juniors into the Senior League. All departments of this chapter are active. There is an enrollment of seventy-seven members. Twenty-six EPWORTH HERALDS are taken.

A novel feature of Anniversary Day at Manchester, N. H., was a Junior exercise. A band of Junior workmen, armed with shovels and picks, dug for the treasure at the foot of the rainbow, and found there the Holy Bible, emphasizing the significance of the cross which marked the other end of the shining arch.

The Wesley Chapter of the Epworth League at Oconto, Wis., observed the thirteenth anniversary by a banquet, musical, and literary program, May 15. It was a success from every point of view, and, as it was the first observance of an anniversary, the Oconto folks have now decided that anniversaries are good things.

The Juniors joined with the Seniors in the anniversary service at Waukegan, Ill. Mr. W. W. Cooper, the man who cares for the interests of a great business and at the same time carries the heart and zeal of an evangelist, made the address. The chapter received and read on the occasion its first letter from Rev. Olin H. Cady and wife, whom Waukegan Epworthians have joined, with others, to support on the station plan.

The Grass Valley (Cal.) Chapter made a feature of the annual report which strongly impressed the con-

gregation. The regular activities have been fully maintained during the year. The mercy and help department has done especially helpful work, among other things providing a bed in the Fred Finch Orphanage, and sending a huge box of clothing and toys to the orphanage at Christmas time. Numerous socials and lectures have provided for the development of the members in good-fellowship and in intellectual power, as well as furnishing means for the chapter's expense account.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

A new chapter was organized a month ago in Century Church, Camden, N. J. It has an exceptional opportunity for good work.

The chapter at Lagro, Ind., is greatly bereaved in the death of its president, Edward S. Reynolds, a useful and beloved Christian.

Dr. C. V. Shoop, president of Greeley District League, helped the Fort Collins (Col.) Chapter very greatly May 25 by an inspiring address.

The Scales Mound (Ill.) Chapter sent two barrels of clothes to the Deaconess Home, and a barrel of fruit to the Lake Bluff Orphans' Home last year.

Secretary Criss of the Grand Traverse District sends out a vigorous announcement of the convention which meets at Northport next week.

Highland Chapter, Holyoke, Mass., passes a series of resolutions on the death of the secretary, Miss Clara E. Bombard, a faithful and beloved officer.

The Toledo City Union is closely organized, and follows up the work of the local chapters with unceasing faithfulness. The union raises and spends over \$400 a year in its work.

The Iowa State Epworth League Assembly will be held at Epworth Park, Colfax, Ia., July 24-Aug. 3. Over \$1,000 is being expended in improvements on the grounds and the program to be given surpasses all its predecessors. The Rock Island Road will give one fare for round trip. The official program is now ready. Send to Supt. J. W. Mahood, Colfax, Ia., for a copy.

The first series of Epworth League pentecostal conventions of the Bridgeton (N. J.) District was held May 11-20. These were two-day conventions, held at five central points on the district—Glassboro, Salem, Bridgeton, Cedarville, and Millville. Rev. Joseph H. Smith labored earnestly with the chapters throughout the ten days. Sinners were converted, backsliders reclaimed, and many Epworthians wholly sanctified. The fire kindled in some of the churches continued to glow, and services were protracted after the convention had closed.

The Cayadutta Group of Saratoga District held its annual convention at Gloversville, N. Y., May 22. The president's report showed a most satisfactory record for the year just past. A new chapter has been organized at North Brush. The membership has increased from 1,130 to 1,509. The Johnstown Chapter has the largest membership list—324—and the longest HERALD list. Northville has the largest reading

circle, with sixty members. The evening address, delivered by Rev. C. O. Judson of Glens Falls, asked and answered the questions, "What kind of a man is the American?" and "What sort of religious teaching will reach him?" O. L. Everest of Gloversville is the group president.

COLLEGES.

Upper Iowa University has Dr. W. F. McDowell as commencement orator.

Iowa Conference Seminary celebrates its semi-centennial with this year's commencement.

Waban School has had a very successful year, and is now arranging for a summer vacation camp on the Maine coast.

Bishop Hendrix of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, preached the baccalaureate sermon at Fort Worth University.

In connection with the Fort Worth University commencement the new Johnson-Cannon Hall of Science was formally opened May 21.

The conference visitors at Drew send out a discriminating and appreciative report of their observations at the recent commencement.

Wesleyan University receives \$75,000 from a modest man who withholds his name. The money will be used in building a science hall.

The University of the Pacific is debt-free. The \$61,000 burden is gone, and everybody is happy. Dr. Heacock, who engineered the campaign, is particularly jubilant.

Dr. Upham of Drew preaches the baccalaureate sermon at Beaver College. The commencement oration will be delivered by Editor Gilbert of the *Western Christian Advocate*.

The Cornell College commencement speakers' list includes Bishop Hendrix of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Dr. S. N. Fellows, Col. H. H. Rood, and Dr. S. G. Smith.

The commencement of the Woman's College of Baltimore occurred June 1-3. On Sunday, June 1, the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. W. L. McDowell of Baltimore. Mr. George Cable delivered the commencement oration June 3.

Addresses will be delivered at Allegheny College during commencement week by Dr. N. Lucock, Bishop Andrews, Dr. W. V. Kelley, and President Crawford. Dr. J. H. Barrows, who died last week, was to have delivered the address at the opening of the Ford Memorial Chapel.

The only young woman's school under Methodist deaconess management is Jennings Seminary at Aurora, Ill. The anniversary exercises began May 31, and closed June 5 with the address delivered by Dr. Camden M. Coburn of Chicago. The school gives opportunity for a thorough preparatory education at reasonable expense. About 130 young women have enrolled during the present year. The standard of work is equal to that of the accredited high-school. Representatives from this school enter Vassar.



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Northwestern University, and Cornell College next year.

Samuel Huston College, at Austin, Tex., has just closed its second year. Rev. R. E. Jones, A.B., preached the baccalaureate sermon. Rev. Mack Henson the annual sermon. Rev. I. B. Scott, D.D., delivered the commencement day address, and Rev. W. P. Thirkield, D.D., the dedicatory address. Mr. E. T. Burrowes, who had given the school \$5,000, came all the way from Portland, Me., to attend the exercises. He was given an ovation. President R. S. Lovingsgood reported the enrollment reached 273. Of these 101 are boarders. The present building is crowded with girls. There is no place for the boys, except in rented cottages. Mr. Burrowes offered \$2,000 on a \$10,000 hall for boys. About \$1,500 more was subscribed on the spot.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

Victoria University, Toronto, will hold a summer school for Canadian Methodist young people July 19-27.

The Baptist Union has a strong organization in Arizona. Maj. J. F. Elwell who has been territorial president for six years, declined a reelection this year.

Since the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions was inaugurated, the young people of Canadian Methodism have contributed \$100,000 to missions.

A conference with special reference to young people will be held at Winona Lake, Ind., June 30 to July 6. The speakers will be: Mr. S. D. Gordon, Cleveland, O.; Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, Monticello, Ind.; Revs. Arthur J. Smith and J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., New York City. Special rates are offered on the railroads, and at Winona. Write to S. C. Dickey, Winona Lake, Ind.

ILLINOIS ITEMS.

Forward to Mt. Carmel! For the outlook is promising for a mighty convention. State Sec. S. J. Curlee of Salem says program-building is hard work. Nevertheless, he has, with the efficient aid of the committee, succeeded in providing a good one. The general outline of it is: A reception-social on Tuesday evening, July 8, preceded by a concert by the local choir. On Wednesday morning Rev. C. V. La Fontaine leads a sunrise service, and Dr. Joseph F. Berry, our general secretary, conducts a school of methods both morning and afternoon. During the day Dr. W. F. Oldham speaks on "Missions," and later conducts a missionary conference. In the evening Mr. J. V. H. Anderson of Springfield will talk about "Temperance," followed by a fraternal sermon by Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D., of the Church, South.

Thursday morning the Junior work will be discussed by successful leaders, followed by Rev. Amos W. Patten, D.D., of the Bible chair at Northwestern University, Evanston. The business session, love-

feast, and sacramental service fill the afternoon. The convention closes Thursday evening with addresses by Mr. R. W. Ropiequet of Belleville and Rev. Camden M. Coburn, D.D., of Chicago. Many other speakers and workers will assist in the program.

The cooperation of every district and local officer in the state is desired. Let every chapter plan to send at least one delegate—more if possible. Peoria and Springfield Districts will probably send special cars. Chicago and vicinity will, of course, have a train, leaving 8:30 a.m. Tuesday, July 8. The Illinois Central Railroad has been chosen as the official route, and will sell tickets from all stations in the state for one fare for the round trip. Fare from Chicago, \$7.50. Some roads may charge one and one-third fare, but all have granted reduced rates.

A trip to Mammoth Cave will follow the convention, and low rates have been secured, so that \$20 will cover all expenses for the cave trip, including chartered Pullmans. Those desiring to go should communicate at once with the state treasurer. Saturday will be spent exploring the cave, and Sunday as a day of rest, returning Monday, July 14. Our state printer, Mr. O. E. Roecker, has prepared printed matter announcing the convention, with more to follow. Apply to any officer for a supply.

Some chapters have forgotten to remit their proportion of the convention expenses. Has your chapter paid?

Already the questions, "Where will the state convention of 1904 be held?" and "Who will be the next president of the state league?" are being asked. The Rock River Conference is, in its turn, entitled to both, but the most urgent invitation will secure the first plum, and it is hoped the latter honor will go to the best available man. A large number will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to visit Mammoth Cave with a congenial party.

Joliet District Convention occurs June 24 and 25 at Chicago Heights, and has an enviable list of speakers. Rev. A. W. Otis (Evanston) has charge of the program and plans. A large attendance is anticipated.

The annual convention of the Jacksonville District occurs at Brooklyn Church, Jacksonville, in the latter part of June. Let each district convention designate someone who will report that meeting.

The summer number of the *Junior Epworth League Leaflet*, a quarterly published by Mrs. Mattie Miles, state superintendent, Maroa, Ill., has been received. All Junior workers in Illinois—others, too—are urged to communicate with her if wanting practical help in Junior work. She knows how.

Chicago Western District Convention occurs on Labor Day, while the Chicago and Chicago Northern District Conventions occur early in November. These districts have chartered boats for excursions on Lake Michigan in June and July.

Presiding elder McElroy reports the Jacksonville District chapters in good live condition.

The remittance cards and addressed envelopes sent out by the state treasurer in May are very popular,

and invariably bring the desired returns. The legitimate convention expenses are the printing bills, postage, speakers' expenses, and current disbursements. Your chapter's share is 50 cents or a multiple. Please remit now to E. L. Davenport, treasurer, 6420 Eggleston Ave., Chicago.

NEW YORK NOTES.

(From our own correspondent.)

The league at Perry-street has just elected Mr. George W. Overton as president. Their work is in good condition; religious meetings well attended and interesting.

Mr. A. S. Muirhead of Eleventh-street is the new president of the Epworth Union, just organized for mutual helpfulness by the leagues at Eleventh-street, Seventeenth-street, Willet-street, Twenty-seventh-street, Second-street, John-street, Forsyth, and Thirty-seventh-street churches.

Hedding Chapter, East Seventeenth-street, has had a very profitable work during the past six months. New members have been added to the rolls, conversions are reported, and the general work of the league is in splendid condition.

Mr. George W. Carey has been reelected president of the District Leagues of the New York District of the New York East Conference. Mr. Carey makes an ideal president.

Many of our leagues are already scattering for the summer months, and, aside from the devotional meetings, the leagues very generally will suspend activities during the heated term.

New York is indebted to the district leagues for the spirit of harmony and unity which pervades all of the chapters in and around New York. The excellent work of Messrs. Gantz and Carey, presidents, is appreciated by all.

The young people of the Methodist churches are already planning for the missionary conference at Silver Bay, Lake George, from July 16 to 25, inclusive. A strong program is being arranged. For particulars as to program, rates, etc., address S. Earl Taylor, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mr. George A. Warburton gave a very helpful and interesting talk on "Nature" to the young people at Grace Church, on Thursday evening, June 5.

The minutes of the two conferences embracing New York City, just issued, show a healthy growth in the membership of our Epworth Leagues.

The league at Grace, through its ways and means committee, is planning to raise \$500 during the coming six months, to be applied toward the obligation on the church debt.

IF YOUR BRAIN IS TIRED

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. D. CROTHERS, Supt. Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force." Invigorates the entire system.

The League at Work.

Some Institute Questions.

The Philadelphia Conference held, not long ago, an exceedingly profitable institute. Each department of league work was in charge of a competent leader. The special points which each leader wished to bring out were printed on slips of paper and scattered through the congregation. The discussion was confined pretty closely to these interrogations, and proved thoroughly profitable. For the help of other institute workers we print herewith some of the Philadelphia queries:

Department of Spiritual Work.

1. What attracts the people to your devotional meeting?
2. Is your devotional meeting an adequate substitute for the class-meeting?
3. Does your department emphasize Bible study? If so, how, and with what success?
4. Do you have members of the Morning Watch?
5. Is there a constant growth in the religious experience of the members of your chapter?
6. What shall we do with those members of the league who do not attend the devotional meeting?
7. What is the best time to hold the devotional meeting?
8. Who should preside at the devotional meeting?
9. Can the best results be obtained from meetings led by those who are inexperienced?
10. Are you building up the kind of material that will make your church a power in the future?
11. What does your department do to reach the unconverted?
12. How do you make calls in the interest of religious work?

Mercy and Help.

1. What is your plan for securing the names of the sick and needy of the church and community?
2. What kind of calls help most?
3. How do you care for the "shut-ins"—the invalids and helpless?
4. What kinds of mission work can the country chapters do?
5. What can we do for hospitals?
6. What methods of temperance work bring the best results?
7. How can the younger members be trained for usefulness in this department?
8. Is it advisable to have the reading course in connection with sewing circles?
9. What does this department do in your chapter?

Literary Work.

1. What should be the character of the literary meetings?
2. What advantage does your league derive from a league library?
3. What effort do you make to improve the taste of your members for good literature?
4. If you have "Good Literature Day," how do you make it interesting? How do you follow it up?
5. Should a chapter have a large EPWORTH HERALD Club "rather than circulate other papers?"
6. How can this department secure systematic Bible study?
7. To what extent has "Studies in the Life of Christ" been adopted by the leagues of the Philadelphia Conference?
8. How do you train the members in intelligent and vital piety?
9. Do you do any special work?
10. With what success do you conduct "study classes?"

The Social Department.

1. Is the social department in any sense a spiritual department?
2. How can the social department aid in holding the young people to the league and church?
3. What are the advantages or disadvantages of combining a social meeting and a business meeting?
4. What kind of social meetings are best adapted to the permanent growth of the league and church?
5. How can new members be best secured?
6. How often should the social department hold a public meeting?

Missionary Work.

1. What is the "Station Plan?"
2. How can we awaken an interest on the part of the members in missions?
3. What help do you get from the missionary library?
4. How do you get the members to read the books?
5. How should the missionary committee be formed?
6. What lines of work bring the best results?

7. How should the work be begun, and maintained?
8. Should the league teach its members to give to the missionary cause, and how?
9. How can the league missionary committee awaken and assist other missionary interests in the church?
10. What can be done to arouse an interest in missions in all the chapters of the Philadelphia Conference?
11. What kinds of missionary meetings are the most beneficial?
12. Which department of the league should take charge of the missionary library?

The Junior League.

1. What methods do you employ in training the Juniors for the greatest usefulness?
2. Why do not active Juniors become equally active Seniors?
3. Should the Junior League take a summer vacation?
4. What kinds of temperance work most influence the Juniors?
5. What best arouses their interest in missionary work?
6. Should the Juniors be taught the benefits of "Christian Stewardship?"
7. What advantages are derived from kindergarten and intermediate chapters?
8. What should be the character of the public entertainments given by the Juniors.
9. What are the best methods to secure regular attendance?
10. Should there be a standard of graduation into the Senior chapter?

Fresh-Air Work.

The summer needs of the city, and especially of the city's children, begin to make their impression at this time of the year on thoughtful Epworthians.

No better thing can be done at this season than to set in motion some of the beautiful activities usually grouped under the name "Fresh-air Work."

The finest homes of the land are our country-homes, and the poorest apologies for homes are the dwellings of the city poor. To give the children of the tenements a two-weeks' taste of real home-life in the open country is to do large patriotic service, even apart from the service thus done in spiritual things. Indeed, all true patriotic service is spiritual.

The Epworth League has unmeasured resources for the doing of this work. We have city chapters which can find the children. We have country chapters which can secure the homes. We have a mercy and help department whose central purpose finds perfect expression in precisely this form of active Christian effort. We have a department of finance which can provide the money for railway fares, with no shadow of question but that the funds are "for legitimate league expenses." We have the close organization and connectional unity which make possible perfect coöperation between the city demand and the country supply.

Then why not? Is there any objection? Surely not. It is merely a matter of overcoming inertia. Let somebody, where need is, or where supply is, take the initiative, and the rest is only a question of detail.

In the Newark (N. J.) District this work was begun by the district chairman of the mercy and help department. The first year forty-five children were given an outing for two weeks or longer. Some stayed two months. The second year 116 children had the same delightful experience. This year the Junior superintendent has the work in charge—a very beautiful thing, by the way, since it is enlisting the children in the service of the children. Every Saturday during the season a company of children gathered by the Newark chapters leaves the city in charge of one of the Junior superintendents. No one who has not seen one of these parties can realize the intensity of childish emotion over the about-to-be-realized dream of a country holiday.

There are scores of districts whose organization lends itself perfectly to this sort of work.

They have a city center with its congested neighborhoods and its children of the poor. They have an outer fringe of suburbs, and then the open fields, to which, in the ordinary course of things, the children of the streets never attain. But out in that country district there are league chapters which have never worked the mercy and help department, from sheer lack of local material on which to work. With the city to draw from, this need never be the case in summer, and the work might easily be a wonderful blessing to the young people of the country chapter.

The details of the work need to be worked out carefully. The Newark District folks sent out blanks to the country chapters something like this:

NEWARK DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE.

DEPARTMENT OF JUNIOR LEAGUE WORK.

To be filled out by those who are willing to receive the children.

Name.....
Address.....
Name of chapter.....
Located at.....
Number of children will receive.....
Sex.....
Period.....
Date, from..... to.....
How is location reached.....
Name of Junior superintendent.....
Address.....
Please return to MISS M. GILLMAN,
Dist. League Jr. Supt.,
26 Spruce St., Bloomfield, N. J.

In some districts it will be better to do the work entirely through the second department at both city and country ends of the line.

BODY HEAT

Reduced 20 Degrees in Summer.

Never eat heavy carbonaceous foods for the morning meal, for these foods should follow and not precede hard work.

The best morning foundation is Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit, a cup of Postum Food Coffee, and possibly a couple of eggs prepared to suit the taste—this breakfast is sufficient to satisfy the hardest worker, either of brain or muscle, until the noonday meal.

Particularly is this true at the present season of the year, when meat and other fatty foods increase the internal heat of the body, and make the summer day still more disagreeable.

Grape-Nuts come to you from the grocer ready to serve, having been fully cooked at the factory by food experts, and this saving in time and exertion is appreciated by the housewife as well as the economy, for being a concentrated food, four teaspoonfuls is sufficient for the cereal part of a meal for one person and costs only one cent.

A booklet of excellent recipes is found in each package of Grape-Nuts from which many easy and delicious warm weather dishes can be made for luncheon and supper that are not only nutritious but pleasing to the palate.

A trial of the above selection of food for ten days will prove to anyone that health and vigor, an active mind and a keen enjoyment of the pleasures of summer will take the place of poor digestion, a dull brain and that heavy draggy feeling caused by improper food during the hot weather.

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can be cured. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Mailed free. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 318 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

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CONSUMPTION

Recent Conventions.

Indianapolis District.

The Indianapolis District Epworth League held its fifth annual convention May 23-25, at New Palestine, Ind.

The total number of delegates and visitors enrolled was 213. There are forty chapters in the Indianapolis district, thirty-three of which were represented. This was the largest representation of the chapters and the greatest convention attendance during the existence of the district.

The convention opened Friday evening with a song and praise service, led by Rev. J. S. Ward, pastor of New Palestine Church, after which Rev. H. W. Kellogg of Central-avenue Church delivered a lecture—"How to make the wheel go."

On Saturday morning a praise and prayer service for Epworth League workers was led by W. N. Northcott, after which the presiding-elder, Rev. E. B. Rawles, talked on "God's plan of finance." Miss Louisa N. Marsee gave an address on "How to conduct a Bible-study class," which was followed by an hour with the pastors. This was especially interesting, as there were ten pastors of the district present, and each spoke for five minutes on "How the league can further help my church."

In the afternoon a praise and prayer service was held for missions and Juniors. This service was led by Rev. George S. Henninger. At the close of this meeting Rev. H. L. Roscoe talked on the work of mission-study classes. Mr. Roscoe has had several years of active service in the India mission field. Mrs. Ada S. New, state Junior superintendent, delivered an address on Junior work, which was followed by an exercise by the New Palestine Juniors.

The following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year, at the business session Saturday afternoon: Pres., Geo. S. Henninger; V. P.'s, Chas. S. Barnet, Grace Lyons, Walter Jenney, Alice Randall; Sec., Thomas Fulmer; Treas., Harry Thompson; Jr. Supt., Hilda Aaronson; chairman missionary committee, H. L. Roscoe.

The business of the district has been carried on during the year by four institutes, at which the work of all the departments was considered, except the work of the president and the secretary. So these institutes were held during the convention. The president's institute consisted of a paper prepared by five of the local presidents, and read by Mr. Walter Boyd, president of Fletcher Place Chapter. A model cabinet meeting was conducted by the district cabinet, followed by a model business meeting, conducted by the cabinet and others. Mr. O. H. Palmer, state president, conducted a question drawer, and also spoke of the state convention to be held at Indianapolis, July 10-13.

The secretary's institute consisted of a paper entitled "Practical suggestions for secretaries," by State Secretary W. H. Brame, and a paper written by three of the local secretaries, and read by Mr. Hiram B. Patton of Central-avenue chapter.

The Saturday evening session closed with a social meeting held in the church parlors, where refreshments were served.

The convention sermon was delivered Sunday morning by Rev. Joshua Stansfield, pastor of Meridian-street Church. Mr. Chas. J. Orbitson delivered a temperance address on Sunday afternoon.

Sunday evening a regular devotional meeting was led by Thomas E. Smiley, district first vice-president, the topic for the meeting being that of the preceding Sunday—"Practical consecration." The house was full to overflowing with enthusiastic, happy young men and women. When the meeting was opened to all Christians, there were four or five on the floor from the first awaiting an opportunity to speak. After the testimonies closed the delegates joined in a continuous clasp of hands around the entire church, and sang "Blest be the tie." The convention closed with the Epworth League benediction. (Reported by Miss Helen Brouse.)

Jamestown District.

One of the most interesting and enthusiastic conventions of the district was held at Falconer, N. Y., May 20 and 21.

The singing was led by Prof. E. O. Excell of Chicago. Words of greeting were given from Falconer Chapter by Bro. J. M. Bloomquist, second vice-president of Jamestown District. Mrs. O. H. Baker of Corry read a paper written by F. A. Loveland of Corry, on the subject, "Danger signals in the league." Rev. C. C. Hunt of Clymer, N. Y., presented the subject, "Doors of promise" "How to make Junior work effective" was discussed by Mrs. O. H. Dean of Randolph. Rev. L. H. Bugbee of Stone Church, Meadville, Pa., gave a very interesting address on "Christ and Palestine." Rev. J. C. McDonald of Warren, Pa., spoke on "The league as a soul-winner." Mrs. W. A.

Wright of Jamestown, N. Y., read a paper on "The leaguers' consecration." Mrs. J. W. Hickok of Corydon, Pa., treated the subject, "Christian stewardship."

Prof. E. O. Excell led a song service at the opening of the evening session. The sermon was preached by Rev. H. G. Hall, presiding-elder. The evening closed with a delightful reception by Falconer Chapter.

On the second morning the following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins of Salamanca, N. Y.; V. P.'s, Rollin J. Pratt, Little Valley, N. Y.; L. D. Powers, Jamestown, N. Y.; S. L. Todd, Kinsue, Pa.; S. T. Davison, Garland, Pa.; Rec. Sec., Miss Grace Merchant, Busti, N. Y.; Cor. Sec., Mrs. J. W. Hickok, Corydon, Pa.; Treas., Miss May Boucher, Warren, Pa.; Jr. Supt., Mrs. O. H. Dean, Randolph, N. Y.

Words of greeting were sent by telegram to the Christian Endeavor Convention in session at Dunkirk, N. Y., also to the United Brethren Young People's Society in session at Russell, Pa. Mrs. T. T. Moll of Russell, Pa., read a paper on "Fidelity to my church." Rev. S. M. Sartwell of Little Valley discussed the subject: "The fruits of the Spirit." "Lips touched with fire" was the subject of a paper by Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins of Salamanca, N. Y. Dr. Kerrin of the Episcopal Church of Jamestown gave a most enjoyable and helpful Bible-study hour.

Rev. J. W. Campbell of Corry, Pa., spoke at the afternoon session on "Civic righteousness. Mrs. Ensign De Garis of the Salvation Army of Jamestown spoke on the subject, "The league and street meetings." Miss Clarissa H. Spencer of Philadelphia discussed "Missions" very thoroughly. Mrs. Charles Hubbard spoke on "The supremacy of sacrifice." Dr. W. Arter Wright of Jamestown, First Church, conducted the question box.

Rev. H. M. Burns of Falconer was elected delegate to the Fourth General Conference District Convention to be held at Washington, D. C., in June, and Rev. S. L. Todd of Kinsue, Pa., as delegate to the Anti-saloon League Convention. The closing session convened at 1:30 p.m.

Song service was conducted by Professor Excell. Minutes were read and approved. The committee on resolutions then presented its report, and the convention adopted it.

Professor Excell was given a rising vote of thanks for his able efforts, and we wish him godspeed in his glorious work. Solo by Professor Excell, "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

At the closing session Dr. S. L. Heller of Buffalo gave a most enjoyable lecture on "The book of books."

The first act of Zu Zu

The New Ginger Snap

is to please the palate. All the other acts are the same—and like a Chinese play, there's no end to the acts.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Great praise should be given the people of Falconer for their hospitality and kindness, also to the ex-president, H. M. Burns, for his untiring efforts in every branch of league work. (Reported by Grace Merchant.)

Columbus District.

When Pres. J. A. Shawan called the convention to order May 31 the chapel of Mt. Vernon-avenue Church, Columbus, O., was filled with earnest and enthusiastic delegates and visiting Epworthians. Pres. J. W. Snider of Mt. Vernon-avenue League delivered the address of welcome. Dist. Pres. J. A. Shawan responded. The feature of the evening was the address delivered by Levi Gilbert, D.D., editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. His subject was divided into three parts: "Individualism, will power, and prayer." The reception which followed, given by the Epworthians of the city to the visiting delegates, was a great success.

The reports of the district officers and the local chapters were presented Saturday morning. Undoubtedly the most interesting report presented was that of Miss Kate R. Blair, second vice president of the district, in which was given a full account of the fresh-air work done by her committee, with the aid of the city chapters, during the summer of 1901. The report showed that during the summer this committee gathered together a total of 622 persons—mostly children from the slums of the city—and, after clothing them, sent them out into the country, where they were taken care of by the Epworthians of the district who live in the country and small towns. A total of \$710 was expended. This great work was only possible through the generosity of Mr. Emerson McMillen of New York City, who contributed \$550 of the total amount. Mr. McMillen is sufficiently interested in the work of the committee that he again offers to pay the transportation of as many children as it is possible for this committee to collect.

Hon. Thos. H. Clark delivered the principal address of the morning, his subject being: "The way we live." Dr. J. C. Arbuckle addressed the convention on the "Foreign missionary work of the league," and he made a strong appeal to the Epworthians of the district to devote more time and money to the missionary work in the foreign field.

Mrs. Plyley presented the missionary work as it is being carried on by the deaconesses in the cities. Rev. James Haik, superintendent of the Union Mission Association of Columbus, presented the work as it is seen from the slums of the city. The Epworthians of Mt. Vernon-avenue Church, with the assist-

ance of the fourth vice-presidents of the city chapters, served dinner to the visiting delegates.

A very touching incident of the convention occurred just before the afternoon session. The delegates went in a body to the home of the venerable Robert Rusk, whose home is near the church, and, gathering about the house, they sang songs and offered prayers. Mr. Rusk is eighty-four years old, and a paralytic. As he stood in the doorway, supported by Pres. J. A. Shawan and Dr. J. W. Wright, he made a very touching appeal to the Epworthians to remain faithful to Christ and the church. Mr. Rusk has been a pillar in the church for many years, and as an expression of appreciation, the Mt. Vernon Chapter has been named the "Robert Rusk Chapter." A very helpful feature of the afternoon session was the round-table, conducted by Rev. Carl G. Doney, in which suggestions were offered by the whole convention on the subject, "How to make the wheel go." The principal address of the afternoon was delivered by Rev. B. L. McElroy, his subject being "What the Epworth League has done, what it is doing, and what it may do in the future." Another helpful feature of the afternoon session was the Junior League work, which was presented by Mrs. C. A. Bowen, district superintendent, Mrs. Maud Hawley, Mrs. Pancake, and Mrs. Cornelia Pletcher, all of whom are Junior workers in the city. Rev. N. W. Good, pastor of Third-avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, in a fitting speech, installed the newly elected officers of the district, after which the convention adjourned. (Reported by F. W. Seidels.)

Cazenovia District.

The annual convention of Cazenovia District was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Groton, N. Y., May 23 and 24, with over 100 delegates present. After the opening exercises, conducted by Rev. S. F. Sanford of Ithaca, the convention was warmly welcomed on behalf of Groton people by the pastor, Rev. H. I. Andrews.

An inspiring address was given by Rev. J. D. Phelps; subject, "Illumination of the understanding." Rev. S. S. Pratt read a paper on "The field for mercy and help," followed by a discussion of plans and methods of mercy and help work. After the appointment of committees the meeting adjourned for supper, which was served in the church parlors.

On Friday evening, after a service of song led by H. B. Ingalls, and devotions by Rev. J. B. Pitcher, a profitable address was given by Rev. W. E. Brown of Syracuse on "The winner, and how it happened."

Saturday morning a short business session was held. The presiding-elder discussed the question "How to increase the missionary collections on the district." A paper on "The league and soul saving" was presented by V. S. Britten. Rev. H. I. Andrews led a conference on spiritual work, several others taking part informally. Rev. Louis Heinmiller gave an interesting address on "Practical experiences in Junior work," using blackboard illustrations. Miss Floy M. Thomas read a paper on "Social life and Methodist loyalty." Miss Jennie M. Bingham gave an address full of helpfulness on "Methods of Bible study."

On Saturday afternoon Miss Effie Hallock read a paper on "Success and failure in the literary department." Rev. E. E. Smith's paper on "District missionary work" was read by Rev. E. E. Merring.

Mrs. F. D. Gamewell gave the closing address of the convention, a most vivid description of the siege of Peking, where she with others was shut in for two months.

Platteville District.

The Platteville District Epworth Convention was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Dodgeville, Wis., May 23-25. The church was tastefully decorated in the league colors, and with flowers and potted plants. Seventy-five delegates were present.

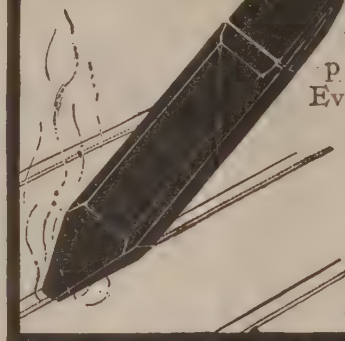
The first service was a most interesting one, the music being furnished by the Platteville Ministerial Quartet, after which Dr. W. F. Oldham of Chicago gave an interesting missionary address. At the conclusion the people were invited to remain for a social hour, and refreshments were served.

Saturday morning, after a short business session, the following papers were read and discussed: "The spiritual department of the Epworth League," by Miss Minnie Jacobs of Mineral Point, and "The mercy and help department of the league," by Miss Mattie McPherson of Lancaster. J. G. Vaughn of Chicago gave an address on "Missions and the league," followed by district deaconess report by Miss Eva Ford.

Saturday afternoon Rev. G. A. Bird of Mt. Hope led the song-service. The afternoon session was opened by two very excellent papers, followed by discussions—"The Intermediate League," by Miss Ella Kirkpatrick of Platteville, and "Social department of the league," by Miss Ollie Aikens of Zion.

The Finishing Touch

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Write (W. C. CRONMEYER, Agent, to Carnegie Building, Pittsburg, for illustrated book on roofs and roofing. AMERICAN TIN PLATE COMPANY, New York:

Saturday evening Dr. H. W. Bolton of Madison gave a fine lecture on "How to win," for which an admission fee was charged, and enough tickets were sold to defray all the expenses of the convention. The music for Saturday evening and for the Sunday services was furnished by the Dodgeville Choir, and added much to the pleasure of the services.

Sunday services began with a 6 o'clock prayer-meeting, led by Deaconess Ford. Seventy-five were present, and many took part in the meeting. At 9:30 Elder S. W. Trousdale led the love-feast, which was pronounced by many the crowning meeting of the convention.

At 10:30 Dr. Bolton gave a memorial address, at which the Grand Army of the Republic and the Woman's Relief Corps were present in large numbers. In the afternoon Mr. Vaughn again presented the subject of missions, after which a Junior League meeting was conducted by Miss Ford, and Rev. Mr. Bell also spoke a few minutes to the children. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, Dr. Bolton gave the closing sermon of the convention, and the church was crowded to the doors.

The keynote of the convention was missions, and the local chapters are going to make an attempt at closer organization for the purpose of doing more and better work in this direction. The Ministerial Quartet sang at nearly all of the services, and was much enjoyed.

The Dodgeville people are to be congratulated on the manner in which they entertained the convention, and nothing but words of praise can be said of the hospitality shown all visiting Epworthians.

The following is a list of officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Mr. C. R. Fox, Cobb; V. P.'s, Mr. B. L. Birkbeck, Soldiers' Grove; Miss Stella Adams, Mt. Hope; Miss Minnie Jacobs, Mineral Point; Miss Ollie Aikens, Zion; Sec., Miss Nina Baker, Cobb; Treas., Mr. W. J. Hooper, Livingston; Superintendent of Missions, Mrs. Jennie Alcock, Livingston. (Reported by Lucina McBride.)

Bloomington District.

The Bloomington District Epworth League Convention was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Worthington, Ind., May 20-22. Some eighty or more visiting delegates were in attendance. The opening service Tuesday evening was a sermon by Dr. Joshua Stansfield of Indianapolis.

The Wednesday morning session opened with devotions conducted by the president. Papers following were: "The league and Sunday evening service," given by Rev. J. T. Scull, Bloomington; "How to reach young men," Rev. R. H. Moore, Martinsville;

"Comrades of the Morning Watch," Miss Jessie Mead, Spencer.

Afternoon devotions were led by Miss Della Hanum, Worthington, followed by papers on "Fiction of to-day," Dr. W. N. Culmer, Springville, and "Sabbath desecration," Miss Minnie Maxwell, Worthington. The Junior exercises, consisting of music and drills, were enjoyed by all, and were a credit to those who had the Juniors in charge the previous year.

Dr. Gobin, president of De Pauw University, Green castle, addressed the convention in the evening on "The romance of Christian education."

Tuesday morning, after devotions led by Miss Eva Cooper, Clayton, papers were read on "Devotional meetings; how to improve them," by Mrs. M. S. Heavenridge, Spencer; "Cups of cold water" (mercy and help work), Miss Ina Price, Worthington; "Of-

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fenses of the coppersmith," Miss Mary Harrah, Linton; "Sunshine" (social work), Miss Ella Cushman, Bloomfield; "Unused and misused resources," Rev. H. H. Allen, Bloomfield; "Organic union of Protestantism," Rev. E. C. Jordan, Mitchell. Dr. H. N. Ogden of Indianapolis delivered an address on "Books and character," speaking in the interest of the Methodist Book Concern. A testimony service followed, and the session closed with an altar service in charge of Rev. J. D. Hartsock of Greencastle. Afternoon devotions were led by Miss Martha E. Pryor, Freedom. In the absence of Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Worley, a returned missionary from China, addressed the convention on "Missionary matters." The Indianapolis Methodist Hospital movement was presented by the presiding elder, Dr. J. H. Doddridge of Greencastle, and pledges to this movement, amounting to \$170, were secured.

The evening session was devoted to an address by Dr. Worley, which will surely awaken a deeper interest in the cause of missions than has been felt heretofore.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Rev. J. F. O'Haver, Gosport; V. P's, Mrs. Pearl Sherwood, Linton; Miss Lena Johnson, Bloomington; Mrs. W. N. Culmer, Springfield; Miss Ella Cushman, Bloomfield; Sec., D. W. Moffatt, Worthington; Treas., J. E. Matthews, Ellettsville; Jr. Supt., Miss Lucy Van Buskirk, Gosport. (Reported by D. W. Moffatt.)

Brooklyn South District.

A more than usually successful spring convention of the Brooklyn South District was held at Islip, Long Island, on Thursday, May 22. The day was a charming one for a forty-mile run out into the country, and about 150 of the Brooklyn Epworthians took the early train for Islip, where they met about an equal number from the surrounding towns. After the usual fraternal greetings the role of chapters was called, and forty-seven out of sixty responded, reporting a membership of from twenty-three to 325 each, the banner chapter being from James Church.

The address of the morning was by Rev. A. S. Kavanagh, general superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, on "The hospital side of mercy and help work." It was a stirring appeal for greater interest in the hospital, and resulted in a motion to endow a bed in the children's ward. The matter was referred to the board of control to report its recommendation at the fall convention.

In the afternoon session prominent place was given to the special league topics of the year. Mission study and Bible study were presented by Miss Ruth Chamberlain; the league reading course by Mrs. T. L. Price, and the Morning Watch and the Christian Stewardship Enrollment by Rev. A. W. Byrt. All were ably presented, and we believe it is the purpose of the cabinet to urge definite action in these directions to all the chapters.

The address of the afternoon was given by Col. Alex. S. Bacon, who was introduced as a "Christian lawyer, lately colonel of the twenty-third regiment, a graduate from West Point, and a Baptist who had an interest in Methodist young people." He declared that the essentials of high Christian life were to "believe," "repent," "confess," and "work."

One of the interesting fraternal features of the day was the serving of lunch and supper to the delegates in the chapel of the Presbyterian Church, a block away.

After a short but delightful musical program in the evening the delegates listened to an address by Rev. O. F. Bartholow, on "Lessons from the life of Francis Bacon."

A Junior League rally was held at Baldwin, May 31, and a group meeting at Buffalo-avenue Church on the evening of June 3.

The next great gathering of the Epworthians of this district will be on the steamer General Slocum, June 28, when the North and South Brooklyn Districts unite in their annual excursion on the Sound. The number that attends these affairs is only limited by the capacity of the boat.

Bro. F. O. Case is already arranging for his "League table" at the home fair to be held at the Academy of Music in November next. (Reported by Will H. Johnston.)

Utica District.

The Utica District Epworth League held its ninth annual convention Wednesday and Thursday, May 28 and 29, in Taberg, N. Y. Nearly 130 delegates were registered.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Geo. L. Birdsey of Boonville. The president also conducted the devotional service.

Harry B. Belcher of Utica First Church read a paper on "Christian stewardship." Katherine M. Jones of Whitesboro gave a paper on "The pen." A paper,

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"Loyalty of the Epworth League to the Sunday-school," was read by I. D. Edgerton of Hamilton. Mrs. W. J. Lewis of Westmoreland read another on the same general theme, "Loyalty of the Epworth League to the home." The key-word of the convention was "Loyalty."

The hour with the Juniors was in charge of Emma F. William of Whitesboro. The reports from this branch of the work showed a great deal of work being done. A large number of Juniors was present. "The loyal Junior," a paper by Stella Cronk of Boonville, was one of the good things of the afternoon. The Taberg Juniors helped in this part of the program.

A banquet was served by the local chapter to the delegates at the supper hour.

The evening session opened with a devotional service conducted by Rev. C. A. Miller of Deansboro. An address on "Bible study and the Morning Watch" was given by Miss Jennie M. Bingham of Folts Institute, Herkimer. Rev. Geo. F. Shepherd of Whitesboro delivered an address on missions, "The heart's response at the sight of need." A short consecration service conducted by Rev. F. B. Severance of Boonville closed the evening session.

On Thursday morning Louis Wilson of Rome read a paper on "Christian fellowship." This service closed very fittingly with an enthusiastic and interesting address on "Loyalty to country," by Rev. D. W. Aylsworth, Felts Mills. The Grand Army of the Republic attended in a body.

The questions from a question-box were read and answered by the presiding-elder, Rev. J. B. Hammond of Utica, at the afternoon session. Mrs. G. H. Skiff of Trenton presented new and helpful ideas in her paper on "Mercy and help."

"Loyalty of the Epworth League to the church" was discussed by Clarence Franklin of Deansboro. Mrs. M. E. Genter of Trenton read a paper on "Loyalty of the Epworth League to Christ." The convention closed with a consecration service conducted by the president, Geo. L. Birdsey.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Pres., Geo. L. Birdsey, Boonville; V. P's, A. K. Jennings, Utica; Miss Cora Davis, Rome; Lilla Waterman, Taberg; Clara E. Ward, Vernon; Cor. and Rec. Sec., Susie A. Powers, Westmoreland; Treas., L. M. Lipa, Utica; Jr. Supt., Emma F. William, Whitesboro; subdistrict superintendents—northern, H. D. Maydole, Steuben; southern, D. S. Davies, Oriskany Falls; eastern, Rev. D. M. Lewis, New York Mills; western, G. Lynn Marriott, Vernon.

The next convention will be held at Whitesboro. (Reported by Miss Susie A. Powers.)

The Second District.

The convention of the Second General Conference District of the Epworth League will be held at Ocean City, N. J., July 10-13. The program is of unusual excellence, considering all departments of the league work and methods of work in each department. Among the speakers are: Rev. C. O. Judkins and Andrew Gillies of Troy Conference; W. F. Anderson, Wm. O. Gantz, E. L. Fox, Wm. I. Haven, and S. J. Herben of New York City; J. W. Marshall of Camden, C. A. Flindly and R. G. Waters of Philadelphia, and F. B. Short, Sec., Wilmington (Del.) Y. M. C. A. Bishop Andrews will preach the sermon Sunday morning July 13, and Rev. T. S. Henderson of Brooklyn will preach Sunday evening. A most profitable convention is in prospect for all who can attend. For circulars of information containing

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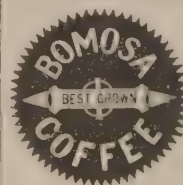
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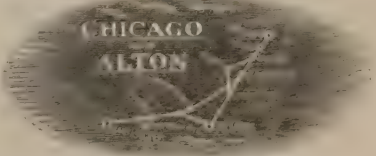
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Warren County.

The ninth annual Warren County Convention was held at Blairstown, N. J.

Dr. Randolph of Washington, N. J., preached in the morning. In the afternoon Dr. West of Phillipsburg, N. J., conducted an open parliament on "Has the Epworth League met the expectations of its founders? If not, why not?" Dr. Mead of Hoboken then gave a brilliant and stirring address on "Power," followed by Dr. Ryman, the presiding-elder.

Prof. O. A. Curtis of Drew Theological Seminary was the speaker for the evening. His address grew out of his experience as chaplain of the St. Paul during the summer of the Spanish-American War.

Hackettstown League reported twenty-five EPWORTH HERALDS taken. Summerfield Society of forty-two members reported twenty-six subscribers. (Reported by Frank G. Everitt.)

COMING CONVENTIONS.

June 12-14.—Harrisburg District, Hanover, Pa.
 June 12-15.—Heldrege District, McCook, Neb.
 June 12-15.—Blairsville District Institute, Berry Station, Pa.
 June 12-15.—Colorado State, Salida.
 June 12-15.—West Boise Subdistrict, Payette, Ida.
 June 12-16.—Huntsville District, Stevenson, Ala.
 June 13-15.—Litchfield District, Litchfield, Minn.
 June 13-15.—St. Paul District, Red Wing, Minn.
 June 15-18.—La Fayette District Institute, Attica, Ind.
 June 16-18.—Muncie District, Fortville, Ind.
 June 16-18.—Lebanon District, Sparta, Ill.
 June 17-18.—Chariton District, Mt. Ayr, Ia.
 June 17-18.—New Albany District, Leavenworth, Ind.
 June 17-18.—Jacksonville District, Jacksonville, Ill.
 June 17-18.—Dixon District, Mt. Morris, Ill.
 June 17-18.—Fairmont District, Madelia, Minn.
 June 17-19.—Independence District, Independence, Kan.
 June 17-19.—Burlington District, Hillsboro, Ia.
 June 17-19.—Oskaloosa District, Oskaloosa, Ia.
 June 17-19.—Montana State Convention, Butte, Mont.
 June 17-19.—Atchison District, Hiawatha, Kan.
 June 17-19.—Springfield District, Humansville, Mo.
 June 17-19.—Goshen District, Topeka, Ind.
 June 17-19.—Beatrice District, Fairbury, Neb.
 June 18-19.—Alton District, Edwardsville, Ill.
 June 18-19.—Frederick District, Martinsburg, W. Va.
 June 18-19.—Desatur District, Hilois, Ia.
 June 18-20.—Kokomo District, Kokomo, Ind.
 June 19-20.—Quincy District Institute, Rushville, Ill.
 June 19, 20.—Holston Conference Rally, Johnson City, Tenn.
 June 19-20.—Algona District, Corwith, Ia.
 June 19-22.—Ashland District, Bayfield, Wis.
 June 19-22.—Crookston District, Bemidji, Minn.
 June 19-22.—Iowa District (Swedish), Hiteman, Ia.
 June 19-22.—Fourth General Conference District, Washington, D. C.
 June 19-22.—Walla Walla District, Elgin, Ore.
 June 19-23.—North Dakota State Convention, Grand Forks.
 June 20-22.—Madison District, Poyette, Wis.
 June 20-22.—East Boise Subdistrict, Mackay, Ida.
 June 20-22.—La Crosse District, Baraboo, Wis.
 June 20-22.—Cameron District, Jonesport, Mo.
 June 20-22.—Eastern Division of Boise District, Mackay, Ida.
 June 23-24.—Danville District, Fairmount, Ill.
 June 23-24.—Peoria District, Peoria, Ill.
 June 23-24.—Akron District, Akron, O.
 June 23-25.—Marshalltown District, Geneva, Ia.
 June 23-25.—Moore's Hill District, Rising Sun, Ind.
 June 24-25.—Rock Island District, Erie, Ill.
 June 24-25.—Port Huron District, Bad Axe, Mich.
 June 24-25.—Barnesville District, Clarington, O.
 June 24-25.—Joliet District, Chicago Heights
 June 24-25.—Canton District, Salem, O.
 June 24-25.—London District Institute, London, O.
 June 24-25.—Maunfield District, Shelby, O.
 June 24-25.—Champaign District, Urbana, Ill.
 June 24-25.—Ida Grove District, Rockwell City, Ia.
 June 24-25.—Sandusky District, Tiffin, O.
 June 24-25.—Pt. Wayne District, Garrett, Ind.
 June 24-26.—Decorah District, West Union, Ia.
 June 24-26.—Mt. Vernon District, Finckneyville, Ill.
 June 24-26.—Puget Sound Conference, Whatcom, Wash.
 June 24-26.—Creston District, Lenox, Ill.
 June 24-26.—West Virginia Convention, Oakland, Md.
 June 24-26.—Galesburg District, Macomb, Ill.
 June 24-26.—Richmond District, Union City, Ind.
 June 25-26.—Kankakee District, Watseka, Ill.
 June 25-27.—Fort Dodge District, Humboldt, Ia.
 June 25-27.—Seymour District, Charleston, Ind.
 June 25-27.—Atlantic District, Casey, Ia.
 June 25-28.—St. Joseph District, Sturgeon, Mo.
 June 26-27.—Mattoon District, Neoga, Ill.
 June 26-27.—Maine State, Livermore Falls, Me.
 June 27-29.—Appleton District, Grand Rapids, Wis.
 June 30-July 1.—Chillicothe District, Williamsport, O.
 July 2-3.—Zanesville District, Zanesville, O.
 July 8-10.—Keokuk District, Moulton, Iowa.
 July 8-10.—Illinois State Biennial Convention, Mt. Carmel
 July 9-11.—Junction City District, Junction City, Kan.
 July 10-12.—Indiana State, Indianapolis, Ind.
 July 10-13.—Second General Conference District, Ocean City, N. J.
 July 10-13.—Greeley District, Fort Collins, Col.
 July 11-21.—N. W. Kansas Epworth Chautauqua, Beloit, Kan.
 July 19-21.—Kansas State Convention, Beloit.
 July 24-Aug.—Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Colfax, Ia.
 July 25-Aug. 25.—Ludington Assembly.
 July 28 Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
 July 31.—Michigan State Convention.
 Aug. 5-6.—Connorsville District, Rushville, Ind.
 Aug. 6-7.—Emporia District, Ottumwa, Ia.
 Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
 Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
 Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
 Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
 Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
 Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
 Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
 Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.

The Source of Profit.

To how many property owners—people that pay out their money for paint and painting—has it ever occurred that it is unprofitable to the painter when paint is too durable? The expense of painting is in the labor of applying, not in the material applied. The actual cost of the paint used in doing, say, a hundred dollar job, is scarcely more than ten or fifteen dollars, the rest being workmen's wages and painter's profit. On the paint the painter may make possibly one or two dollars, but on the application of it he makes perhaps ten dollars, or more. It follows that the oftener he can repaint the more money he makes.

Now, while I do not mean to intimate that the average painter has figured the proposition out in this way, and deliberately proceeds accordingly to defraud his patrons with paints that he knows to be inferior; yet, at the same time, I do think that many painters are unconsciously biased by the facts of the case and this may explain their adherence to materials which all experts have agreed in pronouncing inferior.

The whole paint world, outside of the painters, has long since decided that a fair proportion of zinc white is essential to durability in any white or tinted paint, yet the old-time painter still clings to "straight lead." If it does not "stand," he considers himself free from blame; but he profits by the necessary renewal, and the consumer foots the bill.

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THE CHICAGO DISTRICTS.

(By our regular correspondent.)

The annual convention of the Chicago Swedish District took place in South Chicago Church May 22 and 23. Great preparations had been made by the local chapter and church, and the delegates were royally entertained. From the opening session until the closing benediction, the program was full of good things. The papers were prepared with special care, and the discussions which followed their reception demonstrated the lively and intense interest which was created.

The convention commenced at 2:30 p.m. Thursday with devotions led by the district president, Rev. C. G. Wallenius, and Rev. P. M. Alfvén welcomed the delegates to South Chicago.

Axel Anderson read a paper reviewing the duties and privileges entailed by membership in the Epworth League. Reports were received from several chapters, and a very interesting paper by Miss Esther Franzen, "How to get the children established in Christian experience after their conversion," followed. The nominating committee, comprised of one member from each chapter, was chosen, and recess was taken for supper.

In the evening a song-service was led by Rev. C. J. Nelson of Pullman, and an evangelistic sermon was preached by Rev. C. A. Seaberg.

At 9 o'clock Friday morning the second day's exercises opened with devotions led by Rev. A. Hermanson of Hyde Park, and this session included a business meeting, a solo by Miss Esther Franzen, a splendid paper, "How can we obtain the best possible results from the social department," by Miss Mattie Swanson of Moreland, and the election of officers.

In the afternoon the remainder of reports from chapters were received, a paper, "How can we obtain the best possible results from the literary department," was read by A. G. Berg of Ravenswood, and the question-box was handled by Rev. Messrs. Bloomquist, Seaberg, and Wigren.

The evening session commenced with a rousing song and testimony service led by Rev. Mr. Wallenius; Rev. K. Hanson of Moreland preached, and the convention closed with benediction by the district president.

The elaborate report presented by Miss Emma Anderson, corresponding secretary, shows that the district has enjoyed a year of unusual prosperity. While the membership has not materially increased, many young people have been converted, and greater activity has been noticeable in the regular work of the chapters.

There are 26 churches in the district; 23 Senior Chapters with 1,178 members, an increase of 79 since last year; 12 Junior Chapters (a decrease of one during the year), with 487 members; decrease, 74. The largest Senior Chapters are First Church, with 159 members; Union-avenue, 126, and Evanston, 81. The largest Junior Chapters are First Church, 100, and Lakeview, 65.

Nearly all the chapters have held business meetings every month. The total amount expended by the mercy and help departments of the district was \$16.92, and \$1,210.39 was contributed by the chapters to aid in the regular work of the church.

Among the chapter reports presented we note that Botanica (Ravenswood) Chapter has purchased a missionary library of twenty volumes. Evanston Chapter holds a cottage prayer-meeting every Sunday afternoon, and has literary programs at the business meetings. The total receipts increased from \$268 to \$417.68.

Fifth-avenue Chapter received thirty-two new members, and contributed \$300 to the church work.

First Church Chapter received forty-four new members, maintains an aggressive mission, does a large amount of mercy and help work, and conducted 154 devotional meetings.

Hermosa Chapter, a little over one year old, increased membership 50 per cent.

Humboldt Park Chapter paid \$150 of the \$500 subscription on church debt.

Elm Chapter (Lakeview) furnished flowers for the pulpit every Sunday, gave \$100 to the church fund, and built a cottage at Desplaines Campground at a cost of \$419.

Moreland Chapter, with a total income of \$88, turned over \$75 to maintenance of church work.

South Chicago Chapter paid \$140 of the \$500 pledge to liquidate the church debt.

Waukegan Chapter made the largest proportionate gain in membership, increasing from sixty-five to ninety-one, nearly all being young converts. Spiritual thermometer very high. Contributed \$100 toward decorating the church, and expended \$100 in mercy and help work.

District President Wallenius had prepared an address on "Systematic Bible study," which was

crowded out for lack of time, but will be published in the *Sandebudel*. The convention, by a rising vote, expressed its appreciation of the hospitable reception received from the people of South Chicago, decided that no annual meeting should continue over Sunday, and recommended the monthly young people's paper, *Epworth Klockan*, published by the Swedish Book Concern. The newly-elected officers are: Pres., Rev. C. G. Wallenius (re-elected), Evanston; V. P's, Rev. Eric P. Swan, Ravenswood; Miss Louisa Peterson, deaconess First Church; Rev. W. C. Bloomquist, Union Avenue, and Miss Genevieve Sandell, Ravenswood; Rec. Sec., C. F. Nelson (re-elected), May Street; Cor. Sec., Edward C. Oakes, Humboldt Park; Treas., A. G. Berg (re-elected) Ravenswood; Jr. Supt., Miss Esther Franzen, First Church; directors, Revs. A. J. Anderson, Alfred Anderson, and Knute Nelson.

The semi-annual convention of the "Q" Subdistrict of the Chicago Western District was held in Riverside Church Monday evening, May 26. The church was well filled, nearly all chapters being well represented. Riverside Chapter served a substantial supper during the social hour.

After a short business session and song service Rev. W. C. Cleworth led in devotions, and special music was well rendered by Miss Olive Lamb and Miss Anna and C. K. Roe.

J. G. Vaughan spoke about "Our league as an evangelizing force among the young people," and Rev. W. F. Oldham, assistant missionary secretary, enthused his audience by telling them of "the newest things in missions."

KANSAS CITY DISTRICT NOTES.

The Kansas City District Epworth League will hold its annual convention July 7-10 at Washington-avenue Church, Kansas City, Kan.

The District League takes up the fresh-air work, and the local chapters will be expected to provide homes for the little children of the slums, that they may enjoy country life through the heated term.

Taylor Chapel Chapter of Kansas City, Kan., is taking up social purity work, and making a success of it.

The chapters over the district are sending in orders for fruit jars, which they expect to fill for Bethany Hospital.

The Wellsville Chapter is busy helping raise money for the new church building. The Juniors are raising \$50 toward it.

Rosedale Chapter has the most successful study-class in the district.

The Argentine Chapter has made over 300 calls on the sick since last August.

The Olathe Chapter has engaged a deaconess for a month to work among the young people.

Bonner Springs Chapter is one of the most active in mercy and help work in the district.

Norwich Fifth Group.

The fifth subdistrict of the Norwich District held its convention at Gales Ferry, Conn., May 20. Rev. D. W. Adams, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the Epworthians. Rev. John Oldham gave a most interesting talk on "A trip to Epworth," after which Rev. I. L. Wood delivered a very helpful address on "Spiritual church-building." Presiding-elder J. I. Bartholomew, in a masterly and yet tender way, spoke on "The whatsoever's."

The church was prettily decorated with red and white flowers, interspersed with bunting. The president of the district, Mr. J. P. Kenney, presided. (Reported by Alice Hurlbut.)

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THE JUNIOR HERALD

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1902.

NUMBER 3.

The Children's Story.

FOUR YOUNG SAVAGES.

Clara E. Waite.

PART I.

THE members of the Barnesville Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school had been scouring the town for recruits. They had been fairly successful. Additions had been made to each of the classes, and one new one was to be formed. This class would be composed of four boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age from the quarry district. Their fathers had drifted down from the neighboring city seeking employment.

"Perfect young savages," Mr. Clark, the superintendent, had called them in conversation with Mrs. Patty Gray. Mrs. Gray was a widow, and, like Dorcas, "full of good works." She had offered to supply the boys with entire new suits of clothing if they would come regularly for six months.

The first Sunday morning after receiving their suits they came early, and stood in a group on a corner of the church steps. Mr. Clark, coming briskly up the walk, escorted them in, and seated them on one of the front seats, "where he could keep his eye on them." Then he marched straight to the young people's Bible-class in the corner, and asked:

"Which one of these young ladies will volunteer to teach the new class?"

As no one of them seemed disposed to offer her services, he handed a "Journal" to Miss Daisy Green.

Miss Green arose, blushing pink as the roses in her belt, and, crossing over, took the chair Mr. Clark placed for her in front of the boys. As she sat down, she drew the lace-trimmed ruffles of her dainty white mull gown carefully back, out of range of the dusty shoes. This action was observed by the boys, and a point scored against her.

Then she proceeded to take down their names in a new class-book—Peter Barron, Bud Farley, Sandy McDonald, and Patsy O'Bryan. This done, she handed each a crisp new lesson-leaf.

Perceiving that they had some difficulty in finding the place, she made an unfortunate remark:

"I suppose you have never been accustomed to going to Sunday-school, have you?"

"Huh!" replied Patsy, "what you take us for? We're no haythen."

"Sure not," said Sandy. "We belonged to the banner class in the big Methody Church on

Fifth Avenew!" And he gave a sly dig of the elbow in the region of Peter's ribs.

The lesson was "The parable of the prodigal son." Miss Green began to ask the questions in the usual way, but the boys would not try to answer them. Then she related the story in her own words. And she told them that those boys who would not hear to their parents, and cared for nothing but their own pleasure, and ran away from home always had trouble and hard times. And the time would surely come when they would want to go back to their father's house. Then she asked them if they had not known boys who started out to seek their own pleasure who had a great deal of trouble in consequence.

"Nope," answered Peter, a broad grin spreading over his shrewd, sharp-featured face, "all them I've knowed has turned out jest t'other way. And I've knowed lots of 'em. They allers

down. I jest wanted to howl," said Sandy.

"Faith," exclaimed Patsy, "Oi don't think much of their owld Sunday-school. But let's go the six months, and git all the fun we can out of it." To this they all agreed.

For three more Sundays Miss Daisy tried bravely to hold her position, and then ignominiously surrendered. "They must have a man teacher," said Mr. Clark.

Now, young Mr. Albert Ensign had been watching the maneuvers of the boys, and secretly wishing he had "the chance to straighten them out."

When Mr. Clark asked him to take charge of the class he quickly consented.

Mr. Ensign, although a very well-meaning young man and of excellent character, was still something of a dandy. He fingered his watch-chain constantly while talking, and stroked his weak little mustache more than was necessary.

He managed the boys very well the first morning, and felt confident of success.

But the following Sunday each of them had a chain or string of some sort attached to his buttonhole, and reaching down into his vest pocket. And the fingers of four grimy right hands twisted and twirled those chains and strings, only being occasionally removed to make passes on either side of their upper lips.

Mr. Ensign's face went fiery red, and then paled. A row of young girls sitting near by giggled audibly. But never by word or look did those boys betray consciousness of wrong-doing. They answered the questions as

best they could, and were quiet and serious.

"Guess we've fixed that dude," remarked Sandy, as soon as they were out of hearing.

That afternoon Mr. Ensign surprised his friends by announcing his intention of going on a visit to some relatives in another state. The next morning saw him on his way to the station, valise in hand.

Mr. Clark was perplexed. Heretofore that Sunday-school had been as wax in his hands. Now a new element had been introduced which threatened combustion.

For four consecutive Sundays he obtained a new teacher for that class. One trial was sufficient to convince each one that teaching was not his vocation.

Mrs. Patty Gray, from her seat in the senior Bible class, had watched her protégés with anxious eyes. "Can no one be found to manage them?" she said to Mr. Clark.



"When Mr. Clark asked him to take charge of the class, he quickly consented."

had good times and lots of fun. I'm a-goin' to run away myself before long. I've got a good suit now to start with. That's all 'at's hindered me from goin' afore."

Miss Daisy looked shocked and helpless, and Sandy, in appreciation of Peter's bravado, slyly pinched his leg. Peter, looking quickly around and seeing Mr. Clark's back turned, jumped up and returned the compliment by cuffing Sandy smartly on both sides of the head.

A ripple of laughter ran around the room, and Mr. Clark turned quickly. But nothing could have been more correct than the deportment of the four boys whose eyes were fixed seriously on their lesson leaves.

Going home, they talked it all over.

"My!" exclaimed Bud; "don't that Miss Green think she's some? She looked like she wouldn't want to touch us with a ten-foot pole."

"That was rich, Pete, the way you took her

"Perhaps someone could, but I don't know where. I should know better than to undertake the job," he replied, smiling grimly.

"I've a good mind to undertake it myself," said she.

The good man looked down at her in amazement. She was little and old and bent and wrinkled.

"Do you mean it? What can you do with them?"

"I don't know; but I—I love them. I am not quite ready yet. You must manage somehow a while longer."

Then the artful little woman waylaid the "young savages" in a corner of the vestibule, and invited them to come to her house the next Friday evening to eat grapes and honey.

They looked at each other suspiciously. Was some kind of a trap being set? But—grapes and honey! The words had such an alluring sound. "Yes, they would come."

"Say, boys," cried Peter, as they turned the corner "what d'ye s'pose the old lady is up to?"

"Blest if I know, replied Patsy. "But I don't git an invite out to tayivory wake, an' I'm goin'." "Meet me at the gate, darlin'," sang Sandy, in his shrill treble.

Such a table as those boys sat down to in Mrs. Gray's pretty dining-room on the evening appointed. Laid with fine linen, pretty china, and shining glass and silver. In addition to the grapes and honey, were cream biscuit and butter, cottage cheese, and little frosted cakes. How they did eat!

"Now," said Mrs. Gray, as she led them into her cozy parlors and seated them comfortably, "we are going to talk about horses."

Horses! They looked at her wonderingly. What did an old woman like her know about horses?

They found that she did know a great deal. She told them many stories of the intelligence, sagacity, and faithfulness of those she had known and read of. She explained that horses were not mere machines for our use and pleasure, but that they had their rights and preferences, and would repay kindness with devotion. Wise little woman! She knew that some of these boys drove teams in the quarries. She had been informed that they were unfeeling and cruel. She believed that cruelty to the lower order of beings led up to crime and murder. But never a hint of this did she give. She sought to awaken kindly emotions by creating an intelligent interest. Those wild, untaught boys received some new impressions in that pretty parlor that evening. They left with a pressing invitation to come again the next week, and they would talk about birds.

And so it went on for three or four weeks. Each time the dainty feast was spread, and the sweet voice led the conversation on some interesting subject. One evening after an animated discussion on dogs, in which all had joined, Peter said:

"Miss Gray, why can't you be our Sunday-school teacher?"

"Would you like to have me?" she asked, smilingly.

There was a hearty answer in the affirmative from each one of her guests.

When the little old lady locked her door after bidding them good-night her face was radiant. Falling on her knees in the quiet room, she thanked God for the influence she was gaining over "her boys."

Brunswick, O.

Polly's Guest.

Minnie L. Upton.

THERE was a heavy rap at little Mrs. Priller's kitchen door.

"Come in!" cried Polly, in her most inviting tones.

In he came—a big, brownish, dirty man with sullen eyes and short-cropped hair. He looked puzzled until he caught sight of Polly. Then he smiled, a short, stiff smile, as though the smile-hinges and joints needed oiling.

"Sit down!" creaked Polly. He sat down.

"Have one!" was Polly's next remark, as she cordially waved her claw toward a pan of doughnuts.

He accepted.

"Do have another!"

He did.

"Couldn't you eat another?"

He could, and did.

And there's no telling how many more he might have eaten, for just then a queer thing happened. The muslin curtain blew in toward the table, over a lighted oil-stove, and—flash! The blaze leaped from it to a rack full of freshly ironed clothes, and timid little Mrs. Priller, who had fled into the pantry and buttoned the door when she saw the tr— the dirty, brownish man coming up the path, fainted at the sight which she saw through a crack in the panel. But the big, brownish man caught up a pail and ran to the rain-barrel, which was nearer than the pump, and dashed water again and again over the flames, until finally not even a curl of smoke could be seen, and then, with singed eyebrows and blistered hands, slouched off down the road.

"Such a time! Where were you?" sputtered Polly, as a white-faced little woman finally crept weakly out of the pantry, and began to mop and scrub, murmuring to herself something which Polly caught up and repeated:

"'Blessed tramp,' eh? 'Angel' unawares? 'H'm—well, well, well, well, well!'"

Boston, Mass.

The Clever Kittens.

"My cat speaks French," said little Jeanne.

"As plainly as can be;

Says 's'il vous plait' (that's 'if you please'),

And thanks me with 'merci!'

I know because I understand

Each word she says to me."

"And mine speaks German," with a nod,

Said Lisa from the Rhine;

"Says 'bittle' when she wants a drink,

And 'ja,' of course, and 'nein!'

I wouldn't have a cat that spoke

A different tongue from mine!"

"That's thrue for you!" sweet Nora said,

With merry look demure;

"Me own shpakes Oirish! Whin I set

A saucer on the flure,

An' ask her would she like some milk,

The darlint tells me 'Shure!'"

I met those kittens afterword,

No matter where nor how;

I listened well to what they said—

Would you believe it now?

They spoke in English, every one,

And all they said was "Miaow!"

—Woman's Home Companion.—

Flag-Raising Day.

(June 14.)

FLAG-RAISING DAY is one of the youngest of our national anniversaries, but is fast finding a large place in the hearts of the American people, especially in the schools. The day was first recognized June 14, 1894, when the governor of New York ordered that the Stars and Stripes be raised on all public buildings in the state on June 14, 1897, the 117th anniversary of the adoption by Congress of our present national flag. This action the governor took at the request of the "Sons of the Revolution." Flag-raising Day was also fittingly observed in Philadelphia on the same date by request of the "Colonial Dames of America."

The Revolutionary statesmen in session in the old City Hall at Philadelphia in 1777 appointed a committee to consider and report on the subject of a general standard for the troops of all the colonies. On June 14 of that year Congress passed the famous resolution that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternately red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

Tradition says that Gen. George Washington, who was a member of the committee, with Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, took a rough sketch of the proposed design to a Mrs. John

Ross, an upholsterer who was noted for her neatness as a seamstress. She lived on Arch Street, and her home still stands, a shrine frequently visited by patriotic pilgrims. The story runs that the stars in the design had six points; but Mrs. Ross much preferred stars with five points. So, with a few clips of her scissors, she deftly cut out a five-pointed star for her illustrious callers, who, satisfied of its greater beauty, accepted the change.

Mrs. Ross made a flag which was approved by Congress. It was raised at once in Philadelphia and the design copied everywhere by the patriots.

When Kentucky and Vermont were admitted into the Union in 1794, the Stars and Stripes were each increased to fifteen; but, in 1818, Congress voted to restore the original thirteen stripes, and to add a new star on the Fourth of July following the admission of each new state.

The observance of Flag-raising Day in our public schools is very general, and is at once a delightful and efficient means of inspiring the rising generation with the noble sentiment of patriotism.—"Holy-Days and Holidays."

We Want to Buy—

A cushion for the seat of war.
A sheet for the bed of a river.
A ring for the finger of scorn.
A glove for the hand of fate.
A shoe for the foot of a mountain.
A sleeve for the arm of the law.
An opener for the jaws of death.
A lock for the trunk of an elephant.
A pair of glasses for the eyes of the law.
A feather for the wing of the wind.
A key to the lock of the door of success.
A blanket for the cradle of the deep.
Food for reflection.
Scales for the weight of years.
A button for the coat of paint.
A thermometer to measure the heat of an argument.
A rung for the ladder of fame.
A hinge for the gait of a horse.
A tombstone for the dead of night.
A razor to shave the face of the earth.
A link for a chain of evidence.
A pump for the well of knowledge.
A telescope to watch the flight of time.
A song that will reach an ear of corn.
A hone to sharpen a blade of grass.
A cemetery in which to bury some dead languages.
A front and back for the sides of an argument.
A book on how the water works and the frost bites.
A medicine to keep the ink well.
A cog to replace the bark of a tree.
A pair of pincers to pull the root of evil.
A new rudder for the ship of state.
A liniment to stop the pane of glass.
A treatise on what makes the weather vane and the roads cross.—Selected.

A Wonderful Poodle.

MOREAU was a French poodle who would have performed tricks if any pains had been taken with his education, but Farmer Bradley and his wife were too busy for that. He was taught to drive the cows to pasture, and to bring them home at night. A gate was constructed at the end of the lane in such a manner that it swung both ways. So, when the farmer said:

"Moreau, it is time to get the cows," he started without a word, and ran down the lane. If the cows were waiting, he would push the gate open, and hold it open with his paws for them to go through. But, if they had not come, he would go around the pasture, and get them together, drive them up, and open the gate the other way. This he did every night and morning.

The next thing he learned to do was to churn. A little harness was fitted to him, a band slipped over a water-wheel, and fastened to the big churn, a little platform for Moreau to walk

steadily on and on, the crank of the churn turned by the motion till the butter was there, yellow as gold. Moreau was then unharnessed, and received his reward in the form of a drink of buttermilk. Then he would run and play in the sunshine, or sleep in the shade till it was time to bring the cows home.—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Flag.

O banner blazoned in the sky,
Fling out your royal red;
Each deeper hue of crimson dye
Won by our sainted dead.

Ye bands of snowy whiteness clean
That bar the waning day,
Stand as the prophecy of things unseen
Toward which we hew our way.

Fair field of blue, a symbol true
Of Right, of Faith, of God.
O'erarch us as we seek anew
The path our fathers trod.

Ye clustered stars that gleam above,
Our darkness turn to light;
Reveal to men heaven's law of love—
Then ends the world's long night.

Bishop H. C. Potter.

Christ a Friend.

"WHAT do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child that had a mother of one that had none.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely that he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan. "All I know is that he says he will, and that's enough for me."—*Selected.*

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for June: The Beautiful World.

June 22.—Beautiful Lives.

(Psa. 90: 17.)

Home Readings.

Monday.—A strong life (Eph. 6: 10).
Tuesday.—An upright life (Psa. 112: 4).
Wednesday.—An unselfish life (Phil. 2: 4).
Thursday.—A godly life (Psa. 4: 3).
Friday.—A happy life (Psa. 146: 5).
Saturday.—A fruitful life (John 15: 8).
Sunday.—A long life (Exod. 20: 12).

PROGRAM.

Singing. "Glad welcome we sing."....Responsive reading (Psa. 90). "Apostles' creed and "Gloria."....Prayer....Singing. "Living in the bright sunshine."....Junior topic....Singing. "Lives of purpose."....Essays by seven Juniors....Blackboard talk....Singing. "The child of a King."....Superintendent's talk about jewels....Memory hymn. "Just as I am."....Closing prayer of consecration.

To the Junior Superintendent.

Appoint seven Juniors a week in advance to write brief papers on the lives of men and women which illustrate the daily Bible readings used in connection with this lesson. The following may be used, or others if preferred:

1. A strong life—Martin Luther.
2. An upright life—David Livingstone.
3. An unselfish life—John Wesley.
4. A godly life—Catherine Booth.
5. A happy life—Frances Willard.
6. A fruitful life—Dwight L. Moody.
7. A long life—Bishop Foster.

The lives of all these persons mentioned above have been published, except, perhaps, that of Bishop Foster, who is still living.

The Juniors will be able to find these books in the town, or Sunday-school, or pastor's library. If you find that the children need help in preparing these papers, it might be well to secure the needful books or facts from a cyclopedia, and invite the children to come to your home with their note-books, prepared to

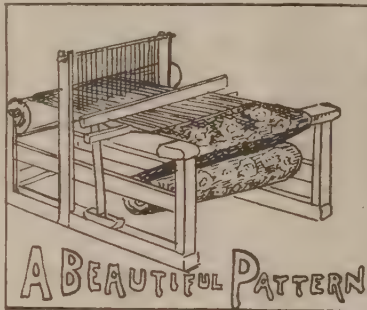
write down the facts they need in writing their papers—but let the composition be their own.

For the talk about jewels, ask the Juniors to tell which precious stones they consider most beautiful, and bring out the fact that the diamond is acknowledged to be the most beautiful and valuable of all, because of its purity and its ability to reflect the colors of all the others. So the life of Jesus is the most beautiful life the world has ever known.

Blackboard Talk.

Have you ever seen a man, dressed like a Turk, and sitting at a hand loom in a great store window, weaving a rug or carpet? The noise of the street goes on about him, and curious people crowd close to the window to watch him, but he goes on weaving as if nothing else in the world were of any consequence.

He is following a beautiful pattern, and hour by hour it grows upon the loom until, at last, the work



is done and the pattern in all its beauty is wrought out in the carpet. Some of these Turkish patterns are hundreds of years old, and the age and genuineness of the carpet can be determined by studying the pattern upon it. So intricate in weave and coloring are these carpets that it is hard to counterfeit or copy them. Every boy and girl in this room is engaged in weaving, and a life is the fabric upon which all are at work. We are all trying to follow a beautiful pattern, the only perfect pattern the world has ever known. The Turkish weaver has a hard pattern to follow, but ours is an easy one, so simple in its perfect outlines that even a child may follow it. When Prince Henry of Germany visited this country, a few months ago, a common carpet was not considered good enough for him to plant his feet upon when he reached our shores. A royal purple velvet carpet was woven, and on it as a trademark was the picture and name of the grandmother of the prince, Queen Victoria of England. Our King is coming, by and by, and let us be ready to lay at his feet the lives which we are fashioning after his most glorious life—lives bearing his image, and stamped with his name.

WHY DON'T THEY GO?

A Way to Push Off the "Hang-on's."

Perhaps some day you will wake up to the fact that coffee is quickly and surely doing the business for you. You wonder why the symptoms of disease which grow more and more pronounced do not disappear, but hang on in spite of all the medicines you can take.

Fixed organic disease may result if you keep up your present course, and yet it is an easy thing to give up coffee and get well. Have your cook make Postum Food Coffee strictly according to directions, and that is easy. Use enough and boil long enough to bring out the taste, and then you will find that the famous food drink will satisfy your coffee taste and the old troubles gradually disappear.

There are hundreds of thousands of cases in America that prove the truth of this statement.

A gentleman from Columbus, Ga., says: "My wife had been an invalid for some time, and did not seem to yield to any sort of medicines. She could not eat anything without distress, and naturally was badly run down in every way.

"Finally we concluded that perhaps it was the coffee that hurt her, so she quit it and went on to Postum, also began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. She immediately began to improve and kept gaining strength and health, now she can eat heartily of anything she wants, vegetables and anything else, without hurting her. She has gained nearly thirty pounds since she made the change.

"I saw such an improvement in her health that I decided to quit coffee myself, and you would be surprised to see the change. I have gained in flesh about 25 pounds, and have entirely lost the old, dull headaches that I used to have so much.

"Our two children are very fond of Postum. You can use my name if you like." T. M. Coggin, 1220—10th Ave., Columbus, Ga.

Mrs. Rev. C. T. says:
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From the Wide Field.

EASTERN STATES.

Caldwell, N. J.—The chapter at Caldwell celebrated its seventh anniversary Friday evening, May 23. The meeting was well attended by the members and representatives of other chapters as well as the Christian Endeavor and Baptist Young People's Union of the town. The principal speaker of the evening was Rev. Joseph E. Appleby of Jersey City, who delivered a stirring talk on "The wheel." The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way.

MIDDLE STATES.

Pana, Ill.—The vigorous chapter at Pana has recently helped the church to put in a new bell weighing three-quarters of a ton. The bell rang out its first call on the occasion of the chapter's bell concert and social. Pastor Coleman is proud of his young folks.

Toledo, O.—Third street Chapter was three years old May 12. The annual report shows excellent things. The membership is ninety four. Besides the regular activities of each week, services have been held at the Door of Hope and the Bethel Mission. The mercy and help department has been abundant in ministrations. The Bible-study class is active. There is a large circle of Christian stewards. The chapter has purchased a piano, given generously to various causes, and now proposes to raise \$500 for the new church building.

Freeland, Pa.—Trinity Chapter at Freeland is doing large work, and planning still more. The second department will gladly receive books, magazines, and other suitable periodicals for hospital distribution. They should be sent to the secretary, John J. Shafer, Box 225. A league quartet adds interest to the devotional meetings and special church services. The secretary would like to exchange views with other

chapters on the various practical problems of each department. Other secretaries could make this correspondence profitable.

WESTERN STATES.

Mt. Air, Ia.—The chapter here has a Bible-study class which has made a special study of the prophets this year. The chapter possesses a library of 100 choice books. All the departments are hard at work.

The Quizzer's Corner.

Will you kindly answer the following questions:

1. Who was Arminius, and when did he live?
2. What is the difference between the Arminian doctrine and the Calvinistic doctrine?
3. Why does the Methodist Episcopal Church believe that souls go at once to God when people die? If they do, are people not judged when they die, and what is the use of the judgment day?—M. A. C.

1. Arminius was a famous Dutch theologian, born 1560, died 1609. He was professor of divinity in the University of Leyden. His great fame rests on the system of theology known by his name.

2. The main points of Calvinism are: (a) Predestination, that is, the eternal divine decree as to the final destiny of all men; (b) a limited atonement, since it does not suffice for the non-elect; (c) total depravity, by which man cannot even respond to the work of the Holy Spirit; (d) effectual calling, by which free grace and free will are limited to the elect; (e) final perseverance, or the impossibility of the elect's falling from grace. The Arminian position is practically a denial of these points. God has not determined by his sovereign will the reprobation of any. The atonement is universal in its scope, limited only by the free choice of man. Man has a share in the work which leads up to regeneration. Grace is available for all, and every man may be saved, if he will. It is possible for the saved to lose their hold on God, and, by falling into sin, to be lost after all. The extreme Calvinistic view is rarely found, even in churches of Calvinistic traditions, and it is almost never preached.

3. The relation of death to the final judgment can not be stated within the limits of this page. Consult any Methodist authority. Bishop Merrill's books, "The Crisis of this World," and "The Second Coming of Christ," will help you.

Please tell me something of the life of Andrew Carnegie, especially of his childhood.—Clinton John.

It is almost impossible to tell here much about so popular a public character as Mr. Carnegie. It seems to us that if you had kept your eyes open you would have been able to learn a great deal about him. He was born in Dumfries, Scotland, Nov. 25, 1835. He came to America in 1848, settling with his family in Pittsburgh. In 1849 he took charge of a small stationary engine, and later was telegraph messenger, operator, and clerk to the manager of the telegraph lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He joined Mr. Woodruff, inventor of the sleeping-car, in its introduction, thus gaining the nucleus of his fortune. Then he became superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad; made a large fortune in oil wells, and became a large iron, steel, and coke manufacturer. In 1887 he married Miss Louise Whitfield of New York. Mr. Carnegie was one of the boys who are bound to succeed. When only a child he was industrious, alert, and an eager reader of good books. He always saw and instantly seized every opportunity that led to success. Besides being a man of great wealth, Mr. Carnegie is a man of literary ambitions. He has written several books—"Triumphant Democracy," "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," "Wealth," "Round the World," etc.

Is there a hospital exclusively for children under deaconess management anywhere in the United States? If there is, will you kindly publish the name and address of one of the leading persons connected with it, and oblige?—A Subscriber.

The only institution of the kind we know of is "The Watts de Peyster Home for Invalid Children"

at Verbank, Dutchess County, N. Y., about 100 miles north of New York City. Address Letitia Hicks, Superintendent.

Will you kindly tell me how much money Mr. Carnegie has given away? And what are his chief gifts?—Carl Mason.

According to a statement recently published, which is said to have been authorized by Mr. Carnegie himself, his public gifts then amounted to over \$67,300,000. They are divided as follows: United States, \$52,370,173; Scotland, \$13,078,750; Canada, \$876,500; England, \$420,000; Cuba, \$252,000; Ireland, \$65,500; miscellaneous gifts to Great Britain, \$250,000; total, \$67,212,923. The great polytechnic school and library at Pittsburgh and the Scottish universities have received the largest gifts. He also gave \$10,000,000 for the establishment of a national university at Washington. Every

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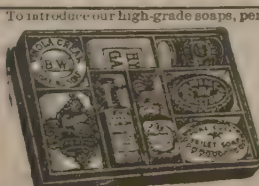
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state in the Union, with the exception of Rhode Island and Delaware, South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Idaho have been remembered by Mr. Carnegie. As Mr. Carnegie has signified his intention of giving away about \$12,000,000 a year, it will be interesting to see what other gifts he will make.

Will you please explain in THE HERALD the following statements found on pages 12 and 13 of "Nature's Miracles" in the Epworth League Reading Course: 1. "Every ton of coal that is burned sends off three and two-thirds tons of this gas." 2. "A ton of coal will form two and two-thirds times its own weight of carbon dioxide."—A Member of the Reading Circle.

In the second statement read three and two-thirds for two and two-thirds. Carbon dioxide is represented by CO₂; by weight C=12, O₂=32, and CO₂=44. This gives the proportion: 1:x::12:44, in which x=3 $\frac{2}{3}$. The second proposition is only another way of stating the first proposition.

Can you inform me as to a firm or any person who deals in old coins? I have one in my possession that bears date of 1787 which I would like to dispose of. On one side it bears this inscription: "Hungaria Patrona." On the other is a Latin inscription which I cannot read.—Inquirer.

Your coin is evidently Hungarian. Stevens & Co., room 15, 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago, deal in old coins. Write them for information.

Will you please tell me through THE HERALD why it is that some of the words in the Bible are written in italics?—Chas. Rowe.

The words in italics are not a part of the text in the original, but are supplied by the translator to make the English reading smoother. They are not always necessary, and are sometimes misleading.

Please give me the author of the following.—C. S.
"I expect to pass through this life but once; if, therefore, there be any things I can show, or any good thing I can do, or any kindness I can let me do it now, let me not defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."
Edward M. Woods

Inquiry among our friends in Kansas, while the above quotation is remarkable, having furnished many writers both of prose and poetry with a theme, no one seemed to be able to give its origin. We have lately seen the quotation

attributed to Mrs. A. B. Hegeman. Whether correctly or not we cannot say. Can anyone else?

Will you please tell me who wrote "Adam's Liberty?" And if you can spare the space, will you please print it?—Charles M. Walker.

Robert Treat Paine was the author. He was born at Taunton, Mass., Dec. 9, 1773, and died at Boston, Mass., Nov. 13, 1811. The poem was written in 1798. We cannot give it space in this department, but may publish it elsewhere shortly.

Where can I find the poem in which occur the lines:

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still?"

They occur in the poem entitled "Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour," by Thomas Moore, the Irish poet.

Where can I get some mottoes of verses in the Bible?—A Subscriber.

Send to Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati or Chicago.

Answered by Readers.

In "Quizzer's Corner" of May 3 Miss H. F. Manning asks for the song in which these lines appear:

"Weeping may endure for a night,
But joy cometh in the morning."

This song can be found in Gospel Hymns, No. 5, published by Biglow & Main, 76 East Ninth Street, New York City; 61 Randolph Street, Chicago; or by The John Church Co., 74 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, and 19 East Sixteenth Street, New York City.—Miss Maud Baskford, Ansonia, Conn.

In reply to the query of "A Reader" in this department, April 5, "A King's Daughter," Baltimore, Md., writes:

In this city there is a finely conducted branch of the Shut-in Society, and one of its invalid members is a Miss Dulaney, whose address is 106 Mount Street. I am sure she could give to "A Reader" whatever information is desired, as she is fully informed upon the subject of shut-in work and life. I feel sure, also, that she would be perfectly willing to explain the

work and aims of the society for the benefit of "A Reader."—A King's Daughter.

In response to the request of Mr. C. H. Briggs as to where W. W. Story's poem, "The English Language," may be found, Rev. M. L. Sanders, Pleasant Plains, Ia., states that it is in the front part of "Sargent's New Fifth Reader." Cora Williams, Orient Hill, Xenia, O., writes that she will copy the poem for Mr. Briggs if he will send postage therefor.

In response to an inquiry for the address of Miss Emma Playter Seabury, a correspondent in Oswego, N. Y., gives it as Pittsburg, Kan.

Submitted to Readers.

Mr. Wm. D. Farrand wishes to know where he can find the selections, "Bleak house" and "Charlie Machee."

Can you inform me where I can get the poem entitled "Wanted"? The poem begins with—

"The world wants men,
Light-hearted, manly men."

—A Subscriber.

Miss Georgia E. Hamer, Bellefontaine, O., would like to have the entire poem, beginning—

"Three little soldiers, paper caps,
Corntalk guns and shoulder-straps,
Harked to the spring-bird's morning call,
Shouldered their arms, and one and all,
Marched in the light of the golden day
Over the hills and far away."

T. A. Speckmann, Eaton, O., is anxious to obtain some information about a certain John S. Reid, who wrote a poem entitled "Gulzar, or the rose bower," a tale of Persia. A book containing this poem and a few others was published in Indianapolis, Ind., and Cincinnati, O., in 1845.

M. L. A. wishes to know where he can get books or pamphlets on "The Trials of a Scholar," or "Avarice," or "The More We Have the More We Want."

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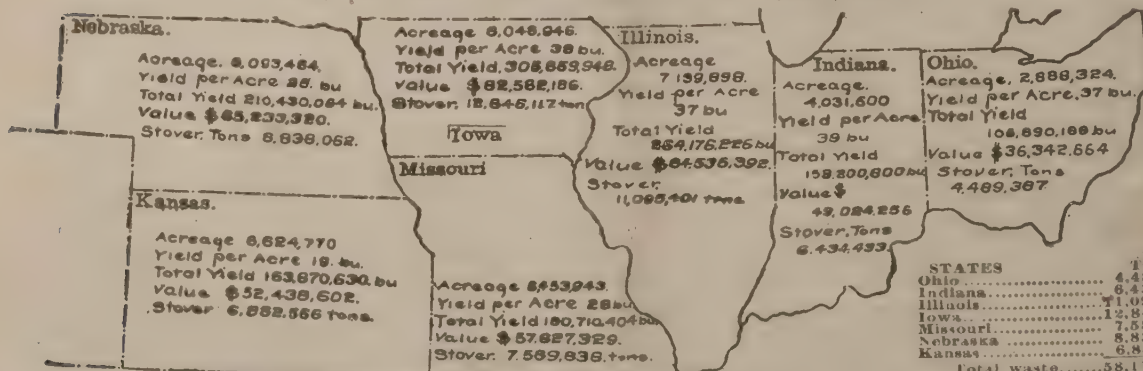
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I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, June 21, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 4.

The Physic of Our Fathers. By Rev. George T. Lemmon.

WERE the physicians of the days three centuries gone to enter the dens of our masters of physic to-day, and see the heaps on heaps of tablets and capsules, compressed and sugared for the curing of our thousand ills, they would be as much surprised at the change in our fashions therapeutic as they would be outside those dens with our modern fashion of attire and methods of locomotion. They who make wry faces at even the tiny morsels we are compelled to swallow, should bethink them before contorting their faces too much from what advancing medical science has saved them.

It was an age of herbs, this age from which, thank heaven, we have advanced. Garden-bed physic and flower-stilled tonics were the stock-in-trade then of all the sons of Galen, as well as of the old wives, who were more ready with healing wiles than they are to-day. Fletcher, grown poetic, had cried,

"Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies

If mortal man could know your properties!"

and all, by disease beset, sought by experiences strange and uncouth those properties to discover. Nor had they far to go for materials, for Tusser records that an average English garden yielded forty-two herbs good for the kitchen, fourteen for salads, eleven for butter and boiling, seventeen for stewing, twenty-five for plain physic, with seventeen more good for the same if stilled in the summer. The same author, lapsing into poetry, describes the medical or herbal equipment a good wife of that day brought with her to her husband:

"Good housewife provides ere an sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some;
Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose water, and treacle to comfort the heart;
Cold herbs in her garden for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn;
White endive and succory, with spinage enow,
All such with good pot herbs should follow the plough.
Get water the fumitory liver to cool,
And others the like, or else go like a fool;
Conserves of barberry, quinces and such,
With syrups that ease the sickly so much."

By-and-by steady squinting at stewing herbs had evolved the theory of signatures, avowing that every healing herb bore in some part of its structure a resemblance to the human part on which it could effect the most virtue. Thus the walnut, being in shell much like a skull, was nature's cure of all manner of exterior head diseases, and as the kernel was a perfect counterpart of the brain, it was nature's brain restorer and mind healer. The poppy alone dared compete with the walnut as a specific for "minds diseased." Lilies of the valley were a sure cure for apoplexy, "for as that disease is caused by the dropping of humors into the principal ventricles of the brain, so the flowers of this lily, hanging on the plants as if they were drops, are of wonderful use therein."

Capillary herbs of every sort were sovereign balm for all diseases of the hair. Eyebright, with its purple and yellow striped flowers, had every appearance of diseased eyes, and were, of a surety, effectual "for the curing of the same."

Stone-crop, having the signature of the gums, was marked as scurvy's cure. Thistles and holly evidenced by their prickles that they were set in the world for the cure of pleurisy and stitches in the side. All roots, barks, or flowers which were of yellow hue were certain specifics for jaundice. Crollius, having observed that the woody scales of which pine cones were formed bore some resemblance to our front teeth, prescribed pine cones boiled in vinegar as a gargle for toothache. If that recipe does not work when you try it, use pomegranates for the same reason.

But you want to know some more certain herbal cures? Then you must add to the herbs all living things that feed upon herbs, with now and then some precious things of which no man knows the origin. If you are hard of hearing and want help, enclose a gray eel with a white belly in an earthen jar, bury it alive in a dung-heap, and at the end of a fortnight extract the dead eel's oil, and you will have an application most efficacious. If those pine cones do not relieve your stitches in the side, quilt a mixture of rose leaves with pigeon droppings in a bag, heat the same, and wear it tight. Are you one to whom quinsy, with its twinges, comes? Then mark this, which no less an authority than old Gervase Markham sets down in his book upon approved cures: "Steep the herb mouse-ear in ale or beer and drink it, and look when you see a swine rub himself, and there upon the same place rub a slick-stone, and then with it slick all the swelling, and it will cure it."

For broken bones, dislocations, and any other "grief in bones or sinews," try the swallow cure. Pound twenty live (when you begin) swallows in a mortar with as many kinds of herbs—it does not appear to matter much what these last are—and apply the mixture thick.

For faintness, even yet we put at our nose the lavender which the ammonia outreaches; it would appear that this is but an evolution. The early cure for faintness and hot agues, great fantasies, and stretching imaginations was a cordial made of one ounce of powdered pearls, twelve of fine sugar boiled in rose, violet, and cinnamon water. If still you could not keep your feet, and needed relief from the "falling evil," the cure was a mole—male or female according to your sex—dried in the oven in the very lump of earth in which you found it, powdered, and taken, of course in small doses.

For consumption there was a cure for the rich. This was pills made of powdered pearls and white amber and coral, and one for the poor, known as cock-water, which was obtained by stewing a cock, which had been chased and beaten to death, or plucked alive, in special water distilled from a peck of garden snails and a quart of earth worms, and such other like things as the patient thought wise to enter. This last preparation was also good for dropsy.

Art thou bald? Here is thy cure. Pluck garden snails alive from their dre houses, pound them with equal quantities of horse-leeches, bees, wasps, and salt, and anoint thy baldness with the compound after it has been taken moist from the hotbed, where it has lain eight days, and thou wilt soon feel the sting of a budding

crop upon thy pate. Should your woe be a superfluity rather than a lack of hirsuteness, then you can concoct a depilatory, warranted to extirpate the undesired, by drowning in the liquid as many green frogs as a pint of wine will cover, allowing the same to simmer in the sun for forty days, and using the same liberally after straining.

The age of these concoctions, you remember, was the age when sages as well as fools were seeking an elixir of life. There were few houses which did not seek to have always at hand that *aqua composita*, which Tusser counted among the bride's furnishings. And a strange composition it was, howbeit, there were many sorts of the same. A Dr. Stephens put together a "Sovereign Water," wherein he mingled almost all the known spices, and all savory and fragrant herbs, distilling the same in claret. With this, Markham affirms, he "preserved his own life until such extreme old age that he could neither go nor ride; and he did continue in life, being bed-ridden five years, when other physicians did judge he could not live one year, never using anything but this water. And also the Archbishop of Canterbury used it, and found such goodness in it that he lived till he was not able to drink out of a cup, but sucked his drink through a hollow pipe of silver."

In Dr. Adrian Gilbert's "cordial" there were twenty-nine ingredients, besides hartshorn, figs, raisins, gilly-flowers, cowslips, marigolds, blue violets, red rosebuds, ambergris, bezoar-stone, sugar, anise-seed, liquorice, and "what else you please." Two spoonfuls of this in beer or white wine was warranted to enable one to "walk safely from danger, by the leave of God." Another "water of life" was distilled from as many, and much the same ingredients, to which there was added the flesh of a running capon, the red flesh of the sinews of a leg of mutton, the loins and legs of an old coney, four young chickens, twelve larks, the yolks of twelve eggs, and a loaf of white bread; all this distilled in white wine.

But the lengths to which these strange strivings after long life would go, is best illustrated in the "Water of Man's Blood," which there is good warrant for believing, was taken by not a few of the great ones who surrounded Queen Elizabeth. Southey avouches its use, and tells how it was prepared. "A strong man was chosen, in his flourishing youth, and of twenty-five years, somewhat choleric by nature. He was dieted well for one month with light and healthy meats, with all kinds of spices, and with good strong wine, and, moreover, kept with mirth; at the month's end, veins in both arms were opened, and as much blood let out as he could tolerate and abide." One handful of salt was added to six pounds of this blood, and this was seven times distilled, pouring the water upon the residuum after every distillation until the last. This was to be taken three or four times a year, an ounce at a time. One has sight of a theory here—the life was thought to be in the blood, and to be made transferable when thus extracted."

It is refreshing to turn from these non-elixirs

to some of the quaint purges of that, and even a later day. The remedy for colic was often a pebble posset, white pebbles being preferred, and sent on their mission in a milk porridge. Many a man, like Dr. Dove, swallowed a stone big enough, as he said, to clear all before it, one as big as an English walnut being gagged over less than the spoonload of castor oil given us today. Not infrequently these bolus swallows got themselves in the plight of good Richard Baxter of "Saints' Rest" fame—that dear man, as one has put it, "of happy memory and unhappy digestion." Having read of the admirable effects of swallowing a gold bullet, Baxter took one himself of between twenty and thirty shil-

lings' weight. "Having taken it," says he, "I knew not how to be delivered of it again. I took clysters and purges for about three weeks, but nothing stirred the bullet, and a gentleman having done the like, the bullet never came till he died, and it was cut out. But at last my neighbors set a day apart to fast and pray for me, and I was freed from my danger in the beginning of that day." It would appear that John Wesley did not profit as he should by these experiences of his forerunners, for his "Primitive Physic" advises quicksilver, to be taken ounce by ounce up to two, and even three pounds!

Have you ever had anything in your eye? If you ever do, you may give thanks for this last

prescription of the olden time I will write you, and gain a new proof, perchance, that there is a use for everything under the sun, though of this particular thing, mayhap, you have never known a good use until this reading. In that day, when one's eye was bloodshot, but giving little pain, the cure was to find some lad (or lassie) who, by reason of his mother's laziness and his own fertility, carried a well-stocked warren for "small deer" about on his head, and, securing one of these hexapods, gently transfer it to the eye. There the itch-producer would feed upon all the impurities he found, clear the eye, and disappear no man knew whither!

South Shaftsbury, Vt.

Ann Teek's Silk Dress. By Frank E. Graeff.

ANN TEEK, from the time she had first donned long skirts and put up her hair, had always wanted a silk dress—a lustrous black silk that would swish when she walked. She wanted it for special occasions like weddings and funerals; and, as she was of a practical mind, she thought a black silk would be suitable for either, and would be handy to have in case of a sudden death or an unexpected wedding.

"We will try to get you a silk on your eighteenth birthday," her mother promised, in all sincerity; and from the date of that promise the silk dress was outlined—an unfading vision—before her expectant hopes.

But the birthday came and went without the longed-for hope being realized—and is now so far in the past, and so many years of care have intervened that Ann has forgotten just why she did not get it at that time, unless it was for the reason that was always given when any luxury was thought of—"they were too poor, and there were so many children to clothe and feed."

From her earliest recollection, Ann was accustomed to a struggle for maintenance. True, there were always enough to eat and a comfortable home on the little farm to shelter her and the other eight younger Teeks, but they were too poor for luxuries. Removed from any large town, the farmers of the Blue Hills country could not find a ready market for their produce, so money was scarce with them, and they were generally considered poor in things that required cash to procure.

From this relentless effort for maintenance in her father and mother Ann inherited her determined and unconquerable ambition—or else she learned it in the school of experience. So, when her eighteenth birthday came, and with it the disappointment, she was not discouraged, for she still kept the silk dress before her vision. It was a coveted object yet to be attained.

"Never mind, Ann," said her weary-bodied, but hope-inspiring mother, "perhaps when you're twenty-one, and the children are a little older, and if the 'sparagus bed that your pappie set out last year turns out all right, and we don't have to put a new roof on the shed, and no bad luck comes, we can get it for you."

There were so many provisos in her mother's words of encouragement that it was doubtful to Ann whether it would be possible for them to save enough out of their scant income during the coming three years to buy the silk, and as the months lengthened into years she beheld the provisos one by one fail—except the growing older of the children.

To begin with, there was another Teek—the ninth—to feed and clothe; the asparagus bed produced a few spindly sprouts, and ceased bearing; the shed-roof was crushed in under a heavy fall of snow; and a young heifer was choked in trying to swallow too large a piece of turnip. So, obstructions on every side seemed to block the way to the goal of Ann's desires. But there were grit, hopefulness, and determination in Ann's make-up, and when, to the other misfortunes, was added the death of her father, followed soon after by her mother's, and she was left with the family on her hands, every reasonable prospect of getting the dress seemed

to be banished to an indefinite future, where it was dimly outlined beyond the intervening clouds of care and responsibility; but she never allowed the vision to entirely fade.

It was a struggle of determination, and a labor of unremitting toil for eighteen years, that she faithfully performed, until the last of her eight charges was settled in life, and she found herself looking out of the window toward the setting sun, and down the road at the dust raised by a disappearing carriage which was taking Hester, "the baby," with her husband to the railroad station on their way to their new home in the West, and she was left alone on her fortieth birthday.

"I've done my best by them all," she was musing, "and now that they're all fixed in homes of their own, I'm going to get my dress with the very first money I can save. Of course Hester would like me to live with her, and so would the others, but I'm more at home here, and can do as I please and bother no one. I did want my black silk for Hester's wedding, but I couldn't quite get it and fit her out as she should be; but never mind"—and she smoothed the skirt of her new black alpaca—"I'll get it soon."

Ann Teek had a generous heart, and folks said of her: "She'll work herself to death for those children, and take the bread out of her mouth and the clothes off her back to make them comfortable and respectable." But now the last one was gone, and she turned anew toward her unfulfilled desire.

She looked older than she really was, for there was a generous sprinkling of gray in her dark tresses, and folks said "the gray in her hair and the stoop to her shoulders are from having the care of the family thrust upon her, and it's no wonder she looks as if she was fifty years old."

Ann had been so accustomed to caring for others that when she found herself alone, she was restless, and, to a degree, dissatisfied, so she went about the country at every call of distress, and ministered to the needy until she became a public benefactor.

"Ann Teek'll come," people would say, if there was a case of need, "she'll be glad to come." And, somehow, they took it for granted that she would go just because she would be glad to, and expect nothing in return—at least, they seldom compensated her.

Although absent from her home much of the time, yet she managed to farm the single acre that remained of the original farm; took the eggs to the nearest store, and sold what few vegetables she could, and saved for her dress.

"Thought I'd had it before this," she said one day, as she counted the money in the corner of her bureau drawer, "but it 'pears to me it does take a long time to get twenty-five dollars together, but I'm glad I've got these fifteen all saved, and now I'll need only ten more!"

"Ann! Ann! Ann Teek! Where are you?" she heard someone calling, as she was busy among the currant bushes one morning, and she raised her head and shaded her eyes with her hand, and saw Joel Mudley leaning out of his falling-top, gazing toward the house.

"I'm here, Joel, what are you wanting?" she

called, as she set down her pail half-filled with currants.

"David Knowles' wife fell, and broke her leg. 'Couldn't you come over, and look after her and the children, and take care of the house?" he said, as Ann approached the fence.

"How did it happen, Joel?"

"She was a-goin' down the cellar, and tripped on somethin' one of the children had left on the stairs, and fell to the bottom, an' broke her leg below the knee. If you can go, I'll take you right along," Joel said, as he moved in the seat to make room for Ann, as if he expected her to get in just as she was.

"I'll be ready in a few minutes, Joel," she said, as she hurried toward the house, from which she presently appeared, with a bundle under her arm, prepared for several weeks' absence from home.

"I reckon you'll have a purty hard time of it at David's, for they're in a bad fix with him out of work since Christmas," Joel remarked, as Ann deposited her bundle on the floor of the falling-top, and climbed in beside him.

"Yes, I suppose they ain't got more'n they need," she replied quietly, and then asked: "Would you mind drivin' into Anson White's so I can leave word with him to look after things while I'm gone?"

"Certainly not," he replied, "for I reckon you'll be away quite a spell."

Ann's arrival was a blessing to the Knowles household, and her appearance was greeted with a hearty welcome, and as soon as she had laid aside her bonnet and changed her clothes, she began to look after the children and put the house in order.

"I don't know what we'd done without you, Ann, nor how we can ever pay you," said Mrs. Knowles gratefully, when Ann, after two months' stay, was putting on her bonnet to return home.

"Don't mention that, Arasma, I'm thankful that I'm strong of body, and able to do it," and Ann was gone.

No one out of David Knowles' family knew that, beside her work, the money in the bureau drawer—the savings of three years' denial—had gradually changed into shoes and clothing for the children, and for necessary household demands. And that day when Ann entered her home, she opened the bureau drawer and silently looked at the empty corner, and then closed it quietly, and said half aloud, "I suppose I'll have to be satisfied a while longer with my alpaca."

Then began the purpose anew to achieve her heart's desire, and little by little there were placed in the bureau drawer the results of self-denial and laborious effort, and as months went by the sum kept increasing until at the end of four years \$20 looked up silently and encouragingly into Ann's expectant face.

"I do believe I'll go over to Danforth, and see Cynthia Sneed. I ain't heard tell of her for nearly a year. I think I'll go over to-day," Ann said one beautiful June day, as she stood by the window, over which a seven-sisters' rose climbed, and with its sweet-smelling clusters made a lovely canopy. "I think I'll go right away."

It was a dusty walk along the country road, and the five miles proved a tiresome journey, but Ann never minded such unavoidable inconveniences, and, though slowly the distance lengthened behind her as she resolutely kept to her purpose, when Cynthia's little cottage did greet her sight as she stood on the summit of Menlow's hill, she heaved a sigh of relief to know the journey was so nearly completed.

"Cynthy! Cynthy! Where are you?" called Ann, as she looked in at an open window.

"Well, Ann Teek! Is that you? It's been a long time since I saw you," said Cynthia gladly, as she slowly arose from the settee to greet her visitor.

"How have you been, Cynthy?" asked Ann, hesitatingly, as she noted her frail appearance.

"I've been a-failin' for about three months, and I don't seem to be gettin' any better."

"Taint nothing serious, is it, Cynthy?" asked Ann, anxiously.

"Nothin' that can't be cured, the doctor says; but he says I'll have to go away for a little while—a month or so, at the seashore."

"When are you goin'?" asked Ann.

"I ain't certain about goin' at all, for I've got but \$15, and, at my lowest calculation, it'll take \$30, countin' my ticket and board."

"It's too bad, for you ought to go."

The day went rapidly, full of sweet and tender reminiscences for both, and when Ann took her departure, in the afternoon, she said, tenderly: "I'll write and tell you how I got home; so go over to the postoffice day after to-morrow for a letter."

Wearily her feet traveled homeward, and the sun had just disappeared behind the top of the ridge of hills to the west, when she turned the key in the lock and quietly entered her home. The next morning she wrote the promised letter, then went to her bureau, and as she opened the drawer she said, calmly, "I guess I don't need the silk just yet." So she sealed the envelope and went to the postoffice in Jabez Beecham's store and posted the letter. The next week she turned her alpaca.

A less determined soul would have grown discouraged; but Ann's vision, while dimmed, faded not away. Of course, she would get the dress some time, she thought, and as for that, it wasn't in any great hurry, just so she got it; and again, little by little, the savings were placed in the bureau drawer.

Ann did not seem to count time in her calculations, so she calmly waited and continued to deny herself, and the savings accumulated, and five years went by before she placed the last dime in the drawer which completed the amount she had decided upon as necessary for the purchase of the dress. She counted it all over again—a ten-dollar gold piece, two five-dollar bills, and five dollars in smaller change, and, with a quiet chuckle, said: "I'll write to the store in Amestown to-morrow for samples."

Three times a day, for nearly a week, she went to Jabez Beecham's store and inquired for mail, and Widow Dawson's son Willie each time said, pleasantly, "Nothing for you Miss Teek," until one day he passed through the little window at the end of the counter a large, stuffy envelope that she knew contained the expected samples.

For three days, and many times each day, she spread the samples upon the table and tried to decide which she should choose, until her choice narrowed down to two, and she had almost decided between these when the sun set and the light began to fade, and it was too dark.

"I'll leave it till the morning, for daylight is better than lamplight when you're decidin' about silk," she said, and gathered the samples together and placed them, with her spectacles, beside the Bible on the table in the little front room, and returned to the kitchen, where she saw the Widow Dawson standing in the doorway.

"Why, Belinda Dawson! Come in," she exclaimed, startled by the unexpected visitor.

"I knocked, but you didn't hear me," she said, as she wearily took a chair, and burst into tears. "Oh, Ann, I'm in dreadful trouble!"

"Why, what is it?" asked Ann, sympathetically, as she drew her chair closer to the troubled woman.

"You ain't heard nothing, then?"

"Nothing."

"Jabez Beecham said as how he wouldn't let it out if I would make it all right, an' I guess he ain't," said the widow, as she wiped away the falling tears.

"Let what out?" asked Ann.

"Why, my son Willie has misused \$25 of Jabez' money, and Willie acknowledges it; but Jabez says he won't put him in prison if I make up the amount by to-morrow; and I ain't got one dollar in all the world—and I don't know where to get it—nor what to do; and she sobbed convulsively, while Ann sat quietly by her side in perfect silence.

"Of course you ain't got it, Ann. I know that; but I wanted to tell someone as I know would sympathize with me," said the widow.

"I am sorry for you, Belinda, and hope you may get the money somewhere," said Ann, with an effort.

"Good-night, Ann," said Belinda Dawson, as she took her departure. "I don't see any way out of it, an' it breaks my heart to think of Willie goin' to prison."

"Good-night, Belinda; I'm dreadful sorry for you and Willie," Ann brought herself to say.

"I know you are, Ann. Good-night." And Ann saw her slowly push open the gate and pass out of the yard into the road, and then she hurriedly shut the door and locked it, put out the light, and went to bed.

"I'm dreadful sorry, dreadful sorry," she awoke herself saying; and then sleep departed from her eyes.

"Are you sorry, Ann Teek? Are you tellin' the whole and real truth? Are you?" she asked herself, as she tossed restlessly. "What does the Bible say about pure an'-undefiled religion visitin' the fatherless and the widows? And what are you doin', Ann Teek? Are you livin' up to scripture?" And she arose with the first faint streaks of gray in the east.

"Who's there?" asked Widow Dawson, as she opened the door in response to a gentle knock before the sun was up, and displayed to her early caller a face haggard, and eyes red with weeping that had not been closed in sleep all the night.

"Oh! it's you, Ann! What's brought you so early?"

"I ain't slept very well from thinkin' about you and Willie, and I've brought this over to you thinkin' you might use it when Jabez Beecham calls to-day," and Ann put a small package in the widow's hand and hurried away.

Again she went to her empty bureau drawer, closed it, and took down from the wall her alpaca, and as she carefully looked it over she said, with the faintest semblance of a sigh, "Alapaca does wear amazin' well, and this is a good one, so I guess I can get along with it for a while yet," and she replaced it carefully on the nail.

"I reckon I ought to send them samples back bein' I ain't going to buy just yet," she said as she left her room.

That day she returned the samples with a letter of explanation, saying she was not ready to get her dress.

Her footsteps were slower now, and her fingers were growing stiff, while the white predominated in her hair; her shoulders were more stooped, for she had passed the summit of the hill on life's journey, and she was now slowly going down on the side where the sun sets, but to her determined spirit there were still hours for work before the night should come; so she took up her task anew, and though with more effort, yet expectantly, as the dim vision in the distance encouraged her to hopefulness.

More slowly were the savings dropped into the drawer, and less frequently was it necessary to count to tell the increase or the total, but her purpose kept to its determination, and after eight years she again beheld \$25 in her place of deposit.

Then a strange change suddenly took place in Ann. She shut herself in from all intercourse with her friends and neighbors, and became in fact a recluse. She would hurry into the house at the sound of every team or sight of any person who approached her home; she would bolt the door, and never respond to any call. The shades were drawn down by day, and no light was lit at night. She took her produce to the store in the morning as soon as the store was opened, and went and returned through the field, shunning the village streets, and she seemed in dread of meeting any person.

She even ceased going to the village church, and when the neighbors or the minister called to inquire about her, she, ever on the outlook, hastened indoors, and locked herself away. For a month not a person in the community, except Jabez Beecham, at his store, had a word with Ann Teek, until she said to the ticket agent at the railroad station: "I want a return ticket to Amestown."

She was the only passenger that morning from Blue Grass, and as she cast a glance about the car and recognized not a face she clutched her pocket firmly and heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"I want to see your black silk," she said as she timidly approached a clerk in Amestown's principal store.

"Certainly," he replied, and proceeded to spread on the counter three dress patterns of different prices, the only black silks in stock.

"Of course, if none of these suit you, here are some samples from which you might make a selection, and we can have it for you in a few days' time," said the clerk as Ann hesitated.

"Oh, no, I don't want to buy by sample, I must have it to-day," she said hurriedly as she ran her hand over the pattern she liked best.

"We will have more in stock by the end of the week. But why not take this? You like it," urged the salesman, and then added: "Take it, and if you are not satisfied when you get it home bring it back, and we'll change it."

"I don't know! I don't know! I want it dreadful bad," said Ann, hesitatingly, "but I'm afraid I won't have enough money to get the linings if I take those extra two yards. How much will it come to with all the linings and sewing silk and thread?" she asked finally.

"Twenty-four dollars and eighty-nine cents, and those extra two yards in the pattern you can use some time for fixing it over," urged the clerk.

"I'll take it, then, and, if it don't suit, you'll take it back?" she asked.

"Yes, since it is a full pattern and has not been cut," he replied, and soon had it wrapped and delivered to Ann's outstretched hands.

With the purchase of the silk dress Ann once again resumed her former manners. She went through the village street bowing to everyone she knew, and even stopped at the minister's to inquire about his health, and finally called at Tabitha Hunter's to ask her to come over and help her with some sewing.

"You don't mean to tell me you've a silk dress, Ann Teek?" exclaimed Tabitha next day as Ann unrolled the lustrous goods before her astonished gaze.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, as she held it up to her waist and stood with it falling over her dress to the floor.

"We'll cut the skirt first, Ann," said Tabitha as she laid the pattern upon the silk and proceeded to pin it to the lustrous material.

They were both so intent upon their work that they did not hear a carriage stop before the gate, and were startled by a sudden knock at the door.

"Are you Ann Teek?" asked a stranger as she opened the door.

"Yes, that has been my name for nigh onto sixty years now," replied Ann, pleasantly.

"I'm come on a sad errand," the stranger continued.

"Well, come in," said Ann, and she gave him a chair near the window, while she and Tabitha sat by the table. "Well?" said Ann, when they were seated.

"Your second cousin, Pamilla Teek's husband, Thomas Wooley, over at Mastersonville, died yesterday."

"That's too bad," said Ann, as she wiped away a tear and, turning to Tabitha, said: "We'll have to get the dress done in time for the funeral. When is the funeral to be?" she asked.

"Day after to-morrow, and the widow's left awful poor, and unless a way's provided he'll have to be buried by the township," said the stranger, as he looked at the silk on the table.

"That can never be," said Ann, desperately;

"no Teek's relation was ever buried by charity."

"There ain't any way out of this, for they're desperate poor," he said, "unless someone of their relations bury him."

"Tabitha Hunter, will you wrap up that silk and those linings?" said Ann, quickly, and as she was leaving the room she hesitated to say: "I'm going to Amestown on the 11 o'clock train."

"Tabitha, you keep house till I git back. You'll find enough to eat for yourself and this man. I'll be back at 4 o'clock." There was a

determined look upon her face as she hurried toward the railroad station, while Tabitha gazed after her in speechless amazement.

"She's queer," said the clerk, as Ann hurriedly left the store with the \$24.89 clutched in her nervous hand.

At 4:30 she was on her way to Mastersonville with the stranger, to carry the savings of the past eight years to her distant relative.

There was a look of calm resignation upon Ann Teek's face as she sat, the day after the funeral, and once again turned her black alpaca.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The League Members and the Sunday Evening Preaching Services.

Bishop Isaac W. Joyce.

MY heart is with the pastors in their great work. They have much anxiety. They carry many burdens. We ought to help them in every way we can. I want our young people to rally about their pastors, cheer them on in their work. Especially do I wish this in the Sunday evening services.

The heat of summer is near at hand. The inclination will be to remain away from the services Sunday nights, or perhaps I should say that many of our young people, after they have attended the 6:30 evening devotional services, think they are free from any obligation whatever to stand by the pastor for the preaching services that follow the devotional hour. And so, without much thought about it, they will go away from the church, leaving their pastor to get along the best he can in a service that ought to be the most effective and fruitful one of the day.

Many of our churches have had successful revivals during the winter. Every convert should be carefully cared for. Our young people should help the pastors in this very important work. Every young person converted and brought into the church, ought to be a member of the Epworth League also. And every Sunday night our Epworthians ought to be in their places at the preaching services, looking after these recent converts, cheering them on their way, and looking also after other young people. Such service will be a great joy and strength to the faithful and hard-working pastor. The church will grow, and the young people will be happy and strong and useful, and their spiritual experiences will be greatly enriched and strengthened.

I think it can be said, to the credit of the young people and the league, that there are chapters where the members, on the close of their meetings, take their places almost solidly in the congregation for the Sunday evening services, to the great delight and help of the pastor, and joy of the parents and congregation.

I am aware this calls for some self-denial on the part of some of our young people. Excuses are plenty, and always ready to be used as reasons why they should not be at the services, such as: "The evening is so warm;" "The pastor is not popular;" "He preaches so long;" "Some friends are with me, and they do not want to stay."

Over against all these, and many other excuses that may be offered, put the greater and the higher reasons for self-denial. Self-denial in matters of personal pleasure is the basis of all truly great character, experience, and ultimate success, and can only afford permanent happiness.

This is certainly true in every department of life.

In school-life there is no really true scholarship without keen self-discipline.

In the genuine and beautiful home-life you see self-denial at its best in the unselfish devotion of the mother.

In business life, how long would the earnest business man keep those about him who were bent only on having their own pleasurable, self-seeking way? The successful business man is the self-conquered man.

Dear Epworthian, give, do give a closer

thought as to one's personal responsibility to others, and you will see and can give many reasons for good example.

Study the very painful and injurious influence of the league whose members leave the church, from the chapter meeting, to pass the evening on the street, or in some other way squander the precious Sunday evening hours. By such conduct the church and her influence for good are injured. Unconverted people are thereby led farther away from the kingdom of God. Besides, your own spiritual life and experience suffer loss.

Think seriously and carefully and prayerfully. Read Eph. 5: 15, 16.

The beautiful and far-reaching effect of the young people constantly in their places in the public worship is felt and seen by all. As God's servant looks from the pulpit into the faces of this large company of young people—the young life of his church—his heart is filled with delight. He preaches with a heavenly zeal, and works with an added supernatural power and success.

Calculate the effect of all this on the dear parents. As you are faithful to your convictions of duty and true to the services of God's house, what a load you lift from their anxious hearts! Choose to be a comfort to those who love you best. Choose to be stalwart Christians. Choose to be successful workers in the vineyard of Jesus Christ.

Best of all, there is a secret of victory whereby you can enjoy with delight what was once a hard duty. That secret is to be found in the pledge—"The highest New Testament standard of experience and life."

The Beulah experience that comes from loving God with all the heart—a perfect love—salvation from the self life, and the possession of the Christ-life, is a delight and a rapturous joy.

"O how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth."

Minneapolis, Minn.

RADISH ROOTS.

(A Garden Meditation.)

Ada Melville Shaw.

WELL, you inconsiderable brown seed of a radish, lying in the hollow of my hand? You speechless, insensate, defenseless thing of weight unappreciable, what of yourself? I can crush you, I can annihilate you—as far as man has power of annihilation over any creature of God; with slightest exertion I can toss you away to fall unnoticed on the ground. There you go!

The speechless thing made no protest. I marked where it fell, cradling itself snugly in an earth-dimple. I fancied there was a smile on the wee brown face turned up to the towering giant who had tossed it forth. Overhead the clouds were busy. Radish interests no concern of theirs! *Plow!* A crystal bullet from overhead struck the wee brown face out of sight. The world rolled on undisturbed.

"The radishes are ready for the table, ma'am."

"Yes? Then to the table let them be brought. But this one, growing by itself, gather it carefully. Let me have it unbroken."

The crisp, cool spheres glistened rosily, showing white wherever the sharp knife had touched them. By itself, measuring its tapering length on the white cloth, unshorn of its crown of living green, lay the fruition of that inconsiderable brown seed that shortly before had rested unresponsively on my palm.

"Remarkable fine radish, that, ma'am. That root looks like it had gone down a long ways for a drink. I measured it—ten inches and a half. You ner I couldn't do that, ma'am!"

"Could not do what?"

"Bore straight down, ten inches and a half, with nothin' keener 'n a thread, not so stout, neither, as Clarke's number twenty-four."

"No, I do not believe we could."

Brown seed, you are avenged. My finger flipped you into space, your finger—ah, your little finger!

* * * * *

I saw the power of the earth waiting upon the stir and stretch of embryonic life in a tiny seed. Oceans tossed beneath the sun; mighty rivers and mountain rills paid toll to the skies that one raindrop might bury a wee, brown face from sight; that countless drops might keep the earth-dimple moist; that a baby radish might have a drink! More than that. The wheel and sweep of planets; the unread forces of sun, moon, and stars; the march of seasons; the silent influences of day and dark; the hidden motions of attraction and repulsion, cell-growth, chemical change—ah, little brown seed! For all thy inconsiderableness, behold, I cannot read much more than the initial letter of the strange alphabet of thy being: "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, * * whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so." It was then—the Then of Creation—that seeds learned how to grow.

* * * * *

Brave radish! Boring, stretching, pushing, seeking, down ten and one-half inches into the unknown—to get a drink. Your seed-size was scarce one-sixteenth of an inch. That tender finger of yours, which two of mine could crush in an instant, sent itself down sixty-six times its own measure, noiselessly, without machinery, without perceived motion, without pain or turmoil. At what cost of thought, sweat of brow, risk of life, weariness of limb—by what burden of endeavor does a man sink a shaft 300 feet and over?

While your finger was piercing the darkness, you were sculptor, artist, chemist. How delicately tapering your form, how rich the red of your skin, how white your heart, how brightly sturdy your leafage, how crisply pungent and wholesome your substance.

* * * * *

Oh, radish, for all your strength and courage and powers, I, who but partially understand you, am mightier. Greater mysteries attend my being. You thrust your root into the soil that you may have life. My springs are hidden in the rock of Eternal Love. Rain and sun nourish you. I need the smile of God. You spread

out your leaves, and drink the dew and rain. I lift hands of faith to God, and receive of him the bread and water of life. To-day you are a radish, with perfection and beauty of your own. Next year—a thousand years hence—your brown seed shall still bring forth perfect radishes. As for me and my comrades in Christ, it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is!

Chicago.

"ONLY HALF A MAN."

Allan Sutherland.

GENERAL NICOLLS of New Orleans sacrificed an eye, a leg, and an arm to the cause which he believed just, and came out of the war, as he declared, "only half a man." Science replaced the lost members so successfully that no one, ignorant of his misfortune, could detect it. He was an inveterate joker, and greatly enjoyed telling the following story:

When he stayed at a hotel in Mobile, a negro boy was detailed to help him prepare for bed. After his bag was unpacked and his coat laid aside, he said: "Now, Sam, take off my leg." Sam stared speechless. "Don't know yet how to take off legs, eh? Now look here!" He unscrewed the leg, and keeping it carefully covered with its long black stocking, laid it aside.

"Now, take off this arm." "No, sah! No, sah! Nebber took off no gentlum's arm in my life!" gasped Sam, turning gray with terror. "You're a pretty valet. Nothing easier." The arm was taken off and laid beside the leg on the table, and the general prepared for sleep and got into bed.

"Oh, by the way! We'd better take an eye out!"

He took it out. Sam backed to the door, afraid to turned his back on the terrible guest, who stretched himself sleepily, and then said: "Now, Sam, take off my head!" Sam rushed out of the room to the office, and could only find strength to gasp out: "It's de debil heself, sah! He's taken hisself to pieces in room fohty-eight!"

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY.

Mary A. P. Stansbury.

WHEN Dean Farrar wrote, "We often do the world more good by our sympathy than our labors," he was not minimizing the value of work. He simply meant that just as being is more than doing, and the source of a fountain greater than any stream which issues from it, so sympathy without labor is better than labor without sympathy. The best possible equipment for doing good is the combination of the feeling heart with the ready hand. Before the master fed the five thousand on the grassy plain by the Sea of Galilee, he was first "moved with compassion toward them."

What is it to sympathize with another? Is it to be sorry for his troubles and glad of his happiness? Yes, doubtless; but more than either. When we dig the roots of the word out of their native Greek soil, we find that to sympathize is to feel with, and not simply about. Perfect sympathy presupposes the ability of putting oneself for the time being in the other's place; of looking with his eyes from his point of view. The place may be very different from your own, and the angle of vision calculated to produce only a distorted image, but until you have stood in the one, and looked from the other, you are in no proper condition to help or correct.

A lady who habitually spent strength and money without stint for the poor, complained one day of the ingratitude of a family which she had assisted. "They did not so much as thank me for the provisions I ordered for them," said she, "and yet I know positively that they had not even a half-loaf of bread in the house, for I opened every cupboard to make sure!" This lady, though sincerely charitable, might profitably learn at the feet of the great pagan philosopher, Seneca, who wrote:

"There is not any benefit so glorious in itself but it may yet be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the method of conferring it. The virtue, I know, rests in the intent, the profit in the judicious application of the matter; but the beauty and ornament of an obligation lies in the manner of it."

"Anna is so frivolous!" said one young girl of another. "I want nothing to do with her."

"My dear," answered an older friend gently, "Anna was not trained by your mother. Would it not be better to try to understand, and then to help her?"

Self-righteousness and sympathy are as antagonistic as fire and water. Nobody was ever attracted to the Christian life by viewing its expression in the person of one whose very appearance seems to say: "I am holier than thou." Never forget that if you stand higher than your brother it is because God has lifted you up, and so long as you keep one hand in his, you need not fear to fall by reaching down the other to one below you.

Sympathy, like the principle of action and reaction in natural philosophy, works both ways. Convince another that you "feel with" him, and he will at once begin more or less perfectly to "feel with" you. This is the secret of influence, and the influence of human character is the strongest of finite forces.

Mæterlinck has put the matter into a nutshell when he says: "We will not find the divine in other men except in first showing to them a divine in ourselves."

Appleton, Wis.

VISION AT LAST.

L. W. S.

HE was such a little old man—eighty-six years old his last birthday. So crippled with rheumatism he had to use two canes, and walk so slowly that his wife, who was considerable younger than he, was in constant terror lest he be run over by the hurrying passers-by. For years he had been a minister in the Methodist Church—one of the pioneers in a great Western state. What stories he could tell of early Methodism! Like so many of the old veterans of the cross, they had no means of support when old age came, but a loyal church paid the necessary amount yearly, and the old couple were contented and happy in one of our delightful "old people's homes." Their "home" was but one room now, but they were so thankful for the quiet and peace of that one room in which to spend their remaining days. Three sons they had—one a minister on the frontier, supporting his family on a mere pittance that he might preach the gospel to the mountaineers. The other sons, honest, hard-working men.

A great sorrow had come to the old man. He was getting blind, so he could no longer see to read or see the faces of his friends. A celebrated oculist was consulted, and for three years the old man submitted to the painful treatment. One early spring day the old couple went to the doctor's office, and the assistant looked into his eyes.

"We can do nothing for you, sir," he said.

"Can't you, doctor?" asked the old minister, feebly.

"If you were twenty years younger we might, but it's no use trying now."

"Well, ma, we better go home, then."

The quick ears of the faithful wife detected the weary voice, and she led him tenderly from the room. When the door of the office closed behind them she whispered to him: "We will go and see Dr. Johns. If anyone can do anything, he can."

They consulted the kind old doctor, and, with tears in his eyes, he said to the aged man: "No power on earth can restore your sight."

"Oh, doctor, I want so to see again!" was the cry, as the old man sank on the floor. Willing hands lifted him up, and after a little a strong man carried him to his carriage, and drove quickly to their home. They laid him on his bed, never to rise from it. He recovered consciousness after a little, and the old-time cheer-

fulness; but never spoke again of seeing. Many friends visited him during the few days he lived. His pastor, class-leader, and a few others met for a little service in his room, and he was the happiest of them all. The end came peacefully—and he could see at last!

They carried him to the church, and ministers of long acquaintance spoke of him and his work. Younger ministers carried him to his long resting-place. The old and the young dropped tears over the going away of one who had been a benediction to the world.

Des Moines, Ia.

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

John R. Clements.

ONE of the sweetest, one of the most successful gospel singers in the evangelistic field to-day is Prof. W. S. Weeden, who has been associated a great deal of late with Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in his evangelistic labors. No one has ever heard Professor Weeden sing "My mother's prayer," and tell the story of it, without being profoundly moved. The music for the song is his own composition, and the words were written, at his suggestion, by his friend and co-laborer, Rev. J. W. Van Deventer, and embody the sweet singer's personal experience. He sings with a tender pathos when he voices the first verse:

"I never can forget the day
I heard my mother kindly say:
'You're leaving now my tender care,
Remember, son, your mother's prayer.'"

And the song and the singer touch a responsive chord when they tell of finding mother's God in answer to mother's prayer; but more appealing than all is the story of the midnight ride across Pennsylvania to the old home in Ohio, in response to the telegraphic summons to the side of the deathbed of mother, with its picture of the youthful hand clasped by that of the aged saint on the brink of eternity, and the promise that mother exacts from her boy to meet her in glory, and the loving answer, "I will," to mother's appeal that her son, "saved by grace," shall labor earnestly to bring into the fold the two brothers "out of Christ," so that they, also, may meet her in "the better land." And it all finds a fitting climax in the last chorus:

"Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace!
We'll meet up yonder face to face;
The home above forever share
In answer to my mother's prayer."

Mothers with boys away from Christ, keep on praying! Your sons may yet rise up to win others to Jesus by song and story, "in answer to mother's prayer."

Binghamton, N. Y.

A SOILED EAGLE.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

I SPENT some hours the other day in looking over a very beautiful collection of birds in confinement, and I was very much impressed with the fact that of all the birds in that large collection, numbering more than a hundred varieties, the one that had the least pride of plumage, that gave itself over to be dirty and soiled with the most utter abandonment, was the great bald eagle, a bird which, in its native air, is the proudest and most careful of its appearance. But here were magnificent specimens of this royal bird that were soiled and begrimed, and yet did not seem to care. It seemed to me a very suggestive thing. Of all the birds there, the eagle had fallen the lowest in becoming a captive, and his proud spirit was so completely broken that his filthy condition no longer shamed him.

A sinful man is like that soiled eagle. Man is the child of God, with royal blood in his veins, and capable of lofty flight; but when once he is caught by the enemy of souls, and held a prisoner in the cage of his evil passions and wicked lusts, there is no creature on earth that will sink so low as he.

Cleveland, O.

Crumbs Swept Up.

The Point of View.

RENA M. HURD.

The Mother—

My little girl has left her play,
There is a monkey o'er the way
With scarlet cap and gown;
His master turns the organ shrill
And guides poor Jocko o'er the sill
To bring the pennies down.

The Father—

My little wife has left her work,
She who was never known to shirk,
Down town it's "bargain day."
Two cakes of soap with every sale,
Two pounds of cookies (slightly stale)
Some things to give away.

The Child—

My father is not in his store,
He has been gone six hours or more,
Out on the foot-ball track;
My mother says it is not right
To kick each other's heads and fight,
I wish he would come back.

Lee, Mass.

* * *

Slightly Mixed.

One of the first cases brought to Thomas Brackett Reed as a young and briefless lawyer contained circumstances calculated to tax the maturest powers of the strongest judicial mind; and he still alludes to it, and wonders how it was finally solved.

The client, an expert accountant, had an office in the same building with Mr. Reed, and wished to obtain legal advice on a contingent fee.

"State your case," said the young lawyer, with proper professional dignity and confidence.

The client hitched up his chair. "I rent a corner of an office from Smith across the hall," he began. "Smith rents half the office from Jones, who pays for three-fourths of the space only. You see, Robinson lets to Jones, and the owner lets to Robinson. Now, then, I let to Brown enough space for a desk and a table, and Brown rents the table to Wilson. Now, it began like this: Brown borrowed 50 cents from Wilson, agreeing to apply it on the table, and I borrowed \$2.00 from Brown, which I was to take out of the rent; but it seems that Smith owed Wilson \$6.25, so he borrowed \$8.00 from Jones, which was to be paid when he paid the rent. And he would have paid it, he says, had not the owner of the building asked Robinson for the office rent on that day. Robinson reminded the owner that he owed Jones \$14 for metal signs, and in lieu of rent would give a receipt to Jones --and he did. But Jones had made a mistake in the signs, which were returned, so that Robinson owed the rent to the owner, anyhow; but Jones would not give up the receipt. In the meantime Smith demanded the rent from me, but I couldn't collect from Brown because Wilson wouldn't pay him, and I couldn't pay Smith. Now, what happened?"

"Hasn't it happened yet?" gasped the future speaker of the house.

"Why, no: it is only bookkeeping so far—but Wilson makes it a legal battle. Fearing that he might lose his measly little table, he went direct to the owner of the premises, and paid his miserable little rental, and told me he paid him; and I wanted Smith, from whom I rent, to recognize it, but he would not, since Jones would not recognize him, being in possession of a receipt—and furthermore, Robinson would not pay the owner, and the owner would not submit! And, as the owner would not recognize me, I would not recognize Wilson, because he rented from Brown, who rented from me. Very well, on the day the owner seized the office furniture for the rent—"

Mr. Reed interrupted. "Is there more of it?" he groaned feebly.

"My dear fellow, I haven't begun," said the client, earnestly. "This thing has been piling up like crimes in a melodrama for months. Un-

derstand that if Brown had not now compromised with Robinson for an old obligation, involving another set of debts all along the line—"

"Wait! Wait!" pleaded the lawyer. "Don't settle it—don't; if it were mine I should not part with it to be supreme justice! I should simply sit still and turn it round and round and enjoy it." And as he fled, he concluded: "Whoever got up the kaleidoscope was an amateur!"

* * *

Too Much Prodigal Son.

Two or three years ago the chaplain at the Elmira Reformatory went to Europe on a vacation of three months. Before he left he arranged that his place on Sundays should be filled by Elmira clergymen, who were to address the inmates of the institution by turns.

The first clergyman, in thinking of a topic, naturally decided to talk on the prodigal son, and he told the story to the young men with much detail, and then drew a lesson from the parable.

The next Sunday another minister came. He, too, decided that the prodigal son episode offered the best opportunity for a discourse; and he used the story as a basis of his talk. So did the other ten preachers, and for twelve successive Sundays the inmates of the reformatory heard with patient fortitude of the young man who left home, who ate husks with the swine, and returned to the paternal roof and caused the slaughter of the fatted calf.

Then the chaplain returned home. He had little time to prepare a sermon, so he fell back on the prodigal son, a theme with which he was familiar, and which was always appropriate. He did not know that his listeners had been treated to a dozen dissertations on the subject, but the roar of laughter that greeted him when he announced his text told him that something was wrong. He appealed to one of the prisoners for an explanation, and was told:

"Back up an' change cars, boss. We've had dat story twelve times while you've been gone. Tell about Jonah and the whale, or give us a spiel on Daniel in the den of lions."

* * *

The One Thing Lacking.

Lord Kelvin, the great Scotch scientist, once paid a visit with a friend to some well known electrical works. They were escorted over the workshops by the senior foreman, a man of much intelligence and an enthusiastic electrician. Entirely unaware of his visitor's identity, he minutely explained the details of the plant and machinery, and lectured him in his rôle of layman quite professionally. Lord Kelvin's friend was on the point of interrupting several times, but an amused signal from the great master of electricity kept him silent. When the tour of inspection was complete, Lord Kelvin quietly turned to the foreman, and asked: "What, then, is electricity?" This was a poser for the man, who, somewhat shamefaced, confessed that he could not say. "Well, well," said Lord Kelvin, gently, "that is the only thing about electricity which you and I don't know."

* * *

Spanked the Other Man's Boy.

A Detroit man was traveling with his son, and, wishing to transact some business with the conductor, he said: "Now, Willie, I'm going to be away just a few minutes. You sit right here, and don't move a bit. If you do, I'll spank you good and hard. So don't stick your head out of the window. You might have it taken off if you do; then you wouldn't have any head, and you'd get a spanking besides."

The father went away to find the conductor. After a few minutes he came back.

There was little Willie, just his feet and the seat of his trousers sticking in through the win-

dow. He appeared to be more outside than inside, and whenever a telegraph pole whizzed by, and looked especially close, he would make a lunge for it, as if trying to catch it.

The father did not hesitate. He made a grab for the boy just as the latter made a lunge for a pole. He pulled him in by the heels, laid him over his knees, and began to fulfill his promise. The little fellow yelled and yelled until he almost drowned out the noise of the train, but during a lull in the uproar, the father heard a snicker behind him. He laid the boy down, and turned to see what it meant.

There, two seats behind, and across the aisle, was his son, with two fingers stuffed in his mouth to keep his merriment in. The man rubbed his eyes, and looked again, but there was no mistake.

He looked at the boy in his lap. Behind the tears was a face he had never seen before. He had spanked some other man's son.

* * *

"A Doctor of the Old School.

Modern children, whose education is in the hands of "advanced" experimentalists, are the victims of every kindergarten fad and new-fangled method that pedagogy can devise. A boy who had been the patient of some school-teacher's nonsense was brought by his mother to consult an oculist. The physician, says a New York paper, went about in the usual way to discover defects of vision.

He placed a chart before the boy. The first word was "hat."

"Now read this word," said the doctor.

"Hhhuh-ah-tuhhh," gurgled the boy.

"Then try this," said the doctor, pointing to "big."

"Buh-ih-guhhh," was the sputtering attempt.

"Madam," said the physician, "there is some trouble here that has nothing to do with vision. The vocal organs seem to be affected."

"Oh, no," answered the mother, "he pronounced the words correctly!"

"Pronounced them correctly!"

"Yes; that was all right. That is the phonetic method he is taught in school. He used to speak and see as other people do before he began to learn this method."

"Madam," said the doctor gravely, "send him to a good school or take him out of school and put him to reading good books in clear type. Then there'll be nothing the matter with his sight or his education, and he won't talk like a bullfrog."

* * *

More Chalk.

At a gathering of ministers at Manchester, it was agreed that each person present should tell a short story. Dr. John Watson's assistant minister refused to contribute his quota, because the story personally concerned the doctor. But Dr. Watson insisted, and at length the story was told thus: "I had a dream, and was told to go to heaven. I must go up a certain flight of stairs, and chalk my sins on each step as I went up. I was doing so, when I saw the doctor coming down. I said: 'Doctor, man, you are going the wrong way. For what are you going down?' And the doctor answered lugubriously: 'More chalk!'"

* * *

He Will Subscribe Next Year.

A Kansas paper tells of the dangers of newspaper borrowing as follows:

"A man who was too economical to take his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In haste the boy ran over a \$4.00 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a \$4.00 pair of pants. The cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield, and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn full of



Burghers hearing the news that peace has been declared.

rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning them; in the hurry she lost a \$7.00 set of teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the cream and into the parlor, ruining a brand-new \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts."

His Trousers Material.

He was a proud little fellow, as he strutted around in a new pair of trousers that his mother had made for him, and very important he looked as he squared himself in front of his best friend, the corner groceryman, and said: "I bet you can't guess what my trousers are made of?"

"Of broadcloth?" asked the groceryman.

"Nope," replied the little fellow.

"Of corduroy, then?" ventured the grocery man.

"Nope."

"Of jeans?"

"Nope."

"Well, what are they made of, then?"

"Of papa's old ones," triumphantly replied the happy little fellow.

Why, of Course!

"If I stand on my head the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," he continued triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "your feet are not empty."

Orders from the Organist.

Here is a story from Montreal. There was a new clergyman coming to officiate on a certain Sunday, and the organist, a young lady, was very anxious to make a good impression on him. The old sexton had his own ideas how long a voluntary should last, and was in the habit of leaving off when he thought there had been enough pumping the organ. Determined to forestall any such accident she wrote a request at the outset, and as she went to her seat handed it to him, and he, supposing it to be intended for

the minister, went straight to the preacher, and the astonished man read this: "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop."—*Exchange*.

Bigger than His Residence.

On one occasion, when he was a young priest attached to a small parish in St. Louis, Archbishop Ryan, now of Philadelphia, was escorting a Chicago friend around the Mound City. "That," said Father Ryan, pointing out the insignificant-looking residence of Archbishop Kendrick, "is the home of our archbishop."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the Chicagoan in astonishment. "Why, you ought to see the magnificent residence we have in Chicago for our archbishop."

"Well," retorted Father Ryan, "you ought to see the magnificent archbishop we have for our residence."

Pleased with His Joke

Indignant Householder (to collector of gas bills): "How is it that my gas bills get higher and higher every quarter when I am sure that we burn no more gas than we did formerly?"

Collector (meekly and deprecatingly): "I am sure, sir, I do not know, unless something is the matter with the meter."

Indignant Householder (satirically): "Something the matter with the meter, eh? Oh, yes; I suppose the meter has the gastrick fever!"

And the old man was so pleased with his joke that he cheerfully paid his bill.

Evening Up.

"I'm willing," said Pat, "to foight a duel with Tirrince, as it was me thot offendid him, and he won't apologize. But I want yez to understand thot, as Oi am much bigger than he is, and an aisier marruk to hit, he musht shtand further away from me than Oi do from him, or if he won't consint to thot, and he wants to foight with swords, and as he is the smaller mon, I'll allow him to shtand two paces closer to me than Oi will to him, on account of his arrums being shorter than moine. But Oi went it undershtood that if Oi kill him Oi want him to say

he is satisfied, and if he kills me after Oi kill him Oi promise to do the same."

* * *

For Post Graduate Study

Domestic: "I'm much obliged to ye, mum, fer sendin' me to that cookin'-school so long. Here's me diplomar wot I got ter-day."

Mistress (who thinks she has solved the servant-girl problem): "I'm delighted; now I presume you can cook."

Domestic: "Please, mum, th' teacher said we couldn't be expected to remember all we learned, and we must buy her cookin'-book an' keep it by us all th' time."

Mistress: "Certainly; I will get you a copy."

Domestic: "Thankee, mum. An', please, mum, wud ye moind sendin' me fer a few terms to boardin'-school til I learn to read?"

* * *

True to His Vow.

The two men at the door of a meat market.

One was coming out and the other was going in, and each had a basket on his arm.

"I thought you said," remarked the one who was about to enter, "you were going to do what one man could do to knock out the beef trust by not eating any more beef."

"That's what I said, and I'm sticking to it," replied the other, showing him the contents of his basket. "There isn't any liver trust that you know of, is there?"

* * *

Wanted to be Sure of a Job.

A Kansas school board received the following letter the other day from one of the teachers: "I would like to have the refusal of the school as long as you are willing to hold it for me, though I can't say positively that I will not teach, nor positively that I will. If I am married, as I think I will be, of course I will not want the school. But you know the old story about many a slip, and I would hate to be out of a job as well as the other."

* * *

She: "The trouble with the English is that they can't see a joke."

He: "Not at all. The trouble is that they don't know one when they see it."

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

(Prov. 14: 34; Deut. 6: 10-13.)

REV. CHAS. COKE WOODS.

Topic for June 29.

The President of the United States is quoted as saying: "No nation, no matter how glorious its history, can exist unless it practices—practices, mind you—decency; civic righteousness. No nation can permanently prosper unless the decalogue and the golden rule are its guides in public and in private life."

Abraham Lincoln said: "I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

In his great speech in Springfield, Ill., in June, 1858, he said, in quoting the words of Jesus: "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Solomon said: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Under the topic two questions front us: What hinders national prosperity? What helps national prosperity?

Hindrances.

Perhaps only two or three of the principal hindrances to national prosperity can be mentioned here:

1. *Infidelity.* It has had to do with every national disaster in human history. Look at France. Her motto once was "Liberty, equality, fraternity." Napoleon was unfaithful to these eternal principles. But in the loneliness of St. Helena he moaned: "I have sinned against the ideas of the century, and have lost." The statesman that loves truth loves everything.

Voltaire had prophesied the extinction of Christianity. He and Rousseau had attempted to eliminate God from the life of the people. They had declared for what they were pleased to call "reason" instead of righteousness. Nothing is reasonable that leaves out God. His is always a "reasonable service."

The false teachers of France had poisoned the nation. The French Revolution shook the centers of civilization. Thomas Carlyle said it was "hell fire." France had sowed the wind. She reaped the whirlwind. Mobs were rampant in Paris. Eighteen thousand people were slaughtered like sheep under the guillotine. National doubt is national doom. That is the record written in the ashes of all extinct republics. Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

2. *Anarchism.* It is envenomed by a spirit which is absolutely destructive of all morality and manhood.

Anarchism seeks to destroy the church.

Anarchism seeks to destroy the state.

Anarchism seeks to destroy the home.

Anarchism seeks to destroy the school.

Anarchism seeks to destroy our national faith.

Anarchism seeks to destroy our national flag.

Anarchism is satanic.

Like Satan, anarchism goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom it may devour.

Anarchism will anarchize the Americans, or Americanism will Americanize the anarchists.

Let the decision for Americanism be swift and sure, now and forever.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side:

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,

Ere the doom from its warm sandals shakes the dust against our land?

Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,

And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng

Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong."

3. *Bacchus.* He is an anarchist. And he is the father of anarchy. The saloon is the incubator of iniquity. The American saloon has at the heart of it the spirit of every form of oppression that has existed from the foundation of the world. The saloon's heart beats one with the heart of hell.

Any national party that seeks to perpetuate the saloon seeks to plunder the nation of her manhood.

Let the mighty nation whose giant hands tore the cruel claws of Spain from the throat of little Cuba now wrench the clutch of Bacchus from her own.

America must slay the serpent of the still, or that serpent will slay America. That serpent is gnawing every day at the sacred folds of our national flag. O Lord, how long? Who will smite him? Who shall slay him?

Let everybody know that these three names spelled with capitals stand for the hinderers of our nation's prosperity; INFIDELITY, ANARCHISM, BACCHUS!

War! Holy War!

Not war for glory and renown;

Not war for sceptre, throne, or crown;

But war to lay Lord Bacchus low—

War winged with zeal instead of woe.

Great God, array thy phalax strong,

Engird with might thy battle throng;

To smite with death this ancient wrong.

Helps.

National prosperity is never accidental. The fruit of a nation is as natural as the fruit of a tree. Certain influences contribute to a nation's prosperity as definitely as tributary streams do to a river's volume.

1. *Christianity.* We have written our creed upon our coin. It were better that it crystallize into national character. "In God we trust." That is our national confession of faith.

Let our senators know that facts are more forceful than fists. Moral manhood is more potent than material missile. Dogs fight with paws and claws and teeth. Men fight with principles and character and truth.

The day of the duel is done. Let the reign of the ruffian cease. No man ever emphasizes his righteousness by doing wrong. A gentleman is never a ghoul. Honor never conducts itself dishonorably.

Edmund Demoullins, in his book, "Anglo-Saxon Superiority," teaches that France educates her sons to be officers. Germany educates her sons to be soldiers. But America educates her sons to be men. This is the Anglo-Saxon idea; better, it is the Christian idea; Christianity puts eternal emphasis on manhood—the strength of a nation is in the strength of her Christian manhood.

2. *Schools.* Only the educational institution where the spirit of Christianity is fostered is a factor in national progress and prosperity. Let every state university, as well as all others, remember the dying testimony of President Andrew Jackson. He said: "The Bible, sir, is the rock on which our republic rests."

Our school teachers must everywhere educate the boys and girls who are soon to be the nation's citizens, in the principles of Paul, and not in the theories of Paine.

Long ago the Bible should have had a permanent place in our public schools. Its decalogue is the very basis of our America's science of jurisprudence. There is no place in our politics for the man who says that "the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in politics." Let the nation that would be true, select the truest teachers to teach truth to her children.

3. *Wise Statesmanship.* The Pilgrim Fathers laid the cornerstone of this republic with the

solemn words: "In the name of God. Amen." Woe betide us if that prayer ever cease.

Torches of Truth.

1. Only the righteous nation is a rising nation (Prov. 14: 34).

2 Sin has sapped the life of the world's extinct republics (Prov. 14: 34).

3. National purity and national pride have never been permanent partners (Deut. 6: 10-13).

4. No nation that shirks duty can serve God (Deut. 6: 10-13).

5. What men get too easily is often the hardest to keep (Deut. 6: 10-13).

6. The world will not long remember the nation that soon forgets God (Deut. 6: 10-13).

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

G. H. S.

LET us try to recover a sense of what is meant by the house of God. It is a beautiful sight when we are traveling in Europe to see the work-people with their baskets, the children, the youth, all passing in and out of the churches, with a sense that they are houses of God to them, just kneeling in prayer and passing on, having met God and found peace and rest in the silent prayer, the reverence, the sense of a Presence, from whom they go away refreshed.

We stand in some large hall, built in the spirit of the time, with tiers and tiers of seats gathered around a pulpit, and we say: "What a magnificent auditorium!" Our thoughts turn at once to man, to the powerful orator who will occupy the pulpit, his moving appeal, his eloquence and his learning. But we stand in the simplest English village church, with its soaring arches and mysterious aisles, with its altar and its font, its symbolism, its poetry, and its awe, and it stretches away to God. God is the person we seek as the complement of its beauty, as the final cause of its existence. Many of us may know, perhaps some of us can hardly realize, the deadly enervating force of the moral atmosphere in which some people are compelled to pass their lives. To those, if we cannot understand it ourselves, the church is a real sanctuary.

There is a great place for simple beauty in this world, for elevation of tone, for atmosphere, where sin is everywhere so ugly and God is everywhere so beautiful. It is not only the sick body which needs to be taken out of its deadly environment; it is the sick soul as well, which, when perishing from the dead monotony of unrelieved evil, passes in here into the presence of beauty, health, and soundness, and is saved by the sweetness and peace which breathe forth their fragrance from the sanctuary of God.

We cannot scold people into being good, we cannot always persuade them into seriousness, but very generally we may elevate and attract them by God's exceeding beauty and his tender gentleness expressed in divine service.

What a power the actual church—the material church of brick and mortar—is in a parish. It is a center of unity in the midst of dread selfishness. It is a bit of beauty, record of self-denial, touching memorial of former piety; something to be proud of, something to work for. It is a sympathetic voice to remind men of the universal love of God. It weeps when they weep, it smiles when they rejoice, it weaves itself into their joys and sorrows until it becomes part of their lives. This is no mean privilege, to keep it in repair, to enlarge it, if need be; yes, to keep it clean—emphatically; to beautify it—most certainly. The church should represent in this the heavenly city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from heaven as a bride adorned for her husband.

The church is like a rock in the wilderness, out of which gushes the fountain of life. There it streams forth in rivers of grace, and where it flows over, there is the green oasis of parsonage, school, houses of god-fearing men and women, whose lives are soothed by the murmur of the refreshing stream, where the minister follows the guidance of the Good Shepherd and leads them forth in the green pastures beside the waters of comfort.

Sunday-School Jottings.

(In place of the regular quarterly review.)

Tactful and Taking.

In the Washington-street Sunday school, Toledo, there is a "drop-in" class. It is a class into which one can drop on Sunday whenever it is convenient or he feels inclined. It is a class also, we should judge, into which anyone can go temporarily who wishes to join the school and does not know just what class he should connect himself with. The class has a taking title, and no doubt many "drop in" because of it.

Draw from Life.

The teacher who gets his illustrations from the affairs of every day, from the newspaper, from the street, the country, the workshop—from any phase of real life—will never complain of lack of attention. The throb of reality is always felt in such illustrations; they are alive; they are part of the present, and every young person will open eyes and ears to them. One advantage in drawing our illustrations from the affairs of to-day is that we thus make familiar things alive with spiritual truth. The object and its teaching can be so thoroughly identified that the one will constantly proclaim the other, and thus our scholars will be sent into a world that is vocal with messages concerning invisible and eternal truth.—Wm. T. Ellis.

They Prefer Christ.

The statement made by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, that up to thirteen years of age the children prefer the stories of the Old Testament, seems to be open to question. One of our superintendents in the West, who travels considerably, has made a special investigation of the matter, with the result that he affirms that just the opposite is true. He declares that the children have a decided preference for the New Testament, and that upon questioning adults they were about unanimous in saying that when young they also liked the stories about Jesus better than anything else. "I consider the testimonies that I have secured," he says, "as good as any to be obtained anywhere, as I have simply stated the two views, and asked which their experience led them to believe is true." The privilege of investigation is open to others.

A Hint for Vacation Reading-Matter.

"Why," writes Lee McCrae of Indianapolis, "should piles of good reading-matter accumulate in our Sunday-schools during the vacation months? The words of the great Teacher, 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost,' surely apply to brain food as well as bread. There should be someone whose special duty it is to see that every paper is carried somewhere. Possibly the Good Literature Committee of the Christian Endeavor Society will be glad to undertake it, and can do the work systematically. To find that their papers are thus cared for by the older people will enhance their value to the children. One of the kindest acts that came to my notice last summer was that of a teacher who saved a paper each Sunday for the members of his class who were away on their vacations. This courtesy and thoughtfulness was a pleasant surprise to the girls on their return, especially since it happened that they were greatly interested in a continued story, and had expected to lose the chapters. That the teacher thought of them each Sunday touched them more than anything else. It is such little acts as these that bind others to us, and widen the circle of our influence."—*Sunday-School Times*.

Teachers' Training-Class.

Rev. M. C. Hazard, editor of *The Pilgrim Teacher*, lays great stress on properly trained teachers. He says: "The greatest need now and always is a consecrated and trained corps of teachers. Given that in a school, there will be both conversions and development in the Christian life. While one system of lessons may be

superior to another, yet good teachers will make the poorest selection the most effective. It is well to have a good gun, but the good gun in the hands of a poor marksman is quite ineffective. Those schools which are trying different systems of lessons will do better by increasing their teaching efficiency. Hence each school should have a teachers' training class."

So it would seem that the greatest need is not finer rooms, nor more entertainments, nor a new piano, or larger orchestra, or a good many other desirable things, but more consecrated and better-trained teachers. Given devoted, informed, and skilled teachers, and we ought to have successful schools.

Do Not Discard Doctrine.

If Methodism means anything at all, it stands for the teaching. These are the very reasons for its existence. These teachings it is pledged to preach with unrelenting energy and zeal. It is of the utmost importance that these vital doctrines be strongly emphasized in our pulpits, in our Sunday-schools, in our periodical literature. We ask any candid man if he can expect this to be as effectively done by "broad-gauge" periodicals, which are manufactured to suit any denomination, any set of doctrines, any religious affiliations, any country. Such teaching must be very hazy and nebulous in character, or it must, at some time, contravene our most cherished convictions.

Do we wish our young people to grow up with very flabby and cartilaginous, not to say gelatinous, constitutions, or with the iron of positive conviction in their blood? We have no admiration for the exceeding liberalism of the man who fails to recognize in his own household any claim superior to that of other households; who has no preference for his own church life and church home over any other.

Giving Them Something to Do.

One way to enlist the interest of a class of active boys is to organize the class, giving every member a position in the organization, which may be merely nominal. A secretary could be appointed for looking after the records of the class. Another could be made librarian, whose duty should be to receive the Sunday-school library books belonging to the class, and to distribute the hymn-books and other material which is used by the pupils, while a treasurer could receive the offering, and a historian could take care of the events of interest in the class history. A committee on visitation of absent members of the class would be a good thing toward drawing in the young fellows who are absent every other Sunday; and a lookout committee, including every member of the class, could be appointed to look after the children moving into the neighborhoods represented in the class. These duties would help to use up the extra activity of the boys, and would help even an ordinary teacher to secure better attention in the lesson-study hour.—*Selected*.

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!

Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.

The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure.

It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.

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MR. BOK'S CRITICISM.

THAT versatile young man, Mr. Edward W. Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, knows just what is the matter with the religious newspapers. In the jubilee number of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*, he says that the religious paper is the synonym for the weakest kind of journalism we have. Moreover, the editors alone are to blame for this deplorable fact. They fail to "reflect and handle in a non-partisan way" the great questions confronting the church, and so they lack strength and influence. Their weakness has given the secular papers a chance to supplant them, and their editors must somehow acquire a "life-giving touch" before religious newspapers can be what they ought to be.

Mr. Bok's criticism, apart from its mixed metaphors and its uncertain English, takes too much for granted. He seems to think that the religious newspapers are decadent. He considers that they are conspicuous failures. He more than suggests that they lag uncertainly in what would be the front of the procession if newspaper progress were to right-about-face.

These things may be so. But the general thesis has not yet been proved. In the nature of things, it cannot be. Religious newspapers are not all of a likeness any more than all household magazines are of *Ladies' Home Journal* grade. But religious newspapers were never quite so active, progressive, and up with the times as they are to-day.

Mr. Bok has occasionally suggested that churchly authority is not so potent as it used to be. And yet, in a single denomination, religious newspapers are bought and paid for, month by month, whose aggregate far exceeds the circulation of Mr. Bok's periodical. This argument from the business office is not conclusive evidence against Mr. Bok's contention, but it has some weight. The *Ladies' Home Journal* draws on the whole country, and its bid for patronage, based on merit, is reinforced by a system of circulation-boosting not excelled in the business. All this should offset the decreasing power of mere official authority to extend the circulation of religious newspapers.

If the newspapers over whose degeneration Mr. Bok is mildly regretful are really as poor as he seems to think, it would be interesting to know why Methodists, for instance, who are reasonably frugal, buy them at the rate of something like four hundred thousand copies every week.

AN AUTOCRAT OF THE ORGAN LOFT.

HE became autocratic by degrees. At first his baton waved in a bashful way, and his voice was heard to tremble a little in the higher notes of the solo. But he soon fell from that high estate.

The earliest evidences of his fall were seen when the autocrat insisted upon two anthems, a duet, and an "offertory." That occupied twenty-four minutes. Hence the minister was compelled to shorten prayer and scripture-reading and sermon.

Next, the autocrat ordained that the choir-leader being a man of exquisite literary discrim-

ination, must select the hymns for the minister. Desiring peace, above all things, the minister submitted, though he has been known to wince many a time when the sermon and the hymns were a thousand and four miles apart.

The latest decision of the autocrat of the choir-loft is that he must also select the scripture lessons. He likes his esthetics only in the superlative degree, and wants the songs and scripture readings to "blend in beautiful and effective harmony." It is expected that the next demand from the choir-loft will be that the great man who rules its destinies must select the minister's text as well, so as to make sure that the sermon will fit into his elaborate musical program.

A piece of fiction did you say? Not a bit of it. It is history we have written. We have only to add that such a usurpation of the privileges and duties of another person is both bold and bad. And we have a very definite opinion of the minister who allows a musical autocrat to be so offensively autocratic.

Y. M. C. A. IN VILLAGES.

A MEETING of secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations was held in Chicago a while ago to consider the extension of their work. Among other resolutions formed was one to push the organization in small towns and villages.

This editor is a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. He believes in many of the activities it is carrying forward in the cities. It furnishes an anchorage for Christian young fellows away from home. Its evangelistic efforts are more or less fruitful. Besides, it furnishes a medium for much interdenominational usefulness among ministers and people who otherwise would not know each other.

But we do not believe it wise to form Young Men's Christian Associations in small cities and villages. Here there are few strangers. Everybody knows everybody else. Church accommodation is ample. The young people's societies and brotherhoods are doing much of the work which the association attempts in the large city. The churches are not strong. Their financial support is a problem. If an association is formed it will be necessary to draw upon the very men who are almost staggering under the financial burdens of the churches. It is like adding an extra church to a community which is already overchurched.

If the small city and village insist upon special work by men for men, let the churches organize a brotherhood. That fills the bill exactly. It fills the bill without much extra tax upon the pocketbooks of people who already give to the limit. And work done under the direct authority of a church is better, as a rule, than similar work done outside of denominational auspices.

IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS.

THE Epworth League crusade in behalf of the benevolences of the Methodist Episcopal Church goes briskly forward. This week the Central Office is sending out for the Board of Church Extension a handsome booklet and other literature. These documents will go into the hands of many thousands of our chapter officers, who should see that they are distributed carefully. Besides, arrangements should be made in all the chapters to study and discuss the romance of Church Extension. The theme will be found to be full to the rim with interest. The other great denominational benevolences will receive attention in their turn.

If this campaign does not greatly increase the knowledge of the people called Methodists concerning the work of these benevolence boards and societies, we shall miss our guess. And if it does not mightily increase the gifts of the coming church for the salvation of the nation and the whole wide world, we shall be grievously disappointed.

Have you not noticed that people who lose their temper are sure to find it again?

Take aim before you shoot.

Gossip never goes out of style.

Ignorance and egotism are neighbors.

Genius is only another name for downright common-sense.

To-morrow is the most golden day in all your life—when it comes.

The grumblers, like the devil, will take no vacation this summer.

Have you joined our Christian Stewardship army? The ranks are filling up.

Have you ever noticed that the man whom all the world calls a genius is the man who knows all about hard work?

Your business cools your religion, do you say? Then, either your business is bad or your religion is not worth having.

Down with the saloon! Talk against it! Work against it. Fight against it. Pray against it. Vote against it.

Lord Kitchener receives \$250,000 and unstinted praise from British millions. Did he conquer in South Africa? How about the private soldier?

A young fellow was murdered on a Chicago street the other evening. Where did twenty policemen search for the murderer all night long? In the saloons. Why in the saloons?

The saloon sends out troops of murderers, thieves, perjurers, tramps, libertines, and harlots who scoff at the restraints of society and thirst for blood. WHY DO WE NOT KILL IT?

Prof. Charles Horswell's resignation has been accepted by the trustees of Garrett Biblical Institute. It is an open secret that the professor does not leave because of any quirks in his theology, but because of serious friction with a member of the faculty.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Bishop FitzGerald has gone to Ocean Grove for the summer months.

Rev. R. L. Hewson of Norway, Mich., visits his old home in England.

Dr. Henry Wade Rogers declines an invitation to leave his chair at Yale.

Dr. Abel Stevens was the first secretary of the Tract Society of our church.

Dr. W. F. Oldham will attend the conferences on the Pacific Coast. Happy conferences!

Dr. W. W. Foster has closed a remarkably successful year as president of Rust University.

Rev. G. H. Jones, Methodist chaplain in the United States Army, has been assigned to Manila.

Dr. D. W. Gates of the Troy Conference was an inspiring participant in the commencement exercises at Rust University.

Dr. Leonard will not accept engagements for Sunday work during the summer. Will devote himself exclusively to the missionary office.

Bishops Hargrove, Granberry, and Fitzgerald, the retiring bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are each seventy-three years old.

Rev. C. N. Grandison, the eloquent colored minister, has reunited with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and hopes to regain his standing as a minister.

Mr. F. D. Fuller, a member of the General Board of Control almost from the beginning, will presently remove from Chicago to Boston. The latter is his old home.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon thinks that some of his church members are doing too much. That is, some of them do work that others ought to be doing. No doubt.

Bishop Joyce preached the baccalaureate sermon at Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., Sunday, June 1, and Rev. Peter Clare the university sermon in the evening.

Rev. Thos. Filben, D.D., has been quite ill for some time at his home in Pacific Grove, Cal. He was not able to attend the annual meeting of the board of trustees of the University of the Pacific.

Rev. Geo. B. Wolfe, a venerable member of the Illinois Conference, died in this city last week. He was the father of Dr. Jos. G. Wolfe, a member of our General Board of Control, and an active Chicago worker.

LEAGUE LEADERS.

Indianapolis District elects Rev. G. S. Henninger to its presidency. Lively leader!

Dr. C. H. Morgan conducts the Bible work at three of our Illinois district conventions this week.

Hon. T. B. Hutchinson of Napa, Cal., was one of the commencement speakers at the University of the Pacific.

Prof. F. S. Goodrich, president of the Michigan League, speaks to many conventions and chapters in profitable ways.

Miss Emma Brown, leader of the department of spiritual work in the Lapeer (Mich.) league, is a benediction to church and chapter.

Mr. R. E. Diffendorfer, one of our most zealous workers in the North Ohio Conference, becomes office secretary at Epworth headquarters, Chicago.

President Knight of the Detroit City Union was a decided factor in securing the International Convention for that city. It will mean much hard work for Knight. But he likes it.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

Epworth chapters are lending a hand to the Indianapolis Methodist hospital.

Dr. Joshua Stansfield's sermon before the Bloomington (Ind.) Convention was especially inspirational.

Dr. J. H. Worley, Foochow, China, has been inspiring some of our district conventions with missionary zeal.

The Milford District Institute, which was to have been held at Lebanon, O., June 12-13, has been postponed.

Dr. Pyke gave the South Bend (Ind.) District Convention a vivid picture of the sieges of Tientsin and Peking.

"The new crusade" was the theme of Dr. M. B. Pratt's address at the Akron (O.) Convention, and it was a good one.

President Gobin of De Pauw University delights Epworth crowds with his address on "The Romance of Christian Education."

Dr. J. E. Williams led a most spiritual hour at the Rochester (N. Y.) District Convention. Theme: "The Holy Spirit and his work."

Mr. John A. Patten and Dr. W. P. Thirkfield made addresses at a young people's rally in connection with Grant University commencement.

Rev. F. D. Leete of Monroe-avenue, Rochester, delivered a splendid address on "Personal evangelism" before the Genesee (N. Y.) District Convention.

Something new! The other Sunday night the chapter at Alhambra, Cal., considered the league as a bicycle, the various departments compared to different parts of the machine.

Rev. Fred V. Fisher of Visalia, Cal., will take a company of about forty boys into the mountains for an outing. The boys are sure Fisher is the greatest man of his generation.

When Rev. D. Lee Aultman presented *The Western* to the Utica (O.) congregation, he was assisted in the canvass by three physicians. All are members of the Epworth League Cabinet. That cabinet is well doctored.

The "St. Paul's Epworth League Amusement Ground" at Celina, O., is a grand success. Athletic games, such as basket-ball, tennis, and other field sports are encouraged. The ground is thoroughly equipped and is the result of the aggressive spirit and effort of the young pastor of the church, Rev. Clayton A. Smucker, who is an up-to-date preacher.

COLLEGES.

Dr. C. J. Little decides that he will not rest for a year after all.

The United States weather bureau locates a station at Syracuse University.

Among the graduates of Baltimore College is a daughter of Dr. A. J. Nast of the *Christian Apologist*, Cincinnati.

Dr. C. B. Spencer preached the baccalaureate sermon and Dr. F. M. Van Treese the college sermon at McKendree College.

Bishop Galloway delivers the commencement address at Ohio Wesleyan.

Dr. Matt. S. Hughes is the commencement orator at Iowa Wesleyan University.

President Hancher says the Iowa Wesleyan debt will be paid. Of course it will.

The commencement orator at Dickinson was Hon. John P. Elkin, attorney-general of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Charles Edward Locke, D.D., preaches the baccalaureate sermon at Genesee Wesleyan Seminary.

The resignation of Prof. C. R. Horswell has been

accepted by the trustees of Garrett Biblical Institute. He will probably reënter the pastorate.

Prof. Merle N. Smith, the popular secretary of Drew Seminary, resigns to enter the pastorate. Has been transferred to the Upper Iowa Conference.

Lawrence University grows steadily. The institution has received nearly \$40,000 during the past year in direct gifts and provisions in wills. President Plantz has made a remarkable record.

Over 200 Roman Catholic students at Columbia University have organized a religious society which will go by the name of the Newman Club. It will be affiliated with an organization of the same name at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Woman's College of Baltimore commencement this year was held from June 1-3. Rev. Dr. W. L. McDowell, New York City, preached the baccalaureate sermon; Mr. George W. Cable was commencement orator; fifty-six students received the degree of bachelor of arts. These were from all parts of the United States, and one student was from Calcutta, India; another from Tokio, Japan.

GATHERING HOSTS.

Nearly fifty district conventions last week. What splendid crowds!

Montana State Convention next week will be full-grown and glorious.

Christian Stewardship will have ample discussion at the Illinois State Convention.

A dozen superb convention programs have come in this week. Yes, superb is the word.

Worcester (Mass.) Methodists are preparing to entertain a host of New England Epworthians July 10-13.

Elijah P. Brown will be an attraction at the Appleton (Wis.) District Convention. Good program all through.

Rev. H. G. Leonard of Fargo, and Rev. R. N. Avison of Hamline, Minn., will be chief speakers at the North Dakota Convention next week.

Revs. Geo. H. Spencer and Charles H. Stackpole are invited to be among the leading speakers at the Maine State Convention at Livermore Falls.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

Chicago has a Friends' Church with an active Endeavor Society.

There are eighty-five societies in the Washington (D. C.) Endeavor Union.

The Baptist Convention at Providence will emphasize missions and Bible study.

A large contingent of Canadian young Baptists will attend the Providence Convention.

Secretary Baer leads the young people's meetings at the Winona (Ind.) Bible Conference.

State Secretary Fanny Jackson is to conduct a woman's meeting at the Wisconsin State Convention.

Seattle, the queen city of the Sound, is to entertain the Washington State Endeavor Convention June 26-29.

"The best attended convention in the history of the state," is the mark at which the Illinois Christian Endeavor officers are aiming for the convention at Quincy in July.

Much indignation was aroused among the colored delegates to the International Sunday-school Convention at Denver over a plan to compel the colored people to occupy separate seats. When will people get over their silly prejudices?

CANADIAN CRUMBLETS.

General Conference next September.

Dr. Manley Benson is the new president of Montreal Conference.

The annual conferences are electing delegates to the General Conference.

Dr. Albert Carman, general superintendent, will probably retire from active work.

A great prohibition campaign is pending in Ontario and young Methodists are at the front.

Secretary Crews was warmly praised by his board for his efficiency during the quadrennium.

Many suggestions about how to improve the church machinery at approaching General Conference.

Pastors and young people much pleased over the selection of Detroit as place for the next International Convention.

The annual rally of the chapters of Toronto Central District was held recently in Elm-street Church. Large audience. Much enthusiasm.

Rev. Frederick L. Wiseman, the representative of Wesleyan Methodism of England to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, spent a Sunday in Toronto. He preached at the Metropolitan.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH.

At last Methodism has an episcopal Smith.

Bishops Hoss and Smith are each fifty-three years of age—and lively.

By action of the General Conference the Epworth League will manage its own finances and pay its own bills.

An effort to merge the juvenile missionary societies into the Junior League was defeated by the recent General Conference.

The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, live where they choose. Nashville will again have more than its share of episcopal attention.

Prof. H. T. Kealing, representative of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, made one of the great speeches before the Southern General Conference. He is a Texas negro. Booker Washington will need to look out for his laurels.

Dr. H. M. Du Bose secretary of the Southern Epworth League, was called to the bedside of his father during the session of the General Conference. Rev. Hezekiah Du Bose was a faithful Methodist preacher, and died in peace, eighty-two years of age.

PENCIL POINTS.

The local news pages of the *California Advocate* shine these days.

The illustrative features of *The Christian Endeavor World* are greatly improved.

Dr. Courtice of *The Christian Guardian* (Toronto) has been taking a peep at Boston.

The Wesleyan Christian Advocate has an alert league editor in Rev. R. F. Eakes.

The pencil which prepares the news paragraphs for *The Southwestern* does extra good work.

The Epworth Era will be enlarged and improved. It is always handsome in mechanical make-up.

Dr. S. W. Gehrett has been giving the *Philadelphia Methodist* a series of decidedly bright letters on foreign lands.

Dr. A. N. Fisher, editor of the *Pacific Advocate*, becomes a member of the "Commission on Consolidation of Benevolences."

Rev. Stephen J. Herben, assistant editor of *The Christian Advocate*, attended the commencement exercises of Northwestern University. He is a graduate of the university, and also of Garrett Biblical Institute, and has a host of friends hereabouts.

TEMPERANCE TWIGS.

No more beer at United States emigrant stations, if you please.

A Chicago sot the other day pawned his wife's false teeth to buy grog.

The nation can kill the saloon when she gets ready. Is it not about time?

When decent people are not overcoming the saloon the saloon is overcoming them.

The ministers of New York are considering the inauguration of a pledge-signing crusade.

The soldiers garrisoned at Columbus, O., compelled a saloon-keeper to take down his sign, which read "Soldiers' Rest."

At Pontiac, Ill., a Prohibitionist was elected alderman over a Republican saloon-keeper and a Democratic beer agent.

Dr. Chas. A. Crane of Boston will spend ten days in Minnesota, speaking on prohibition under the auspices of the Epworth League.

Senator Hansbrough is pushing an amendment to the army appropriation bill, providing for the expenditure of \$1,000,000 for the construction and maintenance of post exchanges.

A French professor knocks a prop from under alcohol advocates. He declares that alcoholism is the most potent factor known in promoting tuberculosis. And he quotes figures to prove it.

"We will not allow past political affiliations to govern us. We will support only men who are friendly to our interests." Read that over again, and remember that it is the official utterance of the whisky league.

BOOK-MAKERS.

Conan Doyle's "War in South Africa" is an adroit presentation of the British case.

Mr. Carnegie's "The Empire of Business" is one of the best selling new books of the year.

Miss Butler has written the life of her sainted father, Dr. William Butler. Revell will publish.

It is said that Professor Curtis of Drew is writing a book in which he will give his views of biblical criticism.

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, issues a book called "Democracy and Social Ethics." Sensible in the main, but contains some strange doctrines.

The Cream of Methodist Doings.

By Skimmer.

Now for camp-meeting!

Dravosburg, Pa., dedicates.

Children's Day a great success.

West Newton, Pa., new temple.

Heavy crop honorary "D.D.'s."

Ocean Grove expects great season.

Boston wants the General Conference.

Brotherhood of St. Paul grows steadily.

Great missionary convention in October.

West Pittsburg, Pa., will arise and build.

Outlook for Indianapolis hospital is decidedly bright.

The publication of an Inter-Methodist hymnal is no longer in doubt.

New churches by the dozen in the growing Northwest—good ones.

Church debts are disappearing at all points of the Methodist compass.

Trinity Church, Washington, celebrates its centennial. Joyful services.

Five new church buildings on Olney (Ill.) District this conference year.

The eye of the church is turned inquisitively toward the theological schools.

Three sub-bishops in the old Ohio Conference are closing the six-year term.

The old Moundsville (W. Va.) Camp-meeting will renew its youth this year.

To consolidate or not to consolidate is one of the large questions of the year.

First Church, Waterloo, Ia., enjoys the most satisfactory revival in its history.

The new Trinity Church, Albany, N. Y., will be dedicated in the early autumn.

Northwest Iowa will make a missionary report this year no one need be ashamed of.

Buckhannon, the Athens of West Virginia Methodism, is to rejuvenate its temple.

Trinity Church, Cedar Rapids, Ia., remodeled, frescoed, beautified, and rededicated.

"Higher criticism" is a fruitful theme of discussion at Monday ministers' meetings.

Michigan Conference will enjoy the presidency of Bishop FitzGerald for the first time.

The old habit of distributing tracts is reviving among the people called Methodists.

Our American church in Rome has a new organ, the gift of Dr. A. B. Leonard and family.

Genesee Conference is getting ready to welcome two new presiding-elders—perhaps three.

Commission on consolidation of benevolences will hold a meeting at Ocean Grove July 2.

Laymen's Association of Central Pennsylvania prints ample report of annual meeting.

Des Plaines (near Chicago) Camp meeting will give large space to young people's meetings.

Des Moines Conference will have two new presiding-elders next fall. Material plentiful.

Many congregations now call the parson "Doctor." College commencement just over, you know.

Platteville (Wis.) District has bought a tent for evangelistic purposes in the summer season.

Our Tract Society has distributed 90,000,000 pages of tracts in this country during the last fifty years.

Long Beach, Cal., prohibition city, is having a remarkable growth. Same thing Methodistically.

First Church, New Haven, Conn., has given the new pastor, Dr. Henry Baker, a splendid welcome.

Montevideo, Minn., has a brand-new pastor in the person of Dr. L. L. Tower. Comes from Montana.

Pittsburg ministers' meeting talked about "Pastoral visiting" the other Monday. Fruitful theme.

The new directory of Simpson Church, Detroit, just issued by Dr. Paul C. Curnick, shows a membership of over 1,000.

The Western Book Concern field agents are sowing books and periodicals among the people—sowing in broadcast style.

"The passing of the amen corner" was the theme at the Philadelphia preachers' meeting the other Monday morning.

President Robertson of the Red River Valley University, N. D., is about the busiest man in Northwestern Methodism.

Since their return from India last year, Rev. J. O. Denning has delivered over 200 missionary addresses, and Mrs. Denning over 100.

Toledo District, Central Ohio Conference, Dr. J. M. Avann presiding elder, has placed itself on the honor roll of the districts that have paid all debts on their

church property when the bishops made thank-offering call.

Nine hundred women have gone out from the Chicago Training-School into active Christian service. Two-thirds were deaconesses.

The address of Rev. W. F. Sheridan before the Grand Army Posts of Louisville was devoted largely to a discussion of the negro question.

Three cheers for Dr. Winchester and his people of the Sentinel Church, Buffalo, upon their successful efforts to throw off a big debt-burden!

The vested choir of Calvary Church, New York City, has been singing one year, and now meets with no adverse criticism. Dr. Odell says it is all right.

A \$5,000 reduction has been made on the debt of Broadway Church, Camden, N. J. The Sunday-school, which has 1,100 members, contributed \$1,050. Dr. Marshall is a power.

It would require a strong adjective to tell all about church progress at Massillon, O., this year. Dr. L. H. Steward struck ten the first day, and has kept right on in the same key.

"Old Fellowship" Church, in Atlantic County, N. J., celebrated its ninety-fourth birthday May 18. The original structure is still in constant use, and promises to last a century more.

The church at North East, Pa., will arise and build. Mr. J. W. Powell presented the financial case last Sunday with most encouraging results. Rev. Willis K. Crosby leads the sanguine host.

The fruitage of the great revival at Belvidere, Ill., abides. That remarkable pastor, Dr. D. M. Tompkins, is holding the work with a steady hand, watching the converts with solicitous attention.

Not many Methodist ministers are happier than Pastor Wilcox of Altoona, Pa. His new church and parsonage are commodious and beautiful, and his leadership has won the praise of all the people.

Kansas-avenue (Topeka) Epworth Chapter has sent out four pastors, two of them theological school graduates, one deaconess, one missionary to Africa, one city missionary, and one Young Men's Christian Association secretary. Good record!

The invitation by Court-street Church, Rockford, Ill., to Dr. R. H. Pooley to return for yet another year of service is what was generally expected. He has succeeded notably in a church which, in many respects, is chiefest in the Rock River Conference.

Rev. Dr. Blodgett, pastor of St. Paul, Cincinnati, is as deeply interested in the league work in that great church as in his other fields. His name often appears in connection with league meetings in the state. St. Paul, under his ministry, is having the great congregations of previous years.

MISSIONARY WOMEN.

Some recent annuities to the Home Society make the women glad.

The Home Society is to build a home in Alaska on the cottage plan.

Thank-offering gifts in the Foreign Society promise to be largely in advance of last year.

Mrs. W. F. Oldham is, like her husband, one of the most effective speakers on the missionary platform.

The commencement exercises of the Washington Training school were the most successful in the history of the institution.

¶Mrs. R. H. Pooley, the indefatigable worker in the Northwestern Branch of the Foreign Society, is at home after a winter in Florida.

Preparations are already under way for the two great women's conventions in the autumn—one at Kansas City and the other at Minneapolis.

The "Standard Bearers" are being organized among the young women. This is an auxiliary to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and grows everywhere.

MISSION NOTES.

John R. Mott traveled 32,000 miles during his recent tour abroad.

Buddhism has surely lost its hold upon the student body of Japan.

Rev. Joseph Gill and wife of India are spending their furlough in Chicago.

Dr. W. B. Scranton of Korea will remain in this country until the close of the year.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has one fourth of all the native Protestants in China.

India has five Methodist Episcopal conferences and two missions, with 100,000 members.

Tokyo, Kyoto, Calcutta, Madras, Shanghai, and Foo-

chow are the chief Student Volunteer centers in Asia.

The increase in our Japan membership this year will cause joy on earth and in heaven.

Methodist missions in this country are conducted among fourteen foreign-speaking peoples.

The Missionary Society will be represented at the Young People's Negro Conference at Atlanta.

We have two conferences in South America, including strategic territory on the east and west coast.

One of the attractions of the missionary convention at Cleveland will be an elaborate mission exhibit.

Dr. Stuntz is making an address on the Philippines which is packed with information and inspiration.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is organizing old-fashioned circuits in Cuba. Wise—very.

SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

Dr. George Elliott of Detroit will have charge of the devotional hour at Bay View Assembly.

Gen. O. O. Howard and Dr. H. C. Stuntz will be among the speakers at the Huron (S. D.) Assembly.

The improvements at Colfax will add much to the convenience and attractiveness of the assembly grounds.

Erie District Institute.

The thirteenth annual gathering and the first institute of Erie District was held in Erie, Pa., June 2-4. Though the institute plan was new to all, and a fear had been previously expressed that much of the spirituality of our annual meetings might be lost, yet, now that it is over, all are pleased with it, and pronounce it the most interesting and helpful meeting ever held in this district. The opening session was held in First Methodist Episcopal Church. After the usual preliminary exercises the president, Mr. J. A. Macdonald of Westfield, N. Y., made a few explanatory remarks, pointing out the difference between a convention and an institute, and stating that an institute was chiefly a school—a time for instruction in the best methods of doing Christian work. The address of the evening was upon "Scriptural habits of giving," by Rev. S. M. Gordon of Westfield, N. Y., who kept his audience interested, and moved everyone with his words. A social time followed in the church parlor, which was handsomely decorated and all seemed to have a good time.

Tuesday morning's session opened with a devotional half-hour, conducted by Rev. W. K. Crosby of North East, Pa.; then a class of "first-department workers," with Rev. B. A. Gindner of Girard, Pa., as instructor. This was a very profitable hour. Rev. A. C. Ellis of First Church had charge of the next hour on "Doctrines of Methodism," greatly to the edification of all present.

After a short intermission Prof. S. C. Bayle of Waterford, Pa., conducted a "school of mercy and help." He showed the importance of this department to the community, to the church, and to the Sunday school.

The afternoon session was held in Simpson Church, and opened with a half-hour of devotions conducted by Rev. C. H. Inman of Volusia, N. Y. This was followed by a "model business meeting," by the district officers. Mrs. E. J. Stinchcombe of Wattsburg, Pa., who was to give instruction in Junior League work, was unable to be present, so President Macdonald talked on the subject, and held a general conference of the delegates.

The president then introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. W. L. Hazen of Portland, N. Y., who gave an eloquent and forcible address on "Personal evangelism."

The closing session was held in First Church, Wednesday morning, Rev. Wayne Robinson of Phillipsburg having charge of the devotional half-hour. Rev. Frank S. Neigh of Ripley, N. Y., was teacher of a class of third-department workers. He outlined the work of his department, impressed upon his hearers the importance of good literature, and gave helpful methods of conducting a reading course, emphasizing the need of mission study classes in every chapter. The fourth department work was taken up by Mrs. Heard of North East, Pennsylvania, in which many good points were brought out along the line of sociability.

The institute will meet at Silver Creek, N. Y., next year.

Officers elected: Pres., J. A. Macdonald, Westfield, N. Y. (re-elected); V. P's, Mrs. C. Y. Lick, Albion, Pa.; Miss Emma Benson, Erie, Pa.; Miss Clara Dailey, Fredonia, N. Y.; Miss Mabel Pitts, Waterford, Pa.; Cor. Sec., Miss Bessie L. Macdonald, Westfield, N. Y. (re-elected); Rec. Sec., Miss Lottie Shepard, Wesleyville, Pa.; Jr. Supt., Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Erie, Pa. The music throughout was excellent and inspiring. (Reported by Bessie L. Macdonald, corresponding secretary.)

From the Wide Field.

EASTERN STATES.

Chester, Pa.—The Madison street Chapter (3067) celebrated its eleventh anniversary Sunday evening, May 25. Pastor W. H. Shaffer preached appropriately, and the choir rendered special music, after which the new officers were installed. The secretary's report evidenced a prosperous and progressive condition. During the past year fifty new members have been added, making the present membership 234—119 active and 115 associate. The spiritual status is encouraging, forty three cottage prayer-meetings having been held in addition to the regular meetings. The mercy and help department is active in every good word and work. The social department is perennially busy and resourceful. All in all, we should call this a model chapter, made up, as the secretary, Emily E. Clark, writes, of active, energetic young people who never find the weather too hot or too cold in which to work for the Master. They have a balance in the treasury of \$72.36, and have expended \$88.65 for charitable purposes.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Miss Bessie A. Chriswell writes: "Summer Place Chapter held an unusually successful anniversary service, consisting of special music, a splendidly-written paper on 'The history of the Epworth League as an organization,' by our first vice-president, Miss Edith S. Albertson; another interesting paper on 'The history of Summer Place Chapter,' by Miss Orilla A. Sweet, the first president of our chapter; a spirited address, full of stirring facts, by our pastor, Rev. Price Alexander Crow. Mesdames W. H. Shingler and T. J. Leak, from Asbury Church, rendered a duet delightfully and to the evident satisfaction of all. The church was beautifully decorated, and filled to overflowing. Our league is having a rapid growth. We now have a membership of 106. We believe in aggressive work. The league not long ago decorated our new \$4,000 parsonage, and then took a \$150 bond of our church indebtedness, and has recently paid almost the entire amount. The president of this growing and vigorous chapter is Miss Evelyn Hamilton, and the secretary is Mr. Bertram Blight." We wish that league secretaries everywhere could realize how glad we are to receive reports of good work being done.

MIDDLE STATES.

Ironwood, Mich.—Jesseville Chapter observed Anniversary Day May 18. They decorated their church nicely for the occasion, and used the Rainbow program. Two subscriptions for THE HERALD were secured.

Vassar, Mich.—Anniversary Sunday, Vassar, Mich., was an all-day inspiration. The presiding-elder, Rev. W. F. Stewart, preached the anniversary sermon. On Wednesday evening, May 14, the chapter tendered a reception to the young people of the sister churches, which was largely attended and delightful in every particular.

Ashland, O.—Chapter 1298 gave its usual annual memorial entertainment on Thursday evening, May 29. The church was beautifully decorated in the national colors, and ferns, palms, and flowers adorned the pulpit, while the league motto shone forth in glowing letters. Special invitations were sent out to the Grand Army of the Republic, Woman's Relief Corps, and to the different militia companies of the city, a great many of whom attended in a body, seats having been reserved for them. The spacious church was filled to overflowing from choir to gallery. No admission fee was asked, but a collection was taken which added a goodly sum to the treasury. The stirring program was greatly enjoyed. Sunday, June 1, was observed by the league as "Old Folks' Day." Carriages were sent to convey to the church those who were unable to walk so far. The dear old people seemed to enjoy the meeting very much, and went away feeling much happier for having been there.

Elkhart, Ind.—The Bishop Joyce Chapter of Trinity Church observed the anniversary in a noteworthy manner. The celebration began with an earnest and largely attended prayer-service at six in the morning. Pastor Light, at the regular service, chose thirteen especial achievements of the Epworth League as a basis for an enthusiastic and eulogistic address. He considers the league the strongest working and evangelistic factor in the church to day. At the regular devotional service of the league, the annual reports of the officers brought to the notice of the membership and the friends of the chapter the vast amount of work accomplished by the various departments during the year. At 7:30 p.m., in the large auditorium, a Wesley program was given by the chapter, the president presiding. The church was beautifully decorated with the league colors and flowers. Prominent among the decorations was a fine oil portrait of John Wesley, presented to the chapter by four of the members. This efficient and progressive chapter is

To Clean Carpets.

If you have a carpet that looks dingy and you wish to restore it to its original freshness, make a stiff lather of Ivory Soap and warm water and scrub it, width by width, with the lather. Wipe with a clean damp sponge. Do not apply more water than necessary.

entering upon the work of the new year with fresh zeal and courage, and hoping that its growth and attainments may exceed those of any previous year.

WESTERN STATES.

Poynette, Wis.—Poynette Chapter held its anniversary service on May 18, giving a very fine presentation of the "Rainbow program." On the next Sabbath evening the Presbyterian Endeavor Society united with the league in a service which was full of profit and delight. A grand union temperance meeting was held June 15, conducted by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the Epworth League, using the temperance topic for that date.

Elberon, Ia.—The league here has been doing some effective home missionary work, although Elberon is only a small country town. The headquarters of about one hundred workmen on the C. N. W. Railway have been located here. From time to time the young people have held an open-air service near their cars. The stirring songs, scripture readings, and addresses have seemed to make a deep impression on the men, who have spoken of the Christian influence which surrounded them when children. EPWORTH HERALDS and Advocates were freely distributed several Saturday evenings for their Sunday reading.

Anaconda, Mont.—First Church Chapter is doing excellent work. The devotional meetings are interesting and helpful, and good spiritual work is being done. The mercy and help department is especially active. Over \$3 000 in cash have been wisely used in this work during the last seven years. Much second-hand clothing has also been distributed. The league has just finished paying a \$100 subscription on the church debt, and will soon join in the jubilee service when the note is burned. The Junior League, seventy-five strong, paid \$25 on the debt. Miss Frances Marshall and Miss Ethel Macurdy have just taken charge of the Junior League work.

Hiawatha, Kan.—The league at this place is a bright, earnest, working league. It was organized last September, and now has a membership of fifty. Being a country chapter, it is not possible to sustain a separate Junior League; but the Juniors take an active part in the regular league work, and every now and then a night is devoted especially to them. There is also a good Sunday-school connected with the church, with an average attendance of seventy, and a home department of fifty members. Anniversary Day was enthusiastically observed, the Rainbow program being used, and the church handsomely decorated. Two other societies were invited, and the house was full to overflowing.

Sioux Falls, Ia.—President W. B. Engle writes: "First Church Chapter had to postpone its anniversary service, but, nevertheless, had a most successful time. Of course, we used the Rainbow program. The annual report showed good work for the year, and plans are being made to make the coming year much better. Sometime before the date of giving the program a number of 'birthday offering' sacks

were distributed, and \$48 was secured. Last year only \$4.78 was taken in a general collection for the work. At the last business meeting it was voted to give the general league one tenth of all that was raised, to show that the league practices what it preaches. So, by some extra effort and tithing our income, our league has nine times as much as last year, after giving the general league more than the total sum raised last year. Who says that it does not pay in dollars and cents to pay a tenth of the income?" The Sioux Falls league has no copyright on this method and is willing to have every other chapter try it.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

June 19-22.—Ashland District, Bayfield, Wis.
June 19-22.—Crookston District, Bemidji, Minn.
June 19-22.—Iowa District (Swedish), Hittman, Ia.
June 19-22.—Fourth General Conference District, Washington, D. C.
June 19-22.—Walla Walla District, Elgin, Ore.
June 19-23.—North Dakota State Convention, Grand Forks.
June 20-22.—Madison District, Poynette, Wis.
June 20-22.—East Boise Subdistrict, Mackay, Ida.
June 20-22.—La Crosse District, Baraboo, Wis.
June 20-22.—Cameron District, Jonesport, Mo.
June 22-23.—Eastern Division of Boise District, Mackay, Ida.
June 23-24.—Danville District, Fairmount, Ill.
June 23-24.—Peoria District, Peoria, Ill.
June 23-24.—Akron District, Akron, O.
June 23-25.—Marshalltown District, Geneva, Ia.
June 23-25.—Moore's Hill District, Rising Sun, Ind.
June 24-25.—Rock Island District, Erie, Ill.
June 24-25.—Port Huron District, Bad Axe, Mich.
June 24-25.—Barnesville District, Clarington, O.
June 24-25.—Joliet District, Chicago Heights.
June 24-25.—Canton District, Salem, O.
June 24-25.—London District Institute, London, O.
June 24-25.—Mansfield District, Shelby, Mo.
June 24-25.—Champaign District, Urbana, Ill.
June 24-25.—Ida Grove District, Rockwell City, Ia.
June 24-25.—Sandusky District, Tiffin, O.
June 24-26.—Ft. Wayne District, Garrett, Ind.
June 24-26.—Decorah District, West Union, Ia.
June 24-26.—Mt. Vernon District, Hunkleyville, Ill.
June 24-26.—Puget Sound Conference, Whatcom, Wash.
June 24-26.—Creston District, Lenox, Ia.
June 24-26.—West Virginia Convention, Oakland, Md.
June 24-26.—Galesburg District, Keosauqua, Mo.
June 24-26.—Richmond District, Union City, Ind.
June 25-26.—Kankakee District, Watseka, Ill.
June 25-27.—Fort Dodge District, Humboldt, Ia.
June 25-27.—Seymour District, Charleston, Ind.
June 25-27.—Atlantic District, Casey, Ia.
June 25-28.—St. Joseph District, Sturgeon, Mo.
June 25-27.—Mattoon District, Neoga, Ill.
June 25-27.—Maine State, Livermore Falls, Me.
June 27-29.—Appleton District, Grand Rapids, Wis.
June 30-July 1.—Chillicothe District, Williamsport, O.
July 2-3.—Zanesville District, Zanesville, O.
July 4-10.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Kan.
July 8-10.—Keokuk District, Moulton, Iowa.
July 8-10.—Illinois State Biennial Convention, Mt. Carmel.
July 9-11.—Junction City District, Junction City, Kan.
July 10-12.—Indiana State, Indianapolis, Ind.
July 10-13.—Second General Conference District, Ocean City, N. J.
July 10-13.—Greeley District, Fort Collins, Col.
July 11-21.—N. W. Kansas Epworth Chautauqua, Beloit, Kan.
July 19-21.—Kansas State Convention, Beloit.
July 21-Aug.—Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Cofax, Ia.
July 25-Aug. 25.—Ludington Assembly.
July 25-Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 31-Aug. 3.—Michigan State Convention.
Aug. 5-6.—Connorsville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 5-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Some Ways of Working.

The First Thing.—What is the first duty of the chapter secretary after the annual or semi-annual election of officers? To send the list to the Central Office, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

Never!—Should a young person who attends public balls be invited to lead the devotional meeting? That question comes from two places. We are surprised that anyone should ask it. There is only one possible answer. NEVER!

The League in Dog Days.—Trying times are just ahead. Almost any corps of officials can make the chapter go from October to June. But it is a rare cabinet that can keep things moving ahead in dog days. But it is well worth while.

No Cabinet Meetings.—The work of the chapter grew spasmodic. Also uneven. Harmony vanished. Discord crept in. Its methods were haphazard. There was no unity of purpose or plan. What was the matter? No cabinet meetings.

Recognizing Older People.—A Christian Endeavor Society puts its devotional meeting into the hands of the elderly people of the church once each quarter. It is a pleasant recognition, always secures a large attendance, and often results in an extra good meeting.

Delightful Courtesy.—A district secretary said to us the other day that she would as soon think of neglecting to answer a letter as she would think of failing to respond to a question or remark made by a person in conversation. The secretary's idea of courtesy was correct. But how many fall below her standard!

Large and Small Chapters.—If the membership of your chapter is large, do not boast too much about it. Some large chapters are very small in sacrifice and service. On the other hand, some chapters having a membership of only a dozen or two are large in the splendid work they are doing for Christ and the church.

Personal Approach.—A friend asks if members of the league who indulge in sinful amusements should be corrected publicly by the pastor or leader of the devotional meeting? We think not. Public criticism is too general, and is often too severe. It seldom wins. The best way to influence people is by personal approach. It rarely fails.

The Apostolic Church.—A correspondent asks us to give the name of the Bible-study book for the second year of the course. Certainly. It is called "The Apostolic Church." Will be uniform in size and style with "Studies in the Life of Christ," and will be sold at the same price. The book will be ready for delivery Aug. 1st. A great little book.

Invaluable.—A first vice-president asks us to suggest some helps (other than the expositions in THE EPWORTH HERALD) for the leader of the devotional meeting. We do so with pleasure. "Notes on the Devotional Meeting Topics" is invaluable. It is a semi-annual booklet, and costs only 15 cents per copy. The issue for the six months beginning July 1 is now ready.

Cut it Off.—We have much exhortation about beginning our meetings on time. We need some on closing on time. The ordinary business meeting should not last more than forty minutes, and the Sunday evening devotional meeting should close at least five minutes before the public worship begins. No matter how interesting a meeting is, when the time to close comes cut it off short.

Tie Them Together.—There is not as much sympathy between the Sunday-school and the Epworth League in some churches as there

should be. That is wrong. And it is a pity. The two should live close together, and cooperate in all sorts of helpful ways. Let the Sunday-school superintendent be invited to lead the league devotional meeting once in a while. That will help tie the two organizations together.

Facts from the Chapters.—After six months of earnest toil, and the expenditure of perhaps \$3,000, the Central Office possesses a list of district and chapter officers which is an immense aid in our correspondence. To those who have responded to our appeals for information, we extend hearty thanks. Those who have not yet answered our letters are urgently requested to do so without delay. Our list of district and chapter officers is incomplete. *We must make it complete.* Help us. If you have not yet sent us the names of the members of your cabinet, do it to-day!

Special Music.—"Do you think it a good idea to have solos and duets as a substitute for hymns in the devotional meetings?" That question has just come in. It depends upon what kind of solos you mean. We would have neither solos, duets, quartets, or choruses that are not thoroughly devotional. A spiritual solo fits in well once in a while, especially if it is sung by a spiritual person. But we would have this special music only occasionally. It is a poor substitute for congregational singing.

What Can Be Done to Secure Regular Meetings of the Cabinet?—1. Let the importance of the cabinet be emphasized by pastor and president. 2. Have a stated time for regular monthly meetings, and advertise it in your league directory. 3. A few days before the time for a regular or special meeting the secretary should mail a postal card reminder. 4. Let the president plan for the meeting beforehand, and ordain that it shall be neither dull nor pointless. If the gathering can be held at the home of some member it will be all the better.

Our Lookout Committee.—Is there not need of a "look-out" committee in our chapters? There is. And we have provided one. The department of social work "shall be on the outlook for new members, and be ready to receive them and introduce them to the chapter." No work of greater importance. And none requiring more sanctified gumption. The most wise, thoughtful, and kindly young people in the chapter should be appointed. If we had our way we would arrange the committee with the girls predominating. It costs them—that is, most of them—no effort to be gracious and hospitable.

Letters between Chapters.—The value of correspondence with other chapters is great. No two chapters are conducted exactly the same, although they may be working under the same constitution and by-laws. Methods of work differ. Programs differ. Some chapters have a large membership. Others have a small membership. Some have a large and active working force. Others must depend upon the faithful few to keep up the interest. Some chapters are inactive, and are not accomplishing the work they ought to do. Such need enthusiasm and spiritual fire. It is clear that systematic correspondence with other chapters will help, in a large degree, to bring activity and enthusiasm to chapters which correspond.

Hold Over Sunday.—A correspondent urges that district conventions be held over Sunday wherever practicable. Here are his reasons: First, it secures the attendance of many of our brightest young people who are school teachers. Second, it gives a grand evangelistic uplift to the local church and the delegates in attendance, since the whole Sabbath is devoted exclusively to direct efforts for the winning of souls and the

sanctification of believers. Here is a sample Sunday program:

9:30 a.m. Love-feast
10:30 a.m. Sermon.
3:00 p.m. Junior rally.
6:00 p.m. League prayer meeting.
7:00 p.m. Sermon.
8:30 p.m. Evangelistic service.

Messages from Absentees.—An unusually large number out of the membership of a Western chapter were absent. Some were at college, some had gone away to go into business, and still others to seek new homes. In the autumn a meeting entitled "Messages from absentees" was held. Letters were sent to all the absent members assuring them of continued interest in them, of the prayers that still ascended in their behalf, and requesting them to send a few lines of personal testimony, and items that would be of general interest to the home chapter. On the evening appointed good tidings from loved ones in college halls, from country homes, and from travelers were read. In every instance but one did the person addressed return an answer. Epistles so full of the personality of the writers, of new Christian work, fresh testimonies of loyalty to the Master, could not fail to give special inspiration, while in almost every case the absent correspondent declared his great pleasure at being requested to write.

Leader Did Not Prepare.—Your last devotional meeting was dull. You wondered why. Shall we point our pencil at the cause? It was this: The leader did not make due preparation. The topic had received very little thought. The songs were selected in haphazard ways. The meeting had no general plan. It was aimed at nothing in particular, and hit the mark. Interest began to wane after the first fifteen minutes. No wonder some of the young people longed for a return of the kind of meetings they enjoyed when young Miss Wide-awake was first vice-president. No one has any business to accept the leadership of any meeting who is unwilling to make thorough preparation. That is especially true of a religious meeting. The issues involved are so vital that to be careless or indolent is to be criminal. The leader of the league prayer-meeting should spend time upon the topic for the evening. He should become saturated with the theme. He should carefully map out the whole meeting, from the opening song to the benediction. He should spend the last half hour before the meeting in secret prayer, and should go to the church with his soul fairly glowing with spiritual warmth and light. His spirit will be recognized instantly, and his zeal will light the fires of devotion all over the room.

After the Convention.—The first thought in the mind of the delegate should be: "What shall I do when I get home?" Upon the answer much will depend. 1. Do not pour the contents of your note-book out upon the chapter, and then settle down in the same old way. 2. Let the delegates give a general account of the convention to the chapter, such as would ordinarily be given to THE HERALD for publication. 3. Then, at the first cabinet meeting, present a classified list of the suggestions received for the benefit of each department. Explain them briefly, and after careful consideration, let the cabinet vote to adopt such as may be thought helpful in its work. 4. At the next meeting of the chapter, present these points as they were first presented in the convention, and ask the cooperation of all in making them a success. Thus, the individual chapter is brought up to the general level of the convention, the work is unified and all keep better step with the great Epworth army. 5. But every delegate should return with the feeling that henceforth his life must be on a higher plane. The lives of the members of this chapter must be higher and broader and purer. The work of the delegate is not done until he has brought the power of his uplifted soul and life to bear upon the hearts and lives of those who chose him for his work.

Recent Conventions.

Valparaiso District.

The Valparaiso District League held its annual convention at Hebron, Ind., June 2-4. Over 100 delegates were present, not including the local chapter. The banner delegation was from Lowell, and numbered eighteen persons.

The convention opened Monday evening with the usual preliminary exercises, which were followed by a reception for the visiting delegates, during the progress of which a delightful musical program was rendered. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Tuesday morning, after a short business session, Miss Watson, a deaconess, spoke on the work of the Chicago Training-school. Her bright face and inspiring words created much interest in the deaconess work, a number of young ladies giving her their names, that further information might be sent them with a view to entering the school. Dr. C. H. Morgan of Rochester, Mich., then addressed the meeting on "The present movement toward Bible study." Several Bible study classes will be formed in the district as a result of his excellent work during the convention.

Mrs. W. F. Oldham of Chicago gave an address on the "Malay world," which was bright and instructive, and well received. She carefully explained the new station plan of giving to foreign missions. In the evening Dr. Morgan spoke earnestly and instructively on "Personal evangelism."

On Wednesday morning the convention marched in a body to the railway station to meet Dr. J. F. Berry, editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD, and escort him to the church. The happy young people gave him a rousing reception. Dr. Berry spoke on the work of the literary and social departments. His work in the convention was of an institute nature, and questions were freely asked him, which he answered by giving from his own experience solutions for many vexing problems.

In the afternoon the following officers were elected: Pres., Mr. A. W. Wood, East Chicago; V. P's, Rev. Chas. Main, Leroy; Mrs. Fanny Werner, Hobart; Mrs. Nettie D. Williams, Valparaiso; Miss C. Pearl Hart, Crown Point; Sec., Miss Elizabeth Bain, Lowell; Treas., Mr. Thomas J. Scott, Hebron; Jr. Supt., Mrs. W. D. Hyatt, Reusselaer.

Goodland was chosen as the meeting-place of the next convention.

The evening devotional meeting, a consecration service of rare spiritual power led by Miss Watson, was an appropriate prelude to Dr. Berry's address on "The Forward Movement," which closed one of the most successful meetings ever held in the district.

Much praise is due Rev. Chas. Harper and the Hebron Epworthians for their hospitable entertainment. (Reported by Mrs. Mabel H. Kopplin.)

St. Joseph (Mo.) District.

This league organization held one of the most successful conventions in its history at Savannah, May 23-25. It was especially noted that there was an increased interest in education and foreign missions, and that the reports from Junior chapters indicated a highly satisfactory status of that work.

The opening session (Friday night) was made memorable to the young people by Dr. W. A. Quayle's eloquent and inspiring address on "Work."

Foremost among the other good things given was the address by President Murlin of Baker University. It was a strong presentation of the importance of a high-school and college education. It must have made a deep impression on his young hearers. A paper on "How to use the reading course" inaugurated a lively and thought-provoking discussion on good reading, and how to arouse interest in it. Miss Carrie Welty, superintendent of Emsworth Deaconess Hospital, won commendation by her paper on "Practical work in the spiritual and mercy and help departments."

A resolution favoring the plan of the Missouri Conference Epworth League, to support Dr. Agnes Edmonds as a medical missionary in West China was adopted, and the chapters urged to contribute to her support to the extent of their ability. A resolution was also adopted, asking that officers be elected in January or June for the sake of uniformity, thus aiding the district and conference cabinets in their work.

The invitation to hold the next convention with the league of Huffman Memorial Church was accepted.

Rev. Charles E. Petree, because of ill-health, was obliged to decline the presidency of the district league for another year. The following cabinet was elected: Pres., Rev. Hastings McNamee, St. Joseph; V. P's, Mr. Ilvin Wagner, St. Joseph; Mr. Archie Carpenter, Amity; Miss Myrtle Conard, Albany; Mr. Will Schulte, Oregon; Sec., Miss Ada L. Wightman.

Bethany; Treas., Miss Edith Gager, Savannah; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Belle Sweet, St. Joseph.

On Sunday morning Rev. Grant A. Robins of Hamilton, Mo., preached acceptably and to spiritual profit, and in the afternoon the Junior league gave what was in very truth a model Junior League devotional meeting.

The convention closed Sunday evening with a sermon by the newly elected president, Rev. H. McNamee and a consecration service. (Condensed from a report by Minnie E. Tourblor, secretary.)

Vincennes District.

The Vincennes District Convention was held at Sullivan, Ind., June 2-4. J. F. McClure in the chair, H. C. Clippinger, presiding elder, present. At the first session, Monday evening, Chancellor Hickman of De Pauw gave an address on "Christian education." Afterward Sullivan Chapter made the delegates very much at home by a delightful reception in the lecture-room of the church.

The morning sermon on June 3 was by A. C. Haas on "Great ideals." This was followed by a sacramental service, conducted by H. C. Clippinger, in which the entire convention joined. A paper, "Some difficulties in our work and how to meet them," was presented by the Prairieton Chapter and discussed by Rev. Samuel Reid.

Afternoon session was given to business, discussion of "What ought the Epworth League do for our church?" led by Miss Cora Buck, and an inspiring sermon by Dr. H. N. Ogdon.

In the evening Dr. W. R. Halstead lectured on "Some foibles of early Methodism." On June 4 the services opened at 5:30 with an old-time love-feast, led by F. A. Steele. Admission was by ticket signed by the pastor. The entire convention was present.

Morning session was given to mercy and help and mission topics. Chapters subscribing \$15 each netted \$255 for the Indianapolis Hospital. "Relation of the Epworth League to our missionary problems," by Oscar Polhemus, discussed by Dr. Willis, Rev. Mr. Reid, and Rev. Mr. Ragle, aroused much interest and enthusiasm on the missionary spoke.

Afternoon session witnessed a most delightful exercise by the Juniors of the Sullivan Chapter, under the direction of Mrs. Parks and Mrs. Steele. "THE EPWORTH HERALD" was presented by W. B. Edmonds.

"What should the church do for the league?" by Ransom Akin, discussed by W. F. Smith and others, brought forth various interpretations of Epworth League.

The evening session was given to a lecture by Dr. W. F. Sheridan of Louisville on "Lift up, or the struggle for the life of others."

The Chautauqua Circle was formed, salute given, and the thirteenth convention was closed.

One hundred and seventy-five alert young people were in attendance, note-books in evidence, and each session fully supported. The keynote of the convention was "Standards of Methodism upheld." Much credit is due Pastor F. A. Steele for the generalship of his hospitality and the happy spirit that pervaded all his arrangements. (Reported by Mrs. Nellie Evans.)

Williamsport District.

The eleventh annual convention of the Williamsport District Epworth League met at Hughesville, Pa., June 4 and 5.

The morning session consisted of a song-service, led by Prof. J. M. Black, Williamsport, and a devotional service, conducted by the president, Rev. S. B. Evans of Milton.

The afternoon session opened with a song and prayer service, led by Rev. R. H. Stine of Muncy. Miss Hattie Worthington of the Rosedale Mission, Washington, spoke of her work as a deaconess, of the different organizations in the mission, and of the way they are reaching the Catholic people through the kindergarten.

Mrs. T. L. Tomkinson of Williamsport talked on home missions and deaconess work. She stated that the Central Pennsylvania Conference leads in the number of deaconesses sent into the field, and made an earnest plea for funds to support a deaconess from this conference in the training-school at Washington. Ten delegates from the various chapters pledged \$5.00 each.

Miss Anna Slate of Williamsport gave a splendid, helpful talk on "The Student Volunteer Movement and foreign missions." She also spoke of the great convention for the evangelization of the world, held at Toronto, and Rev. J. R. Woodcock of Loyalsock, who had been at the convention, told something of the spiritual uplift he received, and made an earnest appeal to the delegates to organize mission-study classes in their home leagues.

The evening session opened with a song service, after which Rev. I. N. Moorehead of Williamsport delivered an interesting lecture on "Habit." The

lecture was followed by a most delightful social hour.

On the morning of the second day of the convention, Rev. E. M. Stevens of Williamsport spoke on "Methodist doctrine: 1. What are its distinctive doctrines to-day? 2. A connectional church compared with independency."

Rev. J. H. Morgart of Salladasburg then took up the subject, "Methodist polity." A number of questions concerning the Sunday-school and church work, as taught in the Discipline, were given out and answered by various members of the convention. The one-minute reports from delegates showed much interest and progress in the chapters of the district.

In the speech on "Personal evangelism," discussed by A. M. S. Potter of Milton, these points were brought out: "1. Be willing to make a mistake rather than lose an opportunity that may never come again. 2. Direct your effort to one person at a time. 3. Avoid controversy. 4. Engage in prayer. 5. Study the Word."

In the afternoon Mrs. Jennie Feight of Lewisburg conducted a delightful Junior League period.

Rev. A. S. Williams of Picture Rocks, in speaking on "Christian Stewardship," said: "The service of the King demands the whole man. We do not own our wealth; we owe it."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Rev. S. B. Evans, Milton; V. P's, Rev. J. H. Mortimer, Hughesville; Miss Lillian Eves, Muncy; Rev. A. S. Williams, Picture Rocks; H. W. Pyles, Williamsport; Rec. Sec., Miss Elizabeth Curtis, Jersey Shore; Cor. Sec., Mrs. M. N. Walker, Watstown; Treas., M. E. Cheston, Lock Haven; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Jennie Feight, Lewisburg; musical

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director, Prof. J. M. Black, Williamsport; executive committee; Rev. J. H. Black, D.D., Williamsport; Rev. J. H. Morgart, Salladasburg; J. C. F. Kunkle, Renovo.

After the song-service in the evening, the convention address, "What of the Epworth Leaguer in these days?" was delivered by Rev. J. Fred Heisse, D.D., Baltimore. It was eloquent and broad-minded, thoughtful and inspiring.

This service closed a very profitable and spiritual convention. (Reported by Miss Elizabeth Curtis.)

Poughkeepsie District.

The Poughkeepsie District League held its thirteenth annual convention at Lakeville, Conn., June 4-5.

From the opening devotional service to the closing consecration service there was manifest a deep spiritual fervor and an intensely earnest desire to meet wisely all the practical demands and responsibilities of the work.

The report of the corresponding secretary stated that "the departments generally and efficiently worked are the spiritual and the mercy and help. Note being made of a single chapter which distributed cash and clothing amounting to \$249, besides a quantity of food, fruits, and vegetables. On thirty occasions flowers were taken to the sick, and 235 papers were given out for instruction in Christian truth. Another chapter reports 165 calls made by this department, and still another reports 415 calls made—distributing clothing and flowers. There are sixty chapters on the district, with total membership of 3,087—a gain of 156 over last year."

Among the noteworthy addresses was that of Rev. F. D. Gamewell, D.D., field secretary of the Missionary Society, who gave a thrilling account of the late war in China, and addressed to the convention "The gospel of the siege of Peking." Rev. E. S. Tippet, D.D., sounded a golden trumpet-call in "Twentieth-century opportunities and ideals," and inspired the young people with nobler ideas.

Mr. S. V. Halsey, layman of Lee, Mass., presented a meritorious paper on "Christian Stewardship," and Miss Rena M. Hurd of Lee, Mass., opened up a beautiful train of thought by her paper on "The children through the Junior League to Christ and the church."

The board of control nominated six vice-presidents to be superintendents of the six groups or divisions of leagues in the district. By a vote of the convention they were elected.

Rev. C. H. Grubb, pastor of the church at Lakeville, and his people entertained the convention generously and delightfully.

Presiding-elder F. J. Belcher addressed the convention and made a deeply impressive plea to the pastors for the most thoughtful spiritual and disciplinary care of the young people in Junior League. After singing the joyful song of anticipated "victory" the convention knelt in consecration to the blessed work.

Officers elected are: Pres., Rev. T. H. E. Richards, Lenox, Mass.; V. P's, Rev. L. A. Robbins, North Housatonic Division, Housatonic; Mr. H. L. Barnett, South Housatonic Division, Lakeville; John H. Snyder, North Harlem Division, Philmont; Mr. R. S. Valentine, South Harlem Division; Mr. H. S. Moul, North Hudson Division, Hudson; Rev. R. L. Ross, South Hudson Division; Cor. Sec., Rev. L. C. H. Adams, Millbrook, N. Y.; Rec. Sec., Rev. R. N. Birdsell, Baugall, N. Y.; Treas., Mr. B. Griffiths, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Ex. Com., Rev. F. J. Belcher, Rev. C. H. Grubb, Rev. J. S. Graham, Miss Margaret Kane, Miss May Hearnace; musical director, Mr. H. E. Hitchcock; program committee, president, corresponding secretary, and musical director. (Reported by Rev. R. L. Ross, Fishkill Landing.)

Syracuse District.

The annual convention of the Syracuse District League was held under most favorable circumstances at the Furman-street Church, Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. M. P. Blakeslee pastor, May 26 and 27, with the district president, Rev. J. C. B. Moyer of Baldwinsville, in charge. The music of the convention was led by Rev. C. W. Walker and the church choir. League colors were everywhere in evidence.

A goodly portion of the time was given to departmental studies conducted by the members of the cabinet in their capacities of chairmen of departments. Each was subdivided and discussed by selected workers, many helpful suggestions being given by these and others. Besides these from among the Epworthians of the district, a very carefully written paper on "The chapter president" was read by H. R. Stevens of Syracuse, and an earnest, inspiring address on "Methodist ideals" given by Rev. D. W. S. Hooker of Phoenix.

The convention was fortunate in enjoying the presence of three prominent workers from without the

district. Miss Jennie M. Bingham spoke delightfully of "The English Bible and methods," a theme with which she is thoroughly familiar. Rev. Dr. F. D. Gamewell, so widely and well known throughout the church, told the wonderful story of the siege of Peking. The convention address was delivered by Rev. A. W. Hayes, D.D., of Binghamton, N. Y., who, from former associations, chose as his subject "The principles of the United States Life-saving Service as applied to Epworth League work." The address was greatly enjoyed, helpful, and stimulating.

An invitation from the chapter at Marcellus, asking that the next convention meet with them, was accepted.

The following cabinet was elected: Pres., Rev. J. C. B. Moyer of Baldwinsville; V. P's, Rev. M. E. Bowman of Marcellus, Mrs. G. L. Brown of Euclid, Rev. W. E. Brown of Onondaga Valley, Mrs. E. D. Pace of Mottville; Cor. Sec., Miss Sara L. Weeks of Syracuse; Rec. Sec., Mrs. F. M. Thurston of Cardiff; Treas., G. S. G. Hares of Skaneateles; Jr. Supt., Mrs. M. E. Bowman of Mottville.

The president of the district is the league editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, which, under the care of Mr. Bennett E. Titus, the former managing editor, is becoming more than ever popular and useful. (Reported by Rev. Mark E. Bowman.)

Ft. Smith District.

The Ft. Smith District League held its second annual convention at Siloam Springs, Ark., May 29-June 1.

The convention was held in connection with the commencement exercises of the Arkansas Conference College, the commencement exercises following immediately the close of the convention. The reception of the delegates took place on the evening of May 29, address of welcome by Ralf Ferris. Response, Miss Ora Lowery, Rogers.

On Friday morning, at 8:45 a.m., the convention proper was opened, with President Fred W. Bartell in the chair. All the chapters in the Ft. Smith District were represented by delegates, and there were a number of visitors from the adjoining districts.

There are seven chapters in this district, and all report good work as being done. The places that they are located at are: Siloam Springs, Bentonville, Rogers, Springdale, Fayetteville, Ft. Smith, and Mena. Mena the point farthest away, had its full quota of delegates, as did Fayetteville, Springdale, Rogers, and Siloam Springs.

From the very beginning there was a great deal of interest manifested in the convention, and it was generally conceded that this was the best convention yet held in the district. The Junior Leagues only had a small representation from a distance, but Rogers and Siloam Springs, Mena and Fayetteville were represented. The program was carried out fully, with but very few alterations or exceptions. The music and songs provided for were exceptionally good, and very much appreciated.

Throughout all the exercises there was no lack of interest. The president, Mr. Bartell, has the thanks of all delegates and visitors for the energetic and interesting way in which the convention was conducted. On Saturday afternoon, the time set for the election of officers, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Fred W. Bartell, Siloam Springs; V. P's, Mrs. Gentry, Mena; Miss Dora Bryant, Rogers; Ray Eschelman, Ft. Smith; Miss Lizzie Hill, Springdale; Sec. and Treas., T. A. Winkle

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A part of Saturday afternoon was taken up by the Juniors, and the exercises were very interesting, consisting of songs and recitations and other exercises. A special interesting feature of the Juniors' program was the repeating of all the books of the Old Testament, without a single mistake, and exceptionally plain pronunciation by a child only three years old. Saturday evening the annual commencement lecture was given by Dr. Hammond of Joplin, Mo.

Sunday morning at 5:30 there was a sunrise prayer-meeting; 9:45, Sunday-school; 11 a.m., baccalaureate sermon, by Dr. Hammond; 3 p.m., Junior League; 7 p.m., Senior League; 8 p.m., address by Dr. Hammond. Invitations were extended by Mena, Texarkana, Siloam Springs, and Ft. Smith for the next annual convention. Ft. Smith was chosen for the next one, as it was most centrally located. (Reported by Thomas Winkleman, Secretary.)

Topeka District.

Although not so largely attended, on account of heavy rains, the thirteenth annual convention of the Topeka District League, at Burlingame, Kan., May 22-24, was one of the best meetings ever held in the district.

Rev. J. W. Reed of Oakland introduced the central thought of the meeting in a paper on "The young people's forward movement," and the four subjects—"Mission study," in charge of Rev. F. J. Searcan; "Bible study," by Rev. Homer E. Wark; "Christian Stewardship," by Rev. O. M. Bowman, and "The Morning Watch," by Rev. D. A. Shutt—were taken up by papers and discussions in a way to arouse increased interest in these vital matters. We also devoted more time than usual to the Junior League, in charge of Mrs. L. E. Thorpe, and the intense interest shown in the work for the children was very gratifying indeed.

A sunrise prayer-meeting was held one morning. It was well attended, and a very uplifting service. Rev. D. E. Betts, superintendent of Bethany Hospital, gave an address on the work which our church is doing among the very poor in Kansas City.

One evening Rev. J. R. Madison, presiding-elder, preached a powerful sermon, showing the possibility and the duty of evangelizing the world in this generation. Bro. Seaman's address on mission study also included a most stirring appeal in the same cause. The second evening Miss Viola Troutman conducted a league devotional service, using the topic, "The purpose of His coming," and Rev. O. M. Bowman preached, closing with a consecration service. The closing service of the convention, in charge of Rev. D. A. Shutt, was a precious season.

The Topeka District League was organized at Burlingame twelve years ago, and this was the third district meeting held there. The first president was Rev. Edwin M. Randall, now pastor of First Church, Seattle; the first secretary, Frank E. Carringer, now a prominent business man of Denver; the first Junior League superintendent, Rev. Dan Brummitt, now assistant editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD. Geo. E. Dougherty, now district secretary, and also state secretary, is the only one who has attended every district convention.

Following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing year: Pres., D. E. Davis, Topeka; V. P's, Rev. D. A. Shutt, Overbrook; Miss Emily Brummitt, North Topeka; Miss Lucy E. Hall, Silver Lake; Miss May Reeder, Burlingame; Sec., Geo. E. Dougherty, Topeka; Miss Sec., Rev. J. A. Stavelly, Topeka; Treas., J. S. Banks, Wakarusa; Jr. Supt., Mrs. L. E. Thorpe, Topeka.

Muscatine District.

The convention of the Muscatine District League which met in Oxford, Ia., June 4 and 5 was one of the most successful meetings for several years.

The program opened Wednesday evening with a song and praise service conducted by Prof. Peck of Muscatine, and from the very start the singing was an inspiration to the meeting. Following this was a "How do you do?" Oxford, and a "Very well, thank you," Wellman. The main address of the evening was given by Dr. Thorne, presiding-elder of the district, whose subject was "Character-building." After the address a reception of marked interest was given to the delegates, who were in attendance from nearly every charge in the district.

Thursday morning was devoted to department reports. The spiritual department was discussed by Miss Brown of Wilton, followed by an open meeting on the subject. At 10 o'clock the literary department was presented by Prof. Peck of Muscatine, and the discussions that followed were especially interesting and helpful. The social department was handled by Mr. Werner of Keota. His paper was especially helpful, and showed marked ability and careful thought.

Thursday afternoon opened with song and praise service, followed by election of officers for the district for the ensuing year. At 2 o'clock the mercy and help department was presented by Miss Tiffin of Tiffin, Ia. The discussion was interesting and helpful. At 3 o'clock the Junior Department was presented by the state superintendent, and was one of the strongest features of the evening.

Thursday evening the session closed with song and praise service and a most excellent address by Rev. Dr. Stafford of Muscatine on the subject, "A visit to the home of Methodism." The doctor was at his best and held his audience for nearly two hours. The Epworthians went home feeling that this address alone was more than pay for the trip.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Pres., Prof. W. D. Peck of Muscatine Business College; V. P's, Mr. Herman Carl of Lone Tree, Clarence Seis of Oxford, Miss Mary Jones of Cone, Ia.; Mrs. Mary Chamberlain of Williamsburg, Ia.; Dist. Sec., Miss Lillian Baird of Muscatine; Treas., Miss Mabel Pool of Letts.

Hannibal District.

The Epworth League of Hannibal District held its annual convention at Marcelline, Mo., May 22 and 23, in connection with the district conference. During the year four new leagues have been organized, and the increase of membership in the district is about 150. Two new Junior Chapters were also reported. Hannibal District has now twenty-four Senior Chapters and sixteen Junior Chapters.

The following officers were elected: Pres. Rev. J. J. Hicks, Macon; V. P's, Rev. C. R. Wade, Louisiana; Miss Sara Duckworth, Laclede; Miss Mae Glick, Carrollton; Edgar Rodabaugh, Moberly; Sec., Miss Dena Lewis, Marcelline; Treas., L. A. Bird, Vandalia; Jr. Supt., Mrs. J. E. Wilber, Brookfield. (Reported by Dena Lewis, secretary.)

North Platte District League.

The eighth annual convention of the North Platte District was held at Elwood, Neb., May 23-25. A cordial welcome was extended by the Elwood Chapter and people, and a deep spiritual feeling seemed to prevail at every session.

Rev. W. E. Grose, field agent of the Book Concern, gave a characteristic address on the first afternoon. Rev. L. M. Grigsby of McCook, Neb., conducted the evangelistic services on Tuesday and Wednesday nights; also conducted a pentecostal hour on Wednesday morning—a service long to be remembered. A school of methods was conducted, each department having its hour. The Beveridges, the great temperance evangelists, held sway on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, and by their sweet singing and sound argument accomplished much good to Elwood, where a bitter fight is going on against the saloon and its influence.

A sunrise love feast was attended by over fifty per-

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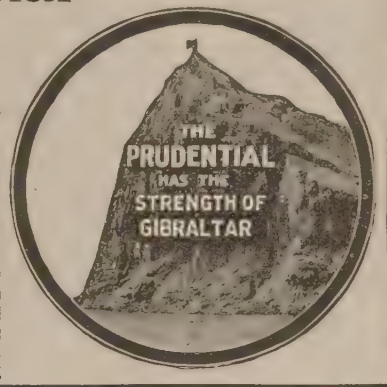
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sons. This blessed service seemed to be the climax of the convention, and the direct answer to prayers that had been ascending for weeks previous. Miss Taylor, deaconess from Omaha, was present, and assisted greatly. The Elwood Juniors gave an extremely interesting hour on Wednesday afternoon. Presiding-elder R. S. Moore was helpfully present.

The convention passed a resolution unanimously indorsing the paragraph in the Discipline on amusements.

Officers were elected: Pres., Rev. Ernest B. Crispin, Curtis; V. P's, Harry Blakson, Curtis; Mrs. Belle Morris, North Platte; Mrs. Minnie Catcher, Elwood; Mrs. Cora Harvey, Wauweta; Mrs. Francis Cover, Brady Island; Cor. Sec., T. D. Curtis, Stockville; Treas., Miss Lucy Floyd, Smithfield; Jr. Supt., Miss Alice Riggs, Stockville. (Reported by T. D. Curtis, corresponding secretary.)

Corning District.

The second district institute and fourteenth convention of Corning District convened in the beautiful town of Canisteo, N. Y., May 22 and 23, with the president, Rev. Dr. F. P. Simmons, in charge. The two evening addresses were given by Rev. F. H. Cowan of Riverside Church, Buffalo, on "Needs of the hour in league work," and by Rev. Dr. C. E. Hamilton, pastor of First Church of Rochester, on "The divine exegate." Dr. B. W. Hutchinson, principal of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, gave two helpful talks on "The sin of selfishness" and "The intellectual life." The spiritual life of those present was quickened as Miss Jennie Bingham of Folts Institute spoke of "Meth-

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ods of Bible study" and "Personal evangelism," and Miss Mahon of the Deaconess Home, Buffalo, gave her work a new impetus by setting forth its results.

Other subjects presented were: "The open-door emergency," "The social league," "The present opportunity," "Methods of Junior League work—the missionary wheel and Junior conference."

Osceola, Pa., was selected as the place for the next meeting. G. A. Rodman of Hornellsville, N. Y., is the new president. Suitable resolutions were prepared on the death of ex district and ex-conference president, W. L. Emory. J. J. Linderman, chorister of the Canistota Church, won the grateful thanks of the convention for the inspiring music furnished throughout the session. (Reported by E. E. Jones, secretary.)

North District.

The North District League of the Oklahoma Conference held its annual convention at Perry, Okla., May 6-8. Thirty-seven delegates were present. An informal reception was held on the afternoon of May 6. A consecration service followed. In the evening of the same day Rev. Mr. Cole gave an address which greatly edified all present, after which several very interesting papers were read. In the afternoon of the second day an inspiring prayer and praise service was led by May Loomis of Braman, O. T. This was followed by an earnest discussion of Junior League work, Miss Lettie Smythe of Perry reading a thoughtful paper on "Childhood conversion."

It was resolved to organize as a district league next year, and elect officers. Then, in the following year, to hold an institute instead of a convention. A conference on missions was led by Dr. Betts of Bethany Hospital, during which subscriptions to the amount of \$60 were taken for the support of Deaconess Mary Falls. THE EPWORTH HERALD was discussed by the convention. Rev. Mr. Kleinsiber delivered the final address.

The convention was greatly blessed to those attending. (From a report by Sara Gabriel.)

West Baltimore District.

A Bible conference, under the auspices of the literary department of the Epworth League of the West Baltimore District, was held on Friday afternoon and evening, May 16, at Bethany Church.

At the afternoon session an admirable address was delivered by Rev. J. M. Slarrow of Madison Square Church on "Methods of Bible study," and this was followed by an earnest address on "Is the study of the Bible now being done sufficient equipment of our young people for service?" by Mr. W. H. Morris, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Interesting and helpful discussion followed each address. Lunch was served at the church between six and seven.

The evening session opened with a Bible-reading by Rev. H. D. Mitchell on "Fellowship," which was an appropriate preparation for the service of the evening. The addresses were: "The use of the Bible in personal work," by Mr. Barlow; "What can we suggest as a rational plan for Bible study in our chapters?" by W. L. McDowell, D.D.; "The necessity and benefits derived from the study of the word of God," by L. A. Ferris, D.D. The climax of the meeting was reached in the splendid address by Rev. Don S. Colt, D.D., of Grace Church, Baltimore.

The conference was deeply spiritual and earnest, and it is hoped will inspire all who attended with the desire to become more intimate with the word of God. (Reported by Grace W. Sweany, thirdivice-president.)

Eau Claire District.

The Eau Claire District League held its fourteenth annual convention at Chippewa Falls, Wis., June 3 and 4.

The first afternoon was devoted to a spiritual discussion of missions. Rev. E. D. Upson making the introductory speech. Mrs. I. H. Irish, conference organizer of the W. F. M. S., Rev. E. E. Clough of the Black Hills Mission, and Dr. W. F. Oldham participated. In the evening Dr. Oldham made a splendid address.

On Wednesday morning the following officers were elected: Pres., J. Eugene Cooke; V. P.'s, Mrs. Wiltse, Gertrude Holner, Mrs. Francis, Mary Pherneton; Sec., John Fisher; Treas., Henry Russeling; Jr. Supt., Mrs. J. Eugene Cooke.

The "Devotional meeting" and "Entertainments" were considered in some helpful papers and discussions.

Wednesday afternoon, also, was devoted to papers and discussions on practical work. In the evening Rev. L. W. McKibben closed the convention with a fine sermon on "Sowing and reaping."

The convention was characterized by a warm feeling of brotherhood and a deep spirituality, which

made it one of the most helpful conventions ever held on the district.

The members of the cabinet are planning for an aggressive forward movement the coming year. (From a report by J. Eugene Cooke, secretary.)

Ottumwa District.

The annual convention was held at Richland, Ia., June 3-5. This enthusiastic meeting opened Tuesday evening with devotional services. The social hour which followed was most pleasantly spent in renewing acquaintances of former conventions, and in meeting new league friends.

The Wednesday morning session was devoted to normal work, which was divided among the different departments of the league, and each department told of real work done, and gave good practical methods for carrying forward the work.

During the time devoted to literary work, Dr. Coxie gave an address on Bible study, and Rev. Mr. Ingham spoke in behalf of THE EPWORTH HERALD. The evening lecture by Dr. Coxie, on "Spiritual training," was highly appreciated.

Thursday morning's work consisted largely of business. The constitution was so revised that five vice-presidents, instead of four, are now found in the cabinet of district officers, the fifth vice-president to have charge of missionary work.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Mr. George F. Helndel, Ottumwa; V. P.'s, Miss Helen M. Lambert, Ottumwa; Miss Bessie Matson, Martinsburg; Miss Marie Vandevan, Ottumwa; Miss Eliza beth Miller, Sigourney; Miss Mollie A. Barber, Albia; Cor. Sec., Miss Stella Main, Moravia; Rec. Sec., Mr. E. R. Curtis, Knoxville; Treas., Mr. C. E. Bedell, Ottumwa; Jr. Supt., Miss Cynthia Chaceon, Richland.

The department of Junior League work was under the direction of Miss Chacey, superintendent of the Richland Junior League, whose report showed good work done in the devotional meetings, and also in mercy and help work. The district superintendent reported about three-fourths of the Juniors studying the catechism, all memorizing passages of scripture, and doing practical mercy and help work.

The afternoon session opened with a love-feast conducted by Rev. C. R. Norton. The remainder of the session was devoted to missionary topics.

The closing service was Dr. Craig's lecture on "The rebound of character." This was a fitting climax to one of the most helpful conventions ever held in the Ottumwa District. (Reported by Maud Hursey, secretary.)

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"I am 70 years old, have been in good health until six years ago, when I caught cold and it settled in my eyes. They became inflamed, itchy and stuck together some in the mornings, but thinking they would soon get well themselves, and month after month passed and they were sometimes better and sometimes worse, but each attack was worse. I went to my family physician and he helped them some, but about two years ago, a white scum or opacity—what they call a cataract—commenced to grow over my eyes, and inflammation got worse; made me almost totally blind. The doctor wanted to operate on my eyes, but I would not allow him, and I drifted along when a neighbor saw the name of Dr. W. O. Coffee of Des Moines, Iowa, and that he had a new way of curing blind people. I wrote him and got his book and placed myself under his treatment immediately. My eyes commenced to improve the very first day and improved steadily until my sight was restored so perfectly that I could read a newspaper without glasses. His treatment is mild, healing and soothing, and I want to say to everyone who has eye trouble, write Dr. Coffee; his fees for curing you will be less than any other doctor and his new Absorption treatment is all that is claimed for it."

Dr. Coffee's 80-page book tells how you can be cured at home by the mild Absorption Treatment—no operation—and at small cost, of cataracts, films, growths on eyes, wild hairs, granulated lids, falling sight, in fact, anything but complete paralysis of optic nerve. Write today and save yourself for some friend from blindness.

DR. W. O. COFFEE, 840 Good Block, Des Moines, Ia.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

Rev. Wm. J. Bawden is one of our active and successful young pastors. He believes in getting his young people in "constant work" for their advancement and the welfare of the church, hence, wherever he goes you soon see a growing Epworth League. On May 14 he organized a chapter at Cornwells, to which appointment he was sent in March last. About fifty-six were present to enter the new organization, and quite a company of Epworthians went from Bristol to see them do it. An address was delivered by Rev. C. M. Boswell of the City Union, and a Presbyterian minister led in prayer. We will soon have a good report from this charge.

The Methodist Episcopal Hospital, with Dr. J. A. Lippincott in the field and Layman Adin Edwards in charge, is doing better work than ever before. All Philadelphia Methodism, and "the regions round about," were gladdened by the announcement that, on May 9, at a meeting of the trustees, gifts were made which, with a small additional amount to be secured, will free the institution from debt. Epworthians are a great help to this benevolence. They contribute to it regularly, send fruit and jellies, supply it with reading matter, and aid in conducting its Sabbath religious services.

The Conference Epworth League Institute, held in First Church, Germantown, was a success, and great good must come out of it. The attendance was exceedingly representative, and all parts of the conference will derive benefit from it. Instead of having a number of addresses, the program was almost entirely made up of questions bearing upon the working of the different departments of our "wheel," answers to them, and discussions growing out of them. Slips were prepared and distributed, and each delegate found a question concerning the very phase of chapter work about which he had been thinking. We have never seen in any convention such an interest as this plan aroused, nor received such information as it conveyed. Dr. Berry was present to help the discussions along with a timely suggestion, and to give an uplifting address to a large audience on the evening of the first day. The local chapter added to its reputation for doing the right thing in the right way.

The temperance committees of many leagues are rejoicing over the outcome of the liquor license court. Our young people had aided in securing remonstrances against many new saloons for which applications had been made. Out of nearly 600 who applied for the privilege of opening new places to dispense intoxicating liquors, only eighteen received it. Out of over 1,700 licenses granted, there were seventeen who failed to pay the fee within the specified time, hence they lost their privileges. This gives about 1,700 saloons to a population of 1,300,000. When our present high-license law was adopted we had over 6,000 saloons. Still we must push on for prohibition, and never rest until we get it.

Rev. G. W. Izer, D.D., delivered a soul-stirring address to an enthusiastic gathering of Epworthians on Friday, May 16, the closing night of the Conference Institute, in Thirteenth-street Church. His description of sin, salvation, and service will never be forgotten by that audience.

At the Social Union luncheon, held in Thirteenth-street Church on May 20, the subject for discussion was: "Shall we invite the General Conference of 1904 to Philadelphia?" After hearing strong presentations from Dr. S. W. Thomas, John Field, F. W. Tunnell, J. E. James, M.D., Dr. Gehrett, and others, the invitation was unanimously voted, and preliminary plans instituted to secure it. We want Epworthians all over the country to aid us in getting the "big meeting to come."

St. Stephen's (Germantown) Chapter is taking on new life. On May 28 the "race problem" was discussed by Smith P. Haines and Albert Platt. Afterward the entire chapter participated in a "grammar bee" that stirred up memories, awakened dormant knowledge, and provoked laughter. The members of this organization are equal to any duty placed upon them.

At the anniversary of our Forward Movement Rescue Mission, the working force of which has been greatly augmented by the Epworth Leagues of Philadelphia, it was announced that the attendance at the services since May, 1897, was 156,954. Conversions, 3,200. We are certainly doing something to "rescue the perishing" and "care for the dying."

On May 18 Covenant Chapter observed its anniversary. Hon. R. E. Pattison, once governor of Pennsylvania, delivered an address on the "Time, life, and character of Bishop Simpson." The governor is always popular before an audience, but he was never more so than on that occasion. When the speaker concluded it was said our young people respected Bishop Simpson and loved Governor

Pattison more than ever. It is a helpful thing to have Epworthians made acquainted with our church leaders by such men. At the conference institute the social-department hour was in charge of Dr. Foss, pastor of Arch-street Church. He was the man for the hour, and if our young people do not use the hand, tongue, countenance, social magnetism to get people to church and Christ, it will not be because he did not show them how to do so.

In the "literary hour" at the institute a question full of interest was: "How can we get THE EPWORTH HERALD in the hands of our members?" Providence showed the way by announcing a membership of fifty eight and a HERALD subscription list of sixty. This is the result of the 2-cents-a-week plan. The chapter pays in advance for the papers ordered, and the subscriber pays 2 cents each week for it. This is good plan, and you are free to adopt it.

The Ludington Assembly.

The Epworth League Assembly at Ludington, Mich., will, without doubt, have the most successful season in its history. A large sum of money has been expended in beautifying the grounds. The much-needed administration building has been constructed, over twenty new cottages have already been built, and half as many more will be completed by the time all the summer visitors have arrived. The program opens July 23 with the Michigan State Convention of the Society of Christian Endeavor. The fact that this meeting is to be held on these grounds speaks well for the spirit of Christian fellowship that exists between Michigan Christian young men and women. The assembly program begins on July 26 and continues one month, being broken into only by the State Epworth League Conference, July 31 to Aug. 3, inclusive. This meeting will be one of the great conventions of the year. The General Cabinet will convene at the same time and place, and all the members will participate in the program. Bishops Joyce and Fowler will take part, likewise Dr. Berry, Dr. Homer C. Stuntz, Pres. Samuel Dickie, Dr. P. H. Swift, and a host of others.

The assembly program includes the following lecturers: Bishop Fowler, Dana C. Johnson, Prof. Shaller Mathews of Chicago University in a course of Bible-study lectures, Dr. A. B. Storms of Des Moines, Capt. Richmond P. Hobson of Merrimac fame, Dr. Aked of Liverpool, Dr. Chas. B. Mitchell, and Dr. Morgan Wood of Cleveland and Prof. A. H. Griffith of the Detroit Art Museum.

A detailed program can be had by dropping a card to the secretary, Elvin Swarthout, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ralph Connor at Epworth Memorial.

Rev. Chas. W. Gordon, the Ralph Connor of book fame, is to give a reading from his own writings at Epworth Memorial Church, corner of Wilson Avenue and Prospect Street, Cleveland, Monday evening, June 23, at 8 o'clock. Admission, 50 cents, with no extra charge for reserved seats. Sale of seats begins at Burrows Bros., Wednesday, June 18. A special invitation is extended to the members of the Epworth League in Cleveland and vicinity.

Anent the Illinois Convention.

Plans to take a large party to Mammoth Cave after the Mt. Carmel Convention are completed. The cost will be about half of regular rates. Pullman cars will be chartered. Write the state treasurer at once for particulars. The treasurer, as a state committee on transportation, has secured an extension of the one fare tickets on railroads in the Central Passenger Association, so that return may be delayed till Monday, July 14. No doubt the Western roads will meet the concession. The Illinois Central Railroad will sell round-trip tickets from all points in the state for one fare. It is the "official route." Arrange to go on special train.

AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

Liquid air and then Marconi's wireless telegraphy have been agitating the public mind of late, but the latest, and to the general public, most useful invention that is attracting attention, is the discovery by a Buffalo, N. Y., man of "Liquid Veneer," intended for use in the home, and which instantly makes old things new by a simple application with a soft cloth. It will give pianos, furniture, and woodwork that superb brilliant appearance of newness so desirable and attractive. Each reader of THE EPWORTH HERALD is entitled to a free sample bottle of this Liquid Veneer by writing the manufacturers and mentioning this paper. Write at once to the Buffalo Specialty Mfr. Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a sample bottle free of charge, and postage prepaid.

Indiana Convention Program.

At the opening session, Thursday evening, July 10, Bishop Joyce will speak.

The morning session of Friday will be devoted to organization, appointment of committees, addresses from conference presidents, reports from district presidents, and addresses by Chancellor Hickman of De Pauw, and Dr. L. W. Munhall of Philadelphia, who will also have charge of the closing evangelistic service.

During the afternoon of Friday there will be department meetings under the leadership of the various state officers, and a conference of preachers and elders, which will be addressed by Bishop Joyce, Dr. S. A. Steel, former secretary of the league of the Church, South, and Rev. W. F. Sheridan of Louisville, Ky.

Friday evening the convention lecture will be given in Tomlinson Hall.

Saturday forenoon there will be addresses by Rev. B. A. Kemp of Goshen; Rev. E. A. Schell of Crawfordsville, and Rev. E. B. Rawls of Indianapolis, in which will be shown the relation of the local chapter, the district league, and the conference league to each other and to the state organization.

At this session Dr. W. R. Halstead will give an address to the mercy and help department, an eminent authority on foreign missions will speak on the subject, and Dr. Munhall will again speak on some phases of Bible study, and close with an evangelistic service.

Following this will be addresses by Rev. W. F. Sheridan of Louisville, Ky., Rev. W. D. Parr of the General Board of Control, and Charles F. Coffin of Indianapolis, after which will occur the election of officers and selection of place of meeting of the state convention in 1904.

Saturday evening Dr. Munhall of Philadelphia will give his lecture on the Bible, "The Book of books," which has attracted so much attention wherever given.

Sunday morning there will be a sunrise prayer-meeting at the Monument, and Sunday afternoon an evangelistic meeting for young people, probably in Tomlinson Hall, conducted by Dr. Munhall.

Sunday evening will occur the farewell meeting, which will be addressed by Dr. Steel and Rev. W. F. Sheridan.

John P. Hillis will have charge of the music. The souvenir program of the 1899 International Convention will be used as the convention song-book.

A rate of one fare for the round trip will be arranged for over all Indiana railroads. The local committee is arranging for the entertainment of delegates in Indianapolis homes at \$1.00 a day. Delegates are asked to make their wants known as soon as possible. Conference, district, and local leagues have been urged to appoint as many delegates as they wish. Those desiring additional information are asked to write to O. H. Palmer, 200 Indiana Trust Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Though we scoff at snobbishness, we are gregarious animals, loving the society of our fellow-men, and it is also natural to wish for the privilege of being received as equals among the class of people to which we feel we rightly belong.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

CATCHING.

The Coffee Habit Breeds Trouble.

It is quite commonly the case that both husband and wife are somewhat similarly troubled with coffee drinking.

A lady writes and, after giving description of her husband's relief from coffee dyspepsia and general nervous trouble, says: "I was almost as bad as he, having the headache nearly every day, and was nervous and weak, did not sleep well, was pale and thin and had a bad complexion."

"When I found how much good Postum Coffee was doing Husband I concluded to use it, and I tell you life is altogether a different thing. I eat and sleep well and look like a different woman. My usual weight for years was from 98 to 100 pounds, I now weigh 108 pounds and everyone tells me how much better I am looking."

"I had some friends who did not like Postum, but knowing it was because they did not boil it long enough I made some at their house one day, and they agree with me that Postum is a delicious beverage, and while, of course, the flavor and taste is pleasing and we are glad Postum does suit us that way, the great advantage is in the wonderful, bounding health that we have recovered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1902.

NUMBER 4.

The Children's Story.

FOUR YOUNG SAVAGES.

Clara E. Waite.

PART II.

THE next Sunday morning, promptly on the ringing of the Sunday-school bell, Mrs. Gray was in her new place, waiting to receive her boys.

They soon made their appearance, and, after greeting them pleasantly, she presented each one with a new Bible with his name on the cover in gilt letters. At the close of the session she asked them to bring their Bibles with them the next Friday evening, and she would show them how to find the references. They would probably have resented both the gift and the offer of instruction from another, but they were beginning to understand that she took a genuine interest in them.

Mrs. Gray knew little of the modern ways of teaching, but her heart was full of love. Very slowly, very carefully she guided those untrained minds into the ways of truth and knowledge. Among the lessons which she tried to instill, were love for and loyalty to their school. This, unhappily, brought about a state of affairs which she did not foresee. There were several other boys working in the quarries, some of whom had been drawn into the Baptist Sunday-school. A feud gradually grew between these and Mrs. Gray's boys, each party contending that its own particular school was the best. One day, during a heated controversy, the Baptist boys jeered at the Methodist boys for having "a wrinkled old woman" for a teacher.

"We have the prettiest girl in town for our teacher," said they.

Peter Barron flamed up. "You go to Halifax with your pretty girls, and your dudy men, too. We've tried 'em both, and we'd rather have our wrinkled old woman as you call her, than a hull carload of 'em. We've promised her we wouldn't swear nor fight no more, but—great grasshoppers! If you fellers say another word against her we'll make jelly of ye."

"That's the text!" "You bet yer life!" "Mind yer compasses now!" chorused Patsy, Sandy, and Bud.

When the long, pleasant evenings of autumn came on, the pastor decided to hold a series of revival meetings. The members of the Sunday-school were earnestly urged to come and assist in the singing. As this was an exercise in which our "young savages" had always taken a very active part, they responded to the invitation. Sitting well up in front they increased the volume of sound, if not the melody.

One evening their antagonists of the quarries came in, and took a back seat. Mr. Clark invited them forward where the other young people were sitting, and provided them with singing-books.

"Hub!" exclaimed Peter, loud enough to be

heard half way across the church, "what ye want them Baptists up here for? I guess we can do our own singin'!"

Poor Mrs. Gray was much mortified by Peter's behavior, and took an early opportunity to question him concerning it. He told her all about the trouble at the quarries, dwelling at some length on "the meanness of them Baptuses."

Then she told him the story of Peter of gospel fame; how he was inclined to think himself better and of more consequence than those who did not belong to the same church that he did. And how God showed him that one man was as good as another in his sight, and that the religion of Jesus Christ was not to build walls

ingly. She told them that many, many years ago she had a dear boy of her own. When he was thirteen years old God took him. He was all she had in the world, and for a long while she thought God was cruel. But the time came when she could see that he had been kind. He had taken her boy to be with him, safe from the temptations of the world, and perhaps it was for the purpose of making her heart tender toward other boys, whom he cared for just as much as he did for her own.

Taking their rough, brown hands in hers she told them, with tears in her eyes and a little tremble in her voice, that her boy was pleading with them through her, to accept Jesus. That up there where he was, were many others who were once like them, who would know it and be glad. The angels would sing for joy, and God would write their names in the "Book of Life."

When the invitation was given that evening for any who wished to seek Christ to come forward to the altar, Peter Barron was the first to comply. When opportunity for testimony was given he arose, and in tones which convinced his hearers of his earnestness, said:

"I know I have found Jesus, for it seems as if he was right here by me."

Within the week Peter triumphantly led his three friends to the altar. There they all knelt, the "young savages" who had defied the discipline of the school—transformed, won by the magical power of love.

Realizing the importance of Christian influence in the daily life of her boys, Mrs. Gray interested herself in providing for them other employment. With the consent of their parents, who were very poor and quite willing to have them off their hands, she obtained homes in Christian families for Sandy, Patsy, and Bud. The first two were employed by prosperous farmers, and Bud, whose real name was Richard, was taken into the office of the village doctor.

Toward Peter Barron Mrs. Gray had been from the first strongly attracted. There was something in his bold, fearless, yet kind-hearted manner that, notwithstanding his many faults, reminded her of her son. He

was an orphan, living with an uncle who was a rough, ignorant man.

Peter had a sister, named Julie, of whom he often spoke with great affection. She was in an orphan asylum in the city.

Mrs. Gray had another plan in her head. One bright morning, when the crimson and yellow leaves were floating softly down from the maples in her yard, she locked the door of her pretty home and took a car for the city. She had on her gray silk dress, which matched so well the soft hair lying in crimp waves against her forehead.

Having reached the city she found her way to a large, imposing-looking building. Ringing the bell she inquired for the matron. After a long conversation with her, Julie Barron was sent for.



JULIE AND PETER AT MRS. GRAY'S

between people of different views, but to bring them closer together.

She told him that he was like that other Peter in several ways. In his quickness and rashness of speech, his bravery, and his eagerness to fight for his friends. But she wished to see him resemble him in another respect—his love for his Lord. This would make him wise and gentle and charitable toward others.

The meetings increased in interest from week to week. One after another of the young people gave themselves to Christ. Mrs. Gray was anxious for her boys. She could not let this opportunity slip by. They still had their Friday evening feast and visit, going to the church afterward.

One evening she talked to them long and lov-

She came into the room, a pretty, graceful, dark-eyed girl of twelve years. Mrs. Gray's motherly heart went out to her at once.

She talked pleasantly with Julie for a little while, and then invited her to go home with her for a few days' visit. Having never been out of the city for more than a few hours at a time, she joyfully consented.

That evening Mrs. Gray sent for Peter. The meeting of the brother and sister was a delightful surprise to both. After tea the good lady unfolded her plan. She would adopt them, give them the advantages of an education, which would fit them for a useful and happy life, and treat them in every way as if they were her own children.

That they were overjoyed it is needless to say. The one happy dream of their lonely lives had been that they might some time be together.

And here we will take leave of our boys. Guided by Him to whom they had consecrated their young lives, watched over by interested Christian friends, they grew up into intelligent, useful manhood.

Brunswick, O.

The Ups and Downs of a Hat.

Jane Ellis Joy.

OUR lofty position when on duty gives us hats unusual opportunities to see things, and I may say without boasting that we are keen observers. Having been purchased by Mr. Morgan I was pleased to find myself the inmate of a nice family, and I soon became attached to every one of the household.

On the hat-rack in the hall, I saw many a party of young folks enjoying themselves of evenings in the parlor. I recall the night when a little unexpected guest came.

It seemed that Mary Jones had met Stella and Lottie Morgan in the country the preceding summer. Mary had come to town by herself on some errand or other. She had missed the evening train home, and so concluded to send a message to her mother, and stay all night with the Morgan girls.

Finding the house brilliantly lighted, and Stella, Walter, and Lottie in party dress, and guests arriving, Mary was not a little disconcerted. I knew that she was wishing that she had not come, and I sympathized with her. But it was now too late to go away, and Mary had no other acquaintances in this part of the city.

Of the two Morgan girls I had up to this time liked Stella rather the better. She was very pretty and so entertaining. But this evening I noticed that it was Lottie that succeeded best in putting poor embarrassed Mary at ease and making her feel welcome. I don't believe Lottie enjoyed the party any the less for her attentions to Mary; indeed, I believe it passed all the more happily for her, nor did she lose the good opinion of anybody. I heard one of the guests—a boy, by the way—say something about her so complimentary that I am not going to repeat it. Boys are not blind any more than hats.

I soon learned a good deal about Mr. Morgan's business. To my regret, his affairs were not prospering. People who owed him money were not ready to pay, while his creditors were asking for what was due them.

"What will become of Mrs. Morgan and the young folks?" I often asked myself. I knew how hard it would be for them to give up their pretty home and all their fine things, and I feared that Mr. Morgan's business troubles would end in this.

No one knows better than a hat that the need of money is a great temptation to a man, and Mr. Morgan did not escape this kind of trial. One day a man came to him asking him to use his influence for something that Mr. Morgan did not think right.

"I'll see that you get a nice sum of money for the business," said the man, "and that will help you out of your present difficulty."

But Mr. Morgan refused to be helped in that way. I heard him say quietly to himself: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

I was glad when Mr. Morgan let the home folks know just how very uncertain the future for them was. I was hanging in my usual place in the hall, and, as the door leading to the dining-room was open, I could hear all that was said. I felt greatly relieved when Mrs. Morgan and the young folks received the news bravely. I dare say Mrs. Morgan knew that all was not right at the store, but it was all new news to the children.

"Don't worry on my account, papa," said Walter, who expected to go to college soon. "Suppose I go behind the counter; I'm sure I can sell goods."

"Now, papa," said Stella, "don't think of buying that necklace for me that I asked for."

And Lottie—I wish you could have seen her bright eyes as she offered to help mamma in the kitchen, so that Bridget's services might be dispensed with.

"Why, I like housework," she said, when everyone looked surprised. "Cooking is a fine art. I'm going to start out with that idea." It was a good starting point, and results were more than satisfactory.

I fancy this help from the economy at home was the turning-point in Mr. Morgan's fortunes. Before long, when a bill came in, he had money to pay it. One thing after another turned in his favor. He had the confidence of business people, and presently he was prospering again.

By this time I was getting a little shabby about the brim. I had been brushed a great deal, and I had had several pressings; so I was not surprised one day to find myself superseded by a new hat.

For awhile I hung in a dark closet under the back stairs. I remember one morning Bridget calling up to Mrs. Morgan (for they had taken Bridget back again with the return of better times): "There's a poor man at the back gate, mem, askin' for some dacent clothes."

"Give him Mr. Morgan's old suit, and let him have the hat, too," said Mrs. Morgan.

Ah, now I was launched out in the world again! And what a different kind of a world it was!

I am sorry to say that my new owner, whose first name was Nick, and whose other name I shall not mention, had the bad habit of going into saloons. But for that he would never have been put to the shame of begging, for he had a good trade, and might have been comfortably situated.

Nick's wife was often very sad. Sometimes she did not have enough food to eat, and little Nelly, who was about the age of Lottie Morgan, lost several weeks at school because she had no shoes. If I liked, I could tell of many dreadful things that I have seen in the home of Nick.

Sometimes he would make up his mind to let the drink alone, and would stay sober for two or three weeks. That would bring hope back to the eyes of his wife; the grocery bill would be paid off, and everything would look bright.

But then, alas! someone would say—perhaps on a Saturday night when Nick would be coming home with his week's wages—"Come, old boy, and have a drink!" and the result would be that my poor owner would go home staggering.

One day he was so unsteady on his feet that I toppled off his head and rolled into the gutter. Think of the humiliation! I have heard of men who were ashamed of their hats when the latter grew shabby or old-fashioned. But in my case the subject and object were reversed, and it was I that was ashamed of my man! Oh, it is a great deal worse for a hat to be ashamed of his man than it is for a man to be ashamed of his hat!

The commonest excuse Nick made for drinking was that the stimulating liquor "drowned his trouble," keeping him from worrying and regretting that he had made such a failure of his life. I must confess this sounds to me very silly, and many a time when I heard him talking in this way I longed for a tongue, that I might tell him what Mr. Morgan once said.

This was when Mr. Morgan's business cares were weighing heavily upon him; indeed, he ex-

pected that his store would be closed the next day. "Come and have a drink on the head of it," one of his business acquaintances suggested.

"No," said Mr. Morgan, with a resolute smile, "if ever I needed all my wits about me, that time is now."

My own opinion is that trouble drowned in strong drink has a way of coming to the surface again very much alive.

Strange things happen, and hats have their adventures and romances as well as people. When I left the Morgan house I did not expect to hear of the family again; certainly I never expected to come in contact with one of its members. But the unexpected happened, and in a very happy way in my case.

I should say that a year had passed. Young Walter, now nineteen years of age, had become a temperance worker. One day he induced Nick, whom he had met somehow in his temperance work, to attend a meeting. Walter did not recognize me; no wonder, for I had grown very shabby and was much out of shape. But I knew him, and very glad was I to see him.

At heart Nick was not such a bad sort of a man. He was weak. Often he wished he knew how to stop drinking. Now the man who spoke at that meeting had a recipe for just such persons as Nick. "You can't perhaps break the bad habit by your own strength," he said, "but, trusting in the Lord, and putting yourself in his keeping, you can conquer."

This touched Nick. "That's so," I heard him say to himself, quietly, as tears gathered in his eyes. At the close of the meeting he signed the pledge, and somehow I feel that he is going to keep his word.

Philadelphia.

The Girl of Fifteen.

THE great thing for a young girl to know is that she doesn't know anything. All which life teaches is to come. She has heard much talk, read a few books, looked out of wondering eyes upon the great world, but she has not had a chance to do anything, and until one actually enters into the activities of life, one can know nothing of realities.

It is true that the schoolgirl has been brought into contact with active young minds, and with teachers and instructors. She is learning something about human nature, something about the play of forces good and bad in the society she happens to be a part of; but unable to compare, to judge, to reason closely, and, of necessity, she remains ignorant of the real, living, working world.

When a girl has the sense to realize exactly the place she occupies in the social order, she is a most happy girl. Content to be herself, leaving the management of things to older and wiser persons, looking on and learning as she goes, joyous, hopeful, helpful, and gay—there is nothing in all nature so beautiful and sweet as this kind of a girl of fifteen. While she defers to the will and advice of her parents in all things, this girl begins to reflect, to reason, and compare, and thus she learns as she goes on her way. Later on, experience becomes her teacher, and all that she observes now will be translated into what she can understand by experience.—*Ada C. Sweet, in Woman's Home Companion.*

The Bad Monkey.

DID you ever hear one boy say to another: "I will pay you for this?" The boy is angry, and means to get even with the other boy. That feeling is called revenge. You would not think that boys and girls would feel that way, though some of them do.

Here is a story of a monkey who tried to pay back the boys that troubled him. The boys living next door had teased the monkey very often and made him angry; but he was fastened by a chain so that he could not get at them to do any mischief. The monkey did not forget, but he waited for his chance. One day he was left without his chain, and was free in the yard. He

climbed upon the roof of his master's house, and then went in through the window into the house next door, where the boys that had teased him lived.

The monkey took a bottle of ink that he found on the writing-desk and poured it all around—on the carpet, the bedspread, and the pillows. Then, when he had done all this mischief, he went out of the window, and back to his home.

Do you think the monkey was bad? Then what do you think of the boy or girl that tries to pay another back by trying to do harm? Is not that like a monkey?—*The Picture World*.

Junior Jottings.

Albany (Ill.) Methodists are proud of the well-drilled Junior chapter connected with their church. On a recent Sunday evening the young folks gave a parable program, which was a delight to all present. The parables were interspersed with appropriate songs. The children are well drilled in both Bible and catechism. Miss Minnie Snyder is superintendent.

A fine class of forty Juniors graduated from the D. W. Hays Chapter (No. 7,469) of Baltimore, Md., Monday evening, May 12. These young people make a great feature of their graduating exercises. An excellent program, devoted to addresses on league work, was given, the numbers being interspersed with good music by the Junior choir. The exercises were held in the main auditorium of Sharp-street Memorial Church.

We are very glad to print this splendid letter from Miss Emma Mitchell, secretary of the Junior Chapter at Chenango-street Church, Binghamton, N. Y. She says: "We have a membership of 130, divided into a Junior and Intermediate League; forty-three are church members. Devotional meetings are held every Sunday afternoon in the year. I wish you could hear the Juniors pray, testify, and sing. Once a month a business meeting and social is held, and much interest is shown. We have a systematic way of giving. The first and fourth Sabbath's collection for league expenses, the second for missionary, the third for mercy and help work. As it is temperance Sunday, we get many talks on narcotics and the harmful effects of alcohol, tobacco, and cigarette usage. We gladdened the homes of thirteen families with our Thanksgiving offering of food and clothing. Sixty-three bouquets have been given to the sick during the year. We placed a quilt, receiving 5 cents a name for working them on blocks with silk, and made \$32. From two socials and one entertainment we made nearly \$38. We gave \$3.00 to missions, \$35 toward the church debt, \$12.50 toward church expenses, and \$5.00 toward the pastor's salary. We are trying to learn all we can about the Bible, having memorized many psalms, catechism verses, with topic words, love chapter, etc. Our blackboard lessons help us very much. They are explained by our superintendent, Mrs. Bradbury, who has been with us three years, and we love her very much. Our lookout committee has been very helpful to us."

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for June: The Beautiful World.
June 29.—Beautiful Deeds.

(Gal. 6: 2)

Home Readings.

Monday.—A cup of cold water (Matt. 10: 42).
Tuesday.—Visiting the sick (Matt. 25: 36).
Wednesday.—Helping the poor (Prov. 14: 21).
Thursday.—Making home happy (Eph. 4: 32).
Friday.—Doing hard things cheerfully (Phil. 4: 13).
Saturday.—Giving our money (2 Cor. 9: 7).
Sunday.—Loving everybody (1 Peter 1: 22).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "America."....First psalm in concert.... Hero roll-call....Singing, "We are little lights.".... Lord's prayer....Singing, "Let us help each other.".... Junior topic.... Blackboard talk.... Singing, "Living in the bright sunshine."....Talk on church benevolences.... Collection.... Closing song, "Do your very best to-day."

To the Junior Superintendent.

For the hero roll call allow the Juniors to choose some character in the Bible or in history, and instead of calling the name of the Junior, call the hero's name, and let the Junior answer to it.

When you call "Ruth," some little girl who has

chosen Ruth as her heroine answers "Present," and when you call "George Washington" or "William McKinley," a number of boyish voices will be apt to answer "Present," for, though no one knows what name the others have chosen, several are sure to choose the best-known and best-loved names.

In thousands of our Junior Leagues this is the last meeting until September, and two months are a long time in the life of a child. How can we throw a cable across the eight weeks that will be strong enough to hold our Juniors in their loyalty, not only to their Junior League, but to Christ? We can give them something to do for Jesus during vacation. In the April number of the *Junior Workers' Quarterly* there is an article on "Vacation work for Juniors." There are sick people who will need a visit during the heated season, sorrowing ones who will need sympathy and help, and there will be opportunities for the boys and girls to earn money in the summer when their time is their own. How much better it will be if some of this money is laid aside for the Lord's work, rather than for the children to use it all for themselves.

Blackboard Talk.

In 1776 the flag that General Washington hoisted at Cambridge, Mass., was quite unlike our flag as we see it now.

The stripes of red and white were the same, but instead of the stars on a blue ground, the crosses of St.



George and St. Andrew were seen, as they are in the English flag.

The British soldiers encamped on Charleston Heights saw the flag go up, and, thinking it meant surrender, they saluted it with thirteen guns. They soon learned their mistake, however, and soon after the design of the flag was changed, and the first American flag was made by Mrs. Betsy Ross of Philadelphia.

There were thirteen stars on that first flag, and their number has gone on increasing, until now there are forty-five, with more to follow. No flag that floats is more beautiful than ours, and no brave deeds recorded in history are grander than those of our heroes who gave us our flag, and who have preserved it inviolate.

In a few days we shall see flags fluttering everywhere, and shall hear the noise of drums and cannons as we celebrate the Fourth of July, our nation's birthday. Let us thank God for giving us a home in this land of the free, and let us pledge ourselves anew to love and defend our flag, which means so much to us.

COOL FOOD

For Hot Days.

Better health comes with less meat and fat during the warm weather.

By proper and pleasant diet you can prepare the body for summer and feel from ten to twenty degrees cooler than your neighbor.

Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit, and possibly a couple of soft boiled eggs is sufficient for the breakfast. An ordinary portion of Grape-Nuts contains sufficient nourishment to fully sustain the body until the noonday meal; being a predigested food, it does not overtax the stomach, and contains none of the heat supplied by the heavy carbonaceous foods.

Fully cooked at the factory by food experts brings it to you ready to serve, and does away with the heat of cooking and the time necessary to prepare ordinary food, and its crisp daintiness is pleasing to the palate of young and old.

Many delicious recipes are found in each Grape-Nuts package, so that the form of eating this wholesome food can be changed to suit the user.

These suggestions, if followed for ten days, will convince the most skeptical that a cool body, an active brain, and an energy hitherto unknown will prevail, and the general lassitude peculiar to warm weather will disappear.

Rheumatism

The Editor of the NEW ALBANY (Ind.) MEDICAL HERALD, in the course of an article on the treatment of rheumatism, says:

"But not until lately, when Tartaric acid has been employed by us, have we obtained results that were even fairly satisfactory in the treatment of gout and rheumatism. By the employment of this preparation I have been able to relieve some of the most distressing afflictions of this class, and now regard Tartaric acid as the most valuable remedy at our disposal in the treatment of this class of afflictions. In rheumatism and in gout Tartaric acid can be administered with confidence."

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A. E. DUNN, Manager Advertising Department.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONS.

The Chinese of Hawaii have been registered, and found to number about 29,000.

The missionaries of Marcy Home, Chicago, in addition to their other work, made 1,333 calls last year.

The Boston Medical Mission, opened by the Woman's Home Missionary Society in 1894, is prospering. Four mornings each week a gospel service is held for the patients in the waiting-room.

One of the indirect results of the work in Ritter Home is that within a radius of 250 miles several places are asking for training for their girls, "such as the girls get at Ritter Home."

The hospitals of San Francisco will not often receive orientals, and the doctors say that many a life goes out for want of proper care, and many a poor child becomes a cripple for life because their doctors do not understand how to care for broken bones. Shall we not have a nurse for the orientals of San Francisco?

The following leaflets on the North American Indians may be ordered from the Chicago office of the Woman's Home Missionary Society:

"Our Indian Wards and Their Progress".....5 cents
 "The Indians; an Exercise".....2 cents
 "Two Ways to Help the Indian".....2 cents
 "Training Indian Girls".....2 cents
 "Temperance Work for Indians".....2 cents
 "Problems of Indian Citizenship".....2 cents

STORIES ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

"The Hoopa Indian Story".....1 cent
 "How the Teacher Came for Tatchne".....1 cent
 "Civilization and Progress of the Indians" (free for postage).
 "Help the Indians" (free for postage).
 "Stuckney Home" (free for postage).
 "Our Indians" (free for postage).
 "The Osage School as It Was" (free for postage).
 "The Navajo Mission" (free for postage).
 "History of the Apache Mission" (free for postage).

For an extra 1-cent stamp for postage all of these free leaflets will be sent with an order for the pay-leaflets.

Mrs. H. C. McCabe writes: "Not long since I spent some months in a beautiful mountain city of the West, and there learned that the West is less tenacious of the sacredness of the Sabbath than the East. The tools of the mechanics could be heard at work on new buildings, the groceries

were open, immense excursions went to the mountains, and professing Christians thought it no harm to entertain visiting friends by taking them to these Sabbath outings. The sons of prominent Eastern ministers in many cases spent a part, if not the whole of Sunday, in their offices at work. We were told that bankers, officers in leading Methodist churches, and railroad officials held their business meetings on Sunday afternoon."

The United States treasury agent writes as follows concerning the educational possibilities of the Alaskans: "An illustration of what can be done, and that it is not only possible to establish schools that will be entirely successful in teaching these people to speak, read, and write the English language, but to train them in upright and useful methods of domestic life, is shown by the history of the Jesse Lee School as presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Tuck. At this school have been gathered children from all parts of the Aleutian chain and some from the islands of St. Paul and St. George, whose intellectual attainments seemed to be hopeless. Before two years had passed these children were able to make themselves understood in English, while their improvement in manners and character was simply astonishing. This I know from personal observation. The success of the Lee school is due to the personal equation of the individuals presiding over it, and to the fact that the children are removed from their native home influence." Jesse Lee School is supported by the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

A Noble Beneficence.

Among the numerous forms of well-doing in London, the Christian Community, one of the very oldest, dating from 1685, must not be forgotten. According to the last annual report:

In the middle of the last century the members engaged were but thirty-three, while at the present day they have increased, in round numbers, to 500, and the area of operations has multiplied to an equal extent. The funds have advanced from something under £20 to over £4,000 a year. As far as the past year is concerned, the general character of the work has been continued, with every sign of blessing. We still find the people ready to hear and receive the simple gospel message that is proclaimed in the open air, in lodging-houses where the lapsed masses congregate, in the workhouses and infirmaries, where the sick, the very aged, and dying are ministered to, as also in the mission-hall and rooms. Last year:

1,228 homeless men were sheltered for the night and fed.
 21,000 free meals were given.
 10,500 children's dinners and breakfasts.
 1,000 free lodgings provided for the homeless.
 11,000 workhouse inmates were entertained in the winter.
 2,610 attendances were made by poor, husbandless women.
 5,377 workhouse inmates and lodging-house people were taken into the country for a day.
 500 children sent to the home for a week's rest and change.

Besides this, a large amount of relief was distributed in many other ways, including clothing.

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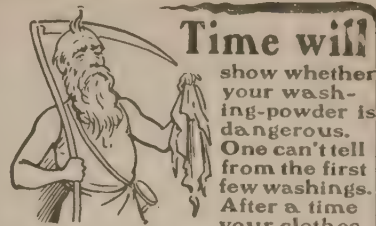
Dr. F. A. ROBERTS, Waterville, Me., says: "It is of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia."

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This and That.

It is well to think before you laugh very hard. An old gentleman in New York died recently of heart failure while laughing very heartily.

The Tibetan sacred book is in 108 volumes of a thousand pages apiece. Each volume is a huge one, weighing about ten pounds. The whole of them would make a load for a dozen yaks, animals like oxen that the people of Tibet use for beasts of burden. There are more than 200 other volumes to explain these.

John McKee, one of the wealthiest colored men in Philadelphia, if not in the country, died April 9. He had an estate of about \$2,000,000, and, with the exception of a few small bequests, left it to the Catholic archbishop of Philadelphia for the establishment of a school. McKee had never had any relations with the Catholic church, which renders his action a great surprise, and a contest will no doubt be made, unless, as is intimated, Archbishop Ryan declines to accept the trust.

To Resuscitate the Drowned.

It was ascertained, some time ago, that a person who had been drowned, and is apparently dead, may frequently be restored to life by the regular drawing out of the tongue, the operation being continued for quite a time. In order to facilitate this system, Dr. Laborde, who originated the idea, invented a clock-working machine which will keep up a rhythmical movement of the tongue for at least half an hour, and can then be wound up again for another thirty minutes. By this means persons have been restored to life who would, under ordinary circumstances, have been given up as dead.

Flowers Cast on the Waves for the Dead.

A very touching incident preceded the annual memorial services for the sailors of Gloucester lost at sea the past year at the McClure Chapel of the Seamen's Society in that town on a recent Sunday night. It was when the congregation walked from the chapel to Atlantic Wharf, and with bowed heads heard a prayer by Rev. Mr. Rider, and then saw sixty-nine bouquets thrown into the sea by the children of the Loyal Legion—a bouquet for each sailor who had left the port and not returned. Then the gathering sang "Hide me, O my Saviour, hide," and returned to the chapel for the memorial service.—*Boston Herald*.

Curious Test of Observation.

An interesting series of experiments has been tried by the school authorities in South Germany to test the faculty of observation as it is exercised by boys and girls.

A man dressed as an ordinary workman and with ordinary features was placed in a room by himself. Classes of girls of different ages were sent through the room. All that the teacher told them was that they were to go into the room, through one door and out through another.

When they returned to their classrooms they were asked to describe the man in the room.

Nearly eighty per cent. of the girls confined their attention to the man's clothes; the others described both clothes and features. The same experiments, when tried with boys, revealed the fact that nearly seventy per cent. of them confined their attention to the man's features, the remainder to both features and clothes. The experiments have been tried with the object of fixing the force of evidence in cases where young people are called as witnesses to establish identity.—*Household Words*.

Our Brothers by the Wayside

By Rev. W. H. Jordan, D.D.

A text-book for the Department of Mercy and Help. Price, 10c Per Copy, or \$1.00 Per Dozen.

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Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City.

Love Letters Astray.

"Letters carelessly placed between the pages of the latest novels no longer excite the comment of veteran librarians," said the tried assistant. "In fact, almost everything in the way of loose personal property, somehow or other, strays into the libraries of the land to afflict and torment those in charge.

"Ask me what I haven't found in the books people bring back. Then the question will be much simpler. I have found everything. Love letters are common. Scarcely a day goes by but what we find two or three.

"Pensive maidens read the historical novels with their love missives in their hands, for comparison, I suppose. Anyway, when the books are returned we find the letters between the pages.

"These we never attempt to return to the owner, for the reason that librarians haven't the heart to read them. Love letters, except in a breach-of-promise suit, are valueless, anyway. So we toss them into the waste basket.

"If the letters are stamped and ready for mailing we always hand them to the representatives of Uncle Sam. Most libraries have now established an incidental fund and really go so far as to mail the letters when they have no stamps affixed.

"Checks are frequently discovered nestling between the newly-cut pages of the latest novels. The names on these make it easy to find the owners. It is simply a question of a few postage stamps and considerable patience.

"Not long ago 'Richard Carvel' was returned on schedule time. One of the librarians hastily looked it through before shelving it to see if the volume was in good condition.

"It was, there was no doubt about it. But carefully pinned to page 101 was a one hundred-dollar bill. The library authorities spent \$5.00 in advertising, but strange to say, the real owner was discovered.

Edward M. Woods, Jr., of hair, ribbons, souvenirs, and other things, are very common. These go to the collection of the librarian."—*Brooklyn Daily*.

America's Summer Resorts.

When it begins to get hot and dry one's thoughts naturally turn toward the lakes and rivers and the seashore of New York and New England, and we begin to wonder how much it would require of time and money to make the trip. A lot of these questions are answered, and a lot of information given free in "Four-Track Series" No. 3, "America's Summer Resorts." Sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by Geo. H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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THE EPWORTH HERALD.

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, June 28, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 5.

Why Jane Hardwick Never Married.

By her Married Friend.

I SHOULD not think of discussing a matter of so private a character as this, but for the fact that many who know nothing definitely about it have made such free use of this incident in the life of my old neighbor.

As a rule I do not consider that it is any business of outside people, and especially of the general public, as to whether one shall choose to marry or remain single, and the reasons which he or she may have therefor.

But Jane Hardwick has so often been traduced by those whom the Hon. Will Cumbback calls "the invisible some people" that I should regard myself as a moral coward if I did not come to her defense, knowing her as I do.

"They" have said that it was because of Jane's homeliness that she was not mated in youth. But I, who was her schoolmate, very well remember when, instead of the hard lines which now mark her careworn face, there were roses on her cheeks, and the eyes, now dimly seen through glasses, were full of laughter and winsomeness, and many a youth counted himself happy if only her smile lighted upon him.

And then some people have put it into the mouth of Dame Rumor that Jane's old-maidenhood was the result of a romance in love, in which she was slighted for her more fortunate rival, and that the disappointment was so great that she never rallied from it.

Falsehood is always most insidious when it has some foundation, however slight, in fact, and it is perhaps because this story had at least a semblance of truth that it has gained such wide credence in the community where she lives. And, besides, it is well known that when Jane was once confronted with the charge by a foolish young woman in company, she blushed, and would neither deny nor admit the truth of the accusation. Therefore it was taken as settled, and the matter has been a theme for gossip at stated intervals ever since.

People have sometimes whispered the story to one another as they have chanced to pass Jane on the street, and there have been a few times when a party of young people have been so thoughtless as to make the subject one of ludicrous jest.

A few days after the social affair to which reference has been made, Jane spent the day at my house, and, having heard of her discomfiture at the hands of her tormentors, I asked her why she had not denied it outright and given the truth of the affair as it was.

But she smiled faintly, and said: "Well, people must have something to talk about, and it may as well be my affairs as anything else, and not only that," said she, as the expression on her face changed to one of seriousness, "but you know that I feel that we have no right to open our hearts to thoughtless people that they may make sport of things which to us are sacred. And better far be misunderstood than that you should seem to seek the commendation of the world for the sacrifice you make for others."

And then she told me what I had always suspected, and yet never had from her lips before: how she had loved and been loved, how the hero

of her heart had sought her hand in marriage, and she, from motives he could not understand, had been constrained to refuse.

I could see, as her emotions almost overcame her, and, in fact she told me frankly that the decision of that hour had cost her a mighty struggle, which even yet had not entirely lost its force.

He went away feeling that he had been wronged, and in a few months married the "more fortunate rival" of whom people spoke. In a short while after the wedding the couple went West, and Jane had never heard from them again. They were happy in their married life, she hoped.

When Jane Hardwick closed the door that evening of her memorable decision, it was not only upon him who had gone forth from her presence, but forever upon the life he had proposed. The hour of that decision marked the end of one and the beginning of another life. It was to be a life of self-renunciation as complete as that which they lead who, within the walls of the nunnery, take the veil.

What were these motives which could not be understood by him whose heart was selfish, and the results of which have furnished food for neighborhood gossip? Jane was the youngest of three children. Two girls and a boy, together with an invalid father and a mother upon whom the burdens of life had already fallen too heavily, constituted the family.

Her sister, when scarcely out of her teens, had married a reckless, drinking man, whose greatest achievement was to squander not only the dowry which he had received with his girl-wife, but the good name and credit of her father as well, so that at the time my story begins they were completely wrecked financially.

With the easiest grace imaginable, this knave restored to her father's house this woman whom he had sworn to love and keep, and with her four little ones, the fruit of their unhappy union. He betook himself to parts unknown.

This, then, was the family from which it had been proposed that Jane should marry, and a nature less noble than hers would have thought it a providential opportunity to escape a life of hardship and toil. But not so with Jane Hardwick. The nature with which she was endowed had been enriched by more than one generation of noble ancestry, and through her veins there flowed not one drop of selfish blood.

Quietly she had resolved that she would stay by her invalid father in his poverty, and that the shoulders of her mother should not be stooped with burdens she might help to bear. These worse than fatherless children should become her special charge, and out of this multitude of duties certainly there should be not only enough to fill her hands, but her heart as well.

And how nobly did she fulfill this purpose! Learning the most improved methods of dress-making, and plying her needle early and late, she was able to supplement the scant earnings of the rest of the family, so that no want ever came to their humble home.

It is not wealth of riches, but wealth of love

that makes happy homes, and surely no home was ever happier than Jane's; and of all the hearts, none gave or received more of that which is more precious than gold than did hers.

The years came and went, and left her growing old beautifully in the midst of her sacrificial toil. The invalid father passed from his sufferings to his reward; the nieces clustered about "Aunt Jane" as though she were their mother. For had she not the mother-heart? Her hands had stitched their clothes when they were too small to sew for themselves, and her mind had planned for them when they were old enough to serve themselves and one another.

One by one she saw these children pass through the prescribed course in the village school, and on the days of their graduation sat in the audience and wept for joy, taking, as she playfully said, her "annual cry;" but those who sat about her could not fathom the depth of her feelings as she looked upon the rewards of a sacrifice which had been greater than they should ever know.

Nor are the gifts of her love bestowed only upon those of her own household, for there is never a case of want in the whole neighborhood that does not appeal, and not in vain, to her generosity and practical helpfulness. Is there sickness in the community? Then some dainty dish, such as tempts the appetite of the invalid, is sure to find its way from Aunt Jane's larder to the bedside of the sick one. If there is a funeral at the village churchyard she is among the mourners, and flowers from her garden help to hide from sad eyes the clods of the new-made grave.

I think I have never known anyone so widely related as she, for almost everyone in the community seems akin to her. And yet, when you ask wherein the relation exists, few seem able to trace it definitely, so that I have concluded that it is a relation of friendship and love rather than of blood or marriage.

What need Jane Hardwick, therefore, care now for the old-time taunt and the tongue of the gossip, for her place in the hearts of her little world is secure. The children of her nieces climb upon her knee, and pat with their little hands cheeks which to them are not wrinkled, and, putting their chubby arms about her neck, call her "the dearest auntie in the world." And so she is.

And now I am done; and, as I said at the outset, I should not have told this story but for the fact that "some people" have traduced the life and spirit of my old neighbor. And it comes to me now that, perchance, her duplicate may be a neighbor of yours.

These flowers, beautiful in themselves, but woven into a wreath with trembling hands that were never skillful, I bring and place on the brow of this heroine before she shall come to her grave. For why should all our flowers be kept for the casket and the mound of the friend's departure? The dead have no appreciation of fragrance and beauty, and the chill earth of the tomb is fatal to the delicate tint of the exquisite perfume of the lily and the rose.

HOSANNA.

FLORENCE L. SNOW.

The happy sailors of a by-gone day,
When that they reached the dear abiding land
Gathered together, hand in eager hand,
To praise the Virgin for her blessed way.

"Out of the deep," they sang, "the danger and delay,
Lo, she hath brought us, a courageous band;
She hath bestowed for every grave demand
The valliant heart that nothing might af fray."

So when, dear love, we reach our port at last
After our voyage o'er the treacherous seas,
Where we have known such heavenly ministries,
We shall rejoice in all the precious past,
And with our vessel anchored safe and fast,
Give glad acclaim to God's great harmonies.
Neosho Falls, Kan.

"FATHER BENJAMIN."

Mary J. Strayer.

HE was seventy years old, and used to tell with great pleasure of his grandfather, who had been a lay preacher in the early days of Methodism, and who had walked and worked with John Wesley. He was small and gray-bearded, and had gentle, kindly blue eyes. Indeed, if I remember correctly, it was the mellow sweetness of his character that had given him the neighborhood name of "Father Benjamin." Those of his own age who had worshiped in the same church with him had never seen him disturbed. There was a legend, occasionally unearthed, of righteous indignation he had once exhibited when there was a movement made by the financiers of the congregation to put the pews up for sale.

"No, no!" he was reported to have exclaimed. "Not a word says my Bible of special seats in heaven, and never will I agree to them in God's house down here." And when the project failed, the finance committee knew whose quiet opposition wrought the mischief.

There had been a good many changes proposed, and a good many adopted in the church since the June day, fifty-five years ago, when Father Benjamin—a red-cheeked boy of fifteen—had stood before the altar in a primitive log building, and made his vows to the Lord. He had never been false to them. He was an intelligent Christian, as his library would have shown. He was not satisfied with simply understanding the causes that had made his own church a necessity. He went back further, and studied the power that drove Martin Luther into that other great reformation. Aye, he went back further still, and came to know better year after year the first grand Reformer, "who spake as never man spake." And those who knew Father Benjamin best marked that, as time went on, he had grown more gentle and Christlike. Not every change had he approved, but he had learned to say gently and peacefully: "If this be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overcome it."

Although Father Benjamin had passed the allotted threescore and ten, he felt that it was yet only cheerful, shining afternoon. Far down the valley he could discern the mists that hover over Jordan, but on his Mount Pisgah the shadows were only falling aslant, and the sun shone subdued, yet warm and bright. He could neither hope nor wish to keep in touch with the rapid pace the world was taking on. Yet he was vastly interested in her progress, and rejoiced greatly when a step was taken in the direction of truth and useful investigation.

No doubt this disposition was fostered by the scientific propensities of his son Samuel. Father Benjamin, perhaps, had forgotten a rainy afternoon long ago when he had wandered through the swampy fields with his little five-year-old, hunting for pollywogs, in order that the juvenile inclination to watch the legs grow long and the tail grow short might be gratified. The experiment had proved a whetting process to the youthful appetite, and Professor Samuel, now lank and spectacled, had won a name in the scientific world, yet found his most ardent sympathizer in the old homestead.

To Father Benjamin Professor Samuel brought

the latest wonder—a black and funnel-shaped affair, whose forte it was to treasure up and repeat everything uttered in its vicinity. The wonder-loving man was fascinated, and when the machine had faithfully rehearsed a garrulous neighbor's gossipings, and an encounter between Betty, the housemaid, and a meddlesome pussy, he was in transports of delight. The marvelous machine was put upon a table in a corner of his room, where henceforth Betty and the garrulous neighbor were shy of giving vent to their innermost feelings.

"I have seen wonderful things in my day," said Father Benjamin. "But it was reserved for mine old age to see wood and metal reprove and shame mankind by repeating the foolish things that slip from the tongue so easily. Verily, in the providence of God a reformer has come among us."

Just at this time there came into Father Benjamin's life a sudden and rude disturbance. There had been a convention held in a North-western city. There had been combinations and reorganizations until the old had taken new form and new dignity. The movement had penetrated the entire church. Everywhere there were meetings and organizations. The young people discussed officers and departments, and wheels and badges! Father Benjamin had been patient under many innovations, but he felt now as if an earthquake was waking to activity beneath his feet. His head whirled, and one fitful day he flung his church paper down and succumbed.

"It is an invention of Satan!" he declared, and I am sure I need not tell you that was unusually strong language for Father Benjamin. "Alas, that I have lived to see the success of the uneasy ones who continually seek to outstrip the wisdom of God. May they who would build up a wall between elderly wisdom and youthful strength not bring the honor and glory of the church to shame!"

Now, Father Benjamin was descendant of a mixture of Scottish and English blood, and when he refused to be comforted there was nothing more to be done. So, when even the efforts of Professor Samuel and his soft-voiced mother had failed, a virtue was made of necessity, and the good old man was left to his despair.

There are none so blind as those who will not see; and Father Benjamin followed the example of the time-honored inhabitant of the Catskills. Only, whereas Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years, the end of Father Benjamin's nap came in five. But it was a privilege to be present at the awakening, and those who were there will not soon forget it. Seventy-five was close upon the aged saint. The sunshine had lost a little of its warmth, and the shadows were longer on the hill. The chill of the valley mists was creeping up the mountainside. The dear old head was bowed a little lower, and the eyes were dimmer. The roses on the table beside the armchair had been sent by the department of mercy and help. The good nights had been said by a score of fresh young voices, for the superintendent of the devotional department had carried the meeting to Father Benjamin's room that night. And then the confession came.

"Neither eye could see nor heart discern the marvelous work which the Lord Jehovah in his wisdom has reserved for his young servants. Nine hundred thousand Christians in the flower of their youthfulness and the might of their strength! Under banners of beauty with swords of righteousness they shall meet and vanquish the hosts of evil. I have been young and now am old, but such an outpouring of the spirit of strength and purity I have never seen." And just then the little grandson in his play set revolving the black funnel-shaped machine in the corner, and the greswome thing began in the very tones of Father Benjamin's vexed voice five years before—

"It is an invention of Satan!"—and with that Betty ran, and, turning a spring, put a quietus upon its uncanny reminiscences!

But do you suppose Father Benjamin cared? Not he. He smiled a rare smile and folded his

withered hands and rested his white head against the cushions of his chair. And as he fell asleep far off he heard the singing of angels.
Oil City, Pa.

"MAKING MANY RICH."

Grace Willis.

AS if it were not enough that mother should be so ill, and the housework left for Addie to do because the girl had gone, there must needs be a stream of anxious, inquiring callers, and, because the doorbell was muffled, it was necessary for Phyllis to sit in the front room to see them when they came, and let them in. A pile of high school books was stacked beside her, and she had tried all that Saturday afternoon to get her lessons for Monday; but as soon as one caller left another came, and Phyllis had been answering questions all the afternoon, and had not progressed very far with her study.

As she closed the door on the fifth caller, she turned and fled into the kitchen.

"Addie, I must get my history," she exclaimed. "I am going to shut myself up in the library and study hard for twenty minutes; then it will be half-past four, and I am going out to walk three miles, and see if I can work off my nervousness. I am as cross and fidgety as I can be," and the irritation showed itself in her voice. "If anybody comes I am not going to the door. They cannot see mother, anyway. And what is the use?"

"But mother has so many real friends, Phyl, and, of course, they are anxious to know how she is; and it is kind of them to come, too."

"I can't help it," snapped Phyllis. And she walked back to the front room, gathered up her books, and then shut herself up in the library.

She could not concentrate her mind after so many interruptions, and had not accomplished much when the door was softly opened, and Addie's pretty face was poked in.

"Phyl, dear, Aunt Caroline is coming up the street, and I guess we really must let her in. I have got to make mother's broth now, or else I would entertain her. I guess I really must bring her in here. Perhaps she won't stay long."

Phyllis looked hopelessly resigned. "That is the last straw, Addie Rockfield," she said, in an exasperated tone.

"Aunt Caroline" was in no way related, but from long acquaintance had earned the familiar name. She was old and large-framed, and awkward and unattractive to the last degree. But hers had been a peculiarly hard and unlovely life, and through it all she had kept true and strong, with a patience that was heroic.

"It makes me cross even to look at her, Addie," complained Phyllis, "she's so homely."

"I know it, dear," answered Addie; "but I always feel about her as I would about a woman who always wears a mask. Her unattractive face hides her real self somehow or other, and some day the mask will fall off, and when she gets to heaven she will be beautiful."

"But she is so kind of gloomy sometimes," returned Phyllis.

"Why shouldn't she be, my dear? You would be, I guess, if you had had the trouble she has had all her life. She has worked hard and faithfully with never so much as a word of appreciation, and much of faultfinding. And now she is all alone, with nobody to think of but herself, and the least we can do is to listen kindly to her troubles, and cheer her up if we can. She thinks the world of mother just because she has been kind and sweet to her, the dear soul."

This last reference was to "mother," and it softened Phyllis's mood.

"Yes, 'the dear soul,'" she murmured. "I wish she would get well."

Phyllis had a poor memory, and mourned much over it. She could not repeat long verses from her Bible accurately, but little phrases and groups of words had a way of lodging in her mind, and one that she had read that morning in the sixth chapter of Second Corinthians now flashed upon her: "As poor, yet making many rich."

"I haven't much to give, and I ought to be

willing to give what I can," she thought. "If I can make the poor, forlorn life of Aunt Caroline any sweeter and richer by giving her a half-hour of my time I will do it."

It was with rather a doubtful face that Addie ushered Aunt Caroline into the library, but a look of perfect satisfaction took its place as she stole back to the kitchen, for Phyllis had greeted the visitor with the pleasantest of smiles and the warmest of welcomes, and Phyllis could be very charming if she chose to be.

"Oh, I am so anxious about your mother!" was Aunt Caroline's exclamation. "I don't know what I'd do if she should go, Phyllis. She's the best friend I've got in the world. Lots of folks don't know her at all because she isn't on any boards or committees, but she is a wonderful woman. Many's the time I have got so discouraged and desperate that I just put on my things and came right over here, and your ma was never so busy that she'd show she didn't want me; and, do you know, I'd come away all chirped up and happy, just visiting and talking about ordinary things. It was your ma's way. And I would forget about myself and my troubles—and an old woman like me has lots of them, Phyllis—and I'd just think of how good and lovely your mother was."

A tear trickled down the homely old face, and a warm feeling glowed in Phyllis' heart, born of pity for the weary, lonely old soul.

A full hour later Addie saw Aunt Caroline disappear down the street in the twilight, then the door opened and Phyllis' bright face looked in, her eyes fairly shining.

"Oh, the poor dear old soul, Addie. I'm so glad you brought her in. I wouldn't have let her go away without having seen her for anything. I am going out, dear, to walk three or four blocks, just to get some fresh air and to come back ready for study again. I don't have to walk three miles now, for I don't feel cross any more. Aunt Caroline doesn't seem half so homely when you feel kindly toward her."

Out in the spring twilight a few moments later Phyllis' quick steps carried her lightly along.

"Making many rich," she murmured, happily. "And she said I was like mother!"

Waukegan, Wis.

MIRRORS.

Mary A. P. Stansbury.

EVERY visitor to the Moorish Palace at the World's Fair must recall the confusing sensations experienced in the "hall of mirrors." In whatever direction the eyes were turned one was confronted by his own image, multiplying itself at every possible angle of vision until his very brain began to swim. To be forced to live in such a room would be a punishment worthy the inventive genius of the masters of the Inquisition.

Yet it is possible mentally and spiritually to occupy a similar position. When, consciously or unconsciously, one seeks in everything for his own reflection; when things and people interest him chiefly in their relation to himself; when in society his constant desire is to know what people think of him; when his decision on any particular course of action rests not on its own merits, but rather on its probable effect upon himself; when in view of others' misfortunes his deepest feeling is of self-congratulation that he has escaped them; when reputation or success superior to his own arouses his suspicion or jealousy—then, indeed, it is high time for him to fly from such a moral "hall of mirrors."

Not reflecting glasses of selfishness, but the clear, transparent windows of sympathy and just perception, through which we may gain right views of our neighbors and trace the true course of life and duty, are to be set in the walls of the soul's dwelling. To "look out and not in" is the only way to broaden and clarify spiritual vision.

There is a deep meaning in the old myth of Narcissus, the beautiful youth who, enamored of the reflection of his own face in a quiet pool,

lingered day and night on the brink of the water, neither eating nor sleeping, until he miserably perished. Just as beauty which exists merely for its own delight, is a fatal endowment, so the most splendid natural gifts perverted to selfish uses, only destroy the possessor.

Too constant self-examination even in obedience to the best motives may become unwholesome. We are, indeed, bidden to "keep the heart with all diligence," but why? Because "out of it are the issues of life." It is then what proceeds from the heart that is of consequence. If its aspirations are noble, helpful, and loving, can it be necessary to lay it habitually under the reflecting mirror of a spiritual magnifying-glass, in order to take account of its emotions, as a botanist would classify the microscopical parts of a plant?

There is a mirror of which Paul knew when he wrote: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." Thank God that once darkened human souls may glow and burn in that pure, reflected brightness!

Appleton, Wis.

"SO MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR."

THE sun shone gloriously through the branches of the pine and larches that had stood guard over Mr. Wilson's house for many years. Its rays reached at last the silver hair and clear brow of the wife and mother that had for half a century made that house a home. The face needed no sunlight to brighten it; summer and winter it was aglow with that mysterious light of the human face divine when the soul within has found transfiguration. She sat there with folded hands and half-closed eyes, never looking up save when she heard a footfall. Then there came over her face the inquiring look of the blind, unless the step was that of "father," or of "one of my girls," these being quickly recognized in love's own way. Disease had drawn a thick curtain over the once beautiful eyes, color and form and light being forever shut out.

A step on the walk. "Good-morning, Mrs. Wilson."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Chase. I know your voice, and it is always a welcome sound. I am glad to see you—or, rather, I am glad to be with you even if I cannot see you. Take this chair here by me. I know there is one, for Clara left me but a moment ago. Isn't this a beautiful day?"

"Yes, and I thought, as I saw you sitting here, how sorry we all are that you cannot see the earth when it is so beautiful. I think here in Maine we want our eyes more in the month of June than in any other of the year."

Mrs. Wilson could hear the tears in the kind voice, though she could not see them as they ran down over the face of the visitor.

"Why, I'm just as happy as I can be, even if I haven't any eyes to see with now. I should be happier than would be good for me if I could see. I was thinking, just as you came along, how much I have to be thankful for. It is fifty years this fall since Mr. Wilson and I set out these trees; that was just after we were married, and we are still together. Then, you know, I have my girls, and I tell them sometimes that I believe the less I can do the more they love me. My neuralgia was rather hard to bear, but that is almost gone now. I often tell them that blindness is nothing to neuralgia. Think how many years I had my eyesight! I've been able to work for my family, and care for them when they were sick, and I always tried to give other folks a lift, too, when I could. I've got to sit in the dark, I know, the rest of my life, but how ungrateful I should be to find fault about it! I had a great deal rather wait on other people than have them wait on me; but it isn't going to make things any pleasanter for anyone if I keep whining all the time. The other day I just took this village house by house, and I made

up my mind that there isn't another woman anywhere in it that could so well afford to lose her eyesight as I could. And I'm so thankful that it was my eyes that failed instead of father's or one of my girls'. And, after all, the most beautiful things of the world are not the ones we see, but the ones we feel. No, I haven't any time to be blue in; it takes me all of the time to think of the things I have to be thankful for."

Who of us would have time to be blue if we stopped first to think of all we have to be thankful for?

THE BAD WEATHER PROPHET.

Bishop John F. Hurst.

WE should be glad to see a census of the bad weather prophets. It would make a large volume, for their number is legion. They can be seen on every hand. They push against you on all the highways, and point you to the storms that have brewed and are brewing and are sure to burst over your head before you get home. They carry umbrellas under their arms. They keep their throats well banded up against the next northeaster. They study the statistics of insurance companies, give themselves great anxiety about their lightning-rods, and, for their Old Testament reading on Sabbath mornings, peruse the Lamentations of the weeping prophet, while for their New Testament lesson they turn naturally to the shipwreck of the great apostle to the nations.

One January evening a friend said, as we walked along the street: "It is getting ready for a storm." "Why so?" we asked. "Why, it is as plain as day that a storm is coming on," he replied; "there are too many stars out. It is altogether too clear a sky for good weather. You never see such a deep sky, with such multitude of stars, without a storm coming on in twenty-four hours." But the storm did not come. Day after day, for those twelve enchanted days, the sun rose and set, and rose again, in a beautiful and cloudless sky. That is the difficulty with these bad weather prophets—they seldom predict aright. They mean well enough, but their digestion is out of order, or they once sprained an ankle, or their grocer has overcharged them. Therefore, for their pictures they use only the dark colors.

Can anyone who reads attentively the scriptures doubt for a moment that one of the most steady and forcible elements in the pure lives of the purest servants of God is hopefulness? The greatest heroes of faith are distinguished for their unflinching confidence in the beautiful and rewarding future. Look at the kings of faith whose reigns of suffering and triumph are described in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Their confidence and cheerfulness none brightest when the horizon was full of enemies.

Nor need this peculiar feature of hopefulness in the true servant in the scriptural periods awaken the slightest surprise. The most cheerful of all characters which fill the great niches in the Bible Pantheon is Christ himself. Where do we see an approach to his calm confidence in the future? His mustard-seed was to produce the greatest of all trees, so that the birds of the air should take shelter under its branches. His sower should not cast in vain, but the harvest should be thirty, sixty, and an hundredfold. Was there ever a blacker sky than when he said: "Blessed are the eyes, which see the things which ye see?" This sublime spirit of cheerfulness passed directly and naturally into the early church. The persecutions lasted three centuries; but the Christians knew they could not last forever. When Constantine broke the chains the deliverance was no surprise to the humblest confessor of the faith from the Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules.

It would not be difficult to recount some of the special grounds of hope in this very hour. Who does not recall the frequent complaints about the hard times? How many have not declared the ship of state was in danger of stranding?

A good deal of this pessimism is only in the imagination. Times are brightening every day. Gold is down, and credit is going up. The North and South are already a mighty unit of intelligent patriotism, and peaceful tides are moving all over our broad land. The reign of passion has merged into the reign of patience. All the benefactions are increasing, and so are the methods and wisdom of their use.

Let the bad weather prophets step aside. They have been talking too much. Now, having done all the harm they can, let them give place to the seers of brighter skies and greener fields and calmer seas.

Washington, D. C.

FREEDOM.

"Freedom is recreated year by year
In hearts wide-open on the Godward side,
In souls calm cadenced as the whirling spheres,
In minds that sway the future like a tide;
No broadest creeds can hold her, and no codes;
She chooses men for her august abodes,
Building them fair and fronting to the dawn."

—James Russell Lowell.

A NOBLE GIFT.

J. L. Harbour.

IT is a pleasure to make note of the good being done in the world by men and women who feel that they are but stewards of the wealth God has given them. It is also a pleasure to note that the number of such men and women is increasing, and that each year the amount given for charitable, religious, educational, and missionary effort grows larger.

One of our wealthy American women who is making her money count for a great deal in the growing good of the world is Miss Helen Miller Gould, and the object of her latest and greatest benevolence is attracting much attention because of its magnitude, and because it is certain to accomplish so much good.

The visitor to Brooklyn, New York, will find on Sands street, near the navy yard, the finest building for the naval branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in the world. It has been erected at a cost of \$465,000, and Miss Helen M. Gould has borne this enormous expense herself. The building is her gift to the very important work of the naval branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is a gift that will be of incalculable value to sailors and marines, and it is certain that it will save many of them from falling into the snares set for them by the evil-minded when they are on shore.

A few years ago Miss Gould became greatly interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and she became convinced that it was one of the most potent powers for good in our country. She made herself thoroughly familiar with all of its workings, with the result that she became sure that it was worthy of her support. When the great Young Men's Christian Association jubilee was held in Boston last year Miss Gould attended many of the meetings, and, as it was already known at that time of the work she was doing in Brooklyn, her appearance was the signal for great enthusiasm at all of the meetings she attended.

The new building of the naval branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, for which the Association is so much indebted to Miss Gould, is seven stories in height, with more than two hundred sleeping rooms on the upper floors. These rooms will be neatly furnished at a cost of about \$50 each by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which Miss Gould and another very wealthy woman, Mrs. Russell Sage, are vice-presidents. The Auxiliary will undertake the entire furnishing of the building, and this will involve an outlay of many thousands of dollars, for there are to be beautiful parlors, lounging and reading-rooms, game rooms, and a great gymnasium; rooms for religious meetings and social gatherings, bowling alleys, a swimming-tank, photographic dark rooms, libraries, writing rooms, a great entertainment hall, and a large restaurant.



NEW BUILDING OF THE NAVAL BRANCH OF THE Y. M. C. A. AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is the determination of the Auxiliary to make the new building one of the most homelike of places, and everything will suggest comfort and good cheer, so that the sailor boys will find it more attractive than the saloon or any other place of evil to which so many sailors resort when they are on shore.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of all will be the roof garden of the building, where meetings will be held on hot summer nights, and where the men can resort for comfort and pleasure at any time during the summer days and evenings. It is intended that this feature of the new building shall be particularly attractive.

Of course the sailors and marines do not receive all of these benefits free of charge, for they are not objects of charity. But the men will not have to pay nearly so much here as they would have to pay elsewhere for less attractive accommodations, and the helpful influences of the place will be worth a great deal to them. Many of the sailors and marines are now members of the Naval Temperance League, an organization of more than four thousand members, each member of which wears a neat little button to show that he is a member of the league. The wearing of this button has been officially authorized by the Navy Department of the United States at Washington, and the department has also officially recognized the great work done for the army and navy by Miss Helen Gould. It will be remembered that she gave many thousands of dollars for the relief work of the army during our war with Spain.

No one but herself and God and those who have been helped by them will ever know how

many and how large Miss Gould's private benefactions have been, but it is thought they are even greater than those of which the world at large has knowledge. One who is in a position to know says that every day of her life witnesses some good deed done by Miss Gould, who feels that beneficence is the highest duty of the rich. Miss Gould no doubt realized long ago the truth of these words: "He who frequently practices beneficence and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' it is not meant, thou shalt love him first and do him good in consequence of that love, but, thou shalt do good to thy neighbor; and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fullness and consummation of the inclination to do good."

Dorchester, Mass.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

—Jones Very.

For Independence Day.

The Fourth of July.

DISTINGUISHED by a name and a numeral, our American Independence Day comes smilingly on to us, in the vanguard of the midsummer's heat, and a forerunner of the midsummer's glowing light and abundant joy. Perhaps we have never spent a Fourth of July under alien skies. Until we do, I question whether we ever realize how unspeakably dear is that bit of bunting, flying from steeple and steamer, and borne aloft before marching men on our gala days.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Aye, a hundred cheers, men, with the pulses leaping faster, and the blood throbbing with pride and gladness; for in a foreign land one's heart remembers home, and turns to it yearningly and often.

Our Independence Day should serve as an occasion for revivifying our patriotism. It was not for nothing that the old Hebrews were accustomed over and over to tell their children the story of how they came out of Egypt, how they were led through the desert, a pillar of cloud before them by day, and a pillar of fire by night; how they were fed with angels' food, the manna rained on their camp straight from heaven, and how at last they were brought "safe to the promised land." The continual repetition of the national history fostered an intense national pride and loyalty, which struck deep roots into the past, and was the Jew's best inheritance, sent from father to son the long ages through.

We cannot do better than to imitate the Hebrews in this, and tell again and again the story of our country to our children and young people. A good investment for a family of growing children is a trustworthy history of our nation, and around such a book as, for instance, "The American Revolution," by John Fiske, might be grouped the lives of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and other statesmen, the poems of Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell, the essays of Emerson and of Holmes, and whatever fiction is racy of the soil. Where people cannot themselves afford to accumulate books, they should avail themselves of the nearest library, and the home life should be nourished on literature which inspires love of the native land, love of the institutions which spring from liberty and enlightenment, and love of the dear old flag.

Let us turn back a leaf in the familiar story, and read it now on the eve of our returning Fourth.

We find that the Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted by twelve of the thirteen colonies on the Fourth of July, 1776. New York deferred her action in the matter until the ninth of July, when she, too, came into the brave and solemn league and covenant, by which we asserted our opposition once and forever to taxation without representation, and cut the cords that hitherto had bound us to the mother country.

All over the country the Declaration was received with bonfires, with the ringing of bells, and the firing of guns, and with torchlight processions. Said Samuel Adams, "The people seem to recognize this resolution as though it were a decree promulgated from heaven."

No sudden impulsive act was this to which the brave signers of the Declaration set their hands. It was the culmination of eleven years of irritation, of struggle against injustice, of resistance to tyranny. John Fiske sums up the narrative of these trying times by the observation that "for the dignity, patience, and moderation with which the Colonists had borne themselves, history hardly affords a parallel." There are many grand and noble figures on the splendid page which keeps that period green in memory, but foremost on the canvas for all time is that of our heroic George Washington of Virginia first, next of the Union, next of the whole wide world.

As mothers, we are unworthy our high calling if we fail to impress on our sons and daughters both the true grandeur of the men who formed this republic, and the true beauty and value of a free land, where the will of the people rules. The day has gone by when an autocracy can flourish anywhere. Waves sweeping upward on the shores of time are laden with the flotsam and jetsam of outworn despotisms. Republicanism is bound to win all over the globe.

Teach the children patriotic songs. As they gather around the piano, let somebody strike up a ringing strain, and let the family join in the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle" and "Columbia, the gem of the ocean." Bring the lads and lasses up on "My country, 'tis of thee." A sage said: "Let me make the songs of a nation, I care not who makes its laws!" From the lore of the cradle and the memories of the hearthstone and the lips of the mother and the atmosphere of the home and the public opinion of a community where home-life is on a high plane, comes a sentiment stronger than mere enactment, a sentiment which makes law powerful and liberty secure.

In my childhood we eagerly anticipated the Fourth of July. The children went to bed on the night of the third, and the town was like any other town, plain and prosaic. But when we awoke in the morning, to the boom of cannons near by, or the long soft-rolling thunder of guns in the distance, lo! flags were floating everywhere, and houses, spires, schools were in bloom with brave, bright color. The drums were beating, and the bugles were blowing. Soldiers marched in procession. So did the boys and girls; the girls in white frocks with bright sashes; the boys in white trousers, with blue coats and gilt buttons. We all wore our red, white, and blue rosettes. We heard the Declaration read in a sonorous voice by some magnate. Ministers prayed, orators spoke. We sang till the clouds in the blue sky seemed to shake with the choral strains. We ended with "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." And the children of to-day could not be better taught, nor more admirably trained than by a similar course of proceedings now. To stimulate patriotism should be part of every parent's, of every teacher's duty, and I rejoice as I see the flag flying from the school-house the land over; I rejoice whenever I hear fresh young voices upraised for God and liberty.—Margaret E. Sangster in the *Christian Herald*.

How the Declaration Was Adopted.

IT was desirable that a fact of such supreme importance as the birth of thirteen new nations should not remain merely a matter of logical inference. It must be embodied in a declaration incapable of misinterpretation, not open to be explained away by ingenious construction, or canceled by technical arguments. Independence could not be left to be gathered among the recitals of a preamble. . . . On June 7 Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, moved "certain resolutions respecting independency." John Adams seconded the motion. Its consideration was deferred till the next morning at ten o'clock, when members were "enjoined to attend punctually." A debate of three days ensued. It appeared that four New England colonies and three Southern colonies were prepared to vote at once in the affirmative; but unanimity was desirable, and could probably be obtained by a little delay. So a postponement was voted until July 1. . . . Three committees were appointed; one was charged with drafting the document itself, so that it should be ready for adoption on July 1. The members of this committee, in order of precedence, were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. On July 1 debate was resumed in committee of the whole on the original resolution of Mr. Lee, which was reported to Congress and carried by

that body on the next day. The Declaration was then at once reported and discussed until late on July 4. The question of independence was really settled July 2, but posterity has selected July 4, the anniversary of the adoption of Jefferson's Declaration.—John T. Morse, Jr., in *Life of John Adams*.

The True Patriot.

HE loves his country, but he loves still more the kingdom of God.

He cares too much for his country to uphold her in any wrong.

He does not reserve his patriotism until he has a chance to die for his country; he lives for her.

He does not urge the selection of the best men for candidates, and then refuse to serve when called upon, though at the cost of time and money and inclination.

He does not vote for bad men, and then plead that he did not know they were bad. He takes time to investigate the character of candidates.

—Selected.

The Ship of State.

Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great

We know what master laid thy keel,
What workman laid thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope
In what a forge, with what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale.
In spite of rocks and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee; are all with thee!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Glory of the State.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spire and turret crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No; men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.
—Sir William Jones.

Love Patriotism.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each helping all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power.
There is no better way.

—Susan Coolidge.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there. —Drake.

This is true liberty when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can and will deserves high praise;
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?

—Milton.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.
—Couper.

Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fail'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fallest a blessed martyr. —Shakespeare.

Some Noted Hymn Writers.

Charles S. Nutter, D.D., Author of "Hymn Studies."

BISHOP HEBER.

Reginald Heber might have been called a fortunate man. A cluster of great blessings came to him. Born into an honorable, wealthy, and pious family in 1789, he enjoyed the highest educational advantages of his age and nation. He was graduated with honors at Brazenose College, Oxford, in 1804, and at the same time made a Fellow of All Souls College. After his graduation he spent more than a year in extensive travel on the continent. In 1807 he was ordained and settled as parish priest at Hodnet, where he remained sixteen years. Young, scholarly, genial, brilliant, he numbered Henry Hart Millman, Robert Southey, and others prominent in the world of letters among his personal friends. His literary ventures were successful. He was a member of the staff of the *London Quarterly Review*, biographer of Jeremy Taylor, and editor of his works; Bampton lecturer, 1815; preacher at Lincoln's Inn, 1822, and in 1823 he was elected bishop of India at the age of forty years. Marvelously favored all his life, this can be said to his credit: he made good use of his many privileges. He was an honorable, pious, and useful man.



BISHOP HEBER

The lasting fame of Heber is not due, however, to his scholarship. It is not the result of his authorship of books. It did not grow out of his brief, though faithful and loving, service in the episcopate. It is due simply to the fact that he was the writer of a few successful hymns. To secure lasting fame a man would better write a hymn of highest value than to be elected president or bishop. Heber's career illustrates the truth of this seeming hyperbole: thousands know him as the author of the missionary hymn who never knew, or have forgotten, that he was lord bishop of India.

It is not claimed by any hymnologist that Heber won the highest rank as a hymnist. We cannot place him with Watts and Wesley. He was a graceful poet of moderate genius, but the man loved God and men. He anxiously sought to honor his Maker and to inspire and save his fellows, and among the means to this end he recognized the value of holy song. He carefully collected choice gems from other authors, solicited them from his friend, Millman, attempted hymnic composition himself, and succeeded in two or three instances, hence his fame.

Bishop Heber was the author of fifty-nine hymns. Many of these have been very useful, and a few have had a very wide popularity. No. 71 in our Hymnal, "Hosannah to the Living Lord," was first published in *The Christian Observer*, England, in 1811. It was subsequently rewritten and published in Heber's posthumous hymn-book, 1827. Set to proper music it is an inspiring and worshipful hymn. No. 136, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," is a very popular and useful morning hymn. Except the "missionary hymn" this is the most valuable and widely useful of all his compositions. It is not at all unlikely that it may even outlive the missionary hymn.

This author excelled as a writer of occasional hymns, a most difficult species of composition. His "militant" hymn, beginning "The Son of God goes forth to war," is a grand and very stirring composition. It is not, strictly speaking, a hymn, but rather belongs to a large class of popular and useful "spiritual songs." Other illustrations of his occasional poetry are his funeral hymns, viz.: Nos. 373 and 999, and his

hymns for children, which are Nos. 186 and 875.

Heber's masterpiece, "From Greenland's icy mountains," belongs to the same class of occasional compositions, and was written to order. Its history is brief but interesting. A missionary collection was to be taken in the parish church of Wrexham on Whitsunday, 1819. Heber was visiting his father-in-law, Dean Shipley, who was to preach the missionary sermon. Knowing well his son-in-law's poetic gift the dean asked Heber to write a special hymn to be used in the service. He complied, and composed the four stanzas in a few moments without leaving the room. It has been widely used in all English-speaking countries, and has been translated into various other languages. Its popularity has been great, and its usefulness can only be estimated by the Master himself.

Bishop Heber died of apoplexy in India in 1826.

The Elderage, St. Aidans, VI.

Thou Knowest.

Thou knowest, O my Father! Why should I
Weary high heaven with restless prayers and tears:
Thou knowest all! My heart's unuttered cry
Hath soared beyond the stars and reached thine ears.

Thou knowest—ah, thou knowest! Then what need.
Oh, loving God, to tell thee o'er and o'er,
And with persistent iteration plead
As one who crieth at some closed door?

"Tease not!" we mothers to our children say—
"Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best."
Shall we, thy children, run to thee away,
Begging for this and that in wild unrest?

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

GROWING LIGHTER NOW.

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

We had planned an outing for the day, and had been looking forward to its pleasures with happy hearts for some time. Then, as it will often happen, a storm came up, and we were shut in for a whole morning. How we watched the sky that morning! Every little while someone of our company would go to the door and watch the clouds as they rolled up from the west, heavy with their burden of rain. And as many times as we went, we would come back to report dismally: "No signs of clearing up. Looks as if it might rain a fortnight."

But there was one among our number who seemed to see better things than the rest of us. As he looked away toward the darkened sky, he would appear to catch some sign of a coming brighter hour.

"The sky looks brighter to me," he would come back saying. "I can almost see the blue sky away through yonder. You look where I point, and see if you can't see the tiniest patch of blue."

And then how eagerly we would all gaze in the direction in which he pointed, hoping to find the brighter place in the clouds.

Growing brighter now! Would that our hearts might always be thus hopeful! Over our lives full many a storm will sweep. He who sees farther than any mortal eyes can look knows that it cannot always be fair weather while we are passing through this earthly pilgrimage. Clouds and rain must come. But oh! for the hopeful heart which keeps its courage, and, watches for the coming of the blue sky of the better day. Think of the cheer which comes to those who are waiting when some brave soul with heaven given vision catches the rift in the clouds, and encourages us with the thought that, at longest, it can be only a little while before the storm will clear away and all be peaceful, and we shall make our journey once more under unclouded skies!

Growing brighter now! Possibly not yet can our eyes pierce the gloom. As far as we can see the clouds lower, and the tempest, instead of

lifting, seems to settle down darker and darker. It is often so in life. One after another the rain-clouds gather and send down upon us blinding sheets of cold mist. We shrink away from it, and for the moment think that the world is, after all, a most dismal place.

How short-sighted this is! After every storm that has come into our lives has there not been sunshine? When we think of it, we know this is so. All the trouble is, we forget the sunlight when the clouds are about us. The joys of living pass into forgetfulness overshadowed by the gloom of the present moment.

How can we grow to look on the bright side of things in this world? That is a question everyone of us has asked over and over again. We envy the person who has in his nature the hopeful element which enables him to see beyond the unpleasant things of the present, and we long to possess the same cheery spirit. Is not this because we read only half way though the Word which has been left for us?

"What I do thou knowest not now."

There! we stop. It is all darkness and uncertainty! But read on.

"But thou shalt know hereafter."

Blessed hereafter! Grand, glorious time when we shall know all about it. But I think we will not care so much then about knowing. It will be enough for us that He deemed it best to send the storm and the darkness. Why not let a little of that trusting reach down into our hearts now? Could we do that, the hours and days and years of waiting would not seem so lonely. All the time we would be looking away though the storm and seeing the radiance lying beyond. Then, indeed, it would be "growing lighter now."

Maine, N. Y.

Love Conquered Her.

Selected.

Just across the state line in Ohio there lived an old woman who was the terror of all who had seen or heard of her. She was finally arrested and sent to the Columbus penitentiary. She broke every law of the institution, and they exhausted every form of punishment upon her. Times without number they had sent her to the dungeon, and for weeks at a time she lived on bread and water.

Finally an old Quaker lady from the same part of the state asked permission to see her. The prisoner was led into her presence, with the chains upon her hands and feet. With downcast eyes she sat before the messenger of Christ. The old Quaker lady simply said: "My sister." The old woman cursed her, and then she said: "I love you."

With another oath the prisoner said: "No one loves me."

But she came still nearer, and taking the sin-stained face in both her hands, she lifted it up and said: "I love you, and Christ loves you."

She kissed her face first upon one cheek and then upon the other, and she broke the woman's heart. Her tears began to flow like rain. She rose to her feet. They took the chains off, and until the day of her death they were never put on again; but, like an angel of mercy, she went up and down the corridors of the prison ministering to the wants of others.

Led by Example.

Parish Visitor.

From Japan comes the story of an exposition of Christianity from a man who obtained a Bible which he read with much interest. When he had finished he said: "This is a fine thing in theory, but I wonder how it would work in practice."

On the train on which he was traveling he noticed a lady, who, he was told, was a Christian. He watched her attentively, to see how she would act, and said: "If I can see anything in her conduct like this book I will believe it."

Before the day was over he had seen so many little acts of unselfishness on her part, and so much thoughtfulness and consideration for the comfort of her fellow-passengers that he was

deeply impressed, and the result of that railway ride was that he went to his home determined to make the Bible the guide of his whole life, and become a true and consistent Christian.

It may be that we are in the same position as the Japanese Christian; that our every word and deed are watched by someone who is leaning toward the Christian life, but who is still in doubt. Is it not a solemn thought? Surely, we should be ever on the watch lest we should prove stumbling-blocks in the path of such a one.

Through Love to Light.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,
Who art the Love of love, the eternal Light of light!

The Master's Hand on the Harp.

J. L. Miller, D.D.

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall, so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was, and how it had been used. Then, one day, a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eye saw the dark object on the wall, and taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides, and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

It is but a legend, yet the meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not found it. Is your soul-harp hanging silent on the wall? Have you learned the secret of glad, happy days?

Open your heart every morning to Christ. Let him enter and repair the strings which sin has broken, and sweep them with his skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.

Let God Use You.

Selected.

That is just what he wants to do. He made you for use, and for his own use. You may be a star in brilliancy, but God can use you if you are. You may be a candle or but a fagot. No matter, God can use candles and fagots.

The true workman can use a pin, a nail, or a big bolt in his work. People differ from each other, as do the pin, nail, and bolt, but all are needed, and the pin as much as the bolt. There are kinds of work in which the former would be far more suitable than the latter. So in God's work he needs to use pins, nails, bolts, little and large agencies. No matter which you are, God has use for both, or he would not have such varieties in men.

"I am glad to meet the man whom God uses," said a gentleman, on being introduced to Mr. Moody. That was the secret of Mr. Moody's wonderful power—God used him. God put strength into his untrained hand and unlearned brain, and the hand and brain of Moody became such moral powers as the world has not seen the superior of in a hundred years. Let God use you.

Direct Personal Work.

S. M. Saylor.

Personal work is the warp and woof of Christian activity; therefore, this important element of service has the largest place in the extension of Christ's kingdom, and every disciple of Jesus Christ is under obligation to engage in it. It does not necessarily involve the conversion of the person approached, but the attempt to win him, which is the ultimate object always in the mind of the worker. The work itself consists in directing the attention of men to Christ, and with discretion urging them to accept the invi-

tation of the gospel, and order their lives by its teaching.

Clean Money.

Thomas Hughes.

I remember hearing, years ago, of an old merchant who, on his death-bed, divided the results of long years of labor, some few hundreds in all, among his sons. "It is little enough, my boys," were almost his last words, "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it." He had been a successful man, too, though not in the "self-made" sense. For his ideal had been, not to make money, but to keep clean hands. And he had been faithful to it.

"Whiter Than Snow."

Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Once, when I was paying parochial calls, and dropped in on a washerwoman who had just got out a line of clothes. I congratulated my friend because they looked so white. So, very much encouraged by her pastor's kind words, she asked him to have a cup of tea, and we sat down. Whilst we were taking the tea the sky clouded and there was a snow-storm; and as I came out the white snow lay everywhere, and I said to her:

"Your washing does not look quite so clean as it did."

"Ah," she said, "the washing is right enough; but what can stand against God Almighty's white?"

So you may think that you are clean, because you have never seen God. When you see God, your holiest day will seem to be imperfect; you will abhor yourself, and repent in dust and ashes, and you will need to say: "Forgive me my debts as I forgive my debtors."

An Evening Hymn.

Now that the day-star glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may bend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

—John Henry Newman.

Sweetbrier.

Watchman

Not long ago, on an excursion in the woods, I picked up a branch of sweetbrier, and hid it in my dress. I soon forgot what I had done, but all day long I smelled a spicy fragrance. Every woodland path had the same sweet odor. Even the rocky cliffs and caves breathed perfume. I was surprised to notice that as I met different people with all kinds of wild flowers and ferns, all woodland treasures had the same kind of fragrance. On the boat as we sailed homeward I thought: "Someone is taking home a quantity of sweetbrier, for the air was full of it."

Late at night, when I took off my dress, I was surprised to find the sweetbrier tucked in my bosom. All day long I had carried near my heart the sweet perfume which I had supposed came from others. "How good it would be," I said to myself, as I closed my tired eyes, "if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that everyone I met would seem lovely!" It made me think of the legend of the potter who found a lump of clay which was fragrant as a rose. Even after the vase had gone through the fire it held its delicate perfume. "What makes you so sweet when the other things of clay have no odor?" cried the potter. "I lay at the foot of a fragrant rose, and her sweetness became mine," answered the vessel of clay.

There is a legend that the room in which Mary spilled her precious ointment never lost its fra-

grance. It is certainly true that all deeds of love linger in the memory of those who are helped long after the material benefit has passed away. Some people are so happily constituted by nature, so physically well and joyous of disposition, that they cannot help being sweet. How to keep sweet with delicate health, or when living with uncongenial people, is the problem. But it can be done. The love of God hidden in the heart will sweeten the soul's atmosphere as the sweetbrier did the air around me.

I read this the other day, which impressed me greatly: "I would as soon think of putting strychnine in the water as poisoning anyone's mental atmosphere with complaints and groanings." As if we did not all of us sometimes put the poison of complaints into the ears of our friends! I often think of Charles Kingsley's little song—

"Be good * * and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, nor dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

Helps Heavenward.

Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.—Washington.

All God's providences are but his touches of the strings of the great instrument of the world.—Charnock.

A good heart is like the sun, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.—Shakespeare.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest troubles.—Phillips Brooks.

Count nothing small. The smallest thing may be a link in the golden chain which binds a man to the divine Master himself.—A. F. Schaeffer, D.D.

The sins by which God's Spirit is ordinarily grieved are the sins of small things, laxities in keeping the temper, slight neglect of duty, lightness, sharpness of dealing.—Horace Bushnell.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never to believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Little self denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Canon Farrar.

Cease to live in the atmosphere of your sin, by which I mean that you must see to it that your mind is occupied by thoughts as far removed as possible from those in which your temptation can take root. It is a great mistake to loiter around a sin to which one's nature is prone. Your moral strength will depend upon your spiritual tone.—R. J. Campbell.

Is the time growing short? Give more of it to God. Waste less in dreaming and gossip. Realize that the best dividends here and in the glory-land, will come from the work done for Christ. And even then time will beat one. We cannot halt it, nor delay it, and the only thing possible is to fill it up as it flies, with the least thought and work possible for self, and the most possible for the kingdom.—Contributor.

"A pure heart," as Saint Bernard saith, "doth two things: it maketh thee to do whatever thou doest either for the love of God only, or for the good or benefit of another." In all that thou doest, have one of these two intents, or both together; for the latter coincides with the former. Keep thy heart always thus pure, and do all that thou wilt. Have a perverse heart, and everything is evil with thee.—Anselm Riecke [Morton].

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

THE FATHER'S CARE.

Topic for Week Ending July 6.

(Matt. 6: 25-34; Psa. 103: 13-14.)

A God without care would be a God without character. Our God is interested in all values. His chief interest is in chief values.

That God is interested in the world and its people cannot escape any observing mind. Things do not happen. They occur. Human life is not drifting debris. It is a ship piloted by a person. It is not accidental. It is purposeful. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends." It may be that we are "infants crying in the night." But the parental breast is always close enough for the infant's hand to touch. God is never far away. His is the circle of life that compasses our path.

God's Interest in Nature.

It is too plain to need proof. Days and nights occur with unvarying regularity. The order of sequence has been fixed for centuries. In this aspect of nature alone God's plan is so plain that the toilers of the world regulate their tasks thereby.

Day has its appointed ministry of sunshine. Night has its ministry of shadow.

The seasons of the year are as orderly as the pages of a book. Spring, summer, autumn, winter—it is never otherwise. No plan could be plainer. Paul called the fruitful season God's witness. These every day evidences of God's care are so common that we fail to notice them. The seasons proclaim the Creator's supremacy. The grass under the wind's kiss tells of his goodness. The flowers breathe the fragrant message of his mercy. Jesus said: "Consider the lilies." The silent stars are his eloquent servants—

"Forever singing as they shine:
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

They have always been a source of strength and inspiration to the seer. The Hebrew singer said:

"When I consider thy heavens,
The work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained,
What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

If it takes a careful photographer to picture the stars, it must have taken a more careful Creator to make them. If the Creator cares for stars he must also care for souls. If he calls them all by names, then he knows the names of his children. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." The physical features of the earth proclaim God's purpose and plan. Ah, my heart, if God is careful enough to create he is Creator enough to care.

"When your spirit bows in sorrow
From the load it bears,
Go and tell your heart to Jesus—
Don't you know he cares?"

God's Interest in Human Nature.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made," was the conclusion that an old saint arrived at centuries ago. Modern physiology, anatomy, phrenology, psychology, and surgery—all unite in testimony which confirms that conclusion. The body is wonderfully built. It must have a wonderful Builder.

The soul is a sublime structure. The Architect who reared the sky must have reared the soul.

Look at human nature. There is no trace of careless workmanship in such miraculous composition.

The oculist could write a volume on the wonders of the eye. It is the soul-window through which the sunshine looks. It is the gateway through which the silent feet of beauty walk.

"Who gave thee, O Beauty,
The keys of this breast—
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest:

Say, when in lapsed ages
Thou knew I of old?
Or what was the service
For which I was sold?
When first my eyes saw thee,
I found me thy thrall.

* * * * *
Dread Power, but dear! If God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me."

Did not God give us the eye that he might build the beauty of color into the beauty of character? Even so let it be.

The ear is the key-board on which God would play melody into my soul. On that delicate drum his holy hand would beat the martial music of moral manhood. A thousand messages of truth roll over that tender tympanum into my soul. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," said Jesus. "He careth for you."

We have not space enough to catalogue these material symbols of God's care for the soul. Every nerve is a wire along which the waves of his mercy run.

Comforting Considerations Concerning God's Care.

God's side of things is always bright. When our feet are entangled in thickets of trials we may hear him say: "I am the way." When shadows of uncertainty fall across our path his voice speaks: "I am the truth." When our feet slip over the brink of death's river we may hear the divine boatman saying: "I am the life."

Christ is the universal conqueror. He is our shelter in the storm. He is our shield in the battle. He is our teacher for every problem. He is the ever-shining sun that banishes all shadows. We may sing with Christina Rossetti: "Helpless dust, in thee, O Lord, I put my trust."

1. *God cares for the smallest things.* The structure of some microscopic insects is as wonderful as that of a world. Every day we tread in the dust little things whose mechanism is so wonderful that, if a human genius should invent their like, it would make him famous for all time. The infinitesimal proves the infinite.

That is the lesson that Jesus points out. God cares for his smallest creatures. That sweet truth sings from the bird's throat. It is exhaled in the flower's fragrance. It glows in the grass.

The wise financier cares for the pennies as well as for the dollars. The wise horticulturist is careful with the smallest shrub as well as with the largest tree. Wisdom never forgets the greatest values while it remembers the least. God who remembers the sparrow will not forget the soul.

2. *God has enough wisdom and power to do anything he wants to for me.* He is wise enough to teach me all the truth I need to know. "He will guide you into all truth." That is the very promise of Jesus. That much is certain. He cares enough for me to teach me the truth.

He is strong enough to help me. He is a very present help. The hindrances are present. The help must be. The burdens are upon me now. The Helper's hand must be under the burdens now. My blistered feet now press the rugged pathway. It is now that the good Guide's hand must hold my own.

He is wise enough to teach me. He is strong enough to save me. He is good enough to guide me.

3. *God has ways of caring for us that are not dreamt of in our little philosophies.* His ministries to men are often mysterious. The coral islands were needed. And they were built by millions of little, invisible architects. Commerce needed coal. God's care anticipated that need ages in advance. And he buried vast forests, changing vegetation and wood into coal. Atmospheric forces play upon fallen trees in the West, and change them to beautiful logs of opal. God's care for men is written in field and forest. It is

inscribed in the soil. It is stamped in splendor on the stellar sky. The heavens declare the glory of his goodness.

Lesson Messages.

1. Jesus forbids worry (Matt. 6: 25).
2. The providence of God touches every point of human need, including sustenance and raiment (Matt. 6: 25).
3. Matter is of value only as it ministers to mind (Matt. 6: 25).
4. Birds are good enough for God to care for. But Jesus would have us remember that we are better than birds (Matt. 6: 26).
5. If God remembers fowls, he will not forget souls (Matt. 6: 26).
6. Anxiety is an addition to life that always subtracts from the soul's strength (Matt. 6: 27).
7. In the creature we may trace the Creator (Matt. 6: 28-30).
8. If God takes care of the temporary, he will not be indifferent to the eternal (Matt. 6: 30).
9. Character is the only clothing that will never wear out (Matt. 6: 31).
10. No earthly father can know the need of his child and be indifferent thereto. Our heavenly father, who knows all our needs, will not fail us (Matt. 6: 32).
11. If we seek God's kingdom first, we shall know his kindness to the last (Matt. 6: 33).
12. Nothing outside of God's kingdom is worth the having (Matt. 6: 33).
13. Care is the thorn that chokes the soul (Matt. 6: 34).
14. The task of to-morrow must not draw on the strength of to-day (Matt. 6: 34).
15. Truth, trust, toil—this is the trinity of success (Matt. 6: 25-34).
16. Whenever and wherever we touch God's hand we touch the hand of our Father (Psa. 103: 13-14).
17. God does not expect the deeds of angels from those whom he knows to be dust (Psa. 103: 14).

How Thomas Paine was Silenced.

A gentleman of New York who personally knew Thomas Paine, and was repeatedly in his company during the last years of his life, gave the following account of a conversation with him respecting the Bible:

"One evening I found Paine haranguing a company of his disciples on the great mischief done to mankind by the introduction of the Bible and Christianity. When he paused, I said: 'Mr. Paine, you have been in Scotland; you know there is not a more rigid set of people in the world than they are in their attachment to the Bible; it is their school-book; their churches are full of Bibles. When a young man leaves his father's house, his mother always, in packing his chest, puts a Bible on top of his clothes.'"

"He said it was true.

"I continued: 'You have been in Spain where the people are destitute of the Bible, and there you can hire a man for a dollar to murder his neighbor who never gave him any offense.'

"He assented.

"You have seen the manufacturing districts of England, where not one man in fifty can read, and you have been in Ireland, where the majority never saw a Bible. Now, you know it is a historical fact, that in one county in England or Ireland there are many more capital convictions in six months than there are in the whole population of Scotland in twelve. Besides, this day there is not one Scotchman in the almshouse, state prison, or penitentiary of New York.

"Now then, if the Bible were so bad a book as you represent it to be, those who use it would be the worst members of society; but the contrary is the fact, for our prisons, almshouses, and penitentiaries are filled with men and women whose ignorance or unbelief prevents them from reading the Bible."

"It was now near 10 o'clock at night. Paine answered not a word, but, taking a candle from the table, walked upstairs, leaving his friends and myself staring at one another."—*The Armory.*

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for July 6: The Giving of Manna.

Place.—The Wilderness of Sin, between Egypt and Mt. Sinai.

Golden Text.—"Give us this day our daily bread" (Matt. 6: 11).

Home Readings.

Monday.—The giving of manna (Exod. 16: 1-15).

Tuesday.—Gathering the manna (Exod. 16: 16-26).

Wednesday.—The memorial (Exod. 16: 27-36).

Thursday.—Discontent (Num. 11: 1-9).

Friday.—Reminder by Moses (Deut. 8: 1-10).

Saturday.—A song of mercy (Psa. 88: 12-25).

Sunday.—The true bread (John 6: 24-35).

The Lesson Verse by Verse

V. 4. *Then said the Lord unto Moses.*—God used one man as his medium of communication to Israel. But his message was direct to Israel, and he held Israel accountable for its reception and its heeding. *I will rain bread from heaven for you.*—Plainly a miraculous food. The attempt to identify manna with the so-called "natural manna" of Sinai presupposes a condition of things more wonderful than the miracle itself. *A certain rate every day.*—Enough for need; not enough for hoarding. (See golden text.)

V. 5. *On the sixth day.*—The day before the Sabbath. This verse shows that the Sabbath law was understood and recognized before the giving of the ten commandments.

V. 6. *Ye shall know.*—There was continual need that the Hebrews should be reminded that their own power had not delivered them from bondage. To this day Hebrew literature puts great emphasis on the divine work which made possible the cessation of Egyptian slavery.

V. 7. *He heareth your murmurings.*—The God who delivered knows that discontent is unbelief and distrust. He will fit his dealings to the people's capacity, and murmuring shall be answered by bread.

V. 8. This verse is emphasis and restatement. The new sign of Jehovah's power and goodness must not be misunderstood nor mistaken.

V. 9. Moses gives his message to Aaron, who is his spokesman to the people, as he was to Pharaoh.

V. 10. *The glory of the Lord.*—The cloud which was the sign of God's presence. This cloud was as yet Israel's only token of the nearness of Jehovah. The tabernacle was, of course, not yet built.

V. 12. *At even . . . in the morning.*—The provision God is making for these freedmen will be complete, regular, and sufficient. It will be proof of God's right to rule them such as they can understand and appreciate.

V. 13. *At even the quail.*—The flesh-food which had already been provided for.

V. 14. *A small, round thing.*—The description of the manna is as simple as if a child or a great man had written it. Its simplicity is one of its marks of truth. Invention is usually elaborate.

V. 15. *It is manna.*—Literally, "What is it?" And the question became the name of the new blessing. Moses called it bread, but always it is called by the question which its strangeness aroused at the first.

The Lesson's Suggestiveness.

(The teacher may assign these suggestions for personal study by individual pupils. Or pupils will find great help in the study of one or more of them without formal assignment.)

The Israelites must have something to eat. But why manna?

The bearing of this lesson of daily supply on the question of laying by savings.

The supply of manna as showing God's will concerning the people of to-day who are insufficiently fed.

What did the manna reveal about God besides his providence, power, and pity?

Why not manna always, and for everybody, instead of merely in the desert, and for the Israelites?

The difference between manna, which came

without human labor, and the bread earned by hard work. How are they both from God?

The sixth day's double supply as a reason for Sabbath keeping. What hint here of the uselessness of Sabbath work?

Little Sermons on the Lesson.

God usually uses ordinary forces. Sun and wind and rain and cloud are his ordering for to-day's cornfields. But there are times when, for the sake of making a great truth clear to men, he uses forces that are not ordinary, and sends manna.

The manna was always "at a certain rate." Enough—no overstock for anybody. There are some things which we cannot hoard. The air we breathe—so much and no more. At best we can but fill our lungs. The present hour—we can but use it well. It will not stay with us for a time of need, except we make use of it. The socialist is right. There can be no monopoly of some things, and of the other things there must be no monopoly, except as it is for the good of all.

This lesson has an application of the Sabbath law before the law was formally stated. That happened because the Sabbath law was common law from the beginning. There was no sudden change in the nature of things when the fourth commandment was given. It was always as much a duty to remember the day of God as to remember parents or truth or virtue or the rights of others.

The Israelites did not know what the manna was. Their name for it was a question. But they ate it. That is a simple form—a universal form—of faith. We use a thousand things while in total ignorance of their nature. What is light? What causes the germination of a grain of wheat? What is electricity? What keeps the sun hot? What is gravitation? In view of all this, how natural it is that Jesus should say: "Have faith in God," and, in another place, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Rheumatism

What is the use of telling the rheumatic that he feels as if his joints were being dislocated?

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PROVIDENCE AND VOLCANOES.

DOUBTLESS every religious newspaper in the country, and many of the secular papers, have received questions in the last six weeks which seek an explanation of the Martinique catastrophe. How can such wholesale destruction be reconciled with the benevolence of God?

Many answers have already been given. Some of them seem to us to belong to a long-past theological age. It is not easy to be patient with those who count the calamity a judgment on the people of St. Pierre. Doubtless the city held much wickedness. But if that were sufficient explanation, who could explain the immunity from widespread ruin which Chicago and New York and London and Paris enjoy? Who can take the census of evil, and say when a city's cup of destruction is ready to overflow? A flip-pant answer to the punishment theory has been given, and in spite of its lightness it exposes the weakness of the theory: "If a city would be excessively wicked it should first ascertain its distance from the nearest volcano."

Others have taken the dread event as a moral warning. It has that value, if people will so consider it. But will they? The history of evil has been that calamities have little permanent value as warnings against sin. The appeal of a great disaster is to emotions that subside as the recollections of the experience grows less vivid.

The great significance of the eruption of Mont Pelee to us is not moral, but physical and prudential. In this volcanic activity we see going on before our eyes one of the processes by which the earth was made fit for human habitation. The mountains were brought forth thus, and in uncounted ways volcanic power has done its part in shaping and fitting the earth for man's possession. It is an awful thing that this process should wipe out a city; but the process is still part of the benevolent purpose of God in the earth. Since these activities exist, and since they are as natural, though not as regular, as the procession of the seasons, it is the part of human prudence to adjust ourselves to them just as certainly as it is the part of prudence to prepare for the storms of winter. The outcome of every struggle against threatening natural forces is always new strength and new powers of control. Every physical obstacle to our convenience and comfort is a challenge in line with our original commission to subdue the earth. But that challenge is not wisely answered when a city is built on the slope of a slumbering fire-mountain.

So far as the destruction of St. Pierre is made an indictment against the goodness and kindness of God, the question is neither more nor less difficult than when it arises in connection with a famine in India, or a flood at Johnstown, or a hurricane at Galveston, or a fire in Chicago, or yellow fever at Memphis. It is certain that in every one of these cases there was an adequate physical cause, and in most cases the calamity might have been foreseen and prevented, or those who suffered from it might have been removed out of its reach. In the cases where no foresight or prudence could have availed, the greatest question, after all, is not, "Why did

God permit the catastrophe?" but "Why, since death in one form or another must come to us all, do we live as though there were no death?"

"Be ye therefore also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

PUBLIC OPINION.

THERE has been plenty of criticism of Gov. Gen. Leonard Wood lately. He authorized the payment of several thousand dollars to an organization which circulated literature in favor of tariff concessions to Cuba. He answers his critics by saying that he was bound to do all he could for Cuba, and the circular plan seemed to be a good one. Not everybody thinks so; but some very active public men work on the theory that circulars create public opinion.

If the theory is correct, the circularizers are wise. For much is done in Washington nowadays, and much is prevented from being done, by the subtle and not easily defined force called public opinion. Much that would otherwise have to wait for tardy legislation or for the next election is accomplished in a few days by a show of public sentiment. Many a time a Congressman at Washington has experienced a sudden change of heart on some great public question because, as the phrase goes, he has "heard from his district." A few letters from the people on whom he must depend for renomination and reelection, a few timely short-stop telegrams, a judicious use of the right of petition, and he promptly sees a new light.

Washington is not the only place where public opinion is potent. There is no department of organized activity where it is not felt. Its influence is discussed, and the direction of its currents are reported, for example, in a score of preachers' meetings every Monday morning. "What do the people of your section think of the time-limit?" is a question whose answer can be found more frequently than elsewhere in these weekly councils, because every preacher is a more or less faithful observer and reporter of public sentiment.

Public opinion is not always wise or intelligent. It is often a thoughtless repetition of what "they" say. Like fire, it is a fine servant, but a bad master. He who is sure of himself will recognize public opinion. He will study its drifts and seek out its sources. He will respect it when it is respectable, and heed it always when he can do so and keep his self-respect. But there will come times when he will need to put his relation to public opinion into the three sentences of the old sage: "They say," "What say they?" "Let them say."

EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

IT is all over. The great pageant has passed, and Edward is formally king of Great Britain and Ireland, emperor of India, and lord of the British dominions beyond the seas. Of course, he was as truly king before as after the imposing ceremonial, and all the kaleidoscopic glory of the occasion was but a sort of rare-show. It satisfied that love of the gorgeous and the imposing which in America finds its expression in the regalia and high-sounding titles of our secret societies.

No doubt this display is all harmless enough, and more or less amusing to those superior mortals who are not impressed by it. One is disposed to lament the great cost of such a national show as the coronation; but on reflection one sees that there are such exhibitions, with varying detail, among all nations, and there is no people able to say: "Take my example; and be done with such folly."

When all is said, it remains true that Edward VII. has come to the greatest throne of earth. No crowned monarch rules such a realm, and, spite of all English mistakes, sin, and decadence, the empire of his majesty King Edward, now happily at peace, is still the mightiest. No other is bound by such invisible but unbreakable ties. No other has such grasp on the idea of empire-making. No other has made or is mak-

ing such contributions to the peaceful conquest of the world by the forces of civilization and the armies of ideas.

This week, from every quarter of the world, there has gone up, in diverse speech, from men of every race and rank, the ancient simple prayer, "God save the king!" And in no part of the world has that prayer been spoken more unaffectedly, more sincerely, or more willingly than in the great republic where every man is king, and where other king can never rule. For we can see that England and America have great things and great ideas in common. The future will see them working in practical cooperation for the benefit of the world.

GOOD ENGLISH.

THE number of educated persons who write poor English is appalling. If you are inclined to doubt that statement just examine the manuscript which comes to any editor's table during any given week. The result of such an examination would convince you that no part of the education of our young people is so much neglected.

For instance, here is a manuscript from a graduate of one of our large universities which contains no less than six glaring rhetorical errors! An alumnus of a university and at present a student at a postgraduate institution, interchanges the pronouns "I" and "we" (in referring to himself) four times in one paragraph. The teacher of English literature and rhetoric in a Western college spells two simple words incorrectly in the opening paragraph of her contribution. An eminent minister, a college graduate, and a man with a reputation for scholarly attainments mixed his metaphors to such a degree that we were compelled to rewrite a portion of his article to render it intelligible. Each of these persons had spent several years studying physics and philosophy, but had neglected to give any adequate attention to common English!

Our colleges are making a great mistake in this matter. And our preparatory and high-schools are as much at fault. It is a shame to graduate a young person from one of these schools without the most thorough drilling in English. To write our language correctly, concisely, forcibly, is an accomplishment which every girl and boy should covet. No one should be permitted to enter college without it. No amount of "higher education" will compensate for a lack here. Indeed, the higher the education built upon a superficial mastery of the elements of English, the worse for the person who possesses it.

By the mastery of English we do not mean mere ability to write with technical correctness. We mean ability to put short words into short sentences. We mean capacity for superlative directness. We mean the power of pungency. Three-fourths of the articles which are returned to contributors by THE EPWORTH HERALD go back because of the lack of these qualities.

Why will not our teachers of grammar and rhetoric understand that they have a mission vastly more important than the professors who have to do with the "frills" of an education?

WILL THE STREAM RUN DRY?

WE mean the stream of books. The last two or three years have witnessed an increase in the circulation and use of books far out of proportion to the increase in the use of other things. The Carnegie libraries, founded at the occasional rate of forty a day, have created a new book market. The new circulating libraries, with their convenient and inexpensive methods of distribution, have created another. On every hand the sale and use of books has increased by leaps and bounds. The novel of half a million purchasers is already a matter of history. Can the record be kept up?

Yes. The world is a world of new readers. Universal education is providing a new demand for books. The reading habit grows by what it feeds upon. Every new book which finds a large

sale helps to make the market larger. The cheap books, those which are intended to be read and then forgotten, have at least this value: No reader, beginning with them, is satisfied to settle down forever to their kind. We know a young man who planned a week's reading on an ocean voyage ten years before he made it. The list of the books he actually took with him was in curious and instructive contrast to the list he had made out ten years before. The two lists were not merely different. They were in different literary worlds. And yet the young man had begun on the cheapest and flimsiest books. As a careful observer says: "Beginners read from the present back into the centuries—to-day's newspaper, then the latest magazine, then the current book. From this base-line the plodding is slow and sure back toward the masterpieces."

The great thing for a young reader is that the great books shall be at least as accessible and as attractive in form as the books of the day. Then natural selection will do the rest better than any *index expurgatorius*, which serves only to give the forbidden books an interest which their own worth would never arouse.

THE RUMMIES RUN.

WE refer to Ohio rummies. The new local option law is making things lively for them. Every town which has so far voted on the issue, save three, has voted the saloon out. The list includes Barnesville, Cambridge, Cadiz, Bethel, East Palestine, Hicksville, Greentown, Crooksville, Port Williams, Creston, Mount Blanchard, Belmont, and Morral. These places range in population from 11,000 down to 200, and have an aggregate population of 23,000. Contests in other communities are on. Most will be disastrous to the rummies. They all would be if the temperance people were awake.

We congratulate these fine Ohio cities and villages. Now let them be sure to hold the ground they have taken. Vigilance is the price of freedom from all sorts of badness. It is often more difficult to keep the devil out than to drive him out.

CLOSED GATES.

THE gates of the St. Louis Exposition will be closed on Sunday. The national government made this a condition of a grant of \$5,000,000. The exposition directors did not sign the contract with any great amount of pleasure; but they signed it, and the matter is closed. It is a satisfaction to know that the miserable experiences of Chicago and Buffalo are not to be repeated in 1904. Christian people may give the exposition their unqualified support. We believe that even from a financial viewpoint the fair will gain by the course which the government has forced upon it.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WE want the best samples of work done by our amateur photographers for use in THE EPWORTH HERALD. We will publish at least a dozen of the best photographs received each month, with the names of the young artists. In sending photographs please write the name and address plainly, and state whether or not the negative was developed and finished as well as taken by the amateur. The subjects are left entirely to the taste of the artists. Do not roll unmounted pictures. Send to the editor of this paper at 57 Washington street, Chicago.

GOES TO MIAMI.

WE knew some time before the matter became public that Dr. Guy P. Benton had been urged to accept the presidency of Miami University at Oxford, O. Now that he has decided to accept, we can only express our divided feeling. On the one hand, we are sorry to lose the brilliant young educator from Upper Iowa University and from our corps of Methodist college presidents. On the other hand, we con-

gratulate Dr. Benton and the Ohio school upon the new arrangement. We predict that the famous old institution will arise and shine under the guidance of the new chief. The trustees said they wanted to find a young fellow for president who possessed culture, executive tact, fine platform and pulpit ability, and bounding enthusiasm for his work. They found him.

AN INVALUABLE HELP.

"NOTES on the Devotional Meeting Topic" for the six months beginning with July is ready for delivery. Messrs. Eaton & Mains have given us a handsome book. The expositions were prepared by Rev. Dr. Kaufman of Fall River, Mass., and Rev. Charles L. Nye of Ames, Ia. The former is now an Eastern man though born and educated in the West. The latter is at present a Western man though born and educated in the East. One is the Epworth League editor of *Zion's Herald*, while the other does like service for the *Central Christian Advocate*. Both have done admirably.

We wish every member of the league who attends the weekly devotional meeting would order a copy of "Notes." The wish is greatly intensified concerning those who are called upon to lead. Fifteen cents pays the bill. Order from any Methodist bookstore.

After all, the success of the convention depends upon how much you carry home.

Why cannot a political editor be at least half fair when discussing the prohibition question?

The latest is a lamp trust. "Turn it down," demands the *Minneapolis Times*. "Why not snuff

it out?" asks the *St. Joseph Gazette*. "Or, blow it up?" adds the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

The last set of the Epworth League reading course for 1901-2 has been sold. Order the new course.

Make a note of our ambition for next year's reading-course sales—fifteen thousand sets, or 45,000 volumes.

The new reading course will be ready for delivery within three weeks. That is prompt enough to suit the most exacting.

Do you always answer a respectful question when someone looks into your eyes and asks it? Of course you do. Do you always answer a respectful question sent to you through the mail?

The "William Taylor Chapter" of Grant-road Church, Bombay, India, will unite in the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of that church. William Taylor laid the foundation there just thirty years ago.

The *Junior Workers' Quarterly* for July-September is out. The editor's work occupies the minimum of space, and the Junior leaders occupy the maximum. That is why it is perfectly becoming for us to say that it is a capital issue.

The serial, "Agnes Grant's education," which lately ran in our columns, was exceedingly popular. Many letters from many sections testify to this fact. We are glad to announce that another story from the pen of Hope Daring will be one of the attractions of THE EPWORTH HERALD next year. It will probably be a sequel to the serial just concluded.

The Cream of Methodist Doings.

By Skimmer.

Pay that church debt.

Our colleges are graduating a fine lot of preacher timber this year.

That new temple at Paris, Ill., will be a delight to look upon.

Segur-avenue congregation, Toledo, O., will soon enjoy a fine organ.

Many churches are finding this the "set time" to roll off debt-burdens.

The new Grove-avenue Church at Johnstown, Pa., fills a "long-felt want."

The corner-stone of St. Paul's Church, Pueblo, Col., laid with a shout.

Round Lake Camp will be edited by two lectures from Dr. J. M. Buckley.

Close out the twentieth-century thank offering with great giving and a shout!

"Notably spiritual." That is the report from many district conferences.

Next to the oldest member of the Troy Conference died lately—Rev. John Greaves.

Yes, sir, the Cincinnati preachers' meeting has also been discussing higher criticism.

Fourteen hundred recent conversions are reported from New Albany (Ind.) District.

New England Conference has lost one of its senior members, Rev. William P. Merrill.

First Church, Chattanooga, has been angling in New England waters for a new pastor.

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting has an enticing program. Dr. S. F. Upham is chief.

A few more hundred dollar gifts will pay off the debt of our publishing-house at Rome.

Troy Conference gave last year for the benevolences \$4,000 more than the year before.

Hanscom Park Church, Omaha, is weary of its \$10,000 debt, and will throw it overboard.

Fourth-avenue, Homestead, Pa., can now be added to the list of mortgage-burning churches.

Benevolent collections coming up on the Akron (O.) District. That is why the elder smiles.

Moore's Hill (Ind.) District Association talked seriously about the "perils of our increasing wealth."

Indiana Conference is building a veteran's home—a sunset rest for God's messengers who have worn out in the work.

St. James Church, Chicago, has a surprised choir,

which adds many degrees to the popularity of the public services.

Baltimore preachers' meeting tries to settle the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews—with the time-honored result.

Dickinson College made doctors out of members of Wilmington, Baltimore, New Jersey, and Pittsburg Conferences. Good men all.

Everybody connected with Grant University is rejoicing that Dr. Race decided to retain the presidency. Brighter days are just ahead.

The new Belmont avenue Church, Youngstown, O., is a beauty both without and within. Dr. Stocking has built several such temples.

First Church, Steubenville, O., will be so vastly improved by current renovation that the oldest inhabitant will scarcely recognize it.

Methodist ministers in the United States are much interested in the outcome of the case of Dr. Joseph Agar Beet of the English Wesleyan Church.

Third-street, Toledo, O., plans a handsome new edifice. The brethren have paid their old debts, and turned over a clean new page for the future.

The new hall of science of Fort Worth University is nearly paid for. Good enough! President Fisher is exhibiting a fine order of executive ability.

The Fredonia (Pa.) Church is in a deeply spiritual state. The evidence is furnished by the large number of persons whom Pastor S. H. Day has received into its membership.

Rev. G. A. Reeder thinks the Epworth League should, as an organization, contribute in some handsome way toward the heavy debt of Epworth Memorial Church, Cleveland.

The Detroit Methodist pastors and their families enjoyed their annual outing the other day. There was merry making, speech-making, and much attention to lunch-baskets.

A new church edifice has been needed at Montclair, N. J., for these many years. The new one now in course of erection will be a magnificent temple, and the generous people will enjoy it greatly.

The heroic days of the Methodist itineracy are not yet past. A West Virginia preacher has six churches on his eighty-mile circuit. His "salary" is \$126 a year! He shares this income with his horse.

Youngstown (O.) District preachers talked about "new methods of raising church benevolences" the other day. Hope they concluded that the best way to

solve that problem is for all Methodists to become Christian stewards.

Etta, Ill., dedicates its new temple July 12. All former pastors are cordially invited.

Rev. S. R. Ferguson, pastor at Parkersburg, Ia., was the Memorial Day orator at Cresco.

A memorial service was held June 11 at Gardestreet Church, City of Mexico, for Miss Mary Lloyd, who had given eighteen years of consecrated service to missionary work in Mexico.

Dr. W. H. W. Rees of Smithfield-street, Pittsburg, Pa., sends out a monthly bulletin of church work. If all are as attractive as the June number we are not surprised that church and pastor are popular.

Drs. Meiden and Knight, presidents respectively of Clark and New Orleans Universities, addressed the Boston preachers' meeting just before it adjourned for the summer. That was not the reason for adjournment, however.

The presiding-elders will soon be calling attention to the fact that members of the lay electoral conference are not elected by the quarterly conference as heretofore, but by vote of the membership of this church twenty-one years of age and over.

PURELY PERSONAL.

King Victor Emmanuel buys coal lands in West Virginia.

Bishop Vincent will return to this country enjoying superb health.

Rev. S. H. Borland, D.D., of Erie Conference is gradually losing his sight.

Cadet W. A. Mitchell, who heads this year's class at West Point, is an Alabamian.

Dr. C. W. Drees of Porto Rico spent a few weeks in this part of the United States.

Rev. C. J. Fowler has been elected president of the National Holiness Association.

Professor Woodrow Wilson succeeds Dr. Francis L. Patton as President of Princeton.

Dr. H. C. Jennings attends the International Sunday-school Convention at Denver.

Mr. J. W. Powell has money-raising engagements for every Sunday until next spring.

Mr. Carnegie wants a Congressional committee to go to the Philippines on a tour of inquiry.

Bishop Hendrix, commencement orator at Cornell College, Ia., was received with great cordiality.

Rev. John McNeill is preaching in the open air in Elster Park, London, during the coronation jubilee.

Dr. W. R. Halstead is in constant demand as a popular lecturer among churches and chapters in Indiana.

Dr. Geo. E. Ackerman will spend his vacation raising funds for Grant University Theological School.

Dr. Geo. B. Smythe will visit the conferences in the Middle West next fall and deliver missionary addresses.

Rev. Robert McIntyre, D.D., is the man whom First Church, Los Angeles, would like for its pastor next year.

Dr. Levi Gilbert's address before the Columbus League Convention is highly praised by everyone who heard it.

President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University has gone to Samoa. Queer choice of a summer resort.

Bishop Garrett of the Protestant Episcopal Church participated in the commencement exercises of Fort Worth University.

Dr. W. A. Quayle, fraternal delegate to the Irish and English Wesleyan Conferences, will make but a short stay across the water.

Dr. C. W. Gullette, greatly beloved by Ohio Methodists, passed to eternal life June 14. Our brother was pastor of Grace Church, Dayton, O.

Dr. Horace Reed is re-elected president of the Illinois Anti-Saloon League. He is a born leader, and few men are more influential throughout the state.

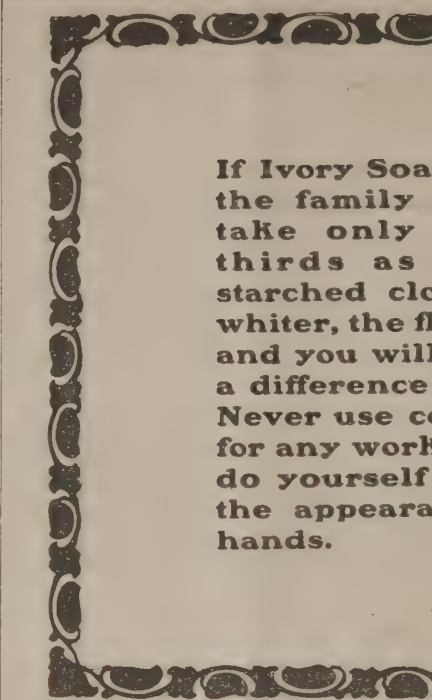
Rev. S. L. Hamilton, a frequent contributor to our columns, has been very ill at the home of his son at Sacramento, Cal. We hope for favorable reports.

Hon. Earl M. Cranston, United States attorney for Colorado, was in Chicago for several days last week. He is making an exceptionally fine record in that office.

Dr. Francis S. Hoyt, formerly editor of *The Western Christian Advocate*, received a cordial reception upon his recent visit to the Cleveland District ministers' meeting.

Rev. George W. Hough, associate pastor of First Church, Los Angeles, is spending a brief vacation at sundry places in the East. A choice man, with a bright future.

Dr. W. H. Shier, presiding-elder of the Detroit District, has reached his seventieth birthday. The event was celebrated by his ministerial and lay friends at Holmes Memorial Church, Detroit, with



If Ivory Soap is used for the family wash it will take only about two-thirds as much—the starched clothes will be whiter, the flannels softer and you will find there is a difference in the wear. Never use common soaps for any work you have to do yourself if you value the appearance of your hands.

congratulatory addresses and a purse of gold. The doctor has executive ability of a high order, and is one of the most level-headed leaders in our church.

Mr. John D. Slayback has for years been an honor to New York Methodism, and is now more active in church work than it has been possible for him to be for several years.

Bishop Hamilton received a welcome back to old Mount Union College which must have warmed his heart. He delivered an address on the life and labors of former President Hartshorn.

Dr. M. C. B. Mason is extending his reputation as a popular orator. The mayor of Napoleonville, La., has invited him to come to that place in the near future and deliver an address on the race problem.

Rev. S. H. Jackson of Warren, O., is enjoying the first vacation he has had in his ministry of twenty-eight years. Besides that fact it may be stated that this vacating pastor is one of the most popular men of Ohio Methodism.

Dr. Geo. W. Izer, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Philadelphia, has a difficult field, owing to the fact that nearly his entire membership lives at a distance from the sanctuary. But he is succeeding splendidly, better than most men could under the same conditions.

LEAGUE LEADERS.

Rev. Grant Robbins of Hamilton, Mo., preached the annual sermon at the Salina (Kan.) District Convention.

Dr. C. V. Shoop, president of the Greeley (Col.) District, moves about among the chapters and carries inspiration wherever he goes.

Dr. C. A. Brooke, presiding elder of the Lafayette (Ind.) District, lives close to the heart of the Epworth League and enjoys the devoted friendship of every young Methodist in his bailiwick.

Miss Ora E. Polhard, one of our best Junior workers in Kansas, was married this week to Rev. George W. Parkinson, pastor at Stafford, Kan. THE EPWORTH HERALD sends the best stock of greetings in the sanctum.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) District pledges an extra \$500 for the Missionary Society.

Pittsburg, (Pa.) District will hold its annual convention sometime in September.

The mission study-book for next year will be "The Price of Africa," by S. Earl Taylor.

Clifton Springs (N. Y.) Chapter has recently added ten new names to its membership.

Over \$1,000 is being expended in the improvement of the Colfax (Ia.) Assembly Grounds.

The chapter at Jasonville, Ind., has a president who is seventy-five years old! A sunny Christian and a sweet singer.

Dr. Eckard of Epworth Memorial Church recently delivered his entertaining lecture, "The house that Jack built," for the benefit of the league at Jennings-

avenue Church, Cleveland, O. Sixty dollars were realized.

Dr. Munhall will be greeted by many old friends when he speaks to the Indiana State Convention at Indianapolis.

Children's Day is growing in favor with the Epworth League. Several chapters held special services this year.

They say that that "old-time love feast" at the Vincennes (Ind.) District Convention was a time of superlative blessing.

Those who attend the Greeley (Col.) District Convention at Fort Collins are promised a special intellectual and spiritual feast.

The papers say that the chapter at Butte, Mont., is "up-to-date and enterprising." That is a good start toward an ideal organization.

A very successful attendance contest has just closed at Sioux City, Ia. It has proved a wonderful help to the devotional meeting, spiritually as well as numerically.

No gathering could have been arranged for in better style than the convention at Washington this week. The local committee was composed of a corps of splendid workers.

Miss Susan E. Hovey, a member of the Epworth League at First Church, Ottawa, Ill., has presented the league and Sunday-school of her church a new Decker grand piano.

The Algona (Ia.) District League held its annual convention at Corwith June 19 and 20. As an aid and inspiration to the work the June number of the *Algona District Methodist* was devoted almost entirely to convention topics.

Miss Maud Ebbott, second vice-president of Janesville (Wis.) District League, was married to Rev. Stephen R. Williams of Pleasant Prairie, Wis., by Rev. T. D. Williams, a brother of the groom; Rev. J. R. Reynolds assisting. Janesville District has lost a loyal Epworthian, but Wisconsin Conference has gained an ideal pastor's wife. A host of Wisconsin Epworthians wish the happy couple abundant success in the ministry.

A letter from Rev. Anton Bart, pastor of our church at Odense, Denmark, gives encouraging news of league work in that country. He says the Epworthians are very loyal and helpful to the church. Many have been converted in recent revivals, and are eager to work for Christ. The church in Denmark rejoices over the recent visit of Rev. H. B. Roller of the Central German Conference of America. Gracious revivals have attended his labors in Denmark.

Here are some Anniversary Day subscriptions to THE EPWORTH HERALD. They are, in every case, additional names to the clubs which already existed in these chapters: Evansport, O., 12; Bucoda, Wash., 13; Sebring, O., 14; Whitesville, Del., 13; Sibley, Ia., 11; Milltown, Me., 12; Jamison, Ia., 15; Greencastle, Ind., 14; La Porte, Ind., 16; North Grosvenor Dale, Conn., 25; Newmarket, Md., 7; Cooper, Ia., 12; Lincoln-avenue Chapter, Pittsburg, Pa., 17; Rose Hill



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Chapter, New York City, 13; Olex, Ore., 8; Blairsville, Pa., 15; Gloucester, Mass., 9; Emerick, Neb., 14; Camden, N. J., 17; Lambertville, N. J., 25; Hamlet, N. Y., 13; Albany, Ore., 10; Mt. Vernon, Ill., 9; Eldbrook Chapter, Washington, D. C., 11.

GATHERING HOSTS.

Fifty-eight district conventions last week.

Special excursions are already being talked up for "Detroit, 1903." Fact!

Boston will send a generous contingent out to the big Worcester Convention.

Literature has lately been sent out from the Central Office to more than two hundred conventions.

The particular session of the convention devoted to Bible study draws an eager crowd everywhere.

The Michigan State Convention promises to be immense. That adjective refers to quantity and quality.

Delegates who attended the first district convention at Lynn two years since will not miss Worcester if they can help it.

President Palmer of Indiana has been in "journeyings off," everywhere stirring up enthusiasm for the state convention.

The way in which the young Methodists of North Dakota turned out to the state convention last week was a sight worth seeing.

President Dickie of Albion College and Dr. P. H. Swift of Chicago will address the educational mass-meeting at the Michigan Convention.

One who knows declares that the two conventions of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Districts were almost ideal in their plans and general effectiveness.

No year in the life of the league has witnessed larger district gatherings than those of this year. The young people are out in actual brigades.

Mt. Carmel is not a large city. But it is big in hospitality, and delegates to the coming Illinois State Convention will find room enough and to spare.

The state gathering at Indianapolis next month will remind us of Indiana conventions of eight or ten years ago. Nothing can now hinder a fine success.

Our committee told Detroit representatives they might expect 12,000 or 15,000 attendants at next year's convention. Conservative committee. Ten thousand might safely be added to that highest estimate.

JUNIOR JOTS.

Much attention to the Juniors at the District conventions.

The midsummer *Junior Workers' Quarterly* is out. Seen a copy?

Mrs. Smiley, general superintendent, will have charge of the work at the Illinois convention.

Miss Helen Bradford, Junior superintendent of Council Bluffs (Ia.) District, is doing notable work in her chosen field.

Miss Emma Robinson, a graduate of the Garrett Biblical Institute, gave a most instructive course of

lectures before the Chicago Training School on practical Junior methods.

A thoroughly efficient Junior superintendent would be a benediction to several hundred churches of which we have knowledge.

Mrs. A. W. Stalker, one of our most successful Junior leaders, addresses the Madison (Wis.) district convention on Junior work.

Miss Ora E. Pollard, of Sterling, Kan., has contributed a thoughtful article to the *Junior Workers' Quarterly* on intermediate work.

PENCIL POINTS.

The *Pittsburg Advocate* has just closed the best year of its history. Circulation still going up.

Dr. Parkhurst of *Zion's Herald* gives enthusiastic approval to Bishop Merrill's views on Biblical criticism.

With the advent of its new editor the *Nashville Advocate* ought to brush up its mechanical appearance.

The *Pennsylvania Methodist* is an interesting paper these days. Is read with zest, though not with equal pleasure, by friends and foes.

Dr. Potts is the most popular camp-meeting preacher in Michigan. Invitations have poured in upon him this year until he is now compelled to cry, "Hold, enough!"

Dr. Spencer of the *Central* carries an editor's kit with him and sets up a workshop in the railroad coach. It is a sort of portfolio-desk, with paper, paste-pot, pencils, current periodicals, and an enormous pair of shears.

Southern Methodism publishes two papers in Nashville, the *Christian Advocate* and the *Holston Methodist*. One too many. It reminds us of the days when we had the *Christian Advocate* and *The Methodist* in New York City.

COLLEGES.

Prof. B. J. Hoadley, D.D., one of the league founders, will fill the new chair of philosophy at Williamette University.

John D. Rockefeller has just given \$750,000 to Chicago University. His benefactions to that school up to date reach \$11,000,000.

Ex President Grover Cleveland has been given the degree of doctor of jurisprudence by St. Thomas College, Philadelphia. He is the first American recipient.

Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin of the Yale Law School delivered the commencement address at Boston University this month. The university presented 268 diplomas, the largest number in its history.

The election of Prof. Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton adds one more name to the list of college presidents who are not clergymen. The list includes such notable names as Butler of Columbia, Hadley of Yale, Elliot of Harvard, Schurman of Cornell, Angell of Michigan, James of Northwestern, Andrews of Nebraska, Jordan of Leland Stanford, and Remsen of Johns Hopkins.

NEW YORK LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

There is considerable interest among our young people over the convention of the Second General Conference District, which is to be held July 10-13 inclusive, at Ocean City, N. J. This is one of the most charming resorts on the Atlantic Coast, and, with the list of speakers already secured, will have a large attendance of our young people.

The social department of Five Points has given a very enjoyable trolley-ride to the members, which was also a success financially.

Mr. W. B. Tower is the newly-elected president of Washington Square League. This is the fourth time Mr. Tower has been selected for this important position, which in itself speaks for his popularity with the young people of that church.

Calvary Chapter has just elected its new board of officers for the ensuing year, the installation taking place the first Thursday in October. Mr. S. E. Millington is the newly elected president.

St. Stephen's League of Kingsbridge has just given a delightful day's outing in Van Cortlandt Park to about sixty of the children of the Junior League of one of our downtown churches.

The New York District is to be represented at the missionary conference to be held at Silver Bay, Lake George, July 16-25 inclusive. It is expected that this delegate will report fully at the fall conference.

St. Mark's Chapter has issued a very interesting folder outlining the Sunday evening meetings for June. Strong speakers have been secured for all these services.

Union Chapter has adopted the suggestions recently printed in the *HERALD*—circulation each Sunday of cards bearing the topic and a request for a quotation or a personal word. Mr. Woods reports very gratifying results.

Tuesday, Aug. 6, will be known as Epworth League Day at the Sing Sing camp-meeting, and Dr. C. W. Millard is already arranging for a strong program for that date. The leagues in the New York District are asked to keep this date in mind in making plans for the summer season.

The selection of Detroit for the next convention of the Epworth Leagues has met with general approval by those who are interested in these gatherings. It is a beautiful city, and as central as could be secured, on account of splendid railroad facilities.

Mr. Richard W. Hill, with an able cabinet, has been elected to the leadership of the league at Fordham.

THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED

The Lake Shore's New Twenty-Hour New York Train will be placed in service June 15, leaving Chicago daily 12:30 p.m., reaching New York the next morning 9:30. Leave New York 2:45 p.m., arrive Chicago 9:45 next morning. This new train is in addition to the present magnificent passenger service afforded by the Lake Shore.

The new train will save one full business day between Chicago and New York. City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St. C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

Some Ways of Working.

A Good Rule.—A fourth vice-president says that she will have nothing to do with any social diversion which is silly. Her rule is good. Silliness is next to sinfulness.

One Office.—A correspondent wants to know if it is lawful for one person to hold two offices in the chapter. Certainly not, unless the chapter is so small that there are more officers than members.

Not a Member.—We have inquiries whether the organist of the chapter, when regularly elected with the other officers of the chapter, becomes a member of the cabinet. No. It is proper, however, to recognize the young organist in a proper way when the officers are installed.

Pass It Around.—We know a chapter which has selected practically the same delegates to the district convention for three years in succession. That's a mistake. Those who go to conventions almost invariably return home instructed and inspired. Ever after they are more devoted workers. Pass the delegate honor around.

Too Many Collections.—Some chapters take too many collections. There are the regular collections in the church and Sunday-school, and these are likely to be affected if the chapter also receives an offering at every devotional meeting. Voluntary subscriptions paid monthly with absolute system and faithfulness is the ideal way of raising the few dollars necessary to pay chapter expenses.

Worthy of Praise.—Hundreds of our chapters have paid no attention whatever to our call for an Anniversary Day offering toward maintaining the expenses of the Central Office. In contrast with such indifference it is refreshing to receive from Kate B. Blackburn, Loftcha, Bulgaria, a remittance of \$1.00 from the Loftcha Chapter. Of the Bulgaria Chapter it may be said: "Those Epworthians have done what they could."

Lost Members.—What is to be done with the names of members who have moved away without taking a certificate or leaving any intimation of where they have gone. That's what a secretary wants to know. Well, it is your first duty to try to trace these absentees. Find out, if possible, where they have gone, and seek to get them interested in the Epworth Chapter of that new community. Send word to the pastor and officers of the chapter, and enlist their help. Of course, if you cannot get any track of the members, the cabinet, after a reasonable time, can order the names stricken from the roll.

Department Workers.—The assignment of members to departments does not mean that the members of a given department are the only participants in the work detailed under that department. It means that these members are to study and plan these certain lines of work in which all members of the league are to participate. This distribution of work enlists more workers, systematizes the work, brings about more study and consideration of methods to be used, and accomplishes more. It generates its own enthusiasm and works from within out, and from the individual to the mass. These department divisions of members are only large committees planning for all.

Ask Questions.—We dropped into a devotional meeting and heard the leader put such questions to those present that all felt they wanted to speak. They nearly all *did* speak. The hour went by, some speaking twice and apologizing for so doing, but giving as their reason that the questions asked were of such a character they wanted to give their experience. One question was: "What has the league done for you?" Another was: "How would you improve the devotional meetings?" Here is the

secret of leading a meeting: Put a simple question to those present—something all can comprehend, and something all can give some form of reply to. Get people's mouths open at the beginning of a meeting, and you have them for that service.

Bad Manners.—A faithful district secretary is much perplexed, and wants to know what is to be done. He writes:

There are thirty-four pastoral charges in this district. It becomes necessary for me to correspond with the pastors and chapter officers regarding the work of the chapters. This is especially true since the Forward Movement was begun. About one third of the chapters never respond. Can you tell me how to get these delinquents to comply with my requests?

At your next district convention have someone read a paper on good manners, and let the question be thoroughly discussed. Perhaps it will dawn upon some minds that to neglect to answer a written question from a friend is as discourteous as to neglect to respond to a spoken one.

The Front Seats.—The unpopular front seats! They are unpopular with the average member because they are front seats, and unpopular with the leader because they are empty seats. The spiritual work department of one chapter observed this, and talked it up at the committee meeting. They decided that something should be done. As they could not very well do away with front seats, they decided to fill them. A resolution was drawn up and signed by each member of the department (six persons), promising to occupy the front seats habitually. The paper was then passed to the other departments with the request that they do likewise. They did. The result was, thirty-six members pledged themselves to this special duty whenever present. And the committees are sure that they have done a good work. A glance at our front seats will furnish additional testimony.

A Junior Experience.—Mrs. John Scott of Memphis, Mich., gives us this valuable point or two from her wide experience in Junior work: "Control is an essential in successful Junior League work. When first taking charge of a Junior League, I have been compelled to advance the Intermediates to the Senior League. In leagues of my own training I have asked those over fourteen years old to act as assistants, or 'supers,' in hearing the primaries recite their grade studies, keep records of same, and give graded reward cards for perfect lessons. They also plan the department work, and assist the officers to do their work. As the social instinct begins to prevail, I organize them into a choir whether they sing or not, one of themselves being chorister, and another organist. They have choir practice after the league. *I always remain.* I engage myself in reading, keeping oversight and control. There is no trouble to retain both girls and boys in the league."

The Convention Delegate.—He should feel himself to be a delegate. He is sent to look after the interests of others just as truly as if he represented a bank. Other people are paying his bills, and he should serve them honorably and faithfully. He should put himself very close to the convention. It is poor policy to go and then simply find fault. A delegate is sent after the good that is going, not after the bad. He should get into sympathy with its object and methods, feel its enthusiasm, learn from its wisdom, note its suggestions, and drink in its spirit. He should keep an account of all the helpful things received. Memories are treacherous, and many good things get away from us unless they are put down in black and white. Every delegate should be as ready to give as to receive. Many conventions are failures because a few have to do all the talking, make all the motions, and run the whole machine. The most good will be accomplished

by making them, in addition to what has been said, spiritual occasions. The delegates should understand that this movement is in essence the conservator and promoter of deep religious experiences among the young people. And he should make sure of a baptism upon his own soul.

A Useful Device.—One chapter has a neat memorandum card which it has distributed quite freely among the members and others. The card folds up so as to be convenient for the vest pocket. The front contains a cordial invitation to the league meetings, and the inside looks something like this:

THIS REMINDS ME.

SUNDAY.

10:00 a. m. I will go to Sunday-school.
11:00 a. m. I will attend church service.
6:30 p. m. I will attend the devotional meeting of the Epworth League.
7:30 p. m. I will attend preaching service.

MONDAY.

THURSDAY.

TUESDAY.

FRIDAY

WEDNESDAY.

SATURDAY.

Hymn Studies.—Rev. C. Herbert Richardson, presiding-elder Baltimore District, has stimulated the study of the Methodist Episcopal Hymnal among the Epworth chapters. He recently sent out an exhortation and plan to the young people, which we gladly reproduce:

Dear Third Vice President: This is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most important departments of Epworth League work. It means thought, study, work. It aims at the intellectual culture and life of the young people of the church, and seeks to prepare them for the broader vision and scope of the church life of to-day. Ideas are the primal germs that issue in convictions and activities, and thus influence and govern the world. It takes a soul to move a body, and ideas are the furniture of the soul. As furnishing an appropriate object both of study and public entertainment for this department of league work, we desire to call attention to "The Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Its fund of knowledge— theological, historical, geographical, biographical, musical, etc.—is inexhaustible. A full year can well be spent by the local chapters in its use, a large amount of most valuable and Methodist information gathered, and love for God, righteousness, and our beloved church inspired that cannot fail to be productive of beneficial results. The special features of this study should be literary and musical, and we outline a sketch of a plan:

1. The music and poetry of the Bible, and the place of each in Christian life and worship. Introductory.
2. The great hymns of the Bible. Preparatory.
3. The themes of the Hymnal. Table of contents.
4. The national hymns in the Hymnal.
5. The American poets in the Hymnal.
6. The English poets in the Hymnal.
7. The poets of other lands.
8. The ten leading authors of the Hymnal.
9. The ten greatest hymns.
10. The ten most popular hymns.
11. The ten leading musical composers.
12. The doxologies—their authors and their use.
13. The "Glorias" and "other occasional" compositions.

On these subjects there may be essays on the lands, authors, tunes so referred to, so that the field of historical inquiry in connection therewith can be gleaned, and the mind stored with a wide range of information, the tunes set to the various hymns can also be sung, and thus both song and tune combined in the work.

From the Wide Field.

EASTERN STATES.

Theresa, N. Y.—The evening service of our church here on May 11 was given over to the league jubilee. The Seniors were joyfully assisted by the Juniors, and a most delightful program was presented.

Newark, N. J.—Dashiell Chapter is prosperous and progressive. The annual anniversary service was enthusiastically attended. Several former pastors were present. The young men of the church and chapter have organized a baseball nine, known as the "Dashiell Juniors."

Shelburne, Vt.—The Epworth League at this place, Rev. Marion G. Cole pastor, has been reorganized with twenty-five members. Mrs. M. G. Cole has been elected president. The young people of the church are showing splendid interest in the meetings, and the outlook for the year is most encouraging.

Guilford, Me.—Haven Chapter is proud of its alert and energetic members. These young people are intensely interested in temperance and missions, and their efforts have resulted in a decided sentiment in those directions among the people of the town and vicinity. They are constantly devising new and attractive entertainments for the young people of the locality. The chapter recently gave "The Concert of Nations," and cleared \$60, which goes into an Epworth League organ fund.

Herkimer, N. Y.—Chapter 11,895 of First Church observed Anniversary Day with appropriate exercises. The principal service was held in the evening in the church auditorium, and consisted of a program of choice music, and an address by Mrs. Mary S. Wilkinson, president of Folts Mission Institute. The league is prospering spiritually and otherwise.

Ansonia, Conn.—Our Methodist young people here celebrated Anniversary Day Sunday evening, May 11, in the auditorium of the church. Parts of the Rainbow program were used with good effect. The league sat in a body in the front seats. Interesting reports of the year's work of the Senior and Junior League were read. Fifteen Juniors were graduated into the Senior League with fitting exercises. The pastor, Rev. J. Howard Hand, gave a short address. A liberal collection was received.

Wilkesburg, Pa.—The Epworth League reading circle of South-avenue Church has completed the reading course, and closed its work with an "open meeting," which was very interesting. Each member sent invitations to as many of his friends as he chose. Papers on the different phases of Wesley's life were read, and these were interspersed with the singing of some of his hymns and some other music. Questions selected from the examination papers were then read at random, and were answered by members of the reading circle. At the close of the program a short time was spent in social intercourse, and lemonade was served. The reading will be resumed again in the fall with, it is hoped, additions to the number.

Garrisonville, Va.—The league at Garrisonville was visited Sunday, June 8, by Frank T. Israel, secretary of the Washington District. The church was crowded. Many stood in the aisles, and nearly one hundred were unable to get in the church. The league had the entire evening service, and the large audience listened attentively to the speaker's remarks on "Epworth League work in general and the missionary cause." This chapter holds services every Sunday evening, which are attended by people within a radius of twenty miles. The league is the pastor's main support in his work, and much of the credit for its success is due to Mrs. Ella R. Downing, the president, who is a thoroughly consecrated woman. Rev. U. L. Landstreet is the pastor.

Newark, N. J.—The Halsey-street Chapter has enjoyed a happy and prosperous year. Happy because perfect harmony prevailed. Prosperous because each one tried to do his or her part of the Lord's work. The reports given at the annual business meeting were brief, but filled with good deeds. So pleased was the league with the results of the past that they reflected their officers to serve for the coming year. The spiritual department has taken up home missionary work among the Italians of Jersey City. Beside personal effort in this work, a monthly collection is taken in support of the cause, and the league has become much interested in the undertaking. The mercy and help department has proved itself faithful and effective in every respect, while the members of the social department have shown themselves to be in their proper field. Every thing undertaken has proven a success, both finan-



Gibe the grocer
fibe cents
and say

Zu Zu

He'll understand that you
want the little ginger
snaps that come in the
In-er-seal package.



cially and socially. The secretary reported a membership of 153—123 active, 23 associate, 7 honorary. Average attendance at prayer meeting, 65; at the business meeting, 39. Treasurer reported receipts for the year, \$252.52; disbursements, \$299.47; balance, \$13.05. The president of the chapter is truly and intelligently devoted to his charge.

MIDDLE STATES.

Fenwick, Mich.—Fenwick Chapter celebrated the league anniversary, using the Rainbow program. The services began with a sunrise prayer-meeting and closed the installation of the new officers.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Highland Park Chapter (6,525) was organized in 1889, and has been doing good work from the first. It has been, and is, a great help to the church. The chapter is now supporting a native missionary in China. Miss Belle Cope, the retiring president, intends going to China as a missionary the last of July. She will be greatly missed by the Highland Park Church and Chapter.

Nevada, O.—The Methodist young people here held "rally-day" services Sunday, June 8. The day began with an inspiring sunrise prayer-meeting. The old people were invited to the regular morning service, which was made a blessed occasion to all. The children's rally was held in the afternoon. In the evening the league furnished a fine program of music and addresses. Rev. I. Courtice of Northwest Iowa Conference was present, greatly to edification.

Toledo, O.—The Toledo Epworth League Union is planning a moonlight ride upon Lake Erie. The chapter selling the largest number of tickets in proportion to its membership will receive a silk banner. Monroe-street Chapter has a class in church history, which is doing excellent work. St. James Chapter assisted in the observance of Old People's Day, Sunday, June 1. A novel feature of the morning service was the choir, composed entirely of old people, who rendered special music.

Monmouth, Ill.—The eleventh anniversary of the Junior League of the First Methodist Church was held on Sunday afternoon, June 8, the auditorium and lecture-room being filled with interested friends. Several hundred children, representing all the Junior societies of the city, were present and participated in the exercises. The main portion of the auditorium was reserved for the visiting societies, and the slight

of such an army of boys and girls was beautiful and interesting. The chancel was decorated with the league colors, a large portrait of John Wesley occupied a prominent place on the platform, and with large flags on either side and cut flowers, the picture was a pretty one. The fine program was greatly enjoyed by the Juniors' friends.

WESTERN STATES.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—St. Paul's Chapter recently enjoyed a pleasant picnic at West End Park. The league is earnest and prosperous, and a very large per cent. of the membership attends the devotional meeting.

Bellingham, Minn.—The chapter here is thriving and deeply interested in missionary work. The president, Dr. R. K. Reese, recently lectured on "Medical missionary work in China." The chapter was well represented at the district convention at Litchfield.

Swanton, Neb.—A league rally was held with the chapter at Swanton May 20. Owing to the fact that this was the first rally ever held on Beatrice District the young people did not wake up in time to turn out in any great force. However, the good program was well rendered, and those who attended seemed well pleased with it. Refreshments were served to those who remained.

Mound City, Mo.—Mound City Chapter is in a spirit of rejoicing. W. M. King sends this joyful news item: "A revival meeting of seventeen days and nights has just closed. Several members were converted; several were reclaimed; the cold and indifferent were renewed. The president and several of his officers and other members sought and received the fullness of the Holy Spirit. We are ready for a good summer's work."

Topeka, Kan.—Mrs. T. E. Stephens, formerly Junior League superintendent of the Topeka, Kan., district, conducted a service at the Kansas-avenue Church, June 15, during which sixty-one children, members of the Sabbath school and of the Junior League, came forward to the altar, in the presence of a crowded congregation and, kneeling, gave their hearts fully to Jesus. It was a beautiful and impressive service, and many in the large congregation were moved thereby to give their own hearts more completely to their Savior. Rev. James A. Staveland is pastor of the church, Miss Bessie King Junior superintendent,

20,000 CHURCHES

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and Miss Viola Troutman superintendent of the Sabbath-school.

Cedar Falls, Ia.—Chapter 206 has just closed a prosperous year of work. Average attendance at devotional meetings, 112. Department of spiritual work reports seventy-eight calls made. Mercy and help work receives a large share of attention; 491 calls reported—these are in the homes of the sick and aged. Eighty quarts of canned fruit sent to the deaconess home at Chicago. Bible class of thirty members and a reading circle of fifteen members are maintained. The chapter supports a Bible reader in India, and aids a student at Bennett Home, Clarkson, Miss. Anniversary Day was observed May 18. A sermon to the young people in the morning by the pastor, Dr. A. M. Billingsley; subject, "Visions," followed by the president's annual address and installation of officers. In the evening Dr. H. H. Seerley, president of the Iowa State Normal School, gave a fine address, the subject of which was "Steps to Christian manliness."

Fern Hill, Wash.—Miss Jessie E. Byrd sends the following enthusiastic news item about league work at this place: "Anniversary Day (May 11) was opened with a never-to-be-forgotten sunrise prayer meeting. A large congregation enjoyed the evening service, which was in every way a 'rally.' The rainbow and her champions were present in force. Home talents were brought out from under the bushel and proven. What is better to inspire loyalty in Epworthians than a real rally like rally day? The reading circle has just finished the prescribed course. One of the many good things that have come to us through the reading circle is the interest many non-churchgoers have found in the 'Life of John Wesley.' The half hour devoted to parliamentary practice was a special attraction to young men, and a great benefit to us as a league. On the last circle evening the members enjoyed a banquet, with summary talks on each of the books. We are looking forward with pleased anticipation to the next course of reading."

Iowa State Camp-Meeting.

The Iowa State Camp-meeting (twenty-seventh annual meeting) will be held at Clear Lake, July 17-27. Rev. Dr. R. N. McKaig will have charge, and Prof. W. A. Ginn will lead the singing. A daily conference to promote the "Spirit-filled" experience will be a prominent feature. Write to J. B. Patterson, Clear Lake, Ia., about tents.

Northwest League Assembly.

There will be eighteen numbers on the program of the Northwest League Assembly at Clear Lake, Ia., July 28-Aug. 6. Among the attractions will be Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, Colonel Bain, Hon. A. C. Rankin, Dr. H. W. Bolton, Dr. W. F. Oldham, Dr. J. M. Driver, etc.; Imperial Handbell Ringers, South African Boy Choir, etc. Write H. H. Fairall, Iowa City, Ia., for details.

Kansas State Epworth League Convention.

The second biennial Convention of the Kansas State Epworth League will be held at Beloit, July 19-21, in connection with the Epworth Chautauqua Assembly. This assembly is conducted by the Northwest Kansas Conference Epworth League. It has a splendid location, with unsurpassed grounds, and this year offers a program which is fairly crowded with good good things. Here are some of them:

Mrs. Nellie T. Magee, assisted by other experienced workers, will conduct an Assembly Junior League, that, meeting each morning, will be a great treat for boys and girls of the camp, and will at the same time serve as the best kind of instruction in methods for Junior League workers. She will also hold conferences with workers.

An Epworth League parliament each day, in charge of Rev. W. E. Grose, will bring out methods of work that will inspire and help the local chapters.

The evangelistic feature will be especially strong this year, in charge of Rev. Lincoln McConnell, accompanied by his singer. Services will be held each day at 10:30.

A girls' club will be in charge of Miss Fannie Grose.

A course of English literature lectures by Profs. L. T. and Ida Ahlborn Weeks of Southwest Kansas College, and talks by the former on Kansas birds, trees, flowers, etc., will be very interesting.

The Kansas W. C. T. U. will conduct a Congress of Reforms, including eight lectures by prominent speakers.

Among the principal speakers on the program are: Josiah Strong of New York; Homer Stuntz, D. D.; J. W. Hancher, D. D., President of Iowa Wesleyan University; J. W. Conley, D. D., pastor First Baptist Church; Hon. James M. Watson, member of Congress from Indiana; Gen. John C. Gordon, on "The last

days of the Confederacy;" Hon. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. Claudius B. Spencer, editor *Central Christian Advocate*; President L. H. Murlin of Baker University.

The music of this assembly at former sessions has proven one of the most attractive features, and it will be no less this year, in charge of Prof. C. A. Rossignol of Kansas Wesleyan University, assisted by a number of other singers.

The program of the state league convention is woven into the program of the assembly, but on it the various lines of league work, notably the morning watch, Christian stewardship, missions, and Bible study, are given due attention.

The assembly management has arranged for credentials to serve as tickets of admission to the assembly, and it is hoped that very many of those who come for the state league may arrange to attend a considerable part, if not all, of the assembly, as no more pleasant or profitable outing could be planned.

Further information regarding the convention may be secured on application to State League Secretary Geo. E. Dougherty, Topeka, Kansas, who will furnish credential blanks, if local chapter secretary does not have them.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

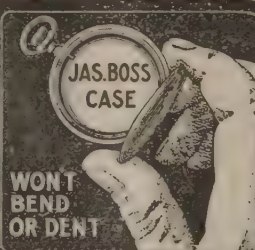
June 23-28.—St. Joseph District, Sturgeon, Mo.
June 27-29.—Appleton District, Grand Rapids, Wis.
June 30-July 1.—Chillicothe District, Williamsport, O.
July 2.—Schoharie Valley Epworth League, Cobleskill, N. Y.
July 2-3.—Zanesville District, Zanesville, O.
July 8-10.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Kan.
July 8-10.—Keokuk District, Moulton, Iowa.
July 8-10.—Illinois State Biennial Convention, Mt. Carmel.
July 9-11.—Junction City District, Junction City, Kan.
July 10-12.—Indiana State, Indianapolis, Ind.
July 10-13.—Second General Conference District Ocean City, N. J.
July 10-13.—Greeley District, Fort Collins, Col.
July 11-21.—N. W. Kansas Epworth Chautauqua, Beloit, Kan.
July 17-27.—Iowa State Camp-meeting, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 19-21.—Kansas State Convention, Beloit.
July 24-Aug. —Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Colfax, Ia.
July 25-Aug. 25.—Ludington Assembly.
July 28-Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 31-Aug. 3.—Michigan State Convention.
Aug. 5-7.—Connersville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 5-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Newark District, East Orange, N. J.

Delightful Eastern Trips.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway has just issued a new summer book, "Lake Shore Tours," showing a selected list Eastern resorts with routes and rates. Copy will be sent on application to City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St., or C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

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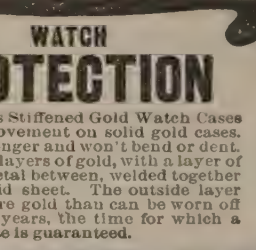
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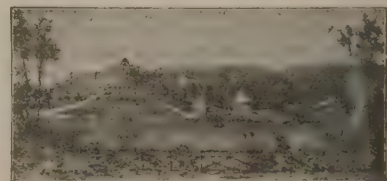
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Recent Conventions.

Springfield District.

Taylorville (Ill.) Methodists extended a warm welcome to a joint convention of the Springfield District League and Ministerial Association, June 10 and 11. The church was tastefully decorated in league colors and growing plants, and the eighty or ninety delegates were greatly pleased with their cordial reception.

This convention, like many other conventions this present year, gave paramount consideration to missions, the first address of the convention being by Dr. E. M. Smith, president of Illinois Wesleyan University, on "The Student Volunteer Movement." Immediately following Wm. H. Anderson, superintendent of the Anti Saloon League of Illinois, Rev. D. F. Howe spoke eloquently and appropriately on temperance.

Wednesday's sessions opened with an inspiring sunrise prayer-meeting. The topic for the morning's discussion was the "Open door," followed by a missionary love-feast, in which many of the district pastors gave interesting reports in regard to mission work done on their charges. Rev. W. H. Webster of Danville, Ill., earnestly and touchingly presented the claims of the supernumeraries in the home conference.

In the afternoon Rev. Walter Aitken of Williams-ville gave an instructive review of J. R. Mott's book, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." The women's home and foreign work was represented by Mr. Samuel Ridgeway of Springfield, and Mrs. W. A. Smith respectively. The Junior hour was in charge of Miss Nettie Turnbull of Carlinville, district Junior superintendent, whose report showed excellent work being done.

In the evening Willis W. Cooper, first general vice-president of spiritual work, delivered an eloquent address on "Missions," a work which lies very near his heart.

The following officers were elected: Pres., R. F. McDaniel of Springfield; Sec., J. E. Lyons of Springfield; Treas., J. W. Solomon of Springfield. Miss Nettie Turnbull of Carlinville was elected superintendent of Junior work in the district.

The Ministerial Association will meet in Williams-ville in April of 1903, while the meeting of the District Epworth League will convene in Carlinville, June, 1903. (From a report by Bertha Strode, secretary *pro tem*.)

Buffalo District Convention.

The twelfth annual convention of the Buffalo District League was held in First Methodist Church of Hamburg, N. Y., June 6 and 7. Mr. D. L. Tuttle, the thoroughly active and aggressive layman of Richmond avenue, Buffalo, presided. The convention opened with an enthusiastically song service, led by W. F. Inskip, Young Men's Christian Association secretary of Depew, N. Y. Rev. E. E. Fairchild conducted the devotions.

A very cordial welcome was extended the delegates and many visitors by the Hamburg people. A profitable talk was given by Mr. George A. Preston of Buffalo. An uplifting and inspiring address was given by Mr. Frank A. Thatcher, terminal secretary of the Buffalo Young Men's Christian Association, and following this Miss Myrtle Clark of Normal Park Church, Buffalo, sang a hymn composed for this convention by Mr. Thatcher.

Miss Jennie Bingham of Folts Mission Institute, Herkimer, N. Y., gave several Bible readings throughout the convention, full of helpful suggestions for Christian workers, and exceedingly stimulating in spiritual tone and power. Following the appointment of committees, the session closed with an hour for social chat and good cheer, thus affording all an opportunity to become acquainted with each other. The Hamburg people showed their hospitality in a practical way by taking the delegates to their homes for rest and refreshments.

The evening session opened with a praise and testimony meeting, in which a hundred or more took part, Rev. D. A. Parcells of Buffalo leading. The Jackson Class Glee Club of Asbury Church, Buffalo, furnished special music, to the delight of the great audience, whereupon Miss Myrtle Clark sang, by request, "The gates of paradise."

The convention address was given by the brilliant pastor of First Church, Cleveland, O., Rev. C. B. Mitchell, D.D. His subject, "The loyal leaguer," was treated in a masterly way, and for an hour and a half he held the audience spellbound. It was a great address, and made a profound impression.

Saturday morning session included "Methods of Christian work," by Miss Bingham; scholarly address by Rev. A. J. Watson of Depew, N. Y.; "How to equalize the departments," by Rev. C. A. Lawrence of North Collins, N. Y. The following questions were discussed in open parliament: "Is there an in-

crease in interest and numbers in our leagues?" "How many league members have united with the church during the past year?" "What proportion of the league membership are members of the church?" "How do you successfully advertise the meetings of the league?" This was a profitable discussion, and many helpful ideas suggested. The remaining session was given to reports of committees and the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Saturday afternoon session was lively and most interesting. The first address was given by Rev. John H. Stoddy, financial agent of the Genesee Wesleyan, and consisted of an earnest appeal for the Christian education of our youth. Miss Mary A. Mahon of the Deaconess Home spoke on "The Genesee Conference Deaconess Home" and its specific work. Mrs. Mary E. Hawks of the N. Y. C. and H. R. R. station, Buffalo, told of the work of the Travelers' Aid, giving many incidents from her varied experience in this work. Mr. A. H. Whitford, general secretary of the Buffalo Young Men's Christian Association, gave an address on "Christian stewardship," which was highly appreciated. The closing exercises of the gathering were very impressive. After prayer and singing, "God be with you till we meet again," all joined in a parting song, entitled "Epworth home." All unite in praise of the hospitality of the people of Hamburg, and of the splendid work of the district cabinet in preparing a program which made the convention one of the most successful held in Buffalo District.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., Mr. Andrew Graham, Asbury Church, Buffalo, N. Y.; V. P's, Rev. R. Alfred Waite, Alden; Miss Cora Sheffield, Akron; Miss Harriet Fraley, Delaware-avenue, Buffalo; Miss Marion Dunbar, Springfield; Cor. Sec., Mr. Henry Babel, Richmond-avenue, Buffalo; Rec. Sec., Mr. Burton Kester, Hamburg; Treas., Mr. George F. Cook, Linwood-avenue, Buffalo; Jr. Supt., Miss Edith S. Albertson, Summer-avenue, Buffalo; delegate at large, Rev. Price Alexander Crow, Summer-avenue, Buffalo; Miss Com., presiding-elder, Buffalo District; C. W. Bradley, Grace Church, Buffalo; Rev. C. A. Lawrence, North Collins; Mrs. E. M. Smith, Arcade; Miss Zephronia Hopkins, East Aurora. (Reported by P. A. Crow.)

West Nashville District.

The second annual session of the Epworth League and Sunday-school Convention convened in Wesley Chapel, Springhill, Tenn., June 3-6.

The reports from the Epworth League chapters were good, and showed that they were marching onward. The district was subdivided into the following subdistricts: 1. Seay's Chapel, West End, Lumsden Hill, and Brentwood; 2. Dickson, Cumberland, and White Bluff; 3. Springhill, Franklin, and Duplex; 4. Lawrenceburg, New Zeal, Lockett, and Clifton; 5. Lewisburg, Farmington, and Petersburg.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. S. M. Strayhorn, 1225 South College Street, Nashville; V. P's, Rev. H. H. Hinton, Lewisburg; Miss Myrtle Hill, Brentwood; Rev. J. B. Booth, Springhill; Miss Raisa Peters, Springhill; Sec., Miss Mattie F. Shorber, Springhill; Cor. Sec., Ellen Johnson, Brentwood; Treas., Sarah Leak, Brentwood; Jr. Supt., Mrs. M. V. Gross, 1905 Jefferson Street, Nashville. Sunday-school officers: Pres., Rev. S. F. Hartfield, Harman Street, Nashville; V. P., Miss Mattie F. Shorber, Springhill; Sec., Miss E. P. J. Summerhill, Duplex; Treas., Mrs. M. V. Gross, Nashville. Rev. S. M. Strayhorn was elected a delegate to the young negro convention to convene in Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 6-11.

On Friday night, after a lecture by Dr. C. B. Wilson, the convention closed with a grand Epworth League social. The next convention will meet at Lewisburg, Tenn., 1903. (Reported by Rev. S. M. Strayhorn.)

Council Bluffs District.

The Council Bluffs District Convention met at Glenwood, Iowa, June 10-12. It proved to be the best ever held in the district. The convention was fortunate in securing Mrs. W. J. Calfee of Council Bluffs to lead the singing, which proved to be a special feature, filling the workers with an enthusiasm truly inspiring throughout all the sessions.

The first afternoon was occupied with Junior League work, Miss Helen Bradford, district Junior superintendent, presiding.

"How to prepare a Junior League lesson" was presented by Miss Emma Wiggins of Dow City; "How can the Juniors be held?" by Miss Lydia Siefert of Council Bluffs, and "How can we raise the standard among the Juniors, and maintain it?" by Miss Houston of Blanchard. Mrs. E. N. McKim, state Junior superintendent, discussed the Iowa state Junior course of study urging its adoption by all local chapters. These papers and discussions were followed by

a question-box. In the evening Dr. Hiff presented the work of the Church Extension Society. Dr. McKaig of Sioux City then preached on "The mission of the Holy Spirit"—one of the finest discourses ever delivered at our Epworth League conventions.

On Wednesday morning a sunrise prayer-meeting was led by Rev. Peter Jacobs of Persia. A business session followed. The chapter reports showed a most excellent work and growth throughout the district.

During the afternoon session Miss Mary Hart of Council Bluffs read a paper on "Missionary motives," and the district missionary secretary, E. Baldwin, addressed the convention on "Make Jesus king." Miss Bradford reviewed the Junior work of the district, showing that Iowa has the largest number of Junior Leagues of any state in the Union, and Council Bluffs District the first in Iowa, having over 1,200 Juniors.

Mrs. McKim read a paper on "The proper training of the youth of our church." This was followed by a social hour thoroughly enjoyed by all.

In the evening Judge Spurlock of Plattsmouth, Neb., delivered an able address on "The Epworth League and good citizenship."

On Thursday morning the closing business of the convention was transacted, and the following officers were elected: Pres., Mr. U. G. Johnson, Denison; V. P's, Mr. T. A. Kyle, Shenandoah; Miss Alice Brandiff, Missouri Valley; Mr. L. E. Geil, Glenwood; Miss Mary Wells, Council Bluffs; Rec. Sec., Mr. Arthur Sanford, Council Bluffs; Cor. Sec., Miss Iva Smith, Denison; Treas., Miss Lula Mann, Thurman; Jr. Supt., Miss Helen Bradford, Manila.

A closing consecration service was conducted by Rev. W. J. Calfee, and the convention adjourned.

NOTE.—Those wishing to correspond with Miss Bradford in regard to Junior League work will address her at Fremont, Neb., till Sept. 1. (Reported by Miss Mildred B. Wiggins, recording secretary.)

Gallipolis District.

The recent convention of Gallipolis District League, which was held at Jackson, O., June 9-10, was eminently profitable and edifying. Delegates from nearly all the chapters were present, and the reports read indicated that encouraging progress all over the district had been made during the year.

Missions occupied the place of honor on the program. A fine paper by Dr. J. S. Hunter on "The possibilities of the Epworth League as a missionary force," was ably and profitably discussed. In the evening Rev. J. H. Worley, who has spent eighteen years in the Foochow Mission in China, delivered an absorbingly-interesting address on missions.

On Tuesday forenoon a paper read by Mr. V. S. Shiers upon "Where are our young men?" was thoughtfully discussed. This was followed by a symposium, "What of the night?" Mission work in Africa, India, and Eastern Asia was considered. In the afternoon Rev. W. P. Cherrington addressed the convention on the "Beall local option law," which was followed by a very spirited discussion. In the evening Rev. L. L. Magee preached an exceedingly interesting missionary sermon.

The delegates expressed great satisfaction with the benefits derived from the convention. Pomeroy is the next place of meeting. (From a report by P. E. White.)

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CONSUMPTION

Allegheny District.

The Allegheny District League hold a highly har-
monious and satisfactory session at Pittsburg, Pa.,
June 6-8. The blessing of the Lord came down upon
the convention at the opening prayer service, and
abode with the devoted young people to the closing
hour.

Judging from the reports of the officers, league
work in all departments has been unusually active
during the year just closed. Mission study work, un-
der the direction of the first vice president, Miss Bes-
sie Brooks, has made encouraging progress. The
district mercy and help work has an ideal vice-pres-
ident in Mrs. Parker Gardner, and much helpful work
is being done in consequence.

The reports of the president and secretary showed
the district to be in good condition, having fifty-five
leagues enrolled with a membership of 4,028; an in-
crease of three chapters and 181 members.

The report of the Junior League was very encour-
aging and is shown in full in another part of this
paper. The following officers were then elected to
serve the ensuing year: Pres., Chas. Yahres, Etna;
V. P.'s, Miss Bessie H. Brooks, Beaver; Mrs. Parker
Gardner, 1225 Monterey St., Allegheny; Miss Carrie
Johnston, New Brighton; Joseph M. Sprang, 828
Ridge Ave., Allegheny; Rec. Sec., Miss Idonia Elli-
cott, Beaver Falls; Cor. Sec., John R. Longabaugh,
Bellevue; Treas., S. D. Beadlow, 52 Sarah St., Alle-
gheny; Jr. League Supt., Miss Sidney V. Boyd, 1511
Penna. Ave., Allegheny; Directors, Rev. E. J. Knox, 15
Esplanade St., Allegheny; Rev. J. P. Marlatt, Taren-
tum; Mr. John A. Rosensted, Sewickley.

After considerable discussion the proposition to
affiliate with the Pittsburg Conference League was
defeated by a large majority.

Among the helpful and interesting papers and ad-
dresses we note: That by Miss Agnes Mullen on
Junior work; by Rev. J. D. Brisson of Glenfield on
"Comrades of the morning watch"; by Rev. J. M.
Thoburn on the terrible ignorance and superstition
existing in India.

On Saturday a refreshing sunrise prayer-meeting
made its influence felt throughout the day. The con-
ferences on department work were interesting and in-
structive. The work was discussed in detail, and the
delegates learned many things about "making the
wheel go."

Papers and addresses of the day included "God's
tenth," by Rev. W. S. Lockard of Rochester; "Our
church papers," by Rev. W. L. Dixon; "Missionary
work in Allegheny City," by Mrs. Parker Gardner;
"How we conduct our mission-study class," by Miss
Helen Pershing of Wilkinsburg. Miss Bessie Brooks
conducted the missionary conference. The delegates
entered keenly into the discussions which followed
the various themes, and showed that they were alive
to the work. In the evening Rev. E. J. Knox deliv-
ered a lecture on "John Wesley"—that great man
whose work is a perennial wonder to the world.

Sunday was a day filled to overflowing with bless-
ing and delight, from the sunrise prayer-meeting to
the closing consecration service. An item of special
interest is that 200 enthusiastic Epworthians studied
the Sunday-school lesson in the Bible class, under the
lead of Mr. A. M. Schroyer of Calvary Chapter. Rev.
E. M. Wood of Fifth Avenue Church, Pittsburg,
preached the morning sermon, the central thought
being our duties to ourselves and our fellows. The
love-feast was truly a feast of love.

At the later league meeting over a hundred testi-
fied. The evening sermon by H. N. Cameron of
Simpson Church was highly evangelistic, and an in-
spiring prelude to the final intense consecration
service.

This convention was generally conceded to be the
greatest in every way ever held on Allegheny Dis-
trict. (Condensed from a report by J. R. Longabaugh
corresponding secretary.)

Clarksburg District.

The Clarksburg District Epworth League held its
seventh annual convention June 10-11, at Diamond-
street Church, Fairmont, W. Va.

President Ellis A. Yost opened the convention
Tuesday evening with devotional exercises. The
Diamond-street choir and the male quartette of
First Church furnished some excellent music. The
feature of the evening was the address by Presiding-
elder D. L. Ash, D.D., on "The Epworth League
through the presiding elder's spectacles." The last
half-hour was occupied in getting acquainted.

On Wednesday morning Rev. E. D. Fellers led a
blessed and helpful prayer and praise service. A
short time was now given to the appointment of the
usual committees and miscellaneous business. "The
necessary qualifications for a spiritual leader" was
discussed by Rev. E. D. Fellers and "Missions" by
Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot.

The report of local chapters was next taken up, and

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generous enough to send it free to every sufferer
who writes at once. It is a home treatment and
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called rheumatic remedy on the market to-day,
except this genuine cure, will cause you violent
stomach pains and vomiting, and some of them
are so dangerous they will cause heart trouble.
And the worst of it is they never cure. When a
person has rheumatism the constitution is so run
down that he should be very careful what he
puts into his stomach.

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mind if other remedies have failed you, nor mind
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and deformities, and cure you so that life will
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showed the league to be doing good work in all departments. After the close of the reports Rev. B. H. Shaddock spoke on "Temperance," and Mrs. Ed Heermans read a thoughtful paper on "Social purity." Quite a lively discussion on "Temperance" followed the paper.

The afternoon was devoted to the literary department. Professor Joseph Rosier discussed the subject of good reading quite thoroughly, and Mrs. D. T. Birtwell read a paper full of good suggestions.

An interesting Junior exercise was given by the chapter of Diamond-street Church. The children showed the careful training given them by Miss Emma Layman. The social department was helpfully considered, and Dr. S. V. Leech's address will surely awaken greater interest in "Bible study" in all who heard him.

The evening session was devoted to business and to the address by Rev. J. H. Miller, Ph D, on the "Introduction of Methodism into America."

The Diamond-street people are to be congratulated on the manner in which they entertained the convention, and nothing but words of praise can be said of the hospitality shown all visiting Epworthians.

The following is a list of the officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Ellis A. Yost; V. P's., Mrs. G. W. Hawkins, Miss Mayne Charlton, Mrs. Ed Heermans, Prof. John Leech; Sec., Orle McConkey; Treas., Miss Laura Burnside; Jr. Supt., Mrs. C. W. Furbee. (Reported by Miss Orle McConkey, Sec'y.)

Marietta District.

The Marietta District League held its twelfth annual convention at Athens, O., May 22 and 23. In numbers and enthusiasm of the delegates this convention probably exceeded any previous one held in the district.

The first address was by Prof. C. M. Copeland, on "Details of league management." It was full of practical and helpful suggestions, and was followed by an interesting discussion. Two of the round-table questions—"How can the office of secretary be magnified in power and influence?" and "Does every league need the mercy and help department?"—were taken up for general discussion, and enlisted much interest. The subject of "Junior League work" was presented by Mr. W. B. Pringle, superintendent of the Junior League at Athens, which is the largest Junior League in the district. Mr. Pringle had his Juniors present in a body, and in answer to his questions they showed a most remarkable knowledge of the Bible, which greatly impressed the convention with the possibilities of this important work.

Thursday evening Dr. Levi Gilbert of *The Western* delivered an inspiring address on "The supreme purposes of the scriptures."

Friday morning Rev. Herbert Scott of Marietta gave an address on "The league in relation to moral reform," which was right to the point, showing that the Epworth League should ever be in the advance guard of moral reform.

Friday afternoon Miss Clara Grady read an interesting paper, entitled "What can the average league do in literary work?" The subject of missions was represented by Mr. Fred Alderman with a paper entitled "Echoes from the Toronto Convention," and "A review of John R. Mott's book" was the subject of a paper by Mrs. W. F. Mercer.

Friday evening Dr. B. L. McElroy, pastor of Broadstreet Church of Columbus, O., treated the convention to an able and inspiring address, his theme being "The young man and the old Bible."

The newly elected officers are: Pres., Prof. C. M. Copeland, Athens; V. P's, J. F. Stewart, Marietta; Mrs. E. L. Pixley, Marietta; Mrs. Kittie Gillilan, Amesville; Miss Lonora Stephenson, Zaleski; Sec., Henry S. Lancaster, Athens; Treas., Murray Coffman, Marietta; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Nelsonville. (Reported by W. R. Phillips.)

Moscow District.

On June 5-8, in Oakesdale, Wash., was held what is pronounced the best league convention in the history of Moscow District. About fifty delegates, besides many visitors, were in attendance.

The papers, addresses, and discussions were of a high order, and were pervaded by a sweet and harmonious spirit. The discussions were eagerly participated in by all. The wave of enthusiasm rose high in the very first session, and remained in the ascendant until the close of the convention.

On Friday evening a delighted audience listened with marked attention to a lecture on "Yellowstone Park" by Dr. Lambert of First Church, Spokane. This is only one of the many treats which we enjoyed.

Enthusiasm reached its climax when, after stirring addresses by Dr. Lambert and others, on education, the convention voted for the appointment of a committee of three to draft and present a petition to the

next session of Columbia River Conference, praying for the establishment of a school somewhere within the bounds of the inland empire, and pledging the loyal support of the Epworth League of Moscow District for its accomplishment. Rev. C. E. Gibson of Moscow, Ida., W. O. McCaw of Colfax, Wash., and Miss Dora Parker of Oakesdale, Wash., were appointed. (Reported by J. E. Daniels, secretary, Elberton, Wash.)

Rock Island District Notes.

The league at Preemption reports an average attendance of seventy at the devotional meetings. Twenty-seven EPWORTH HERALDS are taken.

The Kewanee Chapter is doing good work, especially the mercy and help department. They have a membership of thirty-five. A missionary library has been established.

The departments of the Aleo League are very active. Twenty-seven are taking the reading course.

The Keithsburg League reports increased interest at the Sunday evening devotional meetings. The mercy and help department has made 135 calls on the sick the past year.

Viola Chapter has established a library of seventy volumes, including Missionary Library No. 2. It works a systematic financial plan, which secures contributions from each member. In this way all league expenses are regularly met.

Cottage Chapter, Tiskilwa Charge, has a good average attendance at the devotional meetings. Much interest is shown in the work of the league.

Erle Chapter sends in a good report for the year. It has paid \$200 toward remodeling the church, and \$75 on pastor's salary. The membership is fifty-nine. A circulating missionary library has been established recently.

The Atkinson League is prosperous, and has increased in membership. Bi-monthly socials are held.

This  trade mark is stamped on every sheet of the best roofing tin made. This  mark means "Most Favored," because this brand is most favored by architects, dealers, and builders everywhere. MF Roofing Tin was first made in Wales 50 years ago—later the process was improved in America—and the product developed, until now MF Roofing Tin is more in demand than any other brand. The superior quality of MF Roofing Tin is attested by the first prize awarded it at the Paris Exposition, 1900, where it was in competition with all the world.



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The desire of the author is to furnish a brief but comprehensive statement of the main facts of Christian experience, to formulate them in true logical order, and to expound them after the method of a strictly biblical theology. He further endeavors to bring forth from the original texts of the Bible precisely what they have to tell us of the blessed experience and possibilities of the New and Living Way which Jesus, the great Priest over the house of God, has opened for us into the Holy of Holies. It is hoped that this volume may serve as a probationer's guide to a scriptural understanding of the most vital truths of our holy religion. It may furnish topics as well as a course of reading and study for various meetings of the Epworth League. It may be helpful as a class leader's manual to enhance the necessity of cultivating all the phases and possible experiences of a well rounded Christian life.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

NUMBER 5.

The Children's Story.

LITTLE MISS FRETFUL.

Helen G. Haines.

"MARY, mother says it is time to get the potatoes ready for dinner," said Jimmie, sticking his head in at the parlor door.

"Oh, dear, I wonder how it would seem to have a moment I could call my own!" fretted Mary, jumping up from the piano, and going out to the kitchen with a frowning face.

"After you've put the potatoes over, run up stairs and make the boys' beds, Mary," called her mother from the porch, where she was ironing.

"I don't see why the boys can't make their own beds," muttered Mary.

"I don't see why you don't milk the cows, take care of the horses, and saw wood," sarcastically remarked Jimmie, from the pantry, whither he had gone to refresh himself with some cookies.

"Well, you're not everybody's slave from morning till night," cried Mary, tumbling the potatoes into the pot with such vim the scalding water flew over her hands. "Nobody realizes what I have to put up with!"

"You don't have to put up with any more than Grace or any of us do," retorted Jimmie. "But you're the biggest fretter in town."

Upstairs went Mary, and jerked the bedclothes off of the boys' beds and flung them on a chair.

"Mary, please come here," called her sister Grace from the adjoining room.

"I can't now; I'm busy," Mary ungraciously responded.

When she finished her task she went to see what Grace wanted.

"You'll have to take care of baby," said Grace, putting the winsome mite in Mary's arms. "I can't sew and watch her, too; and I must keep at work on Elsie's frock, for she can't go to the concert with Aunt Louise to-morrow afternoon if I don't finish it, and the poor child would be so disappointed."

"I'm sick and tired of tending baby. I'll be thankful when you can look out for yourself, Elizabeth Brown," said Mary, crossly.

Little Elizabeth's mouth quivered ominously. Putting out her arms, she cried for her kind big sister Grace to take her again.

"A crying baby is a nuisance," said Mary; and she tried to hush Elizabeth, but she was in no mood to amuse her. Presently sunny-faced Elsie came singing into the room. "I've got mother's room all swept and dusted. She'll be s'prised. I'll take the baby, if you want me to, Mary," she said, cheerfully; and Mary willingly yielded Elizabeth up to her. In a moment the little one was gurgling happily.

"You'd better go and see if Tom wants anything, Mary. Poor boy! He has been left to himself all the morning," said Grace.

Reluctantly Mary went down to the sitting-room, where Tom lay on the couch with one of his ankles swathed in red flannel. He had

unfortunately sprained it just the day before. "Do you want me to do anything for you, Tom?" asked Mary, faintly, and with a long sigh.

"Yes; I wish you'd read my United States history to me. You know, the examinations come off week after next. Begin with the battle of Lexington—"

"Oh, Tom, you read it yourself," whined Mary. "Your sprained ankle doesn't affect your eyes."

"No; but my head aches."

"I can't help it. I don't want to—"

"You're the crankiest girl I ever saw," broke in Tom. "Grace and Elsie aren't like you—thank goodness!" And he turned his face to the wall with a disgusted snort.

and the days go by in doing nothing but housework, and—"

Mary stopped abruptly, for in the doorway she saw Aunt Louise. Aunt Louise was Mrs. Brown's sister, and was making her a visit. She was a widow, and owned a pretty home in Boston. That night, after the young Browns had gone to bed, she and Mrs. Brown sat in the sitting-room, talking.

"Louise, Mary troubles me a great deal," said Mrs. Brown, in the course of conversation. "Haven't you noticed how cross and fretful she is?"

"Yes; I couldn't help it," replied her sister.

"I hoped that she would outgrow her disagreeable ways, but I believe they are growing worse instead of better. She's thirteen now. I

fear that she will be a most unlovable woman. Of course, she has a great many tasks to perform, but her lot is no harder than any of the others, and she is in excellent health."

"I think I have a plan which will cure the child," said Aunt Louise. "Will you let me take her home with me?"

"I will see what her father says about it," said Mrs. Brown, thoughtfully.

"Her father won't object to her going, I'm sure, and I will bear the expense of having some one wash the dishes, and do the other things which she does," replied the aunt.

Three days later, Mary, delighted beyond words, found herself and Aunt Louise boarding the train which was to carry them to the great city. It was nearly dark when the train pulled in at the Back Bay Station in Boston. They took a carriage, and were driven to Aunt Louise's home. A trim, middle-aged servant admitted them.

"Here we are, Harriet," said Aunt Louise. "This is my niece, Miss Mary Brown. Did you get my note, Harriet?"

"Yes, Mrs. Royal, and the room is ready." Harriet helped them carry their satchels upstairs. Mary was shown her room—a daintily furnished apartment—and she rejoiced in the thought of the leisure she was about to enjoy. As she undressed she could not help admitting that it was rather lonely without Elsie's chatter, and it

seemed so strange to have only Aunt Louise to bid her good-night. The next morning, at breakfast, Aunt Louise said to her: "My dear, I want you to feel that you have absolutely nothing to do but enjoy yourself. I don't even wish you to make your bed." Harriet will do it for you."

"Thank you, Aunt Louise," said Mary, gratefully. "You are so kind!"

It was very nice—that first week. In writing to mother and the girls, Mary was loud in the praises of her new life. But during the second week of her visit she began to weary of playing the piano in the lonely parlor; reading made her head ache—a new experience—and sitting and looking out of the window was no fun at all. Aunt Louise's visitors were all grown people, who talked about things beyond Mary's compre-



"She stumbled over Mary on the stairs."

"Oh, I suppose I can read your old history," said Mary, with the air of a martyr. "Where is it?"

"Never mind. I would rather you wouldn't, if it's such a cross."

"Very well," replied Mary. And she bounced out of the room.

An hour later she stood at the sink washing the dinner dishes. Her mother was canning blackberries.

"Mother," the girl suddenly burst out, "I think it's just dreadful to have such a large family as ours."

Her mother raised her sweet face and looked at her gravely. "Which one of us would you like to do without, Mary?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, I don't mean that!" cried Mary. "But I want to practice my music, and read,

hension, and Harriet made her understand from the first that she did not want her in the kitchen. It was so quiet! Mary wished several times that she had even a doll for company. One day she asked her aunt if children never visited her.

"Not often," responded that lady. "Isn't it pleasant that they don't?"

"Why—no, auntie. I think children are nice," said Mary, gravely.

"But they make such confusion! Think how they act at your home. Jimmie wants something mended, or Tom wants you to find something which he has lost, or baby has upset the button-box. Here we have perfect quiet."

Mary said nothing, and after a moment left the room. Aunt Louise smiled to herself, and said: "The cure is working."

Later in the day she stumbled over Mary on the stairs. Mary got up crying.

"I'm sorry I hurt you!" said Aunt Louise.

"You didn't hurt me, auntie."

"Then what is the matter, child?"

"I'm very miserable."

"Miserable, darling?" questioned Aunt Louise, tenderly. She sat down on the stairs, and drew Mary close to her. "Why are you miserable?"

"Because—I want to see father and mother and Grace and Elsie and the boys and baby. I want to go home!" sobbed Mary.

"You shall go to-morrow, dear," said Aunt Louise, kindly.

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Louise," said Mary, eloquently. "You know when I first came I said that I would like to stay a year—but I couldn't! You are very kind, but I miss them all so!"

"Of course you do," agreed Aunt Louise; "and when you go back to them I hope that you will show in kind words and deeds how much you love them. Will you, Mary?"

"Yes, Aunt Louise, I will. I'm ashamed to think how cross and selfish I've been to them—even little Elizabeth, and how I complained about my share of the work! Why, making oeds, and washing dishes, and fixing vegetables, and tending baby isn't very hard work for a big girl like me!"

And so Mary returned to her home, and her cheerful face and patient ways have made her, as her mother says, "a treasure."

Sag Harbor, N. Y.

The Fourth of July.

IF we were to say, "Boys, the Fourth of July is coming!" you would all laugh and shout: "Why, we knew that weeks ago!" Of course you did! And have been saving up your pennies for ever so long to buy firecrackers and a lot of other rackety-bang stuff to "celebrate" the occasion with.

To the majority of boys the Fourth of July means just—firecrackers. The more noise, the more patriotism. Now we are not finding fault with this vehement way of celebrating, for we, too, had our firecracker days, and burned our fingers and yelled ourselves hoarse and went to bed half-dead but happy, just as you do. But that is just the reason we are writing this "piece." We want you to temper your zeal with discretion. Have fun—lots of it—but be careful not to make others suffer on account of it. Firecrackers can do a great deal of mischief under certain circumstances. If you will mind a few "don'ts" you may have plenty of fun without doing any harm.

Don't throw a bunch of lighted crackers among a crowd of girls in thin dresses, just to hear them scream. You might set fire to their clothing, and someone be burned to death. Such a thing has happened.

Don't lay giant torpedoes on car-tracks just to hear the explosion. The noise may frighten some nervous horse, who will run away, to the peril of life and limb.

Don't light the fuse of a giant cracker, lay it on somebody's doorstep, ring the bell, and run away—as a Chicago boy did the other day—with the result that the man who opened the

door had his hand so badly lacerated by the explosion that it had to be amputated. Thus the poor man has been crippled for life.

Don't tie a tin can filled with firecrackers, which you thoughtlessly ignite, to the tail of some unfortunate dog. The dog has feelings, just as you have. If God had made you a dog instead of a boy, you would think, in your terror, that the boy was a very cruel and vicious creature to treat you so. Remember that the golden rule extends to animals as well as to people.

Then be careful of fire! The damage that one little firecracker can do is summed up in a few lines of verse we came across and kept for your benefit:

One Little Firecracker.

One little firecracker eager for a lark;
Two little shavings, ready for a spark;
Three little papers in a pretty little blaze;
Four little flames going all sorts of ways;
Five little dry sticks, just in trim to burn;
Six old timbers waiting for their turn;
Seven great stories, full of fire and fright;
Eight burning buildings—such a sorry sight!
Nine big blocks—up in flames they leap!
Ten million dollars in a blackened heap!

Let toy pistols—and all other pistols—severely alone. They cannot contribute anything to your pleasure, and the number of frightful accidents they cause every year is truly appalling.

Fly flags and beat drums to your hearts' content. That cannot hurt you or anybody else. And between now and the next Fourth of July learn all you can about the day you celebrate, and commit to memory some of the fine poems that have been written about our glorious flag, and next year you may have a celebration that is worth while, with half of the fizzle-bang-boom left out.

Firecrackers and fireworks are Chinese noise anyway. Just read the following verses and find out:

Origin of Fireworks.

Away, far off in China,
In the days of Nanke-chin,
Lived a funny little fellow,
Who was priest and mandarin,
And ever through his shaven head
A strain of music rang,
Which seemed to him like "Fizz
And crackle, fizz and crackle—BANG."

One day this little fellow
As he trotted his merry song,
Chanced to meet the royal viceroy,
As he rode in state along,
Who, stopping, listened with delight
To what he gaily sang,
And begged at once the music rare,
Of "Fizz and crackle—BANG."

But naught had he of music,
Nor a note had ever read,
For this strain so shrill and stirring
Was but running in his head;
Nor could the gongs nor kettle-drums,
With all their noisy clang,
Express a bit of what he meant
By "Fizz and crackle—BANG."

Then said this little fellow,
"I will try what I can do,"
And he straightaway set to molding
Rockets, Roman candles too;
But what he sought and most desired,
Was something with a twang,
That could express in all its force
His "Fizz and crackle—BANG."

But e'en while he was planning
Burst his rockets with such noise,
Frightened came the whole town running
To behold the dreadful toys;
Then madly danced the mandarin,
And cried: "Oh, I will hang
If I've not found the very thing,
To make my 'Crackle—BANG.'"

Now sound the rattling crackers,
As in days of Nanke-chin,
(For the Fourth, to be well honored,
Must have clangor, clash, and din).
The banners all are waving,
And the drums and trumpets clang,
Awaking echoes far and near,
Of "Fizz and crackle—BANG."

And when the day departing
Does the evening open out,
Sparkling, fiery little demons
Leap from wheels and dance about,
And hissing rockets upward fly,
Amidst prolonged buzzes,
While crowds astonished, gaping,
Cry out: "Set! Boom! A-A-A-A-H!"
—H. M. Greenleaf.

A Dinner-Pail Story.

BESSIE JONES and Sallie Wattles lived so far from the school-house that every day they took their dinners with them. And such nice dinners, too—snowy bread, spread with sweet, golden butter; toothsome chicken or beef or hard-boiled eggs; great pieces of pie or cake, sometimes both; a big apple or two, or peaches, plums, or pears; sometimes grapes and sometimes strawberries; and pickles. Certainly the little girls never lacked for enough to eat, and almost always they ate together.

"I wonder why it is," said Sallie Wattles one noon, "that Kittle Burns always goes off by herself all alone to eat her dinner?"

"It is funny," answered Bessie. "Only yesterday I asked her to eat with us, but she blushed as red as a peony, said something I could not understand, and then went off alone, and I thought she was crying after she left me."

"Perhaps she hasn't much to eat," exclaimed Sallie, "and is ashamed."

"Oh! And that makes me remember," said Bessie. "Once last week I saw her stub her toe, and all the dinner fell out of her pail. But there were only a couple of slices of bread, with no butter on them that I could see!"

"That's just it!" said Sallie. "For a moment the little girls lunched away, and then both spoke at once."

"I say, Bessie!"

"I say, Sallie!"

Then they laughed, and Bessie said: "I know, Sallie, that you were going to say just what I was, that we'd take some of our fruit to poor Kittle Burns. There she is now by the big elm tree, and eating alone, as usual."

After hastily brushing up the crumbs and putting away their pails, they ran over by the big tree.

"O, Kittle!" Sallie exclaimed, "here's a red apple, more'n we could eat, and you must help us out with it. And can't you come over Saturday afternoon and go with me to Bessie's? We'll have such a nice time!"

Just then the teacher unexpectedly passed by; and whether she did it purposely or not I cannot say, but she was humming loud enough for the little girls to hear:

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this world an Eden
Like the heaven above."

That noon hour was the beginning of a new life for Kittle, and wonderfully did she develop under its happy influence. And her widowed mother sang many a song when by herself alone, because of what Sallie and Bessie had done for her little fatherless girl.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Day's Work.

"If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that hour well spent."

"But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done which you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act most small
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost!"

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Facts and Figures for Methodist Children.

Rev. J. E. Holden.

ONE General Conference; meets once in four years; next time in 1904. Equal lay and ministerial voting power. The law-making body of the church.

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22 bishops, or general superintendents, of which 3 are retired and 4 are missionary bishops. 530 presiding-elders, over districts within the conferences.

27,203 churches; rebuilt and increase last year 720, or more than two per day, Sundays excepted.

17,359 pastors, an increase over 1900 of 292. 15,126 local or lay preachers.

2,929,674 members of the church; increase last year 18,463.

32,024 Sunday-schools; increase last year 102. 346,707 officers and teachers; increase last year 2,370.

2,688,363 scholars; increase last year 20,106.

\$137,000,000 value of churches and parsonages.

\$3,246,941 increase in value.

\$17,156,103 worth of books sold each year for the past four years.

35 official weekly and monthly journals published, making over 300,000 weekly.

About \$3,000,000 are raised annually for benevolences, besides the twentieth-century thank-offering of \$20,000,000.

25 institutions and auxiliaries, such as the Epworth League and deaconess homes.

175 universities, colleges, and seminaries, with 2,914 professors and teachers, and 46,461 students.

\$30,703,000 value of colleges and endowments. And still some backwoods person will come along and say the church is falling to pieces.

"Like a mighty army moves the church of God; Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod:

We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

—Wisconsin Christian Advocate.

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for July: Lessons from Nature.

July 6.—Trees of the Bible.

(Psa. 1: 3; Matt. 7: 18.)

Home Readings.

Monday.—The tree at Abraham's tent door (Gen. 18: 4).

Tuesday.—A story about trees (Judg. 9: 8-15).

Wednesday.—Solomon's talk about trees (1 Kings 4: 33).

Thursday.—Cedars of Lebanon (2 Sam. 5: 11).

Friday.—A righteous man like a palm tree (Psa. 92: 12).

Saturday.—The barren fig tree (Matt. 21: 19).

Sunday.—The tree of life (Rev. 22: 2).

PROGRAM.

Hymn praise service (Nos. 89, 41, and 101 in "Junior Praises.")... First psalm in concert... Sentence prayers... Lord's prayer chanted... Singing, "I've given my heart to Jesus."... Secretary's report and roll call... Junior topic... Blackboard talk... Class study... Singing, "Glory to his name."... Superintendent's talk about trees... Song by younger children, "Growing up for Jesus," in "Song and Study."... Closing song, "Abide with me."

Superintendent's Talk about Trees.

The Bible begins and ends with a story about trees. In the Garden of Eden were found many beautiful trees of the Lord's planting, chief among which were the tree of life and the tree of knowledge. In John's vision of the heavenly city the tree of life again appears, growing by the banks of the river, and bearing twelve kinds of fruits. The trees mentioned in our daily Bible readings all seem like old friends, we know them so well. (Call upon seven Juniors to read daily Bible readings.)

Dr. G. Stanley Hall says that the trees know and

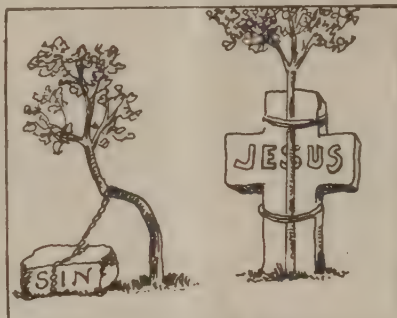
love the children, and when it is cold, and the children do not come to the woods any more, the trees shed tears because they are lonesome.

The trees have no reason to be lonesome now, for the birds sing in their branches, and little children play or rest in the shade of their leaves. I wonder how many trees you would know if their leaves were all gone. Little Tommy Stringer, the blind boy who is such a friend of Helen Keller, is very fond of working in wood, and he always knows what kind of wood he is using, though he cannot see it. He can tell by the smell of the wood.

To know a tree by its leaves is like knowing a person by his clothes, and we cannot say we really know a tree until we are able to recognize it in winter when all the leaves are gone, and the branches are bare.

Blackboard Talk.

Have you ever heard anyone say of a man or boy, "He is a crooked stick," and did you know what was meant by such a remark? The picture on the blackboard, which was suggested by one published in *The Epworth Era* a few months ago, will give us a hint of what was meant. The stick is crooked because it grew crooked; it never became so in a single day. It isn't easy for the tree to grow crooked, for the sun keeps tugging away, trying to draw the tree up straight and tall but how can this be done while the tree is chained down to a bed-rock of sin? By and by when the tree grows stronger it may break the chain



and begin to grow upward, but the crooked place will always show, and the tree will always bear the marks of its early bent.

The other tree is also fastened to something; it is bound fast to the cross of Jesus. No wonder it grows straight and tall, with even branches on either side.

It is as hard for a boy or girl to grow crooked as it is for a tree, for God's love shines like the sun, and draws us upward.

If there is anything crooked about us it is because we are chained to some sin or bad habit that is hold-us down.

In one of our memory hymns we sing—

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

If we do indeed glory in the cross of Christ, and lay hold upon it by a living faith we can say with the psalmist: "Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression."

Patriotism.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned.
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand:
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High tho' his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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A New Way of Helping.

At the crossing of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York, one may see a strange sight soon after 7 o'clock on a winter evening. An ex-soldier, who is addressed as "captain," makes it his business to form in a line all the unfortunate men who have not money to pay for a night's lodging.

He calls the attention of the passers-by to the unfortunate condition of these men, and asks for 15 cents to pay for lodgings for each of them. For every 15 cents given him, a man steps out of the line and takes his place in another.

Some bystanders give a nickel, some a dime or a quarter, and occasionally a carriage stops and someone hands the "Captain" a five-dollar bill. Often there are more than a hundred men in the line, and it is after midnight before enough money is provided for beds for all.

But the "captain" never gets discouraged or impatient. He keeps up his effort until 1 o'clock, and then all not provided for must look out for themselves. When he is through asking for money he gives the order, "Forward, march!" and down town the long line trudges to a cheap lodging-house, where each man gets a clean bed and a chance to take a bath next morning. They can make themselves more decent, and stand a better chance of getting work than they would if they had been obliged to sleep on the street.

The man called "captain" has a small pension, lives in a very plain way, and devotes himself to helping the poor men on the street, and to gathering cast-off flowers from the florists for the prisoners in the Tombs. He says that what the world needs is more kindness, and he is trying to practise what he preaches.

Birds and Fruit.

The immense increase of the insect enemies of fruit-growing in recent years is truly alarming. The reason of this is not hard to find. Nature's means of keeping them in check is the birds, which in bygone years were largely unmolested by the sportsman. But in modern times how often it is that the birds have been treated as if they were the enemies; and every fellow who could pull a trigger has gone out to "kill something," and these "somethings" have usually been innocent, useful birds.

We have frequently been surprised at men—

sometimes men who have been at college and are supposed to have the enlarged views and deepened thought that come from culture—finding enjoyment in the wanton destruction of life. What kind of a man is he, at heart, who enjoys such things?

Not only are the fruits and the fruit trees in imminent danger from the annually increasing hordes of injurious insects, but the ornamental trees around our homes, and the forest trees as well. Now, what is to be done? 1. "Cease to do evil." (Is. 1:16). Let there be no more killing of birds or doing them harm in any way. Allow no hunting on the farm. 2. "Learn to do well." Protect the birds. Put up boxes in quiet places for their nests. See that they have food and shelter in severe weather, and use every available means of encouraging their presence. And, last but not least, let every thoughtful, sensible woman forever set her face against the disgusting practice of wearing any part of a dead bird on her hat or her dress.

We do not undervalue spraying with poisonous compounds. Though troublesome, this is useful, but nature's method is not to be contravened.—*Stockman and Farmer.*

POEMS TO BE LOVED AND LEARNED.

Twilight at Sea.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea.

For every wave with dimpled face
That leaped upon the air
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

—*Amelia B. Welby.*

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day has but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its day is done.

—*Bourdillon.*

My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*Wordsworth.*

Life.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we meet,
I own to me's a secret yet.

* * * * *
Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

—*Anna Letitia Barbauld.*

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome andumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud.
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,

O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudbelt dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away.

Then when the gloaming comes:
Low in the heather blooms.
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

—*James Hogg.*

Childhood's Prayer.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom
And softly from a farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there.
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Magic of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

HAMPERS BUSINESS.

Coffee Drinking Incapacitates Some People for Business at Times.

A gentleman from McBain, Mich., says: "Coffee drinking has cost me much, for during my life I have been many times so thoroughly put out of condition that I have been compelled to abandon business for a day or two at a time. The attacks of headache would commence on the right side behind the ear, and become so severe as to totally incapacitate me for any exercise, even mental. I have frequently had to take morphine to relieve the suffering. Sour stomach troubled me, and I had a nervous heart that gave me a great deal of trouble.

"Four years ago I saw an advertisement for Postum Food Coffee which recited the ill effects of coffee on the nerves. I at once decided to make the change and leave off coffee and take on Postum. The result has been all that one could expect.

"I am never constipated any more, the bilious attacks never come on except from some indiscretion such as drinking coffee, which I am foolish enough to indulge in now and then. I have no more headaches, no more sour stomach, and no bilious spells. I have not been sick to my stomach nor had a nervous vomiting spell in three years. Am now 56 years old, and have better health and do a better business and more comfortable than ever before in my life. I certainly attribute the change to leaving off coffee and using Postum, for I have taken no medicine to aid in the change.

"The experiment as stated is absolutely true. I am willing, if necessary, to attach my affidavit to it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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This and That.

Loading.

"Loaf, and invite your soul."—Whitman.

Some people rave over rivers and lakes—
The dip and the drip of the oars;
I like the pasture, the meadow, the field—
The swirl and the swish of the mowers.

I fail to see where the resting comes in—
To toil and to boil as do rowers
I'd rather sit in the shade of a tree,
And list to the swish of the mowers.

Athletic sports are all right in their way—
Give me, though, when Mercury soars,
Beds of sweet fern, and shady old elms,
And soft, dreamy swish of the mowers

—Somerville Journal.

A Wonderful Drug.

Dr. Takamine, a Japanese chemist living in New York, has discovered a new drug, called adrenalin, which sells at \$7,000 a pound. The discoverer declares that by its use minor surgical operations can be performed without the loss by the patient of a drop of blood. The drug is a powerful astringent. It is also said that it will bring back people to life when the heart is being killed by chloroform.

What One Woman Did.

Miss Clara Butler, by an accident that killed her brother, came to own an unproductive farm and cider mill near Montandon, Pa. By skillful management she has developed a creamery, making nearly 50,000 pounds of butter a year, a farm and market garden yielding a good profit, and a cider mill that earns \$600 a year. She was not forced to do this to make a living, but resolved that the old farm should be made to pay.—Success.

Poppies Two Thousand Years Old.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light received a very curious illustration a few years ago in the silver mines in Laurium. The mines had been abandoned more than 2,000 years ago as unworkable, and consisted for the most part of the "slag" produced by the working of the miners. An enterprising Briton discovered that the mines contained plenty of silver, which could easily be removed by the superior modern appliances. He discovered, however, something far more valuable than the silver—viz., some poppies of a species which had disappeared for twenty centuries, the seed of which had lain dormant beneath the slag for 2,000 years. When the slag was removed to the furnace the next visit to the mine found the entire space covered with a most gorgeous show of poppies. After their twenty centuries' rest they had bloomed as vigorously as ever, without the aid of a single drop of water or any restorative other than the rays of the sun.—Pearson's Weekly.

Thirty Words You Probably Cannot Remember.

Dr. Threlkeld-Edwards of Bethlehem and Professor Merriman of Lehigh University recently subjected H. N. Pillsbury to a test of memory as interesting as it was difficult. Mr. Pillsbury has offered to memorize any thirty words that might be read to him once. Dr. Edwards and Professor Merriman prepared a list of the following thirty words:

Antiphlogistine, periosteum, takadiastase, plasmon, ambrosia, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphelococcus, micrococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freiheit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics, no war, Etchenberg, American, Russian, philosophy, Piet Potgeiter's Rost, Salamagundi, Oomisillecotsi, Bangmamvate, Schlechter's Nek, Manzinyama, theosophy, catechism, Madi-soomalops.

Anybody who imagines that Mr. Pillsbury had undertaken an easy feat should read over the list of thirty words given above. Then lay this newspaper aside and try to repeat them. Mr. Pillsbury repeated the words in the order given and then in the reverse order, and had no difficulty in repeating them again next day.



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THE EPWORTH HERALD

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, July 5, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 6.

How James Roller Made His Way. E. Carl Litsey.

THIS is the story of a boy who wouldn't give up.

James Roller was not born to wealth. But his first recollections were of a cozy room where lace curtains hung at the windows, and the floor was covered with a deep, soft carpet, which almost hid his feet when he walked upon it. There were pictures, and a piano which he must not touch, and plenty of toys to play with in the winter time. When summer came shoes and stockings were thrown aside, and he scampered barefoot about the yard in front of the house—and how the grass tickled his tender feet! There was a porch with vines about it, too, and here he would sit on his mother's lap at twilight, and be sung to sleep, worn out by the day's play. It was this mother who first told him of heaven and the angels—who were once the good people upon earth—and the beautiful story of Christ's first coming. And as he grew in years James began to think his mother almost an angel, for she was so good and sweet; and his father encouraged him in this, and told him that his mother was the best woman upon earth—something which every boy should learn.

Then came school days, and James was dressed up in a nice new suit of clothes, and started out. The town in which he lived was not a large one, and was located in the lumber district of the state. But there were lots of boys and girls who went to school, and some of them did not behave as they ought. James did his best, the little mischief which he occasionally got into being leniently dealt with on account of his many good qualities and close application to study. He had reached his fourteenth year, and was well up in his books and advancing steadily, when the afflicting hand of providence was laid heavily upon his home. His father sickened of an incurable disease, and when he died and was laid away in the village cemetery, his executor announced to the bereaved widow that when all debts were paid there would be only a few hundred dollars left for her and her child. This came as a great surprise to her, for she had thought her husband a saving man, although a liberal provider for his family; but her greatest sorrow was that her son, whom she had thought to send to college, must now forego the complete education which had been her cherished ambition.

She called him to her side one night about a week after their mainstay was taken from them. He was working at a problem in square root, but he put his pencil and slate down, and, coming to his mother, put one arm around her shoulders and kissed her.

"Kneel down here by me, Jamie," she said, "I want to talk with you."

The boy knelt on the floor and placed his elbows on his mother's knees, then rested his chin on his hands, and looked up into her face.

"Is it some bad news, mother?" he asked. "You look troubled."

"It is very bad news, my child," she answered, smoothing his hair, and trying to smile through her sorrow. "Your father was too good to us; he gave us more than we ought to have had. He was always fearful that we might want for something, and so he spent money as fast as he

made it. It was all for us, and we won't complain; but as you grow up and make money, you must save some, too. That is the surest way to help yourself, and those you love. To-night, Jamie, I have to tell you that we have barely enough money to live on for a year, and that with careful economy. You are young, but it is right that I should advise with you, because you are my son. What do you think we had better do?"

The lad dropped his eyes and thought a moment, but he did not cry, nor say, "I don't know," as some boys of fourteen would have done. But instead, he arose presently, and, taking his slate and books, he put them away carefully under the lid of the little desk which had been his since he first began to go to school. Then he came back and stood by his mother.

"I must stop school, and go to work," he said, firmly, and Mrs. Roller, glancing up, saw a look of calm determination upon the young face.

"My brave boy!" she exclaimed, throwing one arm about him, while the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Listen, Jamie. This house is too large for just you and me, and we can't afford to keep it now, anyway. So I am going to have it sold, and buy a small cottage further out with part of the money. I hate to stop you from school, but God's way is always the best. Remember, Jamie, that nothing happens by chance, and that everything is well that the Master sends. Say your prayers now, and go to bed."

And James Roller knelt down and hid his head in his mother's lap—the most blessed privilege that any boy can know—and said the simple prayers which she had taught him when he was barely able to lisp the syllables.

Two weeks later they were in their new home, a two-room cottage way out near the edge of town. It was very different from the home which they had left, but it was bright and clean, and love made it a happy place. James had searched high and low for a position, but there was no place open for a boy of his age. He was either too large or too small, and he never knew till now what a misfit a boy of fourteen must be. But he must find work. The question worried him day and night, and he would often lie awake, thinking where he would apply next. "Where there's a will there's a way" was one of the first mottoes he had learned, and he resolved to keep trying, although it seemed that he had exhausted every possible opening. The various stores, the saddlery shop, the two banks—where he had modestly asked to be allowed to sweep out and do the work of a janitor—were all full; there was no chance of employment. At last he thought of the lumber yard, situated at the further end of the street upon which he lived, just across the town, and nearly a mile away. Bright and early the next morning he was there, and respectfully asked a man who was directing the stacking of some lumber if he could give him some work to do.

"You're too short," answered the man, somewhat brusquely, and James felt his cheeks tingling.

"I'm strong for my age," insisted the boy, nothing daunted, and determined to win if he

could. "I believe I could get used to the work in a little while."

"Then bring that plank to me," said the man, who had a hard face, lined and reddened by the use of liquor. He pointed to a beam eight feet long, two inches thick and eight inches wide which lay upon the ground near by. James felt his heart sink, but he promptly stepped forward, took hold of one end of the plank and tried to lift it. He got the end nearly to his shoulder, when it slipped from his grasp, and in its dragging descent a splinter cut his hand so that the blood flowed freely. James bit his lip from the pain, but he did not cry out, while the man laughed cruelly.

"What's all this about?" a third voice exclaimed, and the boy turned to see a kind-faced gentleman standing near him.

"That kid wants to work, an' he'd better be at home playin' dolls!" answered the red-faced man.

"Shut up, Thomson!" replied the other, then coming a little closer—"Well, if it ain't Jamie Roller! You're Bob Roller's boy, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, tipping his cap. Then he recognized in the strange gentleman, Mr. Madison, one of the school trustees, who had frequently been in the school-room during hours.

"I'm hunting work, Mr. Madison; have you any for me?"

"Want work, do you? and in a lumber yard! A boy that's been used to an easy time, too. Come along with me to the office, and I'll talk to you. I've seen you in school, my boy," he went on, kindly, as they started out together, "and I noticed that while some of the youngsters were idling you were studying. I liked Bob Roller, but he lived too high, and that's what brought you to this."

They entered the office, and Mr. Madison sat down and began to examine his mail. James remained standing, with his cap in his hands.

"Do you chew, smoke, or curse?" asked Mr. Madison, cutting open a letter and reading it carefully.

"No, sir."

"Would you stop work and shoot craps if there was no one around to watch you?"

"I don't know what that is, sir."

Mr. Madison gave him a sharp glance.

"I hope you may never know," he said. "Will you do what you are told, and never be impudent?"

"I will do my best, sir, and mother has taught me politeness."

Mr. Madison read one or two more letters.

"It's mighty little I can offer you this morning, Jamie," he then said. "But if you prove satisfactory I might do better for you later. You say anything will do, just so it's work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll put you to stacking staves. Your hands will be as rough as a walnut in a week, and your clothes will get the shine rubbed off of them. Do you mind that?"

"Not a bit, sir!" and he could not hide the elation in his voice.

"Then come with me, and I'll start you out; you'll get 50 cents a day."

For nearly a year James Roller worked from early morning till deep twilight, clad in rough overalls and a corduroy coat. His hands did get rough, and they chapped and cracked open when the cold weather came. But he wouldn't give up. He always lived in the hope that there was something better ahead, and at night, tired though he was, he would study for an hour, read his Bible, say his prayers, and go to bed. And his mother's bright face, and the look of pride and joy which shone in her eyes, always repaid him for the day of toil. One morning he received a summons to come to the office. He went, fearful that he had been remiss in his work in some way. But it was only to learn

that the bookkeeper had suddenly resigned his place to accept a better, and Mr. Madison tendered it to him if he could fill it. When he went home that night his salary had been raised to \$40 a month, and the fruits of his night work stood him in good stead in his new position.

And to-day, should you drop into the office of a certain lumber company in central Kentucky which ships large orders to the Eastern markets, a grave-mannered, gentle man would rise from his desk to greet you cordially. It is James Roller, president of the company, and he never turns away a boy who comes to him in good faith, and with a heart strong to work.

Lebanon, Ky.

A Little Chamber on the Wall.

Ada Melville Shaw.

THOSE who have the privilege of wide reading among religious and domestic weeklies may have noticed in not a few suggestive articles, stories, and paragraphs, allusions to the room that is to replace, in our homes, the spare chamber of good old custom, but now well-nigh classed among things traditional. The idea of this coming custom is by no means new. It began almost 3,000 years ago.

In the city of Shunem there lived "a great woman." A great prophet often passed her windows. "And she said unto her husband, behold, now I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candle-stick; and it shall be when he cometh to us that he shall turn in thither." A marginal reading (Bagster) explains that this chamber was "a small house annexed to the principal dwelling, in which the prophet could live in as great privacy as in his own house, and to which he could retire at leisure without breaking in upon the private affairs of the family, or being, in his turn, interrupted by them in his devotions." It was from this private chamber, built for Elisha, that the Shunamite woman received alive, and with great joy, the son who had died.

In "A Golden Gossip," one of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's delightful, helpful books for girls, there is a chapter entitled: "The pond-lily room." This was a room in a home of wealth, set aside, as its originator tells us, as a beautiful place for the entertainment of "my very dearest, sweetest young girl friends when they come to me. I made it for them. There are not many to whom I give it. They are of the pond-lily nature themselves." A lovely young girl to whom the room was shown—furnished and decorated with the pond-lily form and coloring represented in every conceivably beautiful way—said: "I think that if it were not quite a pond-lily nature, to be put in here would almost make it so." Mrs. Whitney must have drawn the idea of that room from life, and we can readily believe that many a dear New England maiden grew dearer, more lovable, more like unto the nature of the pond lily within its walls.

Not long ago *The Union Signal* published an unusually touching and strong story from the pen of Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen. Mrs. Wood-Allen is known the world around as national superintendent of the purity department of Woman's Christian Temperance Union work. This is the thread of the story: A wife had decided to leave her husband. Her heart was torn by trials great and small, and she had been overcome by the surge of her pain. Before boarding the train that was to bear her from home and husband, she called to see a woman friend to whom she unfolded her purpose. There was some time before the departure of the train. Her friend, able to read both sides of the sad story, told the wife she had one request to make of her. There was one room in the friend's house sacred—to gentle, holy thought and heavenly peace. She persuaded the harrassed,

almost frantic woman to retire to this room and rest till train-time, and won from her the promise that she would leave all thoughts and plans save those of loving, forgiving, peaceful intent, outside the door. The wife consented to make this endeavor, and her friend shut her into the chamber of peace. We need hardly be told the sequel. The nobler thoughts thronged into that perturbed breast and cast out the unworthy ones, a home was saved from wreckage, and two lives newly and beautifully united.

The writer knows of several homes in which "the prophet's chamber" plays a beautiful part. One of these was in a city flat. It was a very modest home. The prophet's chamber was a small hall-bedroom. White walls, white curtains, a floor scrubbed to whiteness, a cot-bed with snowy counterpane, a table draped in white, a white chair were all its furnishing. The little room, when ready for occupancy, was set aside by a simple prayer-service, conducted by the master and mistress of the plain home. It was the only "spare chamber" they had. Each tarrying guest slept there, but to each one the name and nature of the little white room were explained. Not a few bore testimony to sweet comfort and rest found there. Some returned for the expressed purpose of hiding away for a night in that "holy little room."

We have no walls now to build as the Shunamite hostess built. Not many of us are able to furnish and set apart pond-lily rooms for pond-lily natures. More of us than the happy thought has yet occurred to could set aside one room in our spacious homes, as Mrs. Mary Wood Allen suggests, setting it apart as a chamber of peace for the entertainment of God's weary children. We can think of no more appealing influence than that which would surround the guest who was told that the room where he was entertained was also the room of another, even the Holy Guest.

Have we read our "Pilgrim's Progress" lately? Then we remember, in this connection, how Prudence, Piety, and Charity greeted Christian, who came to their home, with these words: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in." And when rest-time came, "the pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang:

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are?
Thus to provide! that I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to heaven!"

It is said by some that we err who divide occasions into "secular" and "sacred." They claim that every day should be holy-day. True. Everything pertaining to the Tabernacle and the Temple was holy. But there was in each a holy of holies. Every nook and corner of home is sacred—set apart for all the precious things of family life. Why not particularly dedicate one room, then, devoting it to special, beautiful use, the very heart of our home—the temporary

home of the guest who tarries with us. This dedication would not tend to secularize the rest of the house, but rather to make all more holy, as the presence of the holy of holies was most blessedly felt even unto the outermost limits of the camp of Israel.

Chicago.

FOR THE GUEST CHAMBER.

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill:
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend—
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world—
Put out each feverish light—
The stars are watching overhead—
Sleep sweet Good-night! Good-night!

ALONE, BUT GUARDED.

Rev. J. E. Robins.

IN a town in northern New Hampshire, under the shadow of Mount Washington, stood a little red schoolhouse forty-five years ago. The citizens were of the sturdy Saxon type—hard-working farmers, honest, frugal, religious. The children were a lively set, devoted to play and books.

One winter a sleigh-ride was projected by the boys from twelve to fifteen years of age. Each invited his favorite girl, hitched up the family horse, and started. It was a merry party. Sleigh-bells chimed sweet music for happy hearts. For young heads to plan and carry out such a holiday diversion was an event in country life. That day of pleasure will never be forgotten. The ride, suggested and carried out by young life, all by themselves, helped develop noble qualities of courtesy and self-reliance.

It leaked out later that two deacons followed the gay party at a distance, lest some accident might happen to the little ones, as mature years regarded such young life.

The children are now gray-headed, some are dead. Two graduated from college, and became preachers. A third has been for thirty years a missionary in Turkey. Some gave their lives to their country in the War of the Rebellion. The children of some were in the late war against Spain.

This bit of real history in country life carries with it a practical lesson. Let the young people officer and manage their own Epworth Leagues; old folks in the background. Gray heads, and certainly gray hearts, should not here be very much in evidence.

The children had the road to themselves drove their own horses, and furnished mutual entertainment.

Without the knowledge of the children, the deacons did not let them ride out of their sight.

Dover, N. H.

BATTLES.

Nay, not for fame, but for the right—
To make this fair world fairer still;
Or lordly lily of a night,
Or sun-topped tower of a hill,
Or high or low, or near or far,
Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,
Or blade of grass, or brightest star—
All, all are but the same to Him.

O pity of the strife for place!
O pity of the strife for power!
How scarred, how marred a mountain's face!
How fair the fair face of a flower!
The blade of grass beneath your feet,
The bravest sword—aye, braver far—
To do and die in mute defeat,
Thou bravest conqueror of war!

When I am dead say this—but this:
He grasped at no man's blade or shield,
Or banner bore, but helmetless,
Alone, unknown, he held the field.
He held the field with saber drawn,
Where God had sent him in the fight;
He held the field, fought on and on,
And so fell fighting for the right!

—Joaquin Miller.

The "Hallelujah" Engine.

Julia F Deane.

"HALLELUJAH!" The whistle of the engine sounded clear over the mountains as the train pulled into the mining town of Luray. Many a housewife stopped in preparation of her evening meal to listen; many a miner who had heard the strain sung by great choruses in the East, held his pick suspended in the air that he might not miss it. One familiar with the "Hallelujah" of Handel's great oratorio could not fail to recognize the first few bars. There the musical capacity of the engine reached its limit, and the listener found himself finishing the line, and accompanying the whistle as it rang out again with the "Hallelujah!"

Twice a week, as the setting sun was painting the dark mountainsides a color that should match the wealth that lay beneath the surface, engine No. 29 pulled its heavy train up the incline to the accompaniment of this bar of music, played as no other engine was known to play it. If a stranger commented upon 't, the response was always the same: "Oh, yes; that's John Sunderland's No. 29. He can make music on anything."

John Sunderland had been born some twenty years before with far more music in his soul than could be readily accounted for. Heredity furnished no satisfactory explanation. His father and mother cared for no talent that could not be used in accumulating a goodly number of tons of pay ore. John had known no teachers save the winds singing their melancholy strains through the pines, or the cascades rushing down the mountains in wild crescendo. With these he sang turbulent duets and trios.

To overcome this unaccountable weakness the father set the boy to chopping trees on the mountainside but within an hour the woods resounded to the rhythmic movement of the axe, accompanying an improvised woodman's song. Put to work in the mine, the pick became his baton, and he the leader of a great orchestra. The father's patience was soon exhausted, and he secured his son a place as fireman on the road running from Luray to Denver. "If he can shovel coal to music I'll give him up—he's no son of mine. He can go about with a monkey and a hand-organ if he likes; I'll have nothing more to do with him. He'll never earn his salt."

For many months John faithfully fired for No. 29. Promotion followed, and he became engineer. One day, as he strolled about the streets of Denver, through the open doors of a church there floated such persuasive sounds that John's music-loving soul drew his reluctant body into the building. "Nothing but a rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Club," the sexton informed him. But John left the church with all his future life set to the victorious music of the "Hallelujah Chorus," as he had heard it sung, five hundred voices strong.

"I wonder why I should love music more than anything else in the world, and yet be put amid all the jangle and jar of locomotives," thought John to himself. "There's no sense in there being so much noise in the world, anyhow. Why can't all sounds be music? Now, there's the whistle of the engine—it's enough to drive a man distracted. Why can't there be a chime of bells or a pipe-organ on every locomotive instead of that unearthly, shrill whistle? Yet, maybe after all the whistle isn't so bad if it were tooted right. Come to think of it, it's worth while trying. Fate won't let me have a chance at an organ or a violin, so here goes, No. 29's got to be my organ."

It took weeks of patient practice, and people along the line wondered at the strange, unearthly quavers and trills in which a heretofore dignified locomotive indulged. They at last ceased to wonder, and as the hour for No. 29's arrival drew near, stopped their work to enjoy the clear, rich whistle as it sent its message of rejoicing ringing over the mountains.

Engine No. 29 was pulling a long line of Pull-

man cars on the road from Denver to Luray. In one of the sleepers nervously paced a man. One minute he anxiously consulted a time-table, the next his watch; then tried to measure the rapidity of the swiftly-moving train. None of results of these calculations seemed to satisfy him, and he resumed his pacing back and forth. At the first stop for water he hurried to the engine and accosted the engineer.

"Will this train be on time?" he asked.

"No; five minutes late."

"I knew it; I knew it," said the man, excitedly, "but I tell you, man, I must be there on time, or I'll miss my connections."

"Good hotel there," answered John, laconically.

"Hotel, man, but I've a dying wife at the other end, and if I miss connections to Erba—is there any way? Could I do anything?" And the stranger fumbled for his pocketbook.

John Sunderland looked sympathetically into the man's face.

"It's against the rules; thirty miles an hour over these grades is all we are allowed. But keep your money, I'm human, I guess. Go back to your car. Fire up good and lively there, Jim," to the fireman.

The nervous traveler paced the car no longer, but sat quietly beside the window, watching the rocks and sagebrush as the train whizzed over the three hundred miles. He vaguely felt, although he did not understand, that the triumphant whistle of No. 29 as it rang forth with its familiar refrain, was a declaration of independence of any rule or order that would keep a belated traveler from his dying wife. His slender, strong fingers stamped him as a professional musician, and he smiled to himself in appreciation of the efforts of No. 29, and wondered greatly at the marvel of an engineer in the heart of the Rockies who could render even a bar of the music of the great oratorio through the medium of an engine whistle. He drank in the comfort and consolation of the message that it brought to him. "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings." There was one who held life and death in His keeping, who pitied His children like as a father. "Hallelujah," and to the queer lullaby the traveler slept. He awoke just as Engine No. 29 pulled into the station, eight minutes ahead of schedule time.

Two weeks later the stranger, relieved of all appearance of worry, hurried up to Engine No. 29 at Luray, but when he saw its occupant was about to turn away in disappointment.

"Where's the engineer who can play the 'Hallelujah' chorus?" he inquired.

"Who? Jack Sunderland? Laid off because he tried to make his train keep time to too rapid a waltz; got fired for it," said the man, with a grin. "You'll find him up in the mines somewhere digging away with a pick for dear life."

It was late that afternoon, after long hours of search, that the stranger heard a man's voice in song by the side of an abandoned tunnel. It was not a triumphant song, such as the engine had sung, but a disconsolate, melancholy air that showed the broken spirit of the man.

"At last I've found you," said the stranger, interrupting the song. "I'm the man who made you lose your job, and now that I've found you, I'm glad of it. By what right, I would like to inquire, are you working with a pick or running engines, when Nature gave you such an undeveloped gold mine in that throat of yours? Sing that again, or sing anything, so that I can hear your voice."

When the man of music had heard the voice in song after song, he drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Young man, be ready to take the 8:30 train for Denver. I'll attend to the rest. You're too good an investment to lose."

"Yes," he said, a little later to John's astonished family, "he is evidently a failure as a

miner and as a railroad man, and the world may well be grateful for it, for he has a gift of music which cannot be duplicated this side the Atlantic, and the world has been waiting for him. You can get engineers by the dozen, but only once in a decade do you find a man like your son John, whose soul is so full of music that he can make even an engine his instrument. Hurry, John, or we'll miss the train."

Chicago

INDIVIDUALITY IN BIRD SONGS.

By James Buckham.

THREE pairs of Baltimore orioles, or golden robins, have been nesting in the vicinity of my house the past summer, and their rich, ringing notes have become as familiar to me as the morning crow of chanticleer or the monotonous minor chant of the suburban fruit-peddler. It was not long before I noticed such a striking difference in the songs of the three males that I could easily distinguish them from one another, no matter how far away the bird might be, or how confused its notes with those of other birds. There was marked individuality in each song. While each displayed the unmistakable oriole quality—that rich, contralto-like tone and penetrating lyric sweetness—the syllables, the emphasis, and the musical notation were all unlike. For some time I supposed that one, at least, of these peculiar songs was produced by a thrasher, or by that northern feathered mimic, the cat-bird; but on tracing the singer out, I discovered that he was indeed an oriole.

The song of this oriole struck me as being singularly full of individuality, and I said to myself, "There is surely a bird with a marked character!" The notes seemed overflowing with ecstasy and with that kind of quick humor that springs from abounding happiness, vitality, and animal spirits. Translated into the English phrase that continually ran in my mind as I listened to it, the song may be paraphrased thus: "Oh, it's Billy-Boy, Bil-ly-Boy—see!" The invariably strong emphasis on the second *Bil* was what gave the song its suggestion of humor. It was as if the bird broke forth into an irrepressible silvery laugh on that syllable. I do not remember ever to have heard quite so jocund and sparkling a bird-phrase as this reiterated welcome to Billy-Boy. That oriole must have brought a world of sunshine and cheer to his mate's heart, and indeed to all his fellow-birds within hearing. I shall remember him as the characteristic optimist of my bird-list for 1902.

The second male oriole had a very clear, flute-like song, full of deep, quiet happiness, but with no note of rollicking jubilation of humor. It seemed to go thus: "Cheet—cheet—cheet, cheetika, cheetika." I imagined him a busy, loving helpmate, full of tenderness and solicitude—a true poet, and yet a faithful domestic helper withal; a "good provider," as we say; a husband to be depended upon and trusted to the uttermost. All this may seem fanciful, and yet there certainly was a note of seriousness in the song of oriole number two that I missed in the song of number one.

Oriole number three I fancied, from his song, to be somewhat of an egotist. The song was exceedingly emphatic, insistent, and penetrating, but short, and with comparatively little music or tenderness. I can represent it no more closely than by the syllables: "Chiltic, chiltic, chiltic," thrice repeated, and noticeably clear and positive in quality. The bird seemed saying: "Look at me! I am a singer, and I have a splendid black and gold coat!" One naturally tired of his song sooner than of the others. It lacked feeling, variety, and, if I may reaffirm my fanciful impression, the *altruistic* quality—without which song, whether of birds or men, may be ever so beautiful, but not appealing.

Now there must be some reason, bounded by the individual, for these striking individual differences in the songs of birds of the same species. I have noticed it in other birds, though never quite so strongly as in the case of Balti-

more orioles. Thrashers, or brown thrushes, display much the same individual variations in song. So do the common robins and the song sparrows. If differences of character, contrasts in individuality—the personal equation in bird-dom, so to speak—do not produce these variations, what does? My theory is that the more highly developed of our songsters, particularly those that live in closest association with man, are born with different temperaments, or develop variations in character, that find some expression in the individual song of the bird. A sympathetic and discerning human ear may detect some of these character-notes in bird songs. They are not altogether fanciful, unless the whole subject of the psychology of the lower animals is fanciful. We admit that a dog can laugh with his eyes, that a dove can mourn itself to death, that even an ant can reason. Why should not a man-loving, house-haunting, naturally sensitive and intelligent bird—any one of our familiar village songsters—be able to express feeling, and even temperament and character, in its song? The theory does not seem to me very far-fetched.

Not a few of our popular naturalists have noted changes in the songs of birds familiar to them. New notes seem to have crept in; greater variety has resulted between the phrases used by individuals of the same species. While it is possible that this change may be partly due to an increasing tendency to imitation among birds, I prefer to believe that it is the natural result of their increasingly marked differences in individuality—differences that find expression in the vocal utterance of birds, which is their chief avenue of expression. If this theory is correct, it may mean that eventually we shall have to stop trying to identify birds by their songs, so infinite will be the variety and so complex the resemblances of these songs. But, on the other hand, of what added delight in bird music it would assure us, what multiplied and delicate effects in the great outdoor orchestra, what subtler feelings and suggestions to be translated into the language of humanity!

Melrose, Mass.

HOW A BELL FOLLOWED ITS RINGER TO CHINA.

Bishop Moore.

STRANGE coincidences there are everywhere, but this which I am about to tell is in a class by itself.

In 1888 young Osman F. Hall was a student in Jennings Seminary, Aurora, Ill., and, to help pay his way, engaged to ring the bell for recitations, chapel, etc. This he did faithfully two hundred times a week for one hundred weeks, making twenty thousand times. From Jennings he went to the Northwestern and Garrett, and became a member of the Rock River Conference. Having consecrated himself to the missionary field he graduated from the college of medicine in 1898; and, the following year, was sent for medical work to Chung King, West China Mission.

In 1898 the seminary property was voted by conference to the deaconess board, by whom it was transformed into a flourishing school for women. The tower being found insecure, the bell, which weighed some 1,600 pounds, was unhooked and stored.

Among the visitors to the General Conference of 1900 in Chicago was Dr. J. H. McCartney of the Chung King Hospital. Our people in Chung King had built a commodious church and greatly needed a bell; and incidentally had asked the doctor to secure one while in America. Riding with Mr. Meyer one day the doctor saw the ruins of a church recently burned, the bell remaining unharmed, and expressed a desire to get it for Chung King. Whereupon Mr. Meyer said that he would procure the donation of the unused Aurora bell; which he did, and the bell made the long and difficult journey to West China, arriving in Chung King in April of the following year. There it fell to the part of Dr. Hall to hang it. When he discovered that it

was the old Jennings bell, into which he had rung his soul for two years and a half, and which he had protected from the mischievous pranks of the students, it was as if he had found a long-lost friend, who rehearsed in sonorous tones thrilling legends of old Jennings days. The bell was anxious to be rung by the familiar hand, and swung and returned upon its ponderous axis wild with delight, until, in a frenzy of rapture, it tore out its tongue and flung it (the clapper became detached and fell dangerously close to the doctor, when the bell was first tried in its Chinese frame) at the doctor's feet, as much as to say: "I ring for you alone!" As for the doctor, his eyes were suspiciously moist; for halcyon had been his days in "Old Jennings."

Shanghai, China.

SUCCESS.

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition
So clear of victory

As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear.

—Emily Dickinson.

HOME.

Price Alexander Crow.

HOME—"the dearest spot on earth," is the need of the day, to be realized by a larger number than at present. The character of the times has sadly demoralized the home and vitiated its beautiful designs. Business and pleasure have blunted and estranged the finer instincts and the truest duties of the family relation and the home life.

The world's absorption and occupation have disintegrated the family group, and so isolated the members that they have lost touch with each other. Family fellowship and communions are things of the past.

So broken is the family intimacy that parents and children almost require an introduction to make them acquainted. The father especially is a veritable case of "lost to sight," while perhaps "dear to memory." Such are the exactions of business that he can give only the dinner and sleep-hours to his home on the secular days of the week.

The Sabbath is the family's only opportunity to gather together and be as one, and hence our plea for the Sabbath in the home life.

Apart and in addition to the public services of divine worship, this sacred day, with its beautiful designs of rest, culture, affection, and worship, should penetrate and irradiate with its hallowed influences our home life. Home should be the family trysting-place on Sabbath afternoons. Then father and mother and all the children, from the oldest to the youngest, should be in the circle. What to do? We make no prescriptions except we say that the Sabbath in the home should not be puritanic, devoted only to the study of the catechism and the ten commandments, but rather joyously Christian.

It were good, if only they were altogether, to see and touch and smile on one another; even a silent contemplation of each other would be as a benediction on the home life.

But it were better if the afternoons were spent in oral reading, in chorus singing or in conversation on subjects tending to lift life into pure and true atmospheres. And, best of all, if they spent the time in cultivating family affection, the amenities of kinship, the study of character, and suggestions of helpfulness in unfolding and moulding and inspiring the graces and powers of true and noble living.

We may never overlook the fact that streams never rise higher than their sources. The home is the source of our public life. What it is, that society, the state, the school, and the church,

will be either a shame or a glory to our civilization.

Buffalo, N. Y.

BOSTON FLOATING HOSPITAL.

Chas. A. Crane.

"Any nose

May ravage with impunity a rose,"

and any sickly child may turn the sea to medicine and its air to balm and cordial if it mayhap to have the "open sesame" to the Floating Hospital. If the cup of cold water shall not miss its reward, what must be in reservation for them that put the whole sea at the service of the babes and children who are sick and crippled and ready to die?

It mightily multiplies one's faith in human nature to see the Floating Hospital put down the Boston harbor for the bay loaded with cherubs made in the image of God. Ready in time and waiting for the delightful outing, they and their nurses there on the wharf make a delightful picture as they sit or stand looking for the coming boat. Passing the inspectors the little ones are properly placed to get the best of the air that comes cool and fragrant from the salt sea. Statesmanship, motherhood, and religion are most refreshingly displayed in the assignment of the children. The Sermon on the Mount is exemplified so beautifully that one almost expects to see the Lord come in through that open door and pronounce the benediction. Nor do these children have to come back at dark. For nights and days together they may swing on the lazy waves and wait for coming health. This floating hospital is better than "a tale which holdeth children from their play," for it turns them into doctors who work their own cure (in many cases) by means of the antitoxine of heaven drawn from the ocean air. Here the pinched and hungry and fever-stricken children of the shut-in peoples worship the God of health and revel in his riteless religion. Julian the Apostate said: "These Galileans nourish not only their own poor but ours as well." By this kind of religion are the imported heathen crowding every American city to be evangelized.

No, this is not all there is of the gospel, but a mighty way to stir a hunger for it.

"Of all good gifts, e'er hath been health

Counted the first—and the loss of it

The hardest thing to bear."

Four physicians and thirty nurses go through the exacting details of caring for nearly three hundred patients, many of the latter being too small to tell the hurts or ills afflicting them. And these trained helpers of the helpless show forth "high thoughts seated in the heart of gracious courtesy" as they go about being father and mother to "the wee bairns" come into their care. One almost wishes himself sick that he might be soothed by such grateful and gentle ministries. The most distressing part of this picture of applied Christianity is the rejection of infants really in need of assistance who are left behind because there "is no room in the inn." Larger and more commodious accommodations must come, then indeed will the Kingdom of Heaven be at hand to be laid hold upon and handled by many more of the poor who are stuffed into tenements where they are too closely crowded for either good health or good morals. We see in this class of work cure of the Ghetto, and the coming transformation of the street Arab into a Christian gentleman. Edward Everett Hale hath already a niche carved for himself in the walls of many a heart, and letters, too, shall not leave him unhonored or unsung, but 'twere enough to flood these last days of his with joy supernal to try to reckon the help and hope and cheer he brings through this Floating Hospital to a multitude no man can number. And he is not alone, for a goodly company of men and women with like spirits have turned for the nonce from

"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books"

to make some feeble children well, some lame to leap, some blind to see, and some who were dying, live.

Boston.

The Strenuous Life for Girls.

Strenuousness, or, perhaps, strenuosity—I am not quite sure which is the better form of the insistent noun—is a quality which has long existed in people and things; but the high honor and the important role which are claimed for it today are somewhat recent; and before the claim is granted it would be well for us to have a little clearer idea of what the quality means. Is it simply another name for earnestness, vigor, energy? Surely, then, it is a good thing, and much to be desired in boys and girls, in men and women. It is not the highest quality. Thoughtfulness is higher. Sincerity is higher. Charity is highest of all. But these noble traits are enhanced in value when they are filled with courage and lived out with steady force.

Running the word back to its root in the Greek, we find *strenos*, "strong, hard, rough, harsh, especially of sounds"—for example, "the strenuous trumpets." Precisely! The strenuous life is the life that sounds like a trumpet. It is dominant, assertive, militant. There is a tone of defiance and strife in it. It is next door to a strident life. If this is what it means, it is not a natural nor a desirable life for girls.

I take it for granted that a man and a woman are of the same worth and not of the same kind. A woman's special and inestimable value in the world lies just in the qualities which make her womanhood. And these are the things which strenuosity must disturb, if not destroy.

A serene and gentle dignity; a tranquil wisdom to counsel and restrain; a fine delicacy of feeling, quick to rejoice, tender to suffer, yet patient to endure; a subtle sense of the values of small, unpurchasable things; a power of great confidence and of self-sacrifice almost limitless where love speaks the word and duty shows the task; an instinct of protection, and a joyful pride in mothering the weak; a brave loyalty to the rights of the heart against "the freezing reason's colder part"; a noble hunger and thirst for harmony; an impregnable strength of personal reserve; and an exhaustless generosity of personal surrender—these are the native glories of womanhood. These are the things that life, if true and well-ordered, should deepen, unfold, brighten, and harmonize in the perfection of a woman's character.

The pity is that men, whose share in the ordering of life has been larger than their thoughtfulness has earned, have often made it difficult, if not impossible, for women to keep, much more to develop, the best part of their womanhood. A social order that blindly disregards, in its so-called progress, the distinctive needs and rights and uses of great multitudes of women, taking away their domestic occupations, and failing to make a place for them in the new industrial system, legislating them into independence and educating them for dependence, declaring in words their equality and in wages their inferiority, pushing them irresistibly into the struggle for a living, and forgetting to give them either an equipment for the strife or a place in the ranks, is, in effect, not a social order at all. It is a social confusion.

We sometimes say of a woman that she does her work as well as a man, so that it cannot be distinguished from a man's work. This sounds like praise, but it is really blame. Something has been lost. Distinction is the crown of work.

I am no advocate of a narrower life for woman, but of a life which shall be broad enough for her to unfold her own nature. The worst slavery is that which makes a woman pretend to be a man.

The strenuous life for a girl is a form of hysteria. It is a functional disorder. It sacrifices strength for spasms.

Suppose she is at college, studying. How shall she get the best intellectual results—accuracy of perception, breadth of vision, delicacy of taste, respect for truth? By disregarding the balance of her physical and mental nature, and plunging into an intense pursuit of special

knowledge, a fierce competition for marks and honors and prizes? The achievement, whatever it may be, will hardly compensate her (or us) for its probable cost. Poise is more precious than penetration. Learning may be a climb, but wisdom is a growth. The best that we know is the harvest of a quiet mind. The sanity of scholarship depends upon a normal life. The finest woman's college is a college for women. The best girls in it are never imitation boys.

Suppose a girl goes in for physical exercise, out-of-door sports, and pastimes. Is the strenuous life the one that will give her the most real pleasure and the best development? Too much of our sport has already passed through the process of contest into the stage of conflict. When a game becomes a public show the player is changed into a performer. The nervous strain, the restless ambition, the championship fever, which have transformed most of our play into the hardest kind of work, are not influences favorable to the development of womanly qualities. They are not even good for the making of sound, strong, and graceful bodies. * * *

Studying or playing or working, she owes her first allegiance to the ideal of her womanhood. She can never do anything in the world that will be worth half as much as what she can be. But she can never be her best unless she does something, and does it well.

I know of no art that demands as much skill and patience, hard work and happy suggestions, firmness of hand and fineness of touch, as the making of a home. Schools cannot teach it. Genius is not equal to it. It requires inspiration.

In that rare book, "The Life of Adam," by Solomon Singewitz, it is written, "Woman's sphere is an atmosphere."

There is an air, pure, serene, stimulating, in which it is pleasant to live and easy to work and sweet to rest. Some people are always surrounded by an influence which has the same effect upon the spirit that this fine air has upon the body. It comes from the heights of a clean, steady, cheerful, unselfish life. The woman whose soul walks in these lofty places carries their emanations with her wherever she goes, and has power to lead others upward.

It is desirable, beyond a question, that every girl should be able to earn her living outside of her home if necessary. The question is, whether it is desirable that it should be necessary. I think not.

Home-making is the one manufacture in which women will always have the advantage. The woman who makes a home earns her living in the fairest and best way.

A living is scant pay for her. She earns happiness and honor. Her price is above rubies.

All our external industries, all our legislatures and courts, all our armies and navies, exist mainly for the support and protection of that kingdom which woman rules.

When a man says that wifehood is a woman's only career he awakens much resentment. And rightly. It is not her only career. It is not a career at all. It is an existence. It is large enough to hold a hundred careers. There is room in it for all the accomplishments. None of the tones of life come amiss to it, except the sour and the strenuous.

Wordsworth paints his picture of a perfect woman in the three stanzas entitled "She was a phantom of delight," of which I quote but one:

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

It is a long way from such ideals of woman-

hood as these to the strenuous life—the life that strives and cries and makes its voice to be heard in the streets—the life that grows sharp with rivalry, and hard with conflict, and shallow with ostentation—the life that runs panting after the latest fad, and turns languidly from lowly tasks and plain pleasures—the life that cares more for notoriety than for gratitude, and is always ready to sacrifice peace to publicity—the life that makes a lot of noise but little music.

Doubtless in such a life a strong, clever woman can make her way. But certainly she can never hold "her own."

The strenuous life for girls is like martial music for violins. They can play it. But it does not sound well.—From an article by Henry Van Dyke, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Good Comradeship.

It may have been only a cheerful word,
A grasp of the hand in meeting,
But a hope revived at the message heard,
Or courage came from the greeting.
How fine to think of a soul waxed strong,
Of a burden lighter growing,
Because you happened to come along
When life made its dreariest showing!

For this is the truest comradeship
In the life we live together,
That holds to a friend with a firmer grip
The rougher the way or weather;
That sings to gladden the hearts of all,
Till, with the echoes blending,
The tranquil shadows of twilight fall.
And the road has reached its ending.

—Ripley D. Saunders.

RECENT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

Sir William Preece, in a recent address before the Society of Arts, enumerates the great scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century to be as follows:

The principle of evolution.
The atomic structure of matter.
The existence of the ether and the undulatory theory of light.
The principle of electro-magnetic induction and electrolysis.

The principle of the conservation of energy.
These he proceeds to discuss at length, showing their influence upon what we may expect to follow and supplement them. In the course of evolution we may expect selective modification to be influenced by the mainsprings which are acting most powerfully; the struggle for power, the race for individual wealth, the pursuit of knowledge, the combat with disease, the advance in comfort of living; and these forces may be expected to act in the future as they have in the past.

The study of the atomic constitution of matter may lead to the discovery of many new elements, or possibly to the revelation of the one fundamental element of which all others are but varied manifestations. The existence of the ether is still inexplicable in its mechanical structure, although its reality is even more fully accepted than ever. It offers no resistance to wave motion, and in it energy is not dissipated away into heat, as in the undulations and vibrations of matter. Still no final theory of its structure has been produced, and that problem still awaits its solution in the twentieth century.

Electro-magnetic induction is only beginning to unfold its possibilities. The communication of energy without the use of metallic or other material conductors is within sight and in the form of space telegraphy has been partly realized. Electrical decomposition may be followed by recombination and the artificial synthesis of organic compounds become commercially and wholly possible. With all these comes the principle of the conservation of energy uniting the action of force, motion, and matter in ever-changing relations, but always with an unchanging sum total.—*Engineering Magazine*.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of birds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

Crumbs Swept Up.

President Loubet on Choosing a Career.

"Every young man," he replied, gravely, "has to go through the experience of choosing a profession, and usually it is not a pleasant time for him. He thinks of adopting one career one day, but the next morning he has determined to be something else. Then a third vocation opens itself to his imagination, and he decides to follow it. More than likely, he finally decides to do none of these things, and settles upon some business or profession entirely different from any he has ever considered. It is a happy time when a young man has decided, once and for all, what he wants to do. I have been through the experience myself, and have not forgotten what my feelings were. It was like a calm after a storm when I made my choice. I had something definite, then, to work for, and could go ahead unhesitatingly. What we all need is something to work for. When we have that, we are very nearly happy. I think the most glorious years of my life were the ones during which I was struggling for a beginning in my career."

"Do you think hard work is all there is to success-winning?"

"Yes, if the work is applied to a proper career—a well-chosen one. There must be, first, a fit selection. Many persons work in the wrong direction. Men try to be lawyers when they should be farmers, and farmers when they should be in some university reading law. It is unfortunate, indeed, when a man has mistaken his vocation. But, assuming that he has chosen wisely, my rule is all-powerful. I never knew any geniuses that could get along without it. Everyone whom I have ever met, who has attained success in anything, tells the same story. The young man who sits still and expects to have things to come to him, finds out his mistake soon. But when a young fellow has a laudable ambition, and bends his energies in that direction, he is reasonably sure to win."—*Harry Steele Morrison, in Success.*

Her Bargain Day.

A Philadelphia woman moving in good society has been cured of a mania for attending rummage sales, but it took a heroic treatment to effect the cure. The other day she went to a sale of the description named in aid of a worthy charity in which she is interested, and came away minus a \$25 hat. It happened this way: A feature of the sale was a counter filled with untrimmed hats, advertised "Your choice for 50 cents." Now, the North Thirty-third-street woman didn't want an untrimmed hat at 50 cents, but there was one that caught her fancy by reason of its odd shape, so she simply could not resist the temptation to try it on. So she took off the handsome hat she was wearing, placed it on the counter, and picked up the untrimmed one. Then she looked around for a mirror. There was only one, and that was away at the other end of the long room. She pushed her way through the crowd, and in the meantime a fat colored woman's eyes were glued to the hat she had left behind on the pile marked: "Your choice for 50 cents." It was a golden opportunity not to be missed. Counting out 50 cents in dimes, nickels, and pennies, she shoved them at the innocent young attendant, and made good her escape with the fashionable woman's hat.

Did the Tigers Know?

A really remarkable story of animal perception has been contributed to *Frank Leslie's Monthly* by Mr. Frank Bostock, who may be considered an authority on wild animals in captivity.

I once had a trainer, Mr. Bostock says, an old Irishman who had served in a British regiment in India, and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the arena than I have ever seen

done by any other tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals, and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Anyone who has ever tried that with even a house-cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity. But they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that half in playfulness.

One day the old fellow got very drunk, the first time in his life, to my knowledge. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor.

The other keepers made several attempts to take him out of the cage, but it was at once apparent that to do so meant a bitter and bloody fight with the tigers. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. But the next time he put them to work they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them.

They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end forever.

That was indeed "judgment . . . tied to brutish beasts."

Editor Carnegie.

Losh, lads! 'Tis Sanders Carnegie

Wad mak' the siller gae—

He fain wad be a prenter mon.

An' prent things lik' a day.

He dinna like tae save the goold

An' gies it a' in bukes—

An' noo wad be an eeditor.

Tae write i' prenter's nukes.

Save's a'! When Sanders tak's the pen

Tae mak' the bits o' news,

Wha wadna be the copy boy

Tae stan' near Sanders' shoes?

Tae stan' near Sanders' shoon an' tak

The muckle things he'd write!

Hoot, lad! 'Twad be a dousy check

For leaders he'd indite!

Hoot, laddie! Laddie, think o' it!

A twa-line paragraph

Micht varra weel be somethin' like

A thoo-san'-dollar draf!

An' when he wrote the blackface heads—

The anes they ca' a "scare"—

Losh, laddie! Such a "take" as that

Wad mak' a meellonaire! —Selected.

* * *

Crippled Pet of Crippled Children.

"Down in Esplanade Avenue, near Bayou St. John, in New Orleans lives a lady who has given much study to birds and fishes," said a gentleman who lives in the old quarter, "and she has quite an interesting collection. She is Mrs. Sudier, and there is scarcely a better-posted woman in the country when it comes to the kind of pets she is fond of raising, canary birds and gold fishes particularly. She has made a close study of the habits and modes of living of canary birds and gold fishes. Some time ago she found an afflicted canary which had just pecked its way through the shell. The bird had club feet. It could not get around as well as the others, could not swing so gracefully, could not cling to the side of the cage with so much ease, and there was much pathos about the way the little fellow acted. The baby canary seemed to realize that there was a difference between himself somehow and the other birds that hopped and fluttered around in their cages with so much ease and grace. But directly the little fellow began to sing, and his singing was a revelation. He was the sweetest singer in the lot. His throat seemed to have a silver lining, and the notes surged out like the laughter of a brook. He was a genius in trilling and twittering after the fashion of his kind. Mrs. Sudier soon discovered the rare singing qualities of the little crippled canary, and became more attached to it than ever before. The little fellow became the particular pet of the whole flock. But its owner decided to part with it. Out in Tulane Avenue

there is a little hospital, and it is filled with little children, all of them afflicted in one way or another. They all came into the world crippled in some way. The little canary genius, with its club feet, was sent out to the children's hospital, and he is out there now, swinging, in his awkward way, and singing to the crippled children of the institution. Mrs. Sudier thought it would be an object lesson for the children. So the little bird is out there now, singing to the afflicted little children, and he is, no doubt, a source of great inspiration to them. It is a pretty lesson."

* * *

Scotch Wit.

The *People's Friend* cites the following as a sample of "characteristic Scottish wit—keen, grim, and caustic": A certain parishioner dealt in old horses, altering his spells of labor with heavy sprees. During the period of depression which followed each overindulgence John habitually took to bed, and there diligently studied the family Bible. During one of these fits of attempted reformation his condition prompted his wife to call, in Rev. Mr. Wallace, the parish minister, who at the time happened to be passing.

"Oh, Maister Wallace, come in and see oor John; he's rale bad."

"What's wrang wi' him?"

"He's feart to meet his Makker," said Mrs. John.

Quick as fire came the crushing reply:

"Humph; tell'm he needna be feart for that; he'll never see'm."

There are some good stories of this kind in Dr. John Kerr's "Memories, Grave and Gay," just published by Messrs. Blackwood. Here is one: She had just lost her husband, and the minister calling to condole with her found her sitting in front of a large bowl of porridge. "Terrible loss, terrible loss," sighed the minister. "Aye," was the reply, "it's a terrible loss to me. I've just been greetin' a' nicht, and as sune as I finish this wee drap porridge, I'm just gaun to begin again."

* * *

No "Stuffing" Allowed.

The pride of James Gordon Bennett, the elder, in the great newspaper he had built up was proverbial, and he had a particular aversion to anything that savored of disrespect on the part of his employes when speaking of its contents.

One of his editorial writers ventured to compliment him one morning on the general character of that day's issue.

"There was a lot of good stuff in the paper this morning, Mr. Bennett," he said.

"Stuff?" exclaimed the editor. "Stuff? What do you mean?"

"I mean the—the matter on the editorial page," replied the other, somewhat taken aback.

"Then say so," rejoined his chief, with a frosty gleam in his eye. "If you value your job, young man, never call anything that goes into the New York Herald 'stuff' again as long as you live."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

Ready for Him.

Paul Gores had joined a group of hotel men who were reminiscent about the late Potter Palmer and his peculiarities as a hotel-keeper.

"When I was at the Palmer House," he said, "there was one chap who proved equal to the occasion. It was when the 'old man,' as we always called Mr. Palmer, was putting in a particularly cranky month. It seemed as if everybody about the hotel was booked for dismissal. One day Palmer walked into the bookkeeper's office, and, after looking for a minute at a man who hadn't been working for more than a week or two, walked quietly up to him, and moistening his lips with his tongue, in his peculiar fashion, said:

"Er—when is your month up?"

"The young man, recognizing the voice, tossed his pen on the desk without looking around, hopped back off his stool, pushed the stool out of the way, and replied:

"Now, right now! And I've got my grip

packed, and under my desk, ready to start right away."

"Palmer was stunned at first, but quickly rose to the occasion, and, slipping up to the young man, patted his shoulder, and, without the quiver of an eyelash, said:

"No, no; you take me wrong. I don't want you to go. I merely want to know when your month is up, so that I may know when to increase your salary."

"When the young man recovered his breath the old man was gone. But his salary was increased all right, and he became Palmer's confidential clerk, and remained with him till he died."

* * *

The Muse in Iowa.

A Chicago daily discovers and comments on this gem of obituary poetry:

"The sweet singer of Iowa, John Quincy Adams, contributes to a West Union contemporary a beautiful poem entitled 'The cemetery,' which he affectionately dedicates to the 'ladies of Bethel Cemetery Association at its first anniversary.' Lack of space will not permit the reproduction of this lyric gem entire, but a few excerpts will suffice to show its rare beauty. Says Mr. Adams:

"Sacred is the cemetery
Where our loved ones we must bury;
And other loved ones, us also.
For we ourselves must also go.
Welcome the ladies' interest here,
And may it last from year to year.
So, mothers, bring your daughters up
To share life's sweet and bitter cup.
Home, church, and cemetery are
Duties for which they should well care.
It should be kept real neat and clean,
And be a home, calm and serene.
Our friends to us are very dear,
Because their souls were very near:
Those souls took flight, but their friends here
Should hold the remains very dear.
The graves do not our friends contain,
For only the remains remain.

"We feel that any comment upon these lines would be as useless as an attempt to gild the lily or to paint the rose. They speak for themselves. The last line, however, seems to speak with a truer ring than some of the others. Mr. Adams is a frequent contributor to the Iowa press, and we feel certain that his right of way to the top of Mount Parnassus is assured."

* * *

Tied the Wrong String.

A handsomely-dressed lady, riding recently in a crowded Amsterdam-avenue car, was fortunate enough to have a seat, but when nearing her destination she noticed that the lacing of her Oxford tie was unfastened. It was the work of a moment, but a very warm and trying moment, to stoop down and knot it securely. When this was accomplished, her hat and veil readjusted, and her gloves once more carefully put on, it was time to signal the conductor. This she did, and after two vain attempts to rise looked around indignantly to find the cause of her retarded movements. She came face to face with a very irate gentleman, who had been sitting next to her.

"Madam—madam—where are you trying to take me?" he demanded.

"I—you!" she stammered.

"Yes—look there!" He pointed to the floor, and in an instant she had grasped the situation. By mistake in groping she had found the lacing of his shoe, which she had taken for the other end of her own, and had fastened them so carefully together that it took the gentleman quite five minutes to effect a release, under the amused glances of the other occupants of the car, which had traveled twice that number of blocks before the lady was ready to give another signal.

* * *

Was Ready to State the Facts.

The edict of the German emperor abolishing the dictatorship in Alsace-Lorraine recalls a certain day of 1886. William II., then merely the son of the crown prince of Prussia, was as-

sisting at some grand manoeuvres in Lower Alsace. The old Emperor William, his son Prince Frederic, husband of the late Princess Royal of England, and his grandson, Prince William, had their headquarters at Strasburg.

One evening there was a reception of the chief officials at the governor's palace. Prince William, who had been inspecting some new barracks, only arrived after the proceedings had commenced. Before the door were some open-mouthed rustics gazing at the carriages. The breathless William asked of the one nearest him:

"Has his majesty arrived?"

The worthy old rustic, recognizing his questioner, removed the pipe from his mouth, lifted his cap, and rejoined:

"Yes, sir, your father has arrived."

The astonished prince eyed him sternly from head to foot, and, turning to his officers in attendance, contemptuously remarked:

"Is the old fool drunk?"

The Alsatian again doffed his cap politely, and said: "I should not like to say he was drunk; but his face was flushed, as if he had had a glass too much."

* * *

The King and the Tramp.

An amusing story of King Christian and an enterprising beggar is going the rounds in Copenhagen. The king takes habitually an early morning walk, accompanied by Prince Waldeemar and his favorite dog.

Recently, during one of these walks, a ragged man, with all the typical cringing of a beggar, approached him.

"Well," said the king, "what is it?"

"Dare I ask your majesty for your portrait as a memento?" said the beggar, humbly.

Naturally, the king was both surprised and pleased at this declaration of loyalty, but regretted that he did not carry his portrait about with him.

"Pardon me, your majesty," retorted the tramp, slyly. "If you will look in your purse you will probably find one!"

The king, amused at this novel way of asking for alms, gave the man two crowns, but the police, to whom such smartness does not commend itself, have duly "marked" the man.

* * *

Thought So, Too.

General Grant once bought from a butcher a horse to which he took a great fancy. He had the animal groomed, and, with pride that was evident even in so undemonstrative a man as Grant, he took Senators Conkling of New York and Jones of Nevada into his stable. Mr. Willard tells the story in "Fifty Years with Judges and Lawyers."

Grant asked the senators how they liked the new horse. Conkling shook his head.

"What's the matter, Mr. Senator?" asked Grant.

Conkling looked the horse over, and said: "What did you give for him, Mr. President?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"H'm!" said Conkling. "I'd rather have the \$400 than the horse."

Grant puffed a cloud of smoke, and replied in his usual cool manner: "That's what the butcher thought."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

Little Rosa Introduced Herself.

Rosa, the six-year-old daughter of Rev. W. H. Young, a popular pastor in Syracuse, had been properly taught her prayers by her parents. Reaching this age her mother thought she should be allowed to retire alone, and, while she was instructed to say her prayers by herself, her mother kept an ear open to learn if the duty was properly performed. One evening the careful mother was rewarded by overhearing the following appendix to the usual form of petition: "Perhaps, Lord, you don't know who I am. Then I will tell you. I am little Rosa Young, and my father is William H. Young, pastor of the Furman-street Methodist Episcopal Church,

and I can tell you he is a Jim Dandy of a preacher."

* * *

Thought it was the Cook.

Soon after the convening of a new session of Congress announcement was made of the approaching marriage of Anson G. McCook, who was then secretary of the Senate.

A subscription was immediately started among the senators for the purchase of a wedding present. Two or three prominent senators volunteered to collect the money. Senator X., one of the richest men in the Senate at that time, was one of these.

Seeing a new Western senator who had not yet been approached on the subject, Senator X. went to him and said:

"Senator Slocum, I want you to give me \$25."

"What for?" demanded the new member.

"For McCook's wedding present," explained Senator X.

"I'll see you about it to-morrow," answered Slocum with a scowl.

"All right," said Senator X., as he walked away, "but don't forget it."

Senator Slocum watched him until he was out of hearing, and then, turning to his colleague, remarked with warmth:

"Well, I've heard of cheeky things in my life, but that man beats all! What do you think? He just asked me to give him \$25 to buy a wedding present for his cook!"

* * *

She Pronounced it Butter.

Senator Depew contributes a butter story to the gayer of nations.

"A friend of mine went into a high-class restaurant," he says, "and discovered oleomargarine upon the table. 'Come here,' he said to the waiter. 'How do you pronounce o-l-e-o-m-a-r-g-a-r-i-n-e?'" And the intelligent servitor of the magnificent palace of pleasure at once responded: 'I pronounce it butter, sir, or else I lose my job.'

* * *

Better than Forty Dollars.

A physician recently sent to the address of one of his patients a bill for professional services, and within ten days received the following letter written on the back of his memorandum:

Deer Sur this noat was put in my box by mistake I hant the man hee's deed and aint any relation of mine anyway. I dout see how your concens will let you dun the dead. Why dont you live a better criston life and live and let live and try to meat that man who dide in heaven which is worth more than forty dollars to any doctor.

* * *

According to His Thought.

Dr. E. Charlton Black, in his address on "Alfred the Great," introduced, by way of illustration, the following story: A Scotch boatman with a precious freight of human lives was in great danger from too strenuous a tide. There were two clergymen in the boat, one very small and the other very muscular. The danger was imminent, and the vigorous clergyman said: "Let us pray."

"Oh, no," said the Scotchman, "the little fellow can pray; you row."

* * *

Value of a Virtuous Woman.

In the churchyard of Leigh, near Bolton, England, will be found a tombstone bearing the following amazing sentence: "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband." The explanation seems to be that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonemason argued that a crown equals 5s.

"Yes, these here colleges are great institutions," remarked Uncle Silas reflectively.

"What with their baseball, and football, and rowin' of boats and their studies, I tell you a college course nowadays is as good's a lib'ral education."

* * *

The average man loses a lot of money out at the hole in the top of his pocket.

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

CONSTANT COMPANIONSHIP.

(John 14:15-28; Matt. 28:20)

Topic for June 29.

Look at the meaning of this word "companion." It is from two Latin words, "com," meaning "with," and "panis," meaning "bread." A companion is one with whom we share our bread. Companionship is fellowship. Companions have communion.

Companionship mars or makes character. Each affects the other. The interplay of soul-forces cannot be counted out in estimating character. "No man liveth to himself."

The miller always makes your clothes white if you touch him. There are men whose soul-touch always makes us whiter.

An ancient goddess left flowers in her foot-prints. She could be traced by the beauty and bloom that adorned her pathway. Men knew where she had been by the blessing and beauty that lingered after her.

That is a pagan picture of personal influence. Every soul sheds something when it touches another. We never leave another just as we found him. He never finds us just as we leave him.

There is something on a butterfly's wing that rubs off when you touch it. Soul stuff sheds when touched by another soul. Character is like corn. It always reproduces its kind.

Give and take. That is companionship. What shall I give? What shall I take? I shall impart of what I possess. My companion shall give to me not what I wish he had, not what he may wish he had, but only of that which he really has.

"Naught save a mirror decks the Shinto shrine.

And he who seeks beholds himself. Have care!

Searching the soul within this fane of thine,

Naught shalt thou see save what thou broughtest there."

Poison Personality.

There is an old story of one who for long had fed on poison. The breath of death fell from her foul lips. Flowers withered at her approach. Insects fell dead in her presence.

In that tale is a deep and terrible truth. The soul may exhale poison.

Absalom, Judas, and Jezebel may be cited as such. Voltaire and Rousseau breathed France so full of venom—the venom of infidelity—that the festering sore broke in the bloody virus of the French Revolution.

The history of divorces is the history of poison personality. The history of corruption in politics is the history of poison personality. The breath of some poison person breathes across the blood of every battlefield, civic and social.

Cure the souls of men, and we shall have no social sores to cure. When you sweeten the heart you sweeten the home. No civics will be wrong when all characters are right.

The Companionship of Christ.

That I should desire him is nothing strange. But that he should wish to walk with me—ah, my soul, there is wonder in that. How dare I walk with him with whom the angels walk so softly? But he comes to be my companion.

"My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by the hand,
For this is heaven's border-land."

He always holds heaven in his hand. When we can touch that we can touch heaven.

1. The companionship of Christ is constant. Constancy, companionship, Christ—those three words are brimming with bliss. It is so cheering to have a constant Christ in this world of change. Even saintly friends may falter, but this Friend of sinners never. Joys grow dim. Glories fade. But the Sun of Righteousness shines on, fadeless forever.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me."

Often the soul must journey in this earthly life where even the trust of human companions cannot follow. But there are no clouds through which his shining face may not look. There are no storms above whose din his voice may not be heard. There are no terrors in whose tangled thickets the triumphant tread of this Conqueror's feet may not make music. Mountains of difficulty subside at his coming. This Christ is the soul's only constant companion.

2. Christ is a courageous companion. History knows no courage that equals Christ's. The courage of the bravest man is like the tide. It rises and falls. Even Martin Luther's courage wavered now and then. Once in the dark days of the Reformation his brave wife had to assure him that God was not dead.

But see the high courage of Christ. At the age of twelve years he met the mind of his day without a tremor. Truth was at a discount when he taught in the temple. Symbols of truth there were. But the vital pulsebeat of piety was feeble. Faith was faint. Many a masterly mind was mute on the deepest questions of death and destiny.

The soul of man sobbed in its sorrow like an unstrung harp in the wind. But this Celestial Singer smote the harp of life to music once again.

He never gives up in his quest for me. Across the desert wastes of gloom he calls. When despair plucks like a hungry raven at my heart he kindles hope once more. When the soul staggers in her sorrow his solaces are sweet and satisfying.

He was a sublimely heroic sufferer. He drank the bitter chalice of life to the very lees. He drained the dregs of death. Fearless to the very last, he faltered not till he purchased my soul with the price of his soul.

3. Christ is a comforting companion. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Yes, that is what he said. But he also said: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." That is reason enough for cheer. To know that fact is better than any feeling.

Christ comforts by his sympathy. Our feebleness is the mightiest appeal to his might. No sovereign's scepter could touch his soul so quickly as our sorrow. "He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

"There is no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given."

4. Christ is an almighty companion. No load is too heavy for him to lift. No service is too difficult for him to render.

He has all the power comprehended in truth. To measure that you must measure the might of all reforms.

He has all the power comprehended in life. That is the sum of all vital force.

He has all the power comprehended in love. Measure that, and you measure God. For God is love.

This omnipotent companion is my companion. Therein is the sweet truth that transcends my happiest dream. If this Companion abide with us, we have all else that is worth the having. Let us say to him—

"I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me."

"I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me."

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"

Lesson Messages.

1. Practice is a better proof than profession (John 14: 15).
2. The spirit of truth is the test of the true. The only abiding comfort is in Christ (John 14: 16-18).
3. Companionship with Christ identifies his interest and mine (John 14: 19, 20).
4. Christ keeps me and I keep his commandments (John 14: 21).
5. Love is the telescope of the soul through which the largest stars of truth are seen (John 14: 21).
6. It is only in the high altitudes of love that the largest seeing comes upon the soul (John 14: 22-25).
7. The spirit of truth is never allied with anything false (John 14: 26).
8. The peace of Christ is not the mere peace of emotion, but the peace of character (John 14: 27).
9. Trouble is only a tonic to the soul that is true (John 14: 27).
10. The soul that knows God need never know fear (John 14: 27).
11. Love rejoices most in the will of him she loves the best (John 14: 28).
12. Christ is with us all the days. Sorrow and sighing must have an end because his love is endless (Matt. 28: 20).

ADVANCEMENT OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

You light a taper. It burns with an ordinary light. Plunge that lighted taper into a jar of oxygen gas, and you can scarcely gaze at it, so brilliantly does it shine. Fresh from his long season of communion with God in the recesses and silences of the mount, the face of Moses shone lustrously. The transfiguration of the Christ and of the Christian is born of prayer. It unbars the gates of heaven, and fills the soul with song. It recuperates the energies spent and wearied in the world's service. It renews and vivifies our best ideals. It rectifies imperfect judgment, restores mental and moral balance, and discloses the broader vision of the onward sweep and movement of the kingdom of heaven, despite present local discouragement. It brings to our aid "pure-eyed Faith and white-handed Hope." It brings us into intimate and affectionate intercourse with the Father-heart of God.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What burdens lighten, what temptations slake!
What parched ground refresh as with a shower.
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise—and all the distant and the near
Stand forth, in sunny outline, brave and clear.

This is the meaning of power in prayer—not lung power, not rhetorical power, but spiritual power.

And this, too, is the secret of the higher life. Special conventions for the promotion of the higher life have their place. But each of us may have such a conference every day in the privacy of his own room praying to our Father in secret. What is the higher life? It is the Christian life as set forth in the sermon on the mount. It means taking this teaching and making it operative and practical in the daily life. This is the piety of Jesus. This is spirituality. This is the Spirit-filled life. It is not a luxurious reveling in day-dreams; not an evanescent fervor which is dissipated as soon as we come again into contact with the work of the common day. It is conforming of our own life to the life of Jesus, the divine life in human form. It is making the teaching of Jesus a vital energy within us. And this higher life, fed by prayer and fashioned by the indwelling Holy Spirit after the pattern of Jesus, is not—

"Too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

—Selected.

Character is made of small duties faithfully performed, of self denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts, of love and duty.—Emerson.

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for July 13: The Ten Commandments—Duties to God.

(Exodus 20: 1-11.)

Place.—Sinai.

Golden Text.—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" (Luke 10: 27).

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Duties to God (Exodus 20: 1-11).

Tuesday.—Exhortation to obedience (Deut 6: 1-15).

Wednesday.—"For our good" (Deut. 6: 16-25).

Thursday.—The commandments written (Deut. 27: 1-10).

Friday.—Warning against disobedience (Joshua 23: 1-11).

Saturday.—The perfect law (Psalm 19).

Sunday.—The great commandment (Mark 12: 28-34).

Suggestive Comment Verse by Verse.

V. 1. *And God spake.*—Opinions vary as to the methods of God's speaking. But the simple statement is more important. God did speak. That is certain, because "all these words" transcend any speech of man. Neither in Israel, then, nor among any people since, has there been found a man to put into form such law as this law of Sinai. The response of the universal conscience confesses that he who spake the ten words knew what was in man, and framed the law to fit man's nature.

V. 2. *The Lord thy God, which have brought thee out.*—God's claim on Israel is not that of Saviour. He saved because he is God. His first and sufficient claim is that he is Jehovah. That makes him the deliverer. God of Sinai is the God of Calvary. The God of law is the God of love.

V. 3. *No other gods before me.*—That "before me" must be interpreted, "in my presence," rather than "taking precedence of me." It is not enough, in the matter of gods, to count one a supreme deity, more important than the rest. There is one God. That eternal fact is the only thing which gives authority to the ten commandments, or any other utterance of God. His presence fills the worlds, and in his presence we may own no other sovereignty. He is one, and his unity is a guarantee of the sanity—that is, the harmony—of the world-systems, world-processes, human life, and divine revelation.

V. 4. *Any graven image.*—This is not a repetition of the first commandment. That proclaims that God is one, and sole in his sovereignty. This declares that God is a spirit. No object, however beautiful in itself, or significant in its symbolism, or hallowed by its associations, is to be worshiped, or even made the vehicle of worship.

V. 5. *A jealous God.*—This jealousy is not the mean and unhappy passion we usually associate with the word. The jealousy of heaven is a holy unwillingness that God's children shall degrade themselves by ignoble worship. We are made in his image, and he would hold us to our high estate. *The iniquity of the fathers.*—Not the iniquity descends to the fourth generation, but the visitation which iniquity brings. To all sin there is a real entail of evil consequences which is transmitted to the generations following. Who can measure its extent? If a man will persist in sin, he ought first to cut himself off from all human relationships, that he may not taint the moral atmosphere of the future. But he cannot so quarantine himself. No man liveth to himself. Let him, then, cut himself off from sin.

V. 6. *Mercy unto thousands (of generations).* The life of good is even stronger than the life of evil. By the grace of God evil may exhaust its entail in four generations, but good transmits its blessed strength through the unnumbered ages. If you have been inclined to make much of the influence of heredity, and in consequence have lost all hope for the future of the race, it is because you have not traced our descent far enough back. You stop with "which was the son of Adam." But the family tree does not begin there. Back of that is a sentence which explains why evil has not prevailed, and will not

at last prevail. "Adam, which was the son of God."

V. 7. *The name of the Lord thy God.* The scriptures fill the word "name" full of rich meaning. It stands for the essential nature of the one who bears it. Bible names are character-labels. The breaking of this commandment is not alone in profanity and blasphemy, but in everything that dishonors God or fails in reverence to him. There is a cheap and hurtful wit nowadays prevalent which makes light use of sacred things. Holy ideas are associated with unholy purposes. The stump-speaker is sure of a laugh from the thoughtless if he can make an adroit and equivocal reference to some scripture passage. Christian people are not as careful as they should be. The Bible is not a jest-book. *In vain.*—Not "without result," but "in the spirit of vanity." Such a transgression of the commandment is committed when the lips speak an allegiance which the life denies, when "prayer is without practice, and praise without adoration," when lips which should speak wisely and reverently are filled with coarseness and blasphemy. One of the most pitiful forms of profanity is that which fears to speak out a rounded oath, but clothes the substance and meaning of the imprecation in supposedly harmless words. Then the swearer adds cowardice to profanity, and is doubly wicked.

V. 8. *Remember the Sabbath day.*—The law of the Sabbath, as last week's lesson showed, was not first spoken at Sinai. Indeed, none of the ten words were arbitrary definitions of duties which did not exist before. They stand on eternal principles of right. The Sabbath is to be remembered, to be minded, to be a thing for thought and purpose and plan. The essential idea of the Sabbath is not worship, but rest. Worship grows out of rest, for what surer way to rest from the six-days' struggle with earth than to hold communion with God, who gave us the world to be a place of labor and probation and opportunity? Not the name of the day, but the use of the day, makes it holy or unholy. Who ceases from work on the Lord's day must either hold communion with God or with the devil. There are no Sabbath neutrals.

V. 9. *Six days shall thou labor.*—The law of labor is as vital as the law of rest. It is not the result of the fall. Labor was in God's plan for man from the beginning. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The primal curse falls most severely on the idler, for the toiler is at least fulfilling part of the divine purpose in creation, while the idler is missing the mark in everything. "This busy world" is more than a trite phrase. It is a blessed truth. The world is organized for labor, and labor and worship are so allied that he who will not work cannot worship, while he who will not worship finds his labor comes to naught at last.

V. 10. *In it thou . . . nor thy son . . . nor thy stranger.*—Here is the social law of the Sabbath. The plurality of Sabbaths is a hopeless scheme. Since Sabbath means rest, and rest means worship, and worship at its best is social, the household must needs have the same holy day. And the larger household of the state must have it. The Jewish rabbis recently in conference at New Orleans saw this, and agitated for a change of the Jewish Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week, so that the Jews' stated worship might come on the day when all the busy land could be quiet. It is, moreover, no keeping of the Sabbath which makes our pleasure depend on the labor of others. The multiplied forms of Sunday labor are occasioned, not by the need of rest and worship, but by the demand for pleasure and dissipation. Sabbath-breaking works both ways. It makes one man a desecrator, and another man his slave. "Thy stranger" is a significant phrase. The visitor from another family or tribe, or even from another nation, must conform to the Sabbath law of the home which shelters him. That is all the scripture warrant we need for insisting that the American Sunday shall not be French or German or Italian in its characteristics. These strangers that are within our gates have rights,

and one of them is the right to conform to the institutions which they find among us.

V. 11. *In six days.*—The controversy over the real meaning of the creative "day" has not yet been settled. There are many theories. Mr. Gladstone had a most ingenious one. But the important thing is that in the time of God's creative activity he ministered to man's physical well-being and in this time of God's resting he cares above all for the spiritual in man. My Sabbath is to be of that character, in which I, who am a soul, may seek the highest good of my higher nature, through freedom from distraction and concern about the things that perish.

Impaired Digestion

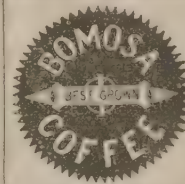
May not be all that is meant by *dyspepsia* now, but it will be if neglected.

The uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, sourness of the stomach, and disagreeable belching may not be very bad now, but they will be if the stomach is suffered to grow weaker.

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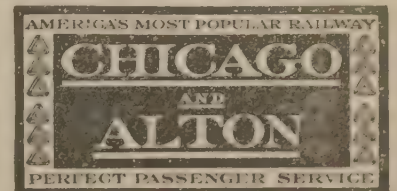
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CHICAGO, ILL.

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TOO MUCH MACHINE.

AN organization mania is upon us. Machinery is the principal thing. Nothing can be undertaken until we have a president and a vice-president and a secretary and an executive committee. Then the thing we desire to do must be moved and seconded, and officially authorized by a majority vote. Still further, a committee, duly officered, must be created to carry out the mandate of the chief body.

Machinery, machinery, machinery!

How constitutions and by-laws and parliamentary rules have taken possession of us! How effectively they have crowded out the personal element! How the individual has been absorbed by the organization!

Dr. C. W. Barnes uses the *Western Christian Advocate* to make a bloodthirsty proposition. He wants to kill the organization fiend. We second his murderous motion. Then we would dig his grave six miles deep, and cover him up with an avalanche of committees of the whole and sub-committees and motions and amendments and amendments to amendments and substitutes and appeals and annual reports and quarterly reports and monthly reports and weekly reports!

Some orderly plans are necessary, of course. But we must never forget that this wicked world will never be brought back to God by committees. Personality is the greatest thing in the world. It is mightier than the biggest machine. It is irresistible—unconquerable.

At one time we may not have had machine enough. Now we have too much.

A DISEASE THAT KILLS.

THE disease that kills is pneumonia.

Every other malady is under better control than formerly. Even the dreaded consumption is made less fatal than it was ten years ago. But pneumonia claims more victims year by year.

Much is said about the ravages of diphtheria. The whole country is disturbed by the thought of smallpox. But at their worst these diseases are only trivial factors in the death rate of our cities. Compared with pneumonia, they are not dreadful.

Pneumonia is supposed to be limited to cold weather. But it is actually more frequent in the spring and fall. It is a disease of all seasons. There is scarcely a month in the year when pneumonia causes less than one-tenth of all the deaths in our large cities. Nothing can be done, apparently, to stop it.

In the last quarter of a century the death rate in our large cities has been cut in two. Only about one-half as many people in proportion to the number of population die every year in New York, for instance, as in the year 1875. This better state of affairs is due to improvement in sanitation. But this sanitary improvement has not affected the progress of pneumonia.

There is no drug that will shorten the course of pneumonia, much less cure the disease. The only thing to do is to care for the patient unintermittently so as to tide him over the crisis of the disease. Notwithstanding all the study given to the malady, physicians confess that they are not much more successful in treating pneumonia now than they were fifty years ago.

It is clear, then, that the question of the prevention of pneumonia is the most urgent problem before the medical world. Will the gravity of the situation not stimulate study, and will not more exact and eager study discover a better way to battle with the scourge?

A PREACHER FOR SHERIFF.

THE law-abiding citizens of Androscoggin County, Me., have nominated Rev. C. S. Cummings for sheriff. He is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Auburn, and one of the most alert and progressive younger ministers in New England Methodism. We know him, and can predict that if Cummings is elected whisky joints will not thrive in that particular part of the vineyard. He is not a crank, but is broad, level-headed, forceful, and judicious. Add to that the fact that his courage is unbounded, and you have pretty good stuff out of which to make a sheriff in a prohibition county where the law has been flagrantly violated. THE EPWORTH HERALD is not a political paper, but we depart from our usual non-partisan policy upon this occasion, and advise every good citizen in Androscoggin County to vote for our preacher-friend.

There is room for debate on the wisdom of ministers running for political offices. We are not now discussing that issue. Cummings is running—running at a rapid gait, and, in the interest of righteousness, should be elected.

Therefore, vote for Cummings!

ROUNDHEAD AND ROYALIST.

EVERY little while a fact comes to the surface which rather spoils the good old notion that the civil war was fought between descendants of the Puritan on one side and the children of the Cavalier on the other. Some time ago in a Southern city there died two men who had been prominent in the Confederacy. One was in command of the city when the Federal troops captured it, and was the chief figure in the surrender. The other was a brigade surgeon in the Confederate army. One of these men was born in Maine, and the other in Massachusetts! The recent death of Dr. B. M. Palmer, for sixty years a leading spirit in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the one minister who moved the South as Beecher moved the North during the great struggle, is another case in point. Dr. Palmer was of purest New England blood, and a college friend of Henry Ward Beecher! Thus do the unfeeling facts make sport of the finest historical and oratorical myths.

LODGES.

“OUR little city has a population of 6,000. We have more than sixty lodges for men and women. They are held on Sunday, and on every other evening during the week. Some church members go to lodge four times a week. When it comes to a question of attendance at a lodge or a church meeting, the lodge generally receives the preference.”

That is an exact quotation of what a delegate said in an Epworth League convention not many days since. Others said that about the same state of things existed elsewhere. We could easily comment upon the remarkable statement. That is unnecessary. The fact itself is sufficiently startling. It is an index finger pointing—where?

“ORATING.”

THE editor of *Zion's Herald* quotes from a correspondent this description of Dr. McKenzie's preaching: “I have just heard Dr. McKenzie, and one great charm lay in the fact that he just talked to us. There was no oratory. Why cannot we preach as he does? He always talks. I try to preach that way, but the first thing I know I am orating. Cannot we get rid of so much oratory in the pulpit and have more talking?” The editor adds: “Sure are we that the suggestion is most valuable and practical to

all our preachers.” We agree fully with correspondent and editor. Both these writers will probably admit that in no part of the United States is “orating” in such demand as in New England. She has had so many men famed for forensic ability that she has unconsciously set up that standard. A minister who is not something of an orator is of small account in the latitude of Boston.

Hon. J. H. Mickey has been nominated by the Republicans for governor of Nebraska. He is a model citizen, a glorious friend of Nebraska Wesleyan University, and a member of whom the Methodist Episcopal Church has reason to be proud. The discussion of political issues may wax warm during the campaign. Not all citizens will agree with our friend's positions. But no man will attempt to point to a stain upon the purity of Mr. Mickey's character and life. It is a credit to any commonwealth to nominate such a man for office.

As the forms of this paper are closed the whole world is waiting almost breathlessly for news from Buckingham Palace. The critical illness of the English king was a surprise. The necessity of a surgical operation shocked everyone. Anxiety throughout the British empire is intense. Indeed, almost the same may be said of all other countries. Expressions of sympathy by the press of this land have been abundant and sincere. The present suspense reminds us forcibly of the dark days following the murder of Mr. McKinley.

The death of Dr. Andrew Hunter at Little Rock, Ark., last month removed one of the few survivors of the historic General Conference of 1844. Dr. Hunter was one of the great men of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and for years he was in the forefront of its work in Arkansas. His declining years were passed in a community where everybody knew him and loved to honor him. A church in Little Rock was named for him half a dozen years ago.

THE EPWORTH HERALD is sent to press ten days before the date of its publication. This mechanical necessity puts the editor into awkward positions occasionally. It was so last week. We commented on the coronation of the English king in advance, so as to be “up to date.” When the news of Edward's serious illness came the paper was being mailed. We were a little too enterprising, that is all.

Forty of our personal friends now wear the “D.D.” degree by authority of some good college. With this issue we mail our congratulations. THE EPWORTH HERALD follows its historic course in reporting no honorary degrees. The reason therefor we have repeatedly given.

The General Cabinet is to meet at Ludington-on-the-Lake, Mich., on Thursday, July 31. If you have something on your mind which should receive the attention of that body, write to the general secretary, or some other member of the body.

We are glad to learn that the success of the coming congress of young negroes in Atlanta is assured. Dr. Bowen and Assistant Secretary Penn express the most optimistic views concerning the attendance and usefulness of the gathering.

Three cheers for Chancellor Buchtel of Denver University! Under his persistent and well-directed toll the mountain of debt is crumbling away. It will be paid—many months sooner than some of your doubting Thomases expect!

Worcester, Mass., will be the center of interest for the young Methodists of New England during the next two weeks. We look for a large attendance and an inspiring convention.

The *Chicago News* has a significant cartoon in which General Kitchener is surrounded by American heroes, who are giving him good advice. Hobson says: “Don't kiss.” Dewey

warns him: "Don't let them give you a house." Otis cautions him not to say too much about the war being over. Schley exclaims, "Look out for the fake historians," and Funston speaks wisest of all: "Don't talk!"

The pastor who is "too busy to give the Epworth League any attention" makes a blunder of colossal proportions.

The Epworth League is thirteen years old, but the Central Office is sending out new charters every day.

You failed to awaken interest in the reading course last year, did you say? Never mind. Try it again.

The program for the First District Convention is out. See outline in another column.

Have all pastors and junior superintendents seen a copy of *The Junior Workers' Quarterly*?

Detroit has a "committee of one thousand" to promote the International Convention.

The best kind of points for Sunday-school teachers are interrogation points.

If you are in need of physical exercise, remember the Kansas wheat crop.

How will the revival in your church affect the missionary collection?

Well, well, well! How the new D.D.'s come trooping by!

PURELY PERSONAL.

Dr. R. R. Meredith is in poor health. President Wilson of Princeton is forty-six. Dr. W. H. Milburn spends the summer on the Pacific Coast.

Governor Taft's mission to the Pope was a delicate bit of diplomatic business.

Dr. Robert McIntyre may be pastor at First Church, Los Angeles, next year.

Dr. T. B. Neely was a visitor to the International Sunday-school Convention at Denver.

Mr. Roosevelt says he will not shake hands at the state fairs he will visit in the autumn.

Rev. J. D. Bodkin has been nominated for congressman-at-large by the Fusionists of Kansas.

R. R. Doherty, Ph.D., was an interested and useful member of the Denver Sunday-school Convention.

Mr. Roosevelt has promised to attend the inauguration of President James of Northwestern University.

Mr. Chas. H. Fahs, editor of missionary publications at New York, was married not many days since.

Bishop Warren will preach the dedicatory sermon of the splendid new church edifice at Colorado Springs, Col.

Rev. Thomas Nicholson, D.D., of Cornell College will deliver a course of Bible lectures at Center Point, Ia., July 11-19.

Dr. Geo. H. Bridgman of Hamline University supplies the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago for two Sundays.

Mr. J. J. McLaren of Toronto, a familiar figure at several of our international conventions, was a caller at our sanctum last week.

Mr. Palma will get \$25,000 a year for being president of Cuba. We may take it for granted that he is unalterably opposed to annexation, at least for the present.

Mrs. Brenton A. Badley, wife of the late Dr. Badley of Lucknow, India, has recently been appointed to an important position in connection with the American University of Washington, D.C.

Rev. T. Albert Moore, for several years the efficient superintendent of the Junior League in the Methodist Church of Canada, has been elected president of the Hamilton Conference. A merited honor.

Rev. G. A. Reeder, D.D., has been elected to the presidency of Baldwin University, O. He was one of the organizers of the Epworth League, and a cultured, progressive, and thoroughly successful man.

The death of B. F. Jacobs, on the eve of the International Sunday-school Convention, profoundly impressed that great gathering. For years Mr. Jacobs has been one of the greatest Sunday-school leaders in the world.

Hon. E. W. Cunningham of Emporia, Kan., has been nominated for the supreme bench by the Republicans. Judge Cunningham was a lay delegate from the South Kansas Conference to our last General Conference.

Rev. W. F. Berry has been elected president of Kent's Hill Seminary. He is one of the strong men of the Maine Conference, and possesses the confidence of his brethren. The new official seems to have been wisely chosen.

Emperor William says that when a German can look into the eyes of the empress he ought to have inspiration enough to last him a lifetime. How nice it must be for her if the emperor talks like that when company is not present!

Mrs. S. V. Halsey of Lee, Mass., presented a meritorious paper on "Christian stewardship," before the Poughkeepsie District, in which he gave a careful comparison of ways and means by which great sums of money are expended and the comparative value that is given and used for God and his church.

METHODIST MENTION.

The trustees of First Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga., have sold the church property for \$100,000, and will build a modern structure in a new location.

That suggestive address of Dr. E. E. Helms on Jonah and the "whale" has been reprinted in booklet form by Robert M. Kurtz, Caxton Building, Cincinnati.

Rev. W. H. York has organized a bicycle club in Centenary Church, Syracuse, N. Y. Every Thursday the members ride to some well chosen place and hold a religious service.

The Sunday evenings in June have been occupied by Rev. W. H. W. Rees, D.D., of Pittsburgh, in preaching to his Smithfield-street people on "The man who never became discouraged," "The great wrestler," "The man who fell before the shears," "The man who used a sling," and "The man who spent a night with the lions."

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

Jersey City District is pushing the group rally plan. The rally of June 10, held at Hackensack, N. J., was notably profitable.

Clark-street Chapter, Toledo, O., held a memorial service on a recent Sunday morning, and memoirs of departed members were read.

The league lecture course at Arcadia, O., was a large success this year. A comfortable sum is in the treasurer's hands after paying all bills.

The Epworthian Literary Society of Ballard, Wash., held its first anniversary June 16, honoring the event with an elaborate and attractive program.

A lady speaker at a recent convention, in giving some practical hints, advised lady delegates not to "ask for lamps to curl their hair, but to take along some kids to do the curling."

In Allegheny District there are fifteen mission-study classes, sixteen missionary committees, and five missionary libraries. One study-class member increases his missionary offering from \$1.00 to \$46. Two young women have decided to offer themselves for missionary work.

The Cleveland Deaconess Home will send barrels of empty fruit-cans, freight prepaid, to mercy and help departments which will fill them and return them to the home. This offer should be widely accepted in the territory around Cleveland. The home address is 268 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, O.

The world-wideness of the Epworth League movement is evidenced by the fact that the assistant treasurer of the Board of Control, Mr. S. H. Pye, has received Anniversary Day funds from chapters in Lofcha, Bulgaria; Honolulu, Hawaii, and Moradabad, India. Have all our home chapters been as careful to remember this fund?

Mission work was tremendously emphasized at the Council Bluffs District Convention. Dr. Iliff gave memories of home mission work, and foreign missions received conspicuous attention. A thorough summer campaign will be conducted by two student volunteers, with the purpose of organizing a study-class and putting a missionary library in each chapter.

CONVENTION JOTS.

The Ashland District Convention program is finely illustrated with half tones of the principal speakers.

One of the "convention pointers" from the Independence District program: "Preachers are expected to wear 'bob-tailed' coats."

Fort Smith District adhered closely to the crusade themes in this year's convention. Result: a gathering that paid for itself four times over.

The college presidents are in evidence at the summer conventions. They talk convincingly on the theme, "The relation of this district to my college."

At the Decatur District Convention the literary topics were "Why read?" "What to read," and "How to read," and Presiding-elder Reed conducted the open parliament on reading.



MR. J. H. MICKEY,
Leading Nebraska Methodist.

COLLEGES.

Upper Iowa University will dedicate its fine library building at the opening of the fall term.

The alumni orator at Williamsport Dickinson Seminary was Rev. A. S. Bowman of Hollidaysburg, Pa. His son, George A., is one of this year's graduates.

Wesleyan Academy at Chucky City, Tenn., can have the services of a highly efficient teacher for next year by raising \$200, and Principal S. H. Thompson is doing his utmost to procure this greatly-needed reinforcement of his teaching staff.

Cumberland University selects Mr. David E. Mitchell for its new president. The thing that makes this choice remarkable is that Mr. Mitchell is a member of this year's graduating class in the same institution. He has secured nearly \$50,000 in new endowments during the past year.

The trustees of Cornell College have created a new chair, that of psychology and pedagogy, to which Prof. George H. Betts has been elected. Professor Betts was graduated from Cornell in the class of '99. He taught two years in the academy, and has spent a year in graduate study at the University of Chicago. He is a teacher and a scholar, and will add strength to the faculty.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

The next British Endeavor convention will be held at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Universalist Young People are starting for Portland, Me., where their convention opens on the 9th.

The Young People's Christian Union of the United Brethren Church will be in session at Canton, O., next week.

The *Epworth Era* prints a series of chapters on Christian doctrine for the Epworthians of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The North Georgia Conference Convention at Augusta was a revival gathering. Dr. Du Bose says: "There was a touch of Pentecost in the after-service."

A committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly is considering plans for a closer denominational oversight of the young people's societies in Presbyterian churches.

The announcement of the South Georgia Convention is full of meat. One of the suggestions is a good one for all conventions: "Bring a little extra money. The literature table will tug persistently at your purse-strings."

George Foster Peabody has bought and presented to the Brooklyn Colored Young Men's Christian Association a fine old mansion costing about \$8,000. Evening educational classes for colored young men will be prominent in this association, which now has 250 members pledged. Mr. Peabody has promised liberal aid in erecting a building for the colored association in his native city, Columbus, Ga., when it shall have developed to require it. For years membership in many of the city and other associations has been open to negroes, but very few of these young men avail themselves of the privilege. The associations find that to help colored young men special organizations are required, as for railroad men, soldiers, sailors, students, and other groups of young men.

From the Wide Field.

EASTERN STATES.

Tionesta, Pa.—The league here is doing excellent work in every department. The Junior League has been reorganized with thirty-one members. Anniversary Day was recognized by all-day services. Five new subscribers to THE EPWORTH HERALD.

Port Morris, N. J.—A successful group rally was held at this place by the chapters of Group 4 of the Paterson District League. Excellent addresses were given by the presiding elder, Dr. Ryman, in the morning, Revs. Samuel Jones and F. L. West in the afternoon, and Rev. J. A. Hansey in the evening. The program was interspersed with special music, and a very spiritual time was had.

Perry, N. Y.—There is a prosperous chapter in our church here. The young people are alive to up-to-date methods of league work. A recent membership contest resulted in adding sixty-five new members to the league, thirty being active. They are now planning a summer campaign to hold the members to attendance during the warm summer evenings. Anniversary Day was observed in capital style, and \$3.00 was sent to the Central Office.

Hackensack, N. J.—The first rally of Group No. 2 of Jersey City District League was held in First Church of this city Tuesday afternoon and evening, June 10. The sermon in the afternoon was by Rev. Arthur Berry on "Understanding Christianity," striking strong blows at a creedless Christianity. Junior work was also considered at this session. The vesper service was a delightful occasion of praise and testimony. In the evening Mr. Charles Vickrey emphasized the importance of missions in a stirring address. A consecration service crowned the day. It is hoped that these group rallies will have a stimulating effect on the work of the district.

WESTERN STATES.

Riceville, Ia.—The Riceville Chapter lost its church home last summer by fire. For a time the young people were demoralized, but they have rallied splendidly. They have pledged and raised \$100 on the beautiful new church, and are now earnestly working to raise more. The devotional meetings are better than ever.

Newton, Ia.—The chapter at First Church gave an evening with home authors on June 16. The entire program, stories, poems, and music, was the work of Newton folk. More than 1,000 people greatly enjoyed the novel entertainment. The chapter will take charge of the morning service during the pastor's vacation in July.

Blue Hill, Neb.—Belated echoes of Anniversary Day still reach our office. The chapters at Blue Hill used the official service, and had several short practical papers on league work. Altogether, it made an interesting program, and was much enjoyed. The devotional meetings are markedly spiritual. A number of our best young men take an active part in the work.

Ballard, Wash.—The Epworthian Literary Society of Gilman Park Chapter held its first anniversary June 16. As an auxiliary of the third department, the society has enrolled nearly all the members of the league, and a number of other young people. During the past year the chapter has persistently held to the policy of "take time" for the educational work of the league. In return for this, the society has been a strong ally to the chapter. Some results are: More businesslike business meetings. Leaders conduct devotional meetings with more ease and skill. Many of those who have joined the chapter during the year were attracted by the society's meetings. All agree that these, along with the personal profit, have more than repaid the work entailed, and the society hopes in the coming year to make the literary activity even more helpful. A dainty and tasteful program accompanies this news item.

Knoxville, Ia.—Chapter 1156 of Knoxville, Ia., elected officers in April, and the same were installed on Anniversary Day by Dr. Cox, the pastor, and Dr. Thos. Nicholson of Cornell College. Dr. Nicholson preached in the morning, and in the evening he lectured to the young people on "Symmetrical manhood." On May 18 the evening services consisted of the "Epworth League Rainbow." On Tuesday evening, June 17, the new cabinet received the members of the Epworth League and their friends at a lawn social, held on the lawn of the president and first vice-president, whose homes adjoin one another. It is the plans of the social committee to hold socials regularly, once a month at least, during the coming year. The treasury department, under the leadership of G. E. McCorkle, is raising over \$50 to finish paying the chapter subscription on church repairs. Although the Knoxville Chapter has not been up to its usual standard the past year, the present prospects

**Keep the refrigerator clean.
Use hot water, a cake of
Ivory Soap and a clean
scrubbing brush; scrub the
sides, corners, racks, out-
let pipes and drip cup;
rinse with cold water and
wipe dry. The Ivory Soap
will not leave any odor.**

point to increased action and usefulness during the coming year.

MIDDLE STATES.

Chicago Heights, Ill.—Our church at this place is blessed in having a very wide awake and energetic league chapter. The president seems to be the right person in the right place, and is a constant inspiration to good work. The young people are happily busy preparing for the approaching convention.

Greensburg, Ind.—First Church Chapter is in splendid condition. It has raised \$40 for missions, and \$60 for the new science hall at Moores Hill College. The money for missions was raised by the 2-cent a-week plan, the other by voluntary subscriptions, thus not using socials and entertainments as money-making schemes at all. These are generally free. The secretary says they find this the best plan. Other work is also in good shape.

Xenia, O.—First Church Chapter reports the completion of a successful year's work. The mercy and help department made nearly 900 calls, and distributed a large number of flowers, tracts, and religious papers. Thirteen families were given provisions at Thanksgiving time, and \$50 have been expended in charitable work. The social department held a titling social and secured fifty-seven new members. Sixty-four dollars were given to the building fund. The membership is 212.

Oak Park, Ill.—The chapter of Third Church held its annual business meeting June 2, electing new officers. The reports show a very satisfactory condition of league work, taking into consideration that the chapter has been organized but little more than a year. The devotional meetings are well attended, and the mercy and help department is very diligent. A series of evenings with English authors, planned by the literary and assisted by the social department, has been both instructive and popular.

Fostoria, O.—Fostoria Chapter is closing a most successful year's work. Attendance at devotional meetings runs from 100 to 150. Much interest is shown in the preparation and discussion of the topics. Soul-stirring music is always a feature of the meetings. The mercy and help department has much good work to its credit. In addition to 300 calls nearly \$300 worth of clothing, fuel, and provisions has been distributed where needed. The literary department divided the league into two competitive sections. As can be well imagined interest in literary work was well sustained. Social department has kept a hand-shaking or reception committee at the door of league-room during meetings. They greet all comers and try to make strangers feel at home. Old Folks' Day and Anniversary Day were fittingly observed. The league expects to surpass this record during the coming year.

A Mother's Milk

may not fit the requirements of her own offspring. A failing milk is usually a poor milk. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the standard for more than forty years. Send for book "Babies," 71 Hudson street, N. Y.

The New England Convention.

The tenth convention of the First General Conference District Epworth League, comprising the Methodist young people's societies of the six New England conferences and Italy, will be held in Grace Church, Worcester, Mass., July 10-13. It is expected that fully 1,000 delegates, representing the 750 societies in the district, will be in attendance. The convention will open Thursday, at 2:30 p.m., with a communion service, conducted by Rev. W. T. Perin, D.D., of Auburndale, to be followed by an address from Rev. E. O. Thayer, D.D., of Woodfords, Me. In the evening, following the addresses of welcome by Mayor Fletcher and President Delano of the Worcester Leagues, and a response by Robert C. Parker of Westfield, there will be an address by Rev. E. S. Tipple, D.D., of New York City.

Friday morning the sunrise prayer-meeting will be led by J. M. Russell of Somersworth, N. H. At 9 o'clock the "quiet hour" meeting will be led by Rev. John A. Hamilton of North Adams, who will conduct a similar meeting Saturday morning, at the same hour. The general topic for consideration Friday morning will be "The world for Christ." The speakers will be Rev. W. S. Bovard of Portland, Me.; Mrs. T. J. Everett, South Manchester, Conn.; Miss Alice Lord, Portland, Me., and Rev. E. M. Taylor, D.D., of Cambridge, field secretary of the Missionary Society. In the afternoon the topic "Christian Stewardship" will be considered by Theodore A. Hildreth of Newton, Frank M. Strout of Portland, Me., President Fred H. Knight of New Orleans University, New Orleans, La., and Bishop W. F. Mallalien, D.D., LL.D., of Auburndale. A banquet will be served at 5:30. In the evening the meeting will be a patriotic gathering, with addresses by Rev. Franklin Hamilton of Boston, and Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr.

Saturday morning the sunrise meeting will be led by Miss Bertha E. Dudley of Clinton. Following the business hour, the topic of "Bible study" will be considered by Rev. E. F. Studley, New Bedford, and Rev. W. I. Haven, D.D., secretary of the American Bible Society, New York. In the afternoon the subject "Personal preparation for service" will be presented. The speakers will be Rev. F. C. Rodgers, Lawrence, Prof. J. V. W. Rich, Providence, President S. A. Bender of East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, Me., and George H. Fernald, Jr., Worcester. An open parliament will be conducted by Rev. J. F. Berry, D.D., Chicago, and "An hour with the Juniors" will be under the direction of Mrs. Annie E. Smiley of Lowell, the general superintendent of the Junior League of the Methodist church. The evening will be devoted entirely to department conferences. Grace Church, Trinity Church, and the Board of Trade rooms will be utilized for this purpose.

Sunday morning the convention love-feast will be under the leadership of Rev. Stephen O. Benton, D.D., of Fall River. The Methodist pulpits of Worcester and vicinity will be occupied by visiting clergymen. In the afternoon a platform meeting will be held, at which addresses will be delivered by Hon. Robert F. Raymond of New Bedford, Rev. M. S.

Kaufman, D.D., Fall River, James M. Gage, Baldwinville, and Dr. Joseph F. Berry, Chicago. The Epworth League prayer-meeting will be conducted by F. K. Wentworth, Somersworth; N. H. The convention sermon will be preached in the evening by Rev. Charles Bruce Pitblado of Yalesville, Conn. An efficient local committee in Worcester, of which Charles W. Delano, 1 Lowell Street, is chairman, and Miss Cora D. E. Robinson, 26 Fountain Street, is secretary, is making elaborate plans for the reception and entertainment of the convention. The railroads throughout New England have granted reduced rates, and the interest is of an enthusiastic character. It is expected that the convention will be the largest and the best ever held by the Epworth League in New England.

Blairsville District Convention.

One of the best conventions in the history of the Blairsville District League was held at Derry Station, Pa., June 12-15.

Each session was opened with a half-hour devotional service, and each evening address was followed by evangelistic services, while the day sessions were conducted on the "Institute" plan, with the following topics: 1. "A study in business methods." 2. "The league devotional meeting." 3. "Missions and other benevolences of the Methodist Episcopal Church." 4. "The Junior League."

All on the program did faithful and effective service. The delegates generally showed unusual earnestness by regular attendance, freedom in discussion of topics, and by promptness and directness in testimony.

The spiritual tone of the convention grew better with each session until the close.

The entire day Sunday was one of power and influence for good. A number professed conversion, while a great many testified to a deeper religious experience.

Ten Junior and thirty-one Senior leagues reported at this convention, nearly all in better condition than last year. Six mission-study classes reported, and all told of progress as well as delight in this work.

Rev. C. M. Boswell, D.D., of Philadelphia, had charge of all the evangelistic services during the convention.

Officers elected for the coming year are: Pres., Will Sailer, Jeanette, Pa.; Sec., Gertrude Richard, Latrobe, Pa.; Treas., E. A. McColly, Latrobe, Pa.; Jr. Supt., Anna B. Johnston, Apollo, Pa.; Miss. Sec., S. W. Bierer, Greensburg, Pa. (Condensed from a report by Gertrude Richard, secretary.)

Jacksonville District Convention.

The ninth annual convention of the Jacksonville District League was held in Brooklyn Church, Jacksonville, Ill., June 17 and 18. A large number of delegates was in attendance, and every league was represented.

The convention proved a soul-stirring Wesleyan meeting. An excellent and carefully prepared program was well rendered. Every paper contained many strong and helpful thoughts.

The corresponding secretary's report showed that no backward steps had been taken by any chapter on the district this year. Revival fires, missionary work, reading-circles, and normal Bible classes showed a good soul-stirring interest throughout the district. The guards and boys' brigade of Brooklyn, and the drill by the Brooklyn Juniors showed some excellent work among the Juniors.

The address by Rev. Parker Shields of Quincy, the sermon by Rev. D. F. Howe, D.D., of Springfield, and the autoharp solos by Rev. J. R. Burchit of Virginia, were valuable and helpful parts of the program.

The program was intensely practical, being devoted almost entirely to league work: The wheel, the model league, round-table on the spiritual department, mercy and help, the reading course, Bible study, etc. There was a blessed Wesley service at 5:30 Wednesday morning. At the morning session Prof. J. R. Harker, president of Illinois Woman's College, gave an address on "Education." Special attention was paid to missions and tithing. This fine and helpful program proves the fact that downright earnest Christian work is paramount in interest for the Epworthian of to day.

Delegates were elected to the Anti-Saloon League convention in Washington, D. C. Dec. 15. The convention voted to send the district president, Rev. R. A. Hartrick, as a delegate to the state convention at Mt. Carmel.

Havana was the place chosen to hold the next convention.

Excellent music was furnished, and spirited discussions were engaged in during the convention.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Pres., Rev. R. A. Hartrick, Petersburg; V. P's, Prof. T. R. Hopkins, Jacksonville; Mrs. Julia Short,

Jacksonville; Miss Mabelle Short, Greenfield; Miss Anna Pitzer, Athens; Cor. Sec., Miss Olivia G. Dunlap, Jacksonville; Rec. Sec., Miss Lena Rawlings, Jacksonville; Treas., Mr. Arthur Swain, Sinclair; Jr. Supt., Miss Laura Scandrett, Rockbridge; Miss. Sec., Mr. Eugene Pearse, Jacksonville; Ex. Com., Rev. S. R. Reno, Topeka; Rev. H. F. Cusic, Palmyra; Prof. J. W. Dewhurst, Havana; Rev. T. J. Wheat, Greenfield; Rev. M. M. Vant, Jacksonville. (Olivia G. Dunlap, corresponding secretary.)

PRESSED HARD.

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

Mr. C. C. Wright, superintendent of the public schools in North Carolina, says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country, and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum Food Coffee. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family were so well pleased with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Great Northern Railway Popular Excursions.

Only \$43.00 St. Paul to Portland, Ore., and return, \$50.00 from Chicago, with stop-over privileges at Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma; \$50.00 St. Paul or Minneapolis to San Francisco and return. See Great Northern Railway Agents for details, or write F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, for pamphlet "Pacific Coast Conventions 1902."

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On account of the B. Y. P. U. meeting at Providence, the Wabash will sell excursion tickets from Chicago as above July 7, 8, and 9 via Niagara Falls. Return limit Aug. 15. Write for B. Y. P. U. illustrated folder, containing maps and full information. City Ticket Office 97 Adams St., Chicago

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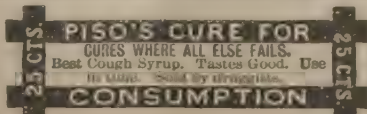
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Children will no longer forget to clean their teeth. If parents give them to use. It is perfectly harmless, prevents decay and is pleasant to use. Large bottles, 25 cents.

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Theological Seminary at Evanston, Ill. YEAR OPENS SEPT. 24, 1902. For rooms in Heck Hall apply to R. R. MARR. For particulars to CHARLES J. LITTLE, President, Evanston, Ill.

The Varied Work of the Fourth Department.

SOCIAL DEPARTMENT SUCCESSES.—L. A. Robertson.

The socials here noted have come under my observation as fourth vice-president of the Indianapolis District League:

The Fletcher Place Chapter had what was called a founders' social. All the ex-presidents of the chapter, of whom there were several in the city, were invited to be present and address the league.

* * *

At Mooresville the names of celebrated English people such as Cromwell, George the Third, Macaulay and Jane Austen, were pinned on the backs of the guests, and from the remarks of others and by asking questions, each guessed the name pinned on his back. As soon as a name was guessed another was substituted. It was a good test of one's knowledge of English history, people, and literature.

* * *

The East Park Chapter has had a plan by which the social chairman sends the members of the committee by twos to call upon certain people each month. The chairman keeps a list of people upon whom calls should be made, and the members of the committee agree to make a certain number of calls each month. The committee is furnished with calling cards which announce the regular church services.

* * *

A Reception to Students.—The Quayle Chapter had a reception to the students of the professional and business colleges of the city in the fall. As each one entered the church parlors a member of the social committee pinned on him a small card, cut and colored to represent a pumpkin. On each of these cards, besides the name of the person wearing it, was a letter and a number. The letters on the cards bearing the same number, when combined, spelled the name of some prominent person. For instance, there were six cards numbered "2," and the letters on these different cards, when brought together, spelled the name "Durbin." The names that the cards spelled were not disclosed to the guests, who were required to search for all the cards bearing the same number, and then solve the anagram. When all persons having cards of the same number were together, that group was required to write a verse of poetry concerning the person whose name was spelled by their letters. These verses were read to the audience, and a reward of a large pumpkin pie was given to the group writing the best poetry, the decision being made by judges previously appointed. At the conclusion of the evening's program the guests were served with pumpkin pie and milk.

* * *

An Apple Social.—A similar social was an apple social given by the East Park Chapter. Instead of pumpkin-shaped cards, cards cut to represent apples were used. The letters on these spelled the names of an apple, such as pippin, crab, russet, etc. The poetry was about the apple. For the best poetry a very large apple was given, and for the worst a very small apple.

The invitations to this social were two pieces of white paper, cut to represent an apple, with a leaf hanging to the stem, pasted together at the top. A pattern to cut by can be found in a nurseryman's catalogue. A few pencil tracings, especially on the leaf, make a very good representation. On the outside were written the words, "Doesn't it look inviting?" and on the inside of the sheets was written:

INVITED.
Who? You.
When? March 25, 1902.
What? An apple social.
Where? Pastor's residence.

East Park Epworth League.

These invitations were distributed the pre-

vious Sunday by members of the social committee.

* * *

A Reception to the Pastor.—The East Park League, when their former pastor was returned to them, varied the usual formal address of welcome and response, by using the following program, having the same printed on white cardboard, 3½ x 5½ inches in size, and distributed through the audience:

Music.	Prayer.	Music.	Toasts.
What do we need?			
The Sunday-school..... Response by superintendent.			
The Epworth League..... Response by president.			
The lay members..... Response by a member.			
The official board..... Response by an official member.			
The pastor..... Response by the pastor.			
Conversation.			
"Eat, drink, and be merry."			

On the reverse side was printed an Epworth League design, the name of the church and date, and then this:

Conversation.
(Five minutes for each topic.)
How can we get

1. What the Sunday-school needs?
2. What the Epworth League needs?
3. What the lay members need?
4. What the official board needs?
5. What the pastor needs?

At the close of the toasts those present secured a partner to converse with during each five minutes by writing their names on each other's cards in the usual way. At the close of the conversation refreshments were served. A formal printed invitation was sent to every member of the church either by mail or messenger.

* * *

Library Social.—Here is a program of a library social. All the books were books of fiction, and the telling of the plots and purposes of the various books held the undivided attention of the "readers" during the time allotted to each book. A sufficient number of copies of the following were mimeographed, so that each guest could have one:

LIBRARY SOCIAL.
at
East Park M. E. Church.

List of books to be reviewed.

1. "His Brother's Keeper," Sheldon.
2. "David Harum," Westcott.
3. "The Christian," Hall Caine.
4. "The Lamplighter."
5. "The Little Minister," Barrie.
6. "In League with Israel," Johnson.
7. "Richard Carvel," Churchill.
8. "John Halifax, Gentleman," Craig.
9. "Christ and the Church," Sheldon.

Name.....

Directions.

The story of each of the above books will be told four times during the evening by someone who has read the book. The limit for each review will be fifteen minutes. All will have an opportunity to listen to reviews of any four books they may choose, and may ask questions about the book of the reviewer, or discuss it.

To select your books make a cross opposite the titles of the four books you wish to hear reviewed, sign your name on the line provided, and hand this list to an attendant. The attendant will tell you which of the four books you are to hear reviewed during each fifteen minutes.

Be sociable.

The choice of books should be made as early in the evening as possible so as to avoid delay in assigning to places and times.

Indianapolis, Ind.

One District's Activities.—Many of our chapters use application cards for membership. In some cases these cards are put in the hands of a "canvass committee" appointed for this purpose. In other cases the members are considered a committee of the whole in the work of obtaining new members. Other chapters each year appoint a "look-out" committee, whose duty it is to greet strangers, both at league meetings and church services, and to interview and visit young people who join the church, and ask them to identify themselves with the chapter. This plan works well, and is a help both to the church and chapter.

Music is made a prominent feature of our meetings. Several chapters have both a Junior and Senior choir which assist at the services. Others secure instrumental or vocal soloists for their meetings at frequent intervals. We find that a live, musical chapter, with active and energetic young people who always have someone on hand to play and sing, as a rule, has good meetings. Some chapters secure leaders of the singing and accompanists for a month at a time. In this way no hardship is placed on anyone, and we find no trouble in securing help, as there are nearly always persons who are ready and willing to volunteer for a month. Other chapters appoint for a period of six months. In some of our chapters the music is looked after by the first vice-president, but in the majority of instances the fourth vice-president has charge of this branch of the services. This is always arranged between the first and fourth vice-presidents.

We find the use of ushers at meetings not very successful, as the great majority of those attending are members of the chapter or church, and hence select their own seats. Ushers, however, are in regular service in some of our chapters, and all have them on important occasions. All provide someone to look out for strangers who may enter.

All of our chapters use decorations more or less elaborate—generally flowers; and especially is this done on any unusual occasion. Many furnish flowers for the church services, which are afterwards turned over to the first or second vice-presidents to be sent to the sick.

Excursions are given during the summer by many chapters. Some go down the river on moonlight trips, often combining with other chapters, and sometimes with other denominations. Many trolley parties are given during the season, to points near by, or outside the city. The usual plan is to hire two or more cars from the street-railway companies, and then sell tickets to sister chapters at a reasonable price. This has been a source of considerable good in extending acquaintanceship among us, and it is also a means of revenue.

Brookland gave a pie social. Fletcher has given a "colonial social," all participants appearing in colonial costume, and also a "sunbonnet social," the honor of the evening going to the party with the most unique and striking bonnet. McKendree, Foundry, St. Paul, Trinity, Anacostia, Douglas, and, in fact, all of our chapters have given one or more socials during the past winter. In many of the chapters the third and fourth departments combine, hence it is somewhat difficult to specify, in many cases, what is a social and which a literary evening.

Refreshments are served at all these meetings, in some cases elaborate, in others more modest. Sherbet, lemonade and cake, pie and milk, doughnuts, hard tack and coffee, are among the articles used, one of the objects being to provide something unique and out of the beaten track. Sociability is cultivated and fostered at all our meetings, and, at the same time, work for the good of the chapters is done by inviting to the league and church services, people often being more easily won at a social function than at other times.—H. A. Ison, Washington District League.

Recent Conventions.

Holdrege District.

The tenth annual convention of the Holdrege District League met at McCook, Neb., Thursday, June 12. There were present ninety-three delegates out of 120, and interesting sessions were had throughout the whole convention, which lasted until the evening of the 15th. Rev. E. S. Dunham of Delaware, O., was present throughout and preached able, instructive, and helpful sermons. Classes in each department were held on Friday and Saturday. It was decided that all helps possible to obtain for work of the devotional meeting should be used, but merely as helps, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The test of consecration is work of mercy and help. A message of love and sympathy was sent to the family of Rev. O. R. Beebe, who is critically ill from a paralytic stroke at his home at Wilber.

Dr. Dunham showed how the pledge of the league is founded upon the Discipline and the word of God. Under "Missionary topic" was emphasized the fact that the crying need of the church to-day is a greater missionary spirit in opening hearts and pocketbooks. Systematic giving was advocated. Friday evening Dr. Dunham preached a powerful sermon. In the executive department it was decided that in the absence of the president at cabinet meetings his duties devolve upon the different heads of the departments from the first to the fourth vice president. The much-mooted question of church socials was argued pro and con, and the need of educating the young to give for the sake of advancing God's kingdom, which is so often neglected in the holding of socials as at present, was emphasized.

Rev. W. E. Grose of the Book Concern was present to edify, and work for the enlightenment of the Epworthians. His address to young men Sunday afternoon was inspiring. Three young men arose for prayers at its conclusion. The report from the different leagues showed a marked growth in numbers, members, attendance, and interest. All leagues hold their devotional meetings on Sunday.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. Otis Hinson; V. P.'s, Ross Drulliner, Loretta S. Springer, C. G. Bosworth, Mrs. Frank Brown; Miss. Sec., Etta Crippen; Sec., Mrs. Rev. B. Howe; Treas., Lena Mershon; Jun. Supt., Mrs. James John; Directors, Pres.-elder W. E. Hardaway, Revs. L. M. Grigsby, and J. O. Street. Minden was chosen as the place for holding the next convention. It was also decided to have it during the week, so as not to continue over Sunday. The sermon Sunday morning was precious, sweet, and soul-stirring.

On Sunday afternoon the children were addressed by Mrs. Lillian Rutledge in her delightful manner. The women at the same hour had the privilege of listening to one of the best addresses of the whole convention by Mrs. Rev. A. P. Beal. The men were favored by a masterly address by Rev. A. P. Beal. Rev. M. B. Carman led the devotional meeting Sunday evening in a model manner. Dr. Dunham followed with a profound sermon on the law of God. It was an inspiring, enthusiastic convention throughout.

Decatur District.

A most practical and interesting program had been prepared by Pres. John P. Edgar and his cabinet for the twelfth annual convention of the Decatur District (Illinois Conference) Epworth League which was held at Illiopolis, Ill., June 18 and 19. There was a splendid attendance of delegates, and thirty-two out of forty-two chapters were represented.

A special feature of the convention was the presence during all the sessions of Dr. C. H. Morgan of Rochester, Mich., one of the members of the notable Cleveland Conference of 1889 that gave birth to our Epworth League. Dr. Morgan gave some helpful addresses and drills on Bible work. The convention was also fortunate in having our state Junior superintendent, Mrs. Miles, present. The temperance work was well presented by W. H. Anderson of Springfield, superintendent of the Illinois Anti-saloon League.

The convention opened with "Greetings," in which Rev. S. W. Beggs, pastor of the church that entertained us, told "Why we invited you," and Rev. J. P. Edgar, district president, told "Why we came." "Missionary consecration" and "Methods for promoting missionary intelligence and enthusiasm" were handled by Miss Blanche Binkley of Warrensburg and Rev. M. G. Coleman of Pana, respectively. The literary hour was divided into "Why read?" by J. R. Grantham of Butler and "What read?" by Miss Ruth Hoffman of Decatur, with a general discussion on "How to read." The social hour was in charge of R. C. Augustine of Decatur with "How to have a league social." Mrs. P. P. Carson of Hillsboro conducted the "Junior hour," assisted by Mrs. J. H.

Bradley and the Illiopolis Juniors in a splendid exercise—also by Miss Maud Kilpatrick of Hillsboro, Mrs. C. M. Barton of Assumption, and Mrs. D. T. Miles of Maroa. Papers on "How to have a revival," and "How to reach young men" were read by Rev. P. P. Carson of Hillsboro and Prof. C. E. Peters of Illiopolis. Presiding-elder Horace Reed had charge of the communion hour, and the convention closed with a splendid sermon on "God's second preposition," by Dr. D. F. Howe of Springfield.

The officers elected were: Pres. S. W. Beggs, Illiopolis; V. P.'s, M. G. Coleman, Pana; Jennie Bell, Decatur; C. M. Barton, Assumption; Mrs. Chas. Boyer, Decatur; J. P. Edgar, Lovington; Sec., Miss Ruth C. Hoffman, Decatur; Treas., Chas. Mosher, Pana; Jr. Supt., Mrs. R. E. Pierce, Warrensburg; Ex. Com., P. P. Carson, Hillsboro; R. C. Augustine, Decatur, and J. R. Grantham, Butler. The convention will meet next year at Cerro Gordo. (Reported by H. R. Crawford, Hillsboro, Ill.)

St. Paul District.

The St. Paul District Epworth League held its annual convention at Red Wing, Minn., June 13-15. Nearly all the chapters were represented. "Our youth the hope of church and state" was the convention motto.

The convention opened Friday evening. Mr. F. S. Larimour delivered a hearty and inspiring address of welcome. The response was by Rev. D. L. Rader, D.D., pastor First Church, St. Paul, his subject being "The power of choice and the possibility of development—the peril of the soul." It was a masterful plea in the interest of that work in the league that will bring our youth to an early and positive decision for "the highest New Testament standard of experience and life."

Saturday morning, after devotional exercises, Rev. D. Paul Rader of Asbury Church, St. Paul, used the theme, "Work and play," to show that our youth must be reached by a religious appeal that will include the entire life. Miss Bertha Morrison, a deaconess from Asbury Hospital, spoke on "The mercy and help department at large."

In the afternoon Prof. R. Watson Cooper of Hamline University addressed the convention on "Literature and life." It was a valuable contribution to the work of the literary department. It was thoughtful, comprehensive, and in exceedingly fine taste, provoking a lively discussion. Miss Pearl Heal presented a most excellent and practical paper on the work of the mercy and help department in the local church.

The "Outlook" was the subject of the Saturday evening service. Reports were given by members from the different delegations, and statements made regarding plans for the future.

District officers were elected as follows: Pres., Carl Miller, Hamline; V. P., F. S. Larimour, Red Wing; Sec., W. H. Oliver, St. Paul; Ass't Sec., Miss Abbie Lawton, St. Paul; Treas., Ed. Hoerger, Fairbault; Ex. Com., Rev. R. N. Avison, Hamline; C. P. Carpenter, Northfield; Rev. W. W. Brown, Stillwater.

After this election Dr. F. M. Rulc, presiding-elder, who, in the absence of the president and by request of the convention, had been presiding, called the officers forward, and, with a few appropriate words, gave the convention into their hands. The newly elected president spoke of the responsibility of the work committed to his hands, and led in a very helpful consecration service.

On Sunday the early morning devotions were led by F. S. Larimour, and were attended and participated in by nearly all of the delegates. The convention sermon was preached by Rev. John Merritte Driver, D.D., from the text, "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest," etc. The doctor was at his best, and the Epworthians will not soon forget the profound impression of the comprehensiveness and marvelous possibilities of the work committed to them in the proper solution of all problems of both church and state. A platform meeting was held Sunday afternoon, and two most excellent addresses on "Reaching boys and men" were delivered by Revs. W. C. Rice and Norris de M. Darrell. The Junior League followed, and was led by Miss Georgie Sterling, helpful talks being given by Miss Mattie Winston and Mrs. Joe Sanders. The Epworth League service was led by Miss Bessie Gates. The league room was packed, and every minute of the hour was occupied in helpful service. "The Epworth League debtor to the world" was the topic of the evening service. Rev. Herman Gusé, who had attended the Toronto Convention, gave a splendid address on the Student Volunteer Movement and foreign missions. He was followed by an inspiring presentation of the reasonableness of the call of the church to mission work by Rev. Norris de M. Darrell. Red Wing is noted for its ability to entertain con-



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ventions. The reception tendered the delegates of this convention added new laurels. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and Dr. Driver and his Epworth League proved themselves to be hosts of the highest order. In every way the convention was charming, profitable, and spiritual. The meeting next year will be held in Faribault.

South Bend District.

The South Bend District Convention was held at Culver, Ind., June 11 and 12. The meeting was opened with devotional service led by Rev. C. B. Jones. The roll-call showed twenty-six chapters represented with over 100 visiting delegates. There are thirty-one Senior Chapters with 1,309 members, and eighteen Junior Chapters with 741 members—an increase in the total membership of the district of 213 during the past year, the gain being in the Junior department.

In the absence of Rev. J. H. Pyke, Rev. E. P. Bennett of South Bend delivered the evening address on the subject of missions. A sunrise prayer-meeting Thursday morning was led by President DeLong, about seventy-five being in attendance.

"The devotional meeting" was the subject of a paper by Miss Blanche Stockton of Monticello, and J. L. Heald gave an address on "What can the league do to draw young people to our church and hold them there?" These addresses were followed by helpful and practical suggestions in an open conference. Excellent papers were read on "The Quiet Hour," by Miss Lefter of Rochester, and "The Morning Watch," by Miss Crabb of South Bend. A symposium on the "Study of the Bible" furnished themes for papers by Rev. Mr. Berry of Knox, Rev. A. L. Miller of New Carlisle, and Miss Cleo Barnes of South Bend. Miss Hollingsworth of Walkerton read a paper on the "Missionary spoke of the wheel," and Miss Cora Hallock of Plymouth gave some helpful suggestions in her paper on "Mercy and help methods." "The Juniors" was the subject for remarks by Mrs. Broman of South Bend.

The closing event was the address by Dr. Berry, editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD, who made a forceful and eloquent plea for the Forward Movement.

Monticello was selected as the next meeting-place. Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Rev. F. O. Fraley, Flora; V. P's, Rev. Geo. B. Jones, Yeoman; Miss Cora Hallock, Plymouth; Miss Jessie Crosby, Rochester; Miss Bright Camp, Camden; Sec., C. E. Wolfe, LaPorte; Treas., Geo. H. Rootes, Rolling Prairie; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Addison Deputres, Knox; Chairman Miss. Com., Mrs. E. P. Bennett, South Bend. (Reported by C. E. Wolfe.)

Colorado State Convention.

One of the most ideal spots in which to hold a convention is the little town of Salida, Colo. Surrounded by mountains, which are an inspiration, and with its clear mountain water and delightful climate, added to the genuine hospitality of its people, a convention could not fail to be successful.

These environments made the eleventh annual convention of the Colorado State Epworth League one of the most, if not the most, successful in its history.

The president, Mr. B. F. Scribner, is a thorough business man, and no drags or useless discussions were allowed.

Space does not permit mention of all the good things, for they were all good, so the best must suffice.

The usual reception was given the delegates and visitors on Thursday evening, after assignment of entertainment.

Friday morning, from 6:30 to 7, "The morning watch" was observed by delegates; at 8:30 they met by districts, the presiding-elder presiding for the "quiet hour," and at 8:50 met in the convention "quiet hour." These were indeed delightful services.

The round-table discussions, led by the state officers in their various departments, were enthusiastic and helpful.

On Friday afternoon Chancellor Buchtel of Denver University gave a strong address on "The League and the university." He urged upon Epworthians to remember our denominational schools in our prayers, financially, and also in endeavoring to send students to them for instruction.

Friday and Sunday afternoons were Junior rallies, and much credit is due the Salida Juniors for the help they rendered by their orchestra. Miss Ida Davis, the state superintendent, had charge of these meetings. Her devotion to the work was so appreciated that she was reflected.

Dr. Fletcher L. Wharton of Lincoln, Neb., gave the convention lecture, "Life," on Friday evening. Dr. C. B. Spencer of The Central Christian Advocate was heard twice very enjoyably.

On Saturday afternoon an outing was taken by about one hundred and fifty to Marshall Pass, one of the grandest trips on the continent. Others enjoyed a carriage drive to Poncho Hot Springs.

Sunday began with a sunrise prayer-meeting, continuing with Bible study, a love-feast, and the convention sermon at eleven, by Rev. W. E. Collett of Eadville, on "The anointing and service for youth." At 5:45 a street meeting was held; at 6:15 league devotional service with the regular league topic, and from 7:30 to 10:00 a medley of good things; "A talk on percentage" or the subject of tithing by T. B. Barber, Colorado Springs, was first. I wish every Epworthian could hear this. Its application would solve the financial problems which are constantly confronting us.

Last but not least of the addresses was the one by E. J. Wilcox of Capitol Hill on "God's opening door for reforms."

Interspersed with these was the usual convention business, hearing of reports, appointment of committees, and election of officers with the usual papers by the lay members.

Those of the cabinet who were retained are: Pres., B. F. Scribner; 1st. V. P., F. E. Brown; 4th. V. P., Alberta Hanks; Cor. Sec., John W. Pennington; Treas., Margaret E. Beck; Jr. Supt., Miss Ida Davis. The new members are: 2d. V. P., O. A. Reinhardt; 3d. V. P., Mrs. J. K. Wiley; Chairman Miss. Com., Josie Sheldon; Rec. Sec., Amy Campbell.

The closing consecration service was led by O. A. Reinhardt, after which the delegates joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds."

Carthage District.

The Carthage District League held its eleventh annual convention at Trinity Church, Nevada, Mo., June 17-19. Nearly one hundred delegates were present, and reports given show thorough work done.

Several excellent papers on topics of league interest were given. The temperance discussion was an exceedingly interesting part of the convention. After an address, "The Epworth League and the liquor traffic," an enthusiastic testimony meeting was held, the testimonies showing the decided stand the leagues take against intemperance.

On Tuesday evening Rev. R. P. Hammonds of First Church, Joplin, gave an excellent address on "The ideal leaguer." Wednesday evening a short literary program was given, after which Rev. S. E. Betts presented the work and needs of Bethany Hospital. The district voted to establish and maintain a room in Bethany for one year, and by subscriptions from the different leagues the required sum, \$125, was soon raised. The district also decided to support and educate a boy and girl in India.

On Wednesday afternoon came the Junior program and reports. The Junior Society of Lamar received the banner for the best year's work, and Mrs. W. T. Ferguson of Jasper the league pin as the reward for the best catechetical work done by a Junior superintendent.

Dr. J. W. Stewart of First Church, Carthage, closed the convention with a sermon Thursday night. Liberal, Mo., will entertain the convention in 1903.

Rev. G. H. Casper of Lamar was elected president; Miss Cora Wilson, Lamar, corresponding secretary, and Miss Genevieve Stiffler, Carthage, secretary and treasurer. (Reported by Miss Genevieve Stiffler, district secretary.)

West Boise District.

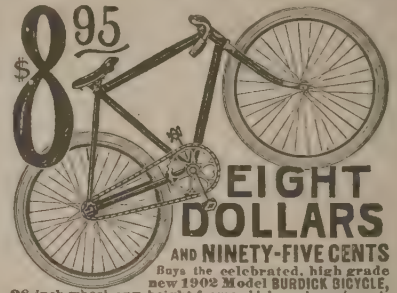
The charming village of Payette, Ida., on the banks of the magnificent river for which it is named, was the gathering place for the Epworthians of West Boise District in one of the most helpful conventions ever held in this section. Notwithstanding the fact that there are but thirteen chapters in 30,000 square miles of territory, there were about forty delegates in attendance, the sessions were well attended, and good interest was evidenced from the start.

On arrival the delegates were taken at once to the church, where they quenched their thirst with delicious lemonade, and lunched on the famous Payette Valley strawberries, with the usual accompaniment of cream and cake.

The pledge and the spiritual department were the topics for Friday morning. At the afternoon session Mrs. C. E. Todd presented the work of the literary department, making a plea for the reading course, and for a wider reading of THE HERALD. After this, through the courtesy of Mr. C. E. Brainerd, an enterprising real estate man of Payette, the delegates were taken for a drive to the prosperous colony of New Plymouth, fourteen miles up the valley. With the return by moonlight the trip was most delightful, and was greatly appreciated.

At Saturday's business session the following officers were elected: Pres., W. A. Davenport, Boise, Ida.; V. P's, Mary I. Jones, Nampa, Ida.; Mrs. R. S. Mudden, Caldwell, Ida.; Ida Lawrie Wilson, Boise; Ruth E. Connell, Sumpter, Ore.; Jr. Supt., Lizzie Johnson, Payette; Sec. Treas., E. L. Wells, Boise;

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NOTES

ON THE

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Ex. Com., the presiding-elder, Jonas Newcomer, Nampa; Clinton A. Wood, Boise.

During Saturday mercy and help, Junior League, and missions were profitably discussed, Mrs. Ralph Oakes of Caldwell being the leading spirit in the missionary conference.

Saturday evening's session was one of the best. President Davenport spoke on "The Epworth League as a citizen," advocating the highest type of Christian citizenship. Dr. VanDusen, our presiding-elder, conducted a quiz on "The kind of preaching that suits the leaguer," drawing out the fact that most of the young people wanted the straight gospel, and that that was what they were familiar with from their respective pastors. Rev. C. E. Todd spoke on "The kind of a league that suits the pastor," and not an Epworthian present but felt inspired toward better things. Bishop Cranston was present, and offered a few words of counsel at the close.

Sunday was a beautiful day, and the quiet-hour service at 6:30 in the morning was an inspiration, indeed. At 11 o'clock the bishop preached one of his intensely practical sermons. The evening devotional meeting, led by the secretary, was an enthusiastic service.

Bishop Cranston then addressed the largest audience ever assembled in Payette for a religious meeting, on his experiences in China, and gave the young people a new conception of Christian missions.

The music of the convention was under the direction of Rev. W. H. Harvey, pastor at Ontario, Ore., thus making the singing one of the most enjoyable features.

The people of Payette are royal hosts, and we were reluctant to leave our new-found friends behind us. Next year the convention goes to Nampa, where Methodism has taken an aggressive stand in the past year, and a good time is anticipated. (Reported by E. L. Wells.)

Chadron District.

The sixth annual session of the Epworth League and Ministerial Association of Chadron District convened at Gordon, Neb., June 17-19. It was among the most interesting conventions ever held on this district. About all the pastors were present, besides a goodly number of Epworthians. On Tuesday evening "Why so few revivals in the West" was the subject of a lively discussion. Among other papers of interest was one on "The uses of the postoffice in Christianity," by Miss Cora Clark. It was full of wise suggestions. Rev. R. H. Gammon presented "Successful methods of conducting prayer-meetings." After a jubilee song service, rendered by the choir of the Gordon Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. E. C. Horn preached a heart-searching sermon. A consecration and altar service followed, led by Rev. C. W. Ray.

The business session was held Thursday morning. Pres. D. W. Gorton will be succeeded by H. D. Huntington of the Sheridan County Bank of Gordon; V.P.'s, Jennie Ellis, Crawford; Malinda Wagner, Chadron; Lottie Cassell, Gordon; Lillian Wehn, Alliance; Sec., Rev. C. W. Ray (re-elected), Crawford; Treas., H. Summers, Rushville; Jr. Supt., Mrs. E. C. Horn.

A District Titling Band was organized with Rev. C. E. Connell as president and Rev. D. J. Clark secretary.

"Missions" was the keynote, and called forth much discussion as to whether the district school in China should still be carried on. It was decided in the affirmative. This school has thirty-three native Chinese enrolled.

Presiding elder Rev. J. O. Scamahorn made things lively by his genial discussions on most all subjects. He is very spry for a man of his age. Sessions closed Thursday night with an inspiring and helpful sermon by Rev. W. R. Warren. (Reported by Chas. W. Ray, secretary.)

Findlay District.

Findlay District League held its eleventh annual institute at Columbus Grove, O., June 10 and 11.

The institute opened on the afternoon of June 10 with a love-feast, which gave a spiritual impetus to the entire convention. The remainder of the session was devoted to the discussion of the devotional meeting, during which many helpful hints were brought to light. In the evening Dr. Robinson of Cincinnati lectured on "Rescue work in a great city." The lecture was full of suggestions for practical Christian work.

Wednesday morning a "Junior superintendents' round table" was conducted by Miss Mason of Fostoria. Much good work is being done by the district in this field.

The regular morning session was spent in hearing reports of local chapters. They gave a gratifying impression that the various leagues were all actively at work.

Wednesday afternoon the discussion of missions was given the right of way under the leadership of

Rev. P. B. Cuppett. Much enthusiasm for the cause was aroused, and as a result a brisk missionary campaign will be conducted throughout the district. The interest was greatly intensified by Dr. Worley's address in the evening. A pentecostal rally concluded the services of this successful and deeply spiritual gathering. Findlay, O., entertains the institute next year.

The new cabinet is as follows: Pres., Rev. J. I. Wean, Ada; V. P.'s, C. B. Hiestand, Arcadia; Miss Nettie Miller, Findlay; W. F. Lehr, Arlington; Miss Mary Carr, Bays; Sec., Calvin D. Todd, McComb; Treas., Rev. Hollis R. Scott, Arlington; Jr. Supt., Miss Cleora Mason, Fostoria; chairman lecture bureau, A. N. Kreig, Arcadia; Supt. Epworth Guards, Rev. J. Baumgardner, Columbus Grove; Dist. mission secretary, Rev. P. B. Cuppett, Bloomdale; Ex. Com., Mrs. H. T. Breckbill, Columbus Grove; Rev. B. F. Reading, McComb; Dr. Lance, Fostoria. (Reported by Calvin D. Todd, secretary.)

Beloit District.

The district convention of the Northwest Kansas Conference met at Cawker City June 11-13. The Epworth League had for several years been meeting at the same time with the Lincoln Park Chautauqua Assembly. This plan did not meet the needs of a convention, so last fall at the ministerial association it was decided to hold an Epworth League convention in June. More than fifty delegates were present.

Wednesday evening the delegates who had arrived were invited to one of the beautiful lawns in the city, where seats and lights had been provided in the open air. An interesting program was given by the Cawker League, after which some time was spent in getting acquainted.

The next morning the convention came together, ready for work. Rev. H. H. Bowen and Rev. J. C. Helmick had charge of all the devotional meetings of the convention. The sacramental service, conducted by the presiding-elder, J. H. Lockwood, D.D., was a time of drawing close to God. A deep spiritual interest was manifested throughout all the meetings.

Excellent papers were read on the following subjects: "Why are we here?" "The aim and duty of the first vice-president," "The literary department," "The possibilities of the mercy and help department," "What the pledge means to me," "The Epworth League's place in the church," "Missions and the Epworth League," "The model Epworth League young man," "The model Epworth League young lady," and "Our assembly."

On Thursday afternoon Rev. W. E. Gross gave an interesting address on "Lubricants for league wheels." In the evening Rev. J. D. Harris addressed us on "The Epworth League as an aid to the pastor," and Rev. U. S. Brown on "The Epworth League's relation to the young people."

A paper on Bethany hospital stirred up a great in-

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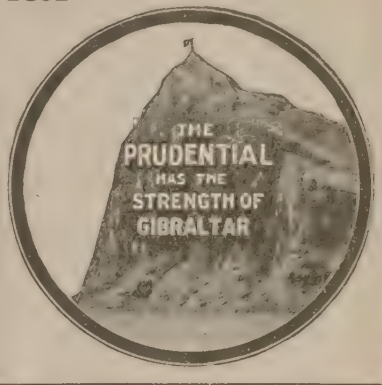
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DEPT. 56



Do These Questions Puzzle You

- What is Methodism?
- Where and when was John Wesley born?
- Where did Methodism originate?
- What is the origin of the name Methodist?
- Who was the great poet of Methodism?
- Where and when was the Methodist Episcopal Church organized?
- Who introduced Methodism to America?
- Where and when was the first Conference held in America?
- Who was the first bishop?
- What General Conference adopted the plan of separation?
- What was the immediate cause of this?
- Where and how was the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, organized?
- Where and when did President Lincoln eulogize the Church?
- Where and when was lay representation adopted?
- When was the ministerial term extended to five years?
- When was the Order of Deaconesses adopted?
- What is an Official Board?
- What is the origin of prayer-meetings?
- What is a love-feast?
- What is the origin of the watch-night service?
- What was the origin of Children's Day?
- Where and when were the various benevolences organized?
- Where and when was the Epworth League organized?
- What is the object of the Epworth League?
- What was the origin of Sunday-schools in the Methodist Episcopal Church?

These are specimens of the questions which are clearly and concisely answered in

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terest, which will result in action in the future which will benefit the hospital.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. C. W. Wyanant; V. P., Rev. U. S. Brown; Cor. Sec., Miss Marion Rose; Rec. Sec., Miss Clara Porter; Treas., Carl Courter; Ex. Com., Rev. J. H. Lockwood, Mr. C. F. Ensign, Mr. W. H. Critz; Dist. V. Ps., Mrs. Bell Lutz, Dr. Wm. G. Le Rew, Miss Lottie Stevenson, Mrs. Anna Pound; Dist. Jr. Supt., Miss Marion Rose, (Reported by E. H. Tannehill, sec.)

Chariton District.

Nearly one hundred delegates attended the Chariton District Convention held at Mt. Airy, Ia., June 17 and 18. The church was tastefully decorated with league colors. An interesting program was well rendered. On Tuesday evening the president of the district, Rev. A. M. Shea, gave an inspiring address on the needs of the hour. At its close Father Nixon, a supernuniate of the conference, led in prayer. At the close of the service a reception was tendered the delegates by the Mt. Airy Chapter.

The sunrise prayer-meeting, Wednesday morning, was largely attended, and was an inspiring preparation for the day's work. Missions and kindred topics were given prominence at the morning session. "The distinctive doctrines of Methodism" was presented by Rev. I. N. Woodward of Leon and Rev. Mr. Wood of Kellerton. The question-box was ably handled by Presiding elder W. B. Thompson. The secretary called the roll of chapters, to which the delegates responded with "The best thing my league has done," bringing out many helpful suggestions. At the afternoon session a paper of unusual interest on "How to win and hold boys," by Mrs. Mary A. Guthrie, was read. Though too little time was spent in the departmental work, yet the hour thus occupied was markedly helpful.

The Junior work was ably presented by Mrs. Rusk of Afton, an experienced worker with the children. Prof. S. W. Rowley of Russell gave an earnest address on "Temperance."

Words of greeting were sent to the Baptist Young People's Union, in session in the same city, to which they responded with 1 Cor. 1: 3-5.

Of the chapters reporting, Corydon and Mt. Airy led in the number of members, and Chariton and Mt. Airy in the number of HERALDS taken.

Rev. Mr. Vedder and his league and church are to be congratulated on the manner in which they entertained the convention. Never were delegates more hospitably received. Diagonal was selected as the place for holding the next convention.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. E. C. Newland, Garden Grove; Sec., Mrs. W. H. Beall, Mt. Airy; V. P's, Miss Hattie Duncan, Allerton; Mr. J. E. Cummins, Leon; Miss Mamie Denton, Corydon; Miss Eva Draper, Humeston; Treas., Miss Jessie Talley, Diagonal; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Allie Beall, Shannon City.

Muscatine District.

The Epworth Leagues of the Muscatine District, Iowa Conference, held their annual convention at Oxford, June 4 and 5. Sixty-four delegates were in attendance. The papers, addresses, and discussions were full of interest, and dealt with topics of vital importance. The principal addresses were delivered by the presiding-elder, Rev. W. G. Thorn of Washington, and Dr. C. I. Stafford of Muscatine. Worthy of special mention was the address of Mrs. E. N. McKim of Traer, the state superintendent of Junior League. All accounted the convention a great success. It will be an inspiration to the local chapter, which is one of the best leagues in the district. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., W. D. Peck, Muscatine; V. P's, C. S. Sies, Oxford; E. D. Carl, Lone Tree; May Thomas, Coneville; Mrs. Walter Harrington, Williamsburg; Sec. Lillian Baird, Muscatine; Treas., Lydia Pool, Letts; Jr. Supt., Mrs. J. W. Oldaker, Wellman. Muscatine, Ia., was selected as the place for the next convention. (Reported by Lillian Baird, secretary.)

Steubenville District.

The twelfth annual convention of the Steubenville District League convened in Toronto, O., June 12 and 13. The church was tastefully decorated with league colors, flowers, and plants. A hospitable welcome was extended by the league and church at Toronto.

There was a larger number of delegates present than at any previous convention on the district. There are thirty-five Senior Leagues and twelve Junior Leagues on the district. More than forty responded financially, and nearly all sent delegates. There were in all about 200 delegates and visitors. Presiding-elder Manchester and a number of other ministers were present at all the sessions, lending an added dignity to the occasion.

Rev. H. C. Weakley, superintendent of the Metho-

dist Home for the Aged at Yellow Springs, O., presented the needs and aims of the home. A number of chapters pledged supplies for the home. The speaker of Thursday evening was Rev. M. B. Pratt, pastor of First Church, Akron, O., who touched the hearts of the young people by his practical way of telling them how to live the religion of Jesus Christ.

About a hundred delegates were present at the sunrise prayer meeting Friday morning. The entire day was given up to the discussion of such questions as "The great need of the leagues," "How to study the Bible," "Our attitude toward our literature," etc. The hour with the Juniors was in charge of Mrs. J. B. Elliott, Junior district superintendent. The music was under the direction of Rev. S. P. Loyd. The Orpheus Glee Club of Steubenville rendered some fine music. There were also solos and recitations during the different sessions. The chapter reports were very complete, showing excellent work in all departments. (Condensed from a report by Miss Eliza L. Conkle, Irondale, O.)

Atchison District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Epworth League of Atchison District, Kan., held at Hiawatha, June 17-19, was marked from beginning to close by spirituality and cordiality. The opening session, after the usual praise service address of welcome, and appointment of committees, was given over to a social hour.

Two evangelistic services were held. Tuesday evening Rev. Mr. Butler of Troy, from the text, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," made some very practical suggestions as to what we owe to the world politically, in regard to standards of pleasure, and in financial life. Wednesday evening Rev. Mr. Wolf made a deep impression with the text, "Commune with your own heart."

The symposium on our district convention was good. Speaking on the sub-topic, "My duty while here," Mrs. Mitchell of Robinson gave some practical hints on the duties of delegates to those who entertain them. On the subtopic, "My duty when I go away," Mrs. McMillan of Morrill quoted very appositely from Mr. Meggs: "When you go to a convention, get all you can and can all you get."

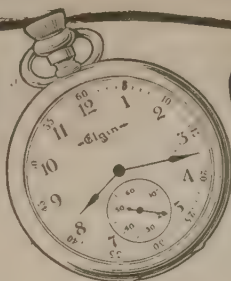
The reports from local chapters showed all degrees of prosperity, from several numbering more than one hundred members and working in all departments, down to one which reported, "Our league isn't dead yet, so I think we still have prospects of doing some thing."

In a pointed and lively talk Rev. Mr. Hanson of Robinson presented the "Station plan of missionary work." Only two chapters, Hiawatha and Atchison, reported having done any special missionary work. The subject of home missions was ably presented by Miss Snively, who was for twelve years at work in Mexico. The claims of Bethany hospital were presented by Deaconess Renette Hill in a way that touched all hearts and drew forth good subscriptions.

The question-box conducted by Rev. Mr. Mayor of Horton brought out the usual questions which trouble chapters everywhere. The question, "Shall the league be supported by dues, by voluntary contributions, or by pledges?" was discussed at some length. All the speeches made were against dues. The fraternal meeting, in which papers were read by representatives from each of the young people's societies of the town, was an interesting and helpful feature.

The closing exercise was Dr. Quayle's popular lec-

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ending



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has its
beginning

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ture on "Hall Caine and his island," delivered to a crowded house. The next convention is to be held at Atchison.

Number of delegates present, sixty-six; chapters represented, twenty-one.

District officers elected for the following year and formally installed: Pres., Charles Hardin, Hiawatha; V. Ps., Mr. Ukele, Holton; Lena Wilson, Padonia; Miss Hulpfen, Horton; Cora Rings, Holton; Sec., Bertha Burke, Hiawatha; Treas., Mr. Ellwood, Troy; Junior Supt., Miss Boxell, Oneida. (Reported by Mina B. Selby.)

Dixon District.

The thirteenth annual convention of Dixon District met in the old historic town of Mt. Morris, Ill., June 17 and 18, Presiding-elder A. T. Horn acting as president by vote of delegates. A spirit of earnest endeavor and of high faith prevailed throughout the sessions. One of the chief features of worship was the spirited singing of the Epworthians and the inspiring selections given by Mr. and Miss Hansen of Fulton and Miss Grace Wood of De Kalb. Some forty five delegates were present, and good audiences assembled both days.

The convention entered into hearty cooperation with the presiding elder in his plan of campaign. The district is to be divided into subdistricts, each under the care of the nearest resident district cabinet vice-president, and all submeetings of local chapters are to be under general supervision of the district president.

The following officers were elected: Pres., I. D. Woodford, Morrison; V. Ps., Rev. F. D. Stone, Mendota; Prof. E. C. Page, De Kalb Normal School; Elmer Thorp, Oregon; H. L. Sheldon, Rock Falls; Sec., Miss Minnie A. Hausen, Franklin Grove; Treas., John Thompson, Elburn; Jr. Supt., Miss Emily H. Smith, Mt. Morris.

Excellent papers were read which showed thoughtful study, earnest conviction, and fidelity to Methodism.

Two masterly addresses were given—"Our pledge," by Rev. W. W. Diehl of Sterling, on Tuesday evening, and "Some sure things to hold to," by Rev. John Thompson of Rockford on Wednesday evening. A precious altar service of consecration was held.

The Junior hour was led by Miss Emily H. Smith of Mt. Morris, and an interesting Junior service held.

De Kalb was selected as the next place of meeting. The Dixon District Epworthians purpose to magnify all departments of league work over the district for the advancement of the church and the uplifting of the Christ. Get into line for action! (Reported by Minnie Adella Hausen, district secretary.)

Whatcom District.

Whatcom District League held its third annual convention in First Church, Everett, Wash., June 3 and 4. The attendance was small, but the program was so fine and the delegates present so overflowing with fervor and enthusiasm that the convention was eminently successful, and more so than any previous session.

Mrs. Emma Moffatt, a most winning gospel singer, was present throughout, and contributed much to the effectiveness of the convention. A feature of lively interest was a number of brief talks about the San Francisco Convention by those who had attended.

Dr. S. S. Sulliger, a veteran league worker of the Puget Sound Conference, gave an address on "Institute work in conventions," which showed that we are entering on a new era in young people's assemblies.

The papers and addresses were on practical subjects, were carefully prepared, and were attentively listened to. The symposium on "Sociability" brought out some new ideas on how to win and hold young people.

An Epworth league extension committee was appointed, whose duty it should be to organize chapters on charges where none exist. Dr. Harrington, the beloved presiding-elder, addressed the convention on "The district outlook," which showed that Whatcom District was forging ahead at a healthy pace.

The closing service was evangelistic. A large congregation was present. Rev. Mr. Carter of Sedro-Wooley preached a fervent discourse from Eph. 3: 19. During the sermon God's spirit came down in wonderful measure. Time was given for testimonies, during which children, young people, middle-aged, and old all testified to the saving power of Christ. (From a report by Edward Bynum Reese.)

Cambridge District.

The eighth annual convention of the Cambridge District League met at Dexter City, O., June 10 and 11. There was an attendance of about 150. A reception held the first evening proved to be a very pleasant time. Dr. R. B. Pope of Cambridge lectured on "A hundred years of Methodism in Ohio." A sunrise

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prayer-meeting was held with a large number present. Miss Mina J. McCollister, the superintendent of the deaconess home at Bridgeport, O., was present, and gave an interesting talk. Had a great many other addresses and papers. A good convention, spiritually, intellectually, and socially.

Officers elected May 23 for the ensuing year: Pres., Minnie M. Tilton; V. Ps., Neila Shriver, Mattie Patton; Hallie Barber, Martha Ahrendts; Sec., Lois Hurd; Treas., Mary B. Deal. (Reported by Mary B. Deal.)

Uhrichsville District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Uhrichsville District League was conceded by all who attended to be the best convention in the history of the district. The program was full, and the interest kept up throughout the entire meeting. The addresses of Drs. Worley and Staples were excellent, and greatly appreciated.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. E. O. Morris, Leesville; V. Ps., Rev. Ralph Wyrick, Midvale; Miss Cora Seers, Cadiz; Supt. H. Z. Hobson, Denison; Miss Vesta Metzler, Coshocton; Sec., Miss Margaret Hoffman, New Philadelphia; Treas., Mr. J. G. Coventry, Tippecanoe; Jr. Supt., Miss Estella Neighbor, Newcomerstown.

Sedalia District.

The annual convention of the Sedalia District League was held in Epworth Church, Sedalia, Mo., June 10-12. Splendid preparations had been made by chapters and church, and the guests were royally entertained.

From the opening session until the closing benediction the program was full of good things, the papers were well prepared, and the discussions which followed their reception demonstrated the lively and intense interest which was created. About 110 delegates were present.

A thoughtful paper on "The purpose of the league convention," by Miss Fanny Ringen, was a feature of the afternoon session. In the evening a fine musical service preceded the lecture by Dr. O. M. Stewart.

The chapter reports, Wednesday morning, showed that the leagues on the district had enjoyed a year of prosperity. The institute feature was prominent in all sessions. "How to study and use the Bible," "The art of soul-winning," "Junior League work," "How to secure the best singing in league work," were among the practical subjects considered. "Echoes from the San Francisco Convention" was the subject of Dr. S. S. Martin's address in the evening.

On Thursday morning devotions were led by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, after which the election of officers took place. Rev. W. C. Coleman of Warrensburg, Mo., was elected president. V. Ps., Mr. Wilson, Malta Bend; Miss Henderson, Sedalia; Mr. R. W. Dow, Georgetown; Miss Clara Smith, Sedalia; Rec. Sec., Miss Bessie E. Griffin, Smithton; Treas., Mr. Blevens, Rockville; Jr. Supt., Miss Dora Anderson, Rockville; Ex. Com., Rev. Messrs. Hunt, Simpson, Stewart, and Thompson.

El Dorado Springs, Mo., will entertain the convention in 1903.

Several practical papers were read during Thursday's sessions. An address by Dr. Smith of Baker University, on "Christian education," was the final and fitting number on the splendid practical program of the Sedalia District Convention. (From a report by Bessie E. Griffin, recording secretary.)

COMING CONVENTIONS.

July 8-10.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Kan.
July 8-10.—Keokuk District, Moulton, Iowa.
July 8-10.—Illinois State Biennial Convention, Mt. Carmel.
July 9-11.—Junction City District, Junction City, Kan.
July 10-12.—Indiana State, Indianapolis, Ind.
July 10-13.—Second General Convention District, Ocean City, N. J.
July 10-13.—Greely District, Fort Collins, Col.
July 11-21.—N. W. Kansas Epworth Chautauqua, Beloit, Kan.
July 17-27.—Iowa State Camp-meeting, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 19-21.—Kansas State Convention, Beloit.
July 24-Aug. 1.—Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Colfax, Ia.
July 25-Aug. 26.—Ludington Assembly.
July 28-Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 31-Aug. 3.—Michigan State Convention.
Aug. 5-6.—Connorsville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 5-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Sept. 4.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Newark District, East Orange, N. J.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1902.

NUMBER 6.

The Children's Story.

"FOR THE FRESH AIR FUND."

Mary E. Fitzgerald.

JANEY LEIGHTON was one of the most active members of a club for raising money for the sick babies. The club had held a bazaar, all the articles for which had been made by the little members. Janey's teacher, who was a mine of information on other subjects besides awe-inspiring decimals and the location of places with unpronounceable names, had taken a clay pipe, and with pen and ink had drawn upon the bowl a face, the little end serving for a nose. Then a pretty silk cap covered the rest of the bowl; skirts were put upon the stem, and above them a little shawl, crossed and fastened with a darning needle; arms made of toothpicks, the "hands" being lumps of wax, were added, and the finishing touch, in the shape of a ball of darning cotton, through which the end of the stem was thrust, completed a most fantastic and useful little figure.

Janey had made dozens of these, varying them as much as possible, and they had proved one of the most attractive features of the bazaar. In the little entertainment that was given, her grotesque dancing brownies were the attraction. But when the proposition was made that each little girl earn two dollars by her own exertions, Janey seemed up against a stone wall.

"Ada Walls is going to get a quarter a week for making the butter rolls for the table, and Genevieve's mother is going to give her a quarter a week for picking the threads and pins off the carpet in the sewing-room. You know they have such a big family. Miss Bals, there is always something being made. And Lillian's mother has promised her a quarter a week if she keeps from whispering in school," said Janey.

Miss Bals laughed and said, "Well, I think those girls have found very easy ways to make money."

"Oh, no," said little Janey, earnestly; "if you only knew how Ada hates to do anything around the house; and her mother says if she misses the butter just once, she loses her quarter for the week. Ada says she knows it will take her until next summer to earn the two dollars, because she doesn't like to get up very early, and sometimes has to take a piece of bread in her hand and run to get to school in time. She wanted to fix the balls over night, but her mother won't let her. And then after she practices after school she wants to go and play, and she seldom gets home until supper is half over, and that makes her mother angry. But now she'll have to be on time. O, Miss Bals, it isn't easy at all; it's going to be a real trial, Ada says."

"Well, I'm sure picking threads off a carpet isn't hard, is it?"

"Dear me, I should think so. Did you ever try it? Oh, it makes your head ache and your back ache, and when you think they are all picked up you find a whole lot more. I think I would rather make the butter balls, even if I had to get up early, and I do hate that—and had to stop playing in the middle of the fun," said Janey so earnestly that Miss Bals smiled.

"But surely it isn't hard to keep from whispering, so Lillian will certainly earn her money without much trouble," said the teacher. Janey looked at her suspiciously.

"Well, maybe it was easy for you to keep

still, Miss Bals, but for Lillian and me it is dreadful hard, with the boy behind you taking your ruler and never giving it back, and having something pop into your head that is very important, and just knowing you'll forget it before recess. Well! I think I'd rather pick up the threads, and I do detest that."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Everybody has a darning now, and my papa isn't rich enough to pay me for doing things, and mamma doesn't believe in it any way, and I have thought and thought; but I can't think of a single thing. The only thing I can do very well is to sharpen pencils. I sharpen nearly every one in the room, but nobody wants to pay a person for that. I might charge the girls a cent for five times," and she brightened up; "but then it would take so long to keep track that I wouldn't have time for anything else," and her face grew long again.

"Well, there's always a way, you know," said Miss Bals, "and I'll think you over and see if I can't discover some hidden talents. Now, don't worry. I think something will occur either to you or me; so good night, dear."

"If you will think of it, I'm sure you'll find some way. Mamma says you can think a way out of anything," said the affectionate little girl.

Miss Bals was in earnest consultation with several of the teachers the next day, and at noon told Janey that five teachers would each pay her 5 cents a week for looking after their pencils. She could take them home, one box each night.

"Sometimes there may be a great many broken, sometimes very few; but, dear," she said earnestly, "they must be able to rely on you. I assured them that they could, so you must be careful not to neglect the work. If you find it too much, why just notify them in time, so they may be prepared."

Janey was delighted.

"Why, I just love to sharpen pencils, mamma. It's fun. And to think of dear Miss Bals getting anyone to pay me for it! Isn't she lovely?"

The first three days everything went very well, and Janey felt that she was earning her 5 cents very easily. But Thursday night after she had practiced an hour, Eva Garrison came after her to go bicycle-riding.

"Nellie is sick and you may take her wheel," she said.

A bicycle ride was a rare treat to Janey, so running to get permission from her mother, she was warned that she must be back in time to attend to the pencils before supper.

"Mamma, for this once mayn't I do them after supper? There are so many to-night. Miss Dewey said she thought the children must have all been struck by St. Vitus' dance, they dropped so many pencils."

"Well, dear, you know what you must do after supper. The agreement was that the pencils were not to interfere with any of your work. If you think you can read your history for half an hour, write in your diary and sharpen the pencils before half past eight, very well."

Janey came in after supper was half over, and when she had wiped the dishes, threw herself on the sofa to rest. She was so tired that she fell asleep, and it was a quarter to eight before her mother awoke her. The three-quarters of an hour were up before she knew it, and the pencils were undone.

"You must get up early in the morning, Janey, and do them," said her mother.

Poor Janey! If there was one thing she felt

unequal to, it was facing the world before it was well warmed; but there was no help for it. As she crawled reluctantly out of bed at 6 o'clock, she wished she had not undertaken the task. Her tears fell into the box, and she was fighting a hard battle with herself.

"I don't know why I need care about other people's babies," she thought. "Rich people ought to look out for them, not poor little girls like me, who can't have any fun without getting up in the morning to sharpen pencils. That horrid Miss Dewey always has so many pencils, anyhow! I don't believe she knows how to manage children. And there's Ada has only to make a few butter balls, and Lillian to keep from whispering, and Genevieve to pick up threads, and none of them has so much to do. What's making a few butter balls to sharpening a thousand pencils?"

But as she worked better thoughts came, and she remembered the poor, delicate child she had secretly claimed as her own, and how happy she was to see the color creep into the pale cheeks, and her delight when the little thing recognized her. By breakfast she had recovered her usual good spirits, and cut her one choice rose to present to Miss Dewey, "for thinking her so mean, when she isn't."

There were many other mornings that she had to get up early to make up for some pleasure which had caused her to neglect her task. She began to detest the pencils, and to feel resentful if there were many broken. But that feeling soon wore away, and although getting up early was never pleasant, she found a way to pass the time. She learned her memory gems while working, and the whole family were made acquainted with various poetical facts, such as

"'Tis only noble to be good,"

and

"No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years,"

recited at the top of her voice.

When the eight weeks were nearly over, she rejoiced exceedingly at the prospect of being free; but when the time was up she looked very serious for a couple of days, then told her mother she thought she would keep on.

"I don't mind it now that I am used to it, and the more I earn the more I shall have for the babies. So I'll keep on, mamma, if you are willing."

Mamma, of course, was willing, and the teachers were delighted. The other girls took nearly twice the time to earn the money that Janey did, and there were some stormy times for them.

"I lost my 25 cents for this week just because I whispered to Emma Ryan that I wanted her to wait for me," stormed Lillian. "I think my mother is mean. Don't you? Just for a little thing like that!" But Lillian, after that, had requested a seat away from everybody, and had gradually become so thoughtful that from the most inefficient pupil in the room she became one of the best.

Ada's money came slowly.

"I think I am more patient than Job," she said one day. "If I had boils all over, I could stand them better than making butter-balls three times a day. It's just dreadful to have them on your mind all the time. If I am invited any place, instead of thinking about what a fine time I shall have, I just think: 'Will I be back in time to make those butter-balls?' It's no fun, but my mother says I'm getting better. I forgot only once last week, but I lost my quarter just the same."

Genevieve had her own troubles, also, but being a girl of resources, she collected large pieces of packing paper, which she pinned to the carpet and gathered up at night. Her brothers said she was shirking, but her mother stood by her, saying she was to keep the sewing-room clean, and if she could do it easily, so much the better.

"It takes a head to know how to do things easily."

"Well, if that's so, Gen's got the biggest head in the family. You bet she always thinks up a way to get out of much work. She always knows the easiest way to do an example. If she had Ada's butter-balls to make, she'd have them all made and on the table the week before, wouldn't you, Gen?"

Genevieve only laughed, and said: "I'm going to keep the room clean after I have earned the \$2.00. It isn't much work, and it helps you a lot, doesn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, and it helps you, too. You'll know how when you are older."

When the hot summer days had come each little girl was the proud possessor of \$2.00 for the fresh-air fund.

The last day of school "that horrid Miss Dewey," as Janey had once thought her, told her she was going to Europe, and gave her the use of her bicycle for the summer.

"I wouldn't lend it to many little girls, but anyone who takes such beautiful care of what she is trusted with as you have taken of those pencils can have anything belonging to me to use."

Janey wept with joy, and confessed that sometimes she was "dreadful mad" at the pencils, but she was always sorry afterwards. Miss Dewey smiled and said: "Yes, I know. I think I owe some pretty flowers and sweet kisses to those 'dreadful mad' times," and that mystified Janey very much.

"Teachers know everything, don't they, mamma?"

And mamma looked very wise and said nothing. Chicago.

The Dependable Boy.

The boy who is bright and witty,

The boy who longs for fame.

The brilliant boy, his teacher's joy.

And the boy who leads each game—

Right cordially I greet them

And wish them every joy;

But the warmest part of my boy loving heart

I give the dependable boy.

If he says he'll come at seven,

Ere the clock strikes he'll appear

At a fine, brisk pace, with a glowing face.

And a greeting good to hear.

If he says he'll mail your letter

It will be mailed don't doubt it;

He will not tuck it in some dark pocket,

And then forget about it.

He may be bright and witty;

He may be brilliant, too;

He may lead in the race with his manly face,

He may plan great things to do;

He may have all gifts and graces,

But naught can make such joy

And pride in me, as to know that he

Is a staunch, dependable boy.

—Selected.

Animal Pets in School.

A WISE old man down in Boston says animals should be kept in public schools to teach children kindness to the weak.

The proposition is not only founded on a right theory, but reflects the very way in which nature first taught the great lesson of altruism and love.

Most of our scientists and some of our religious teachers nowadays believe that man ascended from the beasts. If he did, the first kindness, the first unselfishness, the first compassion for the helpless, and gentleness toward the weak, that were ever in the world, the first things that differentiated man from brute were taught to the parents of the race in exactly the way Dr. Hale would have them taught to its children.



SUNLIGHT JUNIOR CHAPTER, FAYETTE, N. Y.

There never was any human love until there was human helplessness. There never was any mother-love or father-love until children began to be born that were feeble.

Love was first excited by something that needed care and kindness. A couple of shaggy savages, animals that didn't know enough to love each other yet, felt something "akin to pity" for an ugly baby with a gorilla chin and no forehead, and resolved to do something not for themselves, but for the hideous infant, and not because they were proud of its prettiness and wanted to keep it for a plaything, but because it so obviously needed to have something done for it.

Children are cruel. But they have hereditary instincts of kindness for the weak that would develop the sooner into love for their fellows if they had something helpless to exercise them on. When a big, hulking, selfish boy begins to take a protecting interest in a little yellow dog he is unconsciously teaching himself the greatest lesson he can ever learn. Trotting around in that woolly hide, dodging stones, fleeing to him for protection from the poundman, getting lost and kicked, starved and hurt is the beginning of the boy's unselfishness and the man's altruism; and it is not funny, but sad, that the school-house door must shut it out.

Dr. Hale may never see animal pets in the schools, but he has been in the world a long time, and knows what humanity needs.—Journal.

The Cat in the Bag.

LITTLE Arabella Frost was almost asleep. Her curly head was nestled on the soft pillow of her brass cot, and the dark lashes rested on her pink cheek. She was almost asleep, but not quite. The little ears were still open, and she heard her mother say to her big brother Joe: "Then the cat is out of the bag."

"What cat, mother?" asked Arabella sleepily, without opening her eyes.

"Never mind, baby: go to sleep," said the mother.

"What did they put the cat in the bag for?" Arabella asked herself. "It must be a wild cat."

Just then Arabella saw the bag. It was empty. She saw the cat. It looked very wild, and seemed to be biting and scratching many people, and in a great fright she screamed, and woke up.

You see, she had gone to sleep and dreamed about the cat getting out of the bag, and her mother had to take her on her lap to get the little girl quiet again.

The mother then told her that "letting the cat out of the bag" meant telling a thing that ought not to be told, and that a story was sometimes just like the cat she had dreamed about—it hurt people when it ran about. "If you hear anything ugly about your little playmates, darling," said her mother, "remember what the cat

did when she got out, and tie your bag as tight as you can."—Elizabeth P. Allen, in *Exchange*.

Little Feathered Boys and Girls.

In fragrant fields where graze the herds,

And all along the old highway,

The boys and girls among the birds

Call each to each the livelong day.

Bob White. Bob White, pipes out the quail,

From old fence-posts and mossy stones,

In meadows where the ripened grain

In golded stacks awaits the fall.

A little tuft of feathers gray

That snaps its bill in eager glee

Whene'er a fly is caught on wing,

Full forty times calls out Phoebe.

When fragrant dew falls from the sky,

And sinks the sun behind the hill,

From dark'ning woods rings out the cry:

O Whip poor Will!—O Whip poor Will!

—Blandina D. Miller.

For His Mother's Sake.

THE florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter, when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He came upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest. But as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand.

He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. "What's the matter with you, any way?" the florist's boy asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's sick, and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell, it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-opened rose. "There," he said, "take that to your mother."

He had meant to put that rosebud on his mother's grave, and yet he knew that he had done the better thing. "She'll understand," he said to himself, "and I know this will please her most."—Selected.

One of the Family.

DOLLIE wished to join the church, and it was a keen disappointment to her when she was told that she was too young, and must wait a few years.

Mamma tried to explain that it really made very little difference, that she could love and follow Christ just as well without being a member of the church for the present. But though Dollie was used to yielding her wishes to mamma's judgment when the two did not agree, and though she honestly tried with all her might to give up this one cheerfully, she could not help feeling that somehow it was not "just the same."

One day Dollie and her cousin Belle, who had

come from New York to make her a long visit, and Nannie Cole, who lived next door, were playing together on the piazza, when a strange man came to the house. He had a book and pencil, and he asked a great many questions of mamma, writing down her answers as she gave them.

The little girls were full of curiosity, and when he was gone Dollie asked mamma who he was.

"He is the census-taker," said mamma. Then she explained how he had been appointed to go from house to house and find out just how many people lived in each one and in the whole town, and how this was done in all the cities and towns, until the whole population of the country had been counted.

This was very interesting to Dollie.

"Did he count me?" she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly."

"I was afraid I was too little," she said, in a tone of relief. "You are sure he did?"

"Yes." Mamma could not help smiling.

"Did he count Nannie, too?"

"No; she would be counted with Mrs. Cole's family."

"Nor Belle?"

"No, for Belle does not live in this town."

"Oh!" Dollie's eyes were big with interest.

She thought a good deal about the "census man" during the rest of the day. At bedtime she began to talk about him again.

"He counted me because I am one of the family, didn't he, mamma?"

"Yes."

"Did he have to count me, no matter how little I was?"

"Yes."

"Dollie's face grew very grave and thoughtful.

"I wish it was like that in the church," she said wistfully. "It seems as if I ought to be counted if I'm one of the family, even if I am little. Don't you think it seems so, mamma?"

Somehow mamma was beginning to think so, and the more she thought about it the more she felt that Dollie ought to be counted; for she had been observing the little girl closely during these weeks, and was convinced that she was indeed "one of the family." She became so sure of it, indeed, that the very next Sunday the name of Dorothea May Tracy was added to the list of church members, and mamma was as glad and happy as Dollie herself.

How happy that was, you had only to look into Dollie's shining eyes to know.—*Mary J. Daniels, in Western Christian Advocate.*

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for July: Lessons from Nature.

July 13.—The Flowers of the Bible.

(Missionary Lesson.)

(Isa. 35: 1-10.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Aaron's rod that blossomed (Num. 17: 8).

Tuesday.—A sign of spring (Sol. song 2: 11, 12).

Wednesday.—Consider the lilies (Matt. 6: 28).

Thursday.—The rose of Sharon (Sol. song 2: 1).

Friday.—A fading flower (Isa. 40: 7, 8).

Saturday.—Myrtle instead of brier (Isa. 55: 13).

Sunday.—Green pastures (Psa. 23: 2).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Faith of our fathers."...Twenty-third psalm....Lord's prayer....Response, "More love to thee."...Singing, "Hark! the voice of Jesus calling."...Recite our Lord's great commission (Mark 16: 15)....Junior topic....Singing, "The children's call."...Blackboard talk....Missionary lesson from *Children's Missionary Friend*....Singing, "We are little lights."...Reading of "Pioneer Leaflet," No. 3....Missionary collection....Closing song, "When the roll is called up yonder."

To the Junior Superintendent.

Ask each Junior to bring a bouquet of flowers, and have a large shallow pan of water in which to keep the flowers fresh during the meeting.

At the close of the meeting, which should be short while the hot weather lasts, go with the children to

the old ladies' home, or almshouse, and give each inmate a pretty bouquet. If desired, the Juniors may sing and recite scripture as well as offer flowers. Old people and children understand each other, and both will be happier for a visit of this kind.

For Pioneer Leaflet No. 3, mentioned in the program, send two-cent stamp to Pauline J. Walden, 36 Bromfield-street, Boston, and ask her to send Mrs. O. W. Scott's No. 3 Missionary Pioneer Leaflet.

It gives the story of Dr. Judson and his missionary experiences in such an attractive way that it is sure to interest children. If you have not already used Nos. 1 and 2 of the Pioneer series, send six cents to Miss Walden and ask her to send you the three leaflets. The first is the "Haystack Prayer-Meeting," and the second the "Story of William Carey."

Mrs. Scott has promised to give us a complete series of these leaflets containing the story of pioneer missionaries, and the literature committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our church has authorized their publication for the express use of mission bands and Junior Epworth Leagues.

Blackboard Talk.

The Bible is the most wonderful nature book in the world. In its pages we find the whole outdoor world, spread out like a panorama.

It has been said of some books that "they smell of the lamp," but God's book smells of green fields, and new-plowed earth, and fresh-springing flowers.

The men who wrote the books of the Bible were shepherds and farmers and fishermen, and they



breathed the open air, and lived in the woods and fields. We find in the Bible many references to grass. There are seventy different kinds of grass growing in Palestine. (Read Psalm 90: 5.)

The almond blossom appears before the leaves are seen, and Aaron's rod, mentioned in our daily Bible readings, was cut from the almond tree. (Jer. 1: 11.)

The myrtle has dark glossy leaves and white flowers. It is contrasted with the brier because the myrtle is so smooth, while the brier is so rough.

The lily was the flower that Jesus used for the text of a sermon on trust. Our red field lily is more like lily of Palestine than the garden lily.

The rose of Sharon is not like our rose but is more likely to have been a narcissus or an oleander.

There is a language of flowers that is understood in every country and every age.

Little children in heathen lands are taught to offer flowers to the idols.

The children cry, and are afraid of the great woods, and only fear makes them willing to give up their pretty flowers to an idol who cannot see nor feel nor smell; but when we give flowers to someone in the name of Jesus we know he will appreciate our gift, for he made the flowers, and loves them.

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsty flowers,

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shades for the leaves when laid

In their noontday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast

As she dances about in the sun;

I wield the flail of the lashing hail

And whiten the green plains under;

And then again I dissolve it in rain.

And laugh as I pass in thunder. —Shelley.

The Best College for Young Women.

Many young women are seeking a school where they can be sure that the instruction is thorough and all the influences and surroundings home-like and refined. The Woman's College at Jacksonville, Ill., is such a school. Young women wishing a thorough classical or scientific course, or desiring to make a specialty of Music, Art, or Elocution will find the Woman's College just what they are seeking. Two additions have been made in two years, and every room is filled each year before school opens. Inquiries should be addressed to President Harker, Jacksonville, Ill.

RHEUMATISM

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THE DRUMMER.

C. A. Corson.

THE traveling man who is a Christian is in a better position to-day than he ever was in days past. There is a quiet but vast revolution going on among these knights of the grip that is unseen by the casual observer. I am of opinion, as a man of the road, that the economic side of the temperance question is making swifter and surer progress than any other side, even the moral side. It has come to pass that a fellow cannot get a decent place in any house, especially as a commercial traveler, or on any railroad, unless he is either a total abstainer or very near that. Most of the men, at first, regard this as an infringement of personal liberty; but any man who is on the road a month will see the necessity of this precaution; that business houses use it as simply an economic safeguard for their house and their customers, and, lastly, their representative.

I have come to regard the organization of the Traveling Men's Christian Association, known as the "Gideons," as about providential. My brother-in-law joined when it was first floated, and though he often tried to draw me in, it was not until my firm in Chicago "called me in," and the junior partner, a prominent Methodist, took me to his room and talked religion to me, that I, as a somewhat nominal Christian, began to have "an experience." We prayed over it, and I sent my name at once to my church—or, rather, to my wife's church—and to Mr. Nicholson at one and the same time, thus becoming "one of them Gideons." I remember that what impressed me most was a clipping from *The Epworth Herald* that "my firm" gave me to read, about "Christianity among the drummers," by Rev. Jas. E. Holden, one of the Methodist preachers in Wisconsin, which set forth the starting of the order. I thought much of that traveling man's priest, John Nicholson, and, I tell you, I want to thank *The Epworth Herald* and Mr. Holden, whoever he is, and "Nick of the Gideons," for the uplift I got from that story. I have since learned that it was that same sketch that gave the Gideons the boost they needed. Now we number over 2,000, and I am looking forward to the annual convention in Iowa as I never looked for anything before in my life. I thought I would like to tell you this. Print it if you want to.

Mason City, Ia.

A CITY GIRL'S POULTRY FARM.

SHE was decidedly a clever girl, with success written on her face. But a few years of studio life had dimmed the glow of cheek and eyes. Rest and relaxation had been ordered, but how could she afford either? Of course, there was the old place in the country, but she would die of ennui there. Then came a bright suggestion: kill two birds with one stone—rest and make a fortune raising chickens! So she tried it for two years, and found her poultry farm so much more remunerative than her studio had been that she renounced the latter entirely—except as a luxury. Now she would not exchange her independence and health for any amount of transitory glory. Her experience may contain some hints for others who contemplate a like experiment.

First of all, she secured all possible information on the subject, practical and scientific—for there is science in raising chickens. Next she decided upon a small beginning, and put aside \$150 as capital to invest at the outset. Most of this was spent upon the home for the feathered community.

Some distance from the house a shed was built for the young chicks. This nursery consisted of about a dozen coops, five by two feet. One-half of each coop was dark, for a sleeping-room, and floored; the other light, with a sand floor and exits for the tenants. The whole was protected by the shed.

On the other side of the house were a number of nests for setting hens. These were thick boxes with a door on one side. All buildings were whitewashed, and the floor of the chicken-house

covered with dust for dust baths, and this needs to be changed every week.

When the little chicks began to break the shells they were left undisturbed for twenty-four hours, then removed to a coop and given their first meal.

Provisions were purchased wholesale, and everything was conducted upon business principles. No desultory or home trade was done. One good market was found, and shipments made regularly. Attention was devoted especially to the sale of eggs in winter, and of young chickens in spring and summer. The eggs were supplied the first year by 200 pullets—all home bred. The next season the business was undertaken on a much larger scale.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Collier's Weekly.*

A WAY TO HAPPINESS.

FIND out, as early as possible, what you can best do, and do it with all your might, and expect to succeed, no matter what obstacles you may encounter. Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like; like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily at work to make it what you desire. Be happy over something every day, for the brain is a thing of habit, and you cannot teach it to be happy in a moment if you allow it to be miserable for years.

Make yourself worthy of true friendship and lasting respect and worthy love; and if any of these emotions seem to prove ephemeral, remember, they were not the realities—the real ones will come to you, since you are worthy.

Acquire all the knowledge and accomplishments possible, and enter into studies and sports with all your energies. They help to round life out, and to keep the mind fed with a varied diet, while they open new doors of pleasure and enjoyment.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing—man or beast—every day of your life. If you do no more than feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog, or loose the cruel check of a misused horse, you have traveled a step toward happiness, and have not lived a day in vain.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.*

PROPER FOOD.

Better Than Ocean Breezes.

It makes a lot of difference in hot weather the kind of food one eats.

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When Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee constitute the summer breakfast with the addition of a little fruit, it is not necessary to seek the ocean breezes for comfort, for external heat is unnoticed when internal coolness from proper food is felt. The recipe-book in each package of Grape-Nuts gives dozens of delicious dishes.

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The Wabash road will sell excursion tickets July 5 to 9 inclusive, from Chicago to Portland, Me., at \$21.50 for the round trip via Niagara Falls; \$20.50 via Montreal. Return limit Aug. 15. For full information call at or address City Ticket Office, 97 Adams St., Chicago.

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Please do not fail to notify us in either case.

Remember it takes two or three weeks to perfect the change. Subscriptions for use of Sunday-schools, to be sent to one address may commence at any time and run for three, six, nine or twelve months from date of subscription. They can be ordered for one year and paid for quarterly in advance.

Orders for subscriptions, change of address, notices to stop etc., should be mailed direct to JENNINGS & PYE, 57 Washington Street, Chicago. Do not send to the editor.

Please write postoffice address and names very distinctly. Make all checks, drafts, express orders, money orders etc., payable to Jennings & Pye. Do not send postage stamps or currency if it can be avoided.

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Refuses and articles intended for publication should be mailed direct to JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor, 57 Washington Street, Chicago. Do not send to Jennings & Pye.

JENNINGS & PYE, Publishers,

57 Washington Street, Chicago.

A. E. DENN, Manager Advertising Department.

IOWA ETCHINGS.

Reports are coming in giving glowing accounts of district conventions.

The first draft of the provisional program for the state convention is out.

Miss Mattie L. Coleman, district secretary of Day-ent District, writes that she has had reports from every league on the district, and that of 200 letters written she has not failed to receive a reply from a letter that needed a reply. That has a business ring. Tell us all about it at the state convention, Miss Coleman.

At the Epworth League, on leaving, left his board bill and said: "The Epworth League has

The cause of Christian education is being represented at nearly all of the district conventions.

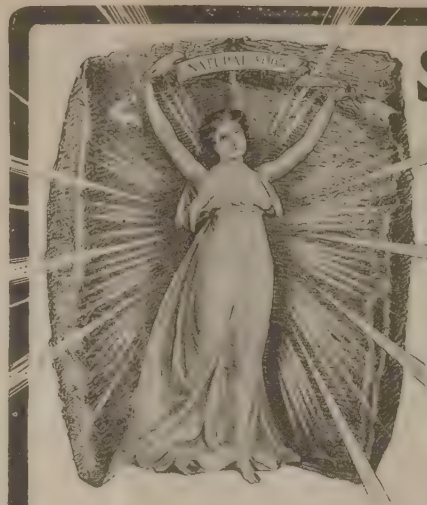
Chapter 259, First Church, Des Moines, now numbers 373 members, a gain of sixty-one during the past year.

We welcome ex President L. A. Blue on his return among the league workers of Iowa.

Grinnell is planning to entertain royally the coming state convention. The location is central. The railroad facilities are excellent. The attendance should be the largest in the history of state league conventions. All district officers are *ex-officio* delegates, and should plan to attend. (E. T. Gruwell, secretary state league, Mt. Vernon, Ia.)

Iowa State Assembly Notes.

Epworth Park, Colfax, was never so beautiful as this year, and the prospect for a large camp was never so good. One order has already been received for a

SHREDDED
WHOLE
WHEAT
BISCUIT

From Natural Food comes health. Nature has stored in the whole wheat the necessary properties to support perfect teeth, bone, body and brain. Mischievous man in making white flour, removes a part of these properties. Thinking people realize that **naturally organized foods make possible natural conditions, and that there is no other way.**

Whole wheat is a Naturally Organized Food, that is, contains all the properties in Correct Proportion necessary for the Complete Nourishment of Man. "Soft Cooked" cereals are swallowed with little or no mastication and, therefore, the teeth are robbed of their necessary—**natural—exercise, causing weakness and decay.** Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit builds strong teeth, strong muscles and a strong mind.

The daily use of Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit builds strong teeth, strong muscles and a strong mind.

Sold by All Grocers.

Send for "The Vital Question" Cook Book (free). Address

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Miss Georgia E. Packer of Manson, Ia., will have charge of the girls' club, and gave short talks on physical culture, literature, and art, besides making sure that the girls have ample recreation. Rev. E. S. Johnson of Webster City, chaplain of the Fifty-second Iowa, and a commissioned officer of volunteers, will have charge of the physical training for boys and young men. There will be daily drill, recreation, and field sports. Captain Johnson excels in this work for young men, as he does in all the work of the pastorate.

FOR INDIGESTION

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. GREGORY DOYLE, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue it."

Delightful Eastern Trips.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway has just issued a new summer book, "Lake Shore Tours," showing a selected list Eastern resorts with routes and rates. Copy will be sent on application to City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St., or C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

VISIT YELLOWSTONE PARK IN 1902.

Season Runs to Sept. 15.

This Park is, beyond argument, the Finest Pleasure Ground in the World, as Congress intended it should be.

New hotels have been built, and the Government has been constructing new roads and greatly improving old ones, so that tourists can visit the Park with more comfort than ever before. There is a gradual increase of visitors to the Park from year to year, and one can remain as long as one pleases.

The hotel rates are \$4.00 per day for seven days, \$3.00 per day after that time, and stopovers are allowed without increased charge for transportation. The hotels and service are first-class in every particular, and modern—steam heated, electric lighted, etc.—in appointments.

The geysers were never playing better, the trout fishing never was finer, and the opportunities for genuine pleasure and profit in sight-seeing were never greater than they are in 1902. The Northern Pacific runs its trains direct to the Park boundary near Mammoth Hot Springs, the capital of the Park.

For six cents I will send our "Wonderland 1902," which has a chapter on the Park; for 25 cents I will send "Yellowstone National Park," an illustrated and descriptive book relating entirely to the Park; for 50 cents I will send "Wild Flowers from Yellowstone," "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

MONEY INVESTED

IN cattle, sheep and hogs in Montana is safe; is always easily converted into cash and pays 25 to 35 per cent. A band of 500 sheep soon grows into a fortune. Write for free copy of "CO-OPERATIVE CO-ONIST," giving illustrated description of our ranches.

MONTANA CO-OPERATIVE RANCH CO., Great Falls, Mont.

Edward M. Woods
Hutchinson



THE OWL ORCHESTRA, STORM LAKE, IOWA (WILL BE PRESENT AT IOWA STATE ASSEMBLY).

starved me out." The league is an enthusiastic temperance society.

At Ridgeway a Junior and Senior League have recently been organized. Nearly the entire Junior membership is to be received into the church.

Bettendorf Epworth League Chapter, No. 21,224, was organized about a month ago with forty members. Miss Mattie Coleman led the movement.

The league of First Church, Des Moines, now has forty tithers. Iowa ought to have 40,000.

Some of the wideawake league secretaries are sending names of young people who ought to go to our church schools to the college authorities.

reservation of twenty lots for a party from Northwest Iowa.

Dr. A. W. Patten's Bible lectures will be a prominent feature of this year's meeting. Dr. Patten will lecture every day at 10:30. The list of topics will be found in the official program, which may be had by addressing the superintendent at Colfax.

The Imperial Hand Bell Ringers of Boston, the African Boy Choir, and the Edison projectoscope will give royal entertainment during the assembly evenings. The scientific lectures on wireless telegraphy and liquid air will be worth a long trip to Epworth Park.

THE EPWORTH HERALD.

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST. John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, July 12, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 7.

From Castle Rock to Holyrood.—Mary S. Daniels.

THE romance of a city street! In many an ancient town of the Old World one learns to recognize its quality and charm, but nowhere more potently than in a certain quaint old thoroughfare in Edinburgh—a street in which past and present are so curiously mixed and mingled that we find ourselves actually in Queen Mary's Edinburgh, in Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh, and in a great and splendid modern capital at one and the same time.

For a stroll over this mile of history and story—and let no one fancy he can taste its flavor in a cab!—we start at the castle.

As Edinburgh is the pride of Scotland, so the crown of Edinburgh is the castle. Perched on its bold rock, this hoary fortress, with its battle-mented towers, its ancient moat and portcullis and dismal dungeons, has a rugged grandeur whose very grimness at once captivates the imagination. Many a thrilling recollection stirs the pulses here, but always the tenderest thoughts cluster about that part of the palace which was built for the beautiful young queen of Scots in 1585, and especially about the chamber in which was born the baby prince, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England—a dim little room, with a part of the original ceiling, dark-paneled and painted, and a quaint black-letter inscription on the wall, said to be the young mother's prayer of thanksgiving on that occasion.

Crossing the esplanade, we come upon a battalion or two of garrison soldiers at drill. A goodly sight they are, in their tartan kilts and bonnets; and to some of us at least there is a pleasant music in the skirling of the bagpipes. But for centuries this ground was the scene of tragedy and horror. Here executions took place, and here martyrs and witches were burned—the latter with greatest frequency—during Cromwell's commonwealth.

From Castle Rock, sheer and precipitous on three sides, an ancient street, continuous, but changing its name four times within a mile, slopes gently down toward the east to Holyrood, and it is along this thoroughfare, the very stones of whose pavement are eloquent of the passion and prowess, the romance and achievement, of a nation's history through a thousand years, that we take our way.

Its first and steepest portion, known as Castle Hill, was, up to within 150 years, the abode of the Scottish nobility. At its foot stood the palace and oratory of Mary of Guise, demolished a

few years ago to give place to the present Free Church College. Nearly opposite was the West Bow, once the principal western entrance to the city. It was here that Queen Mary, riding into Edinburgh on the first side-saddle with a pommel ever seen in Scotland, was welcomed as dowager of France, queen of Scotland, and heiress of England, being presented with the city keys, a Bible, and a Psalter by a beautiful child representing an angel. Only a stump now marks the spot!

At the junction of the West Bow with the Lawnmarket—which is the continuation of Castle Hill—stood the butter-trone, or weigh-house, which afforded shelter to Cromwell and Prince Charles during their attacks upon the castle. All along its walls in the olden time were stalls, or canvas-covered booths, for the sale of webs

Nov. 9, 1572, followed to the manse at its close by the entire congregation in tears; and here the Solemn League and Covenant was signed in 1643. Churches in those stormy days had to serve other purposes than that of places of worship; Kirkcaldy's artillery was planted in the steeple of St. Giles in 1571, and at one time there was a loom in the tower, at which imprisoned weavers might earn their board and lodging. Among the many monuments and memorials in the church none are more interesting than the two brass tablets to the memory of Dean Hannay and his sturdy assailant, Jenny Geddes. The identical little three-legged folding-stool which Jenny threw at the dean is still to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum, close to John Knox's pulpit.

Of the ancient cemetery on the south side of

St. Giles no trace remains, save a small flat stone marked "I. K., 1572," supposed to indicate the last resting-place of the great reformer; but of deeper and more pathetic interest to us is the stone heart in the pavement which marks the site of the Old Tolbooth, or city prison, called the Heart of Midlothian.

We pass out of the square into the High Street, by the Old Market Cross, handsomely restored by Mr. Gladstone, at which royal proclamations are still made, and find ourselves in what was for hundreds of years the fashionable and



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

of cloth, whence the name; and many of the "closes," or wynds—the narrow passages running out at right angles on both sides of the street—are famous for their associations.

Here in St. James Court, on the left, dwelt David Hume, Boswell, and Dr. Johnson; and from this court we enter the close called after the noted leader of fashion, Lady Stair, whose house, with the sculptured doorway and carved date 1622, was the scene of the events in the story of "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror." In Riddle's Close, on the right, is the mansion of Bailie Macmorran, an influential citizen in the sixteenth century, who was shot by a high-school boy in a riot that grew out of the refusal of a holiday; and a little further along resided Deacon Brodie, whose mysterious and repeated robberies were so long the wonder and scandal of Edinburgh.

A few yards more, and we are in the wide square in which stands the famous old church of St. Giles, still often called the Cathedral. Here John Knox preached his last sermon on

aristocratic section of Edinburgh. Here we see Dunbar's Close, the headquarters of Cromwell's Ironsides, and peer into many a court and wynd familiar from our reading of Scott.

In Old Postoffice Close was the residence of the ninth earl of Eglinton and his countess Susan, who was six feet in height and reputed the most beautiful woman of her day. It was over these very stones that the countess and her seven tall and beautiful daughters were borne in sedan chairs, preceded by torch-bearers, to the fashionable routs in Old Assembly Close, not many yards away on the other side of the street.

Just beyond the famous ballroom is Covenant Close, containing the buildings in which the Covenant was renewed, and which, tradition says, "wadna burn" in the two great fires that have raged around them.

Many of the old houses in these quarters have quaint projecting upper stories, picturesque timbered gables, clustering turrets, and pious Latin mottoes in antique characters over the doors.

Here and there within we may also find mantels and lintels with rich and exquisite carvings, relics of a bygone splendor. But these are now the slums of Edinburgh, and the former abodes of elegance and luxury are the tenements of swarming thousands of the most squalid of the city's population.

Passing Carubbers Close—the present site of the great Carubbers Close Mission, a gigantic undenominational religious institution—and pausing for a glance at the tall house with red roof and many gables which was once the home of Knox, we continue our way into the Canon-gate. How full of interest to Sir Walter Scott this region was we all know, and, indeed, it is the most famous and fascinating portion of all Edinburgh.

Until near the end of the eighteenth century, a battlemented gate, called the Netherbow Port, separated High Street from the Canon-gate, which was an independent municipality with a Market Cross and a Tolbooth of its own. Founded by the abbots and canons of Holyrood, it afterward became the court quarter and the resort of the beauty and fashion of the capital.

Here on the left is the Canon-gate Tolbooth, or prison, with its curious projecting clock, and the parish church, its front gable surmounted by

the stag's head and cross of the burgh arms, standing in a dreary-looking little churchyard in which rests the dust of many world-renowned men, among them Bonar, the hymn-writer.

An eager little gamin insists upon conducting us down a narrow wynd to the little square from which we may see the mansion in which Lady Jane Grey slept for nine nights, and we slip aside a moment to peep into Whitehorse Close, the resort of the officers of Charles Edward's army described in *Waverley*, with its still picturesque buildings. Moray House, the finest building in the Canon-gate, and one rich in historical associations, is now used by the Free Church Normal School.

The Canon-gate, with all the abbey precincts of Holyrood, were, as we know, formerly a sanctuary for criminals, and, until imprisonment for debt was abolished less than twenty years ago, its privileges were continued in the case of debtors.

At the foot of the Canon-gate lies Holyrood Palace, but the abbey has entirely passed away, the only trace left being the lovely ivy-clad ruin of the chapel royal, the melancholy little chapel in which was celebrated the marriage of Queen Mary and Darnley, and beneath whose broken pavement sleep several Scottish sovereigns.

Very little of the palace is as it was in Mary Stuart's time, yet the Holyrood of to-day is to us supremely and solely the Holyrood of the beautiful, ill-starred queen whose rare and bewildering personality dominates it like a living presence.

In the paneled audience-room, scene of those stormy interviews between the girlish sovereign and the stern reformer, Knox, in Lord Darnley's suite with the private stair to the queen's apartments, and especially in the royal bedroom and the tiny supper-room adjoining—most closely connected of all with Holyrood's great tragedy—the dead facts of history are again wondrously touched with life, until the past seems more real than the present.

There is something peculiarly touching in these personal belongings—the queen's bed, her chairs, her work-box, and the little mirror of Venetian glass grown dim and tarnished since it reflected that transcendent face. "Will ye no come back again?" croons a girl who is mending some mouldering tapestry in a corner, and the words linger like a haunting echo in our hearts long after we have returned to the stately new town from this Edinburgh of three hundred years ago.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

"A Paper Boat on a Heaving Pool." (A Story from Life.)

Charlotte F. Wilder.

MARY SPRINGER left home and went to the city to become a "saleslady" in a large department store. There may have been a dozen good reasons why another girl should go out into the wide world alone and unprotected, but I think Mary, who was only fifteen years old and had a good home, could hardly have given herself a real reason for going to the city.

When we are young we are never certain why we do this or that. When older, and with a disciplined judgment, we stop and ask ourselves why we wish for a certain foolish—evil or wise—good thing. Is it an inherited desire from some foolish or wise ancestor? Was the longing created in childhood? Of one thing we are certain—the deed done to-day was long ago begun in thought or act.

Whether the reason Mary gave herself for leaving home was a true reason or not, she left home, and when she left there were aching hearts in that Kansas farmhouse on the hill. Her parents knew their daughter was ignorant of the trials and temptations that come to girls who are among strangers, especially to girls in a large city and who are unused to city ways. They knew that the confining duties of a shop-girl would be trying to one accustomed to the free life of a farm-home. They knew that the money she would earn could not give her a comfortable support. The parents were not Christians, and when Mary went to the city she was, to them, launched out into life's heaving pool in a paper boat.

The letters which Mary wrote home were, at first, filled with bright pictures. She worked near an open door, where the great passing world could see her, and she could see the world. She dressed her hair in style. She had a new hat with a feather. Other girls had more rings and pins than she, but she had several new ones. She had made several new acquaintances, and began to go to the theaters and to concerts with them. The pictures which Mary saw in this world she had entered were evidently more to her taste than those she had seen at the farm home. But perhaps she had not seen the best pictures at her home, for we all see only such things as we are capable of seeing. Jacob, in mature manhood, saw angels when a stone was his pillow. Moses, after forty years of discipline, saw the glory of God at the back side of a desert. Mary often stood by the kitchen door, and in the early morning, with rebellious thoughts, gazed at the green earth, the tiny,

fluffy chickens, the row of bright tins. The picture meant a yard to keep clean, chickens to feed, cream to be skimmed, butter to be made, and so many pans to wash. She never raised her eyes to the swaying tree-tops and beyond to the blossoming east. In her new home she saw the jewelry on the girls about her, and coveted for herself a diamond ring that "cost over a dollar." At her home she never once looked up to the clouds when they flashed whole mines of precious stones, and where the garnet and the sapphire made the royal amethyst before her very eyes; and often, after a rain, when the sun came down through the emerald of the trees, and every tiny leaf and blade of grass was made brilliant with fire opals and flashing diamonds, Mary never once noticed them.

Mary wrote home about the concerts she attended where she heard conundrums and jests, brass instruments, and singing. Around her own home, all her life, in the soft stillness of the fragrant morning, the birds had made music which sounded like myriad harps tuned to angelic harmonies, but Mary had never heard these concerts. She had never listened to the mockingbird as it sang, fairly trembling with joy at the sweetness of its own delirious music. She had never watched the sly movements of the catbird when, like a buffoon, it called the cat in all the notes of distress of a suffering kitten, made fun of the robin, teased the redbird, lorded it over the bluejay, and ended its fun by giving, with all the dignity of a judge, the exquisite strains of its cousin, the mockingbird. No, Mary knew nothing about all this beauty, sweetness, music, fun, at her own home-door but found what she enjoyed on the stage at a minstrel show.

When Mary was a little girl a farm-laborer worked one season for her father. When he went away he left a large package of books in the farm storehouse. Mary's mother thoughtlessly allowed her child to read these books, thinking reading a certainly safe employment or amusement. The dreadful books were read and re-read by Mary, and the heaven worked in her soul.

When books are filled with unreal characters, who are sure to dwell, not in homes, but in "mansions," "palaces," "castles," readers of such books soon find it impossible to look at life from any right standpoint. One book made Mary dissatisfied with her name. Two books made her feel that her self-sacrificing, unselfish

mother, who was not ashamed of honest toil, was "commonplace." The third book showed what a failure her father must be because he had not discovered the "hidden box," which contained papers that made him heir to a kingdom!

Before Mary was seventeen she sent home an "announcement," resembling a Thanksgiving proclamation, that she was married. She wrote that her husband, "Prof." Augustus Fitz Harman, had sold medicines and become very rich. That now he was not obliged to work, but, just to keep busy, was agent for a firm in New York. They boarded at a "swell hotel." Her husband was very genteel, and wore "swell clothes." He had to be away from home quite a little; but as she remained a saleslady she did not get lonely. Her new gowns were elegant. Augustus bought whole bolts of fine silk goods, which she kept in her trunks, and should have them made up when they went to their beautiful mansion in New York. She had such good times going to ride on Sunday behind fast horses, and the theater was a constant source of pleasure. The only drawback to her happiness was that Augustus had soon to go to another state for his firm, and be gone several weeks.

After a time the parents had a letter that Augustus had come back from one of his trips into another state under the care of the sheriff. Poor Mary! The man she thought she had married was a thief, gambler, burglar, scoundrel, and had two or three wives he had pretended to marry living in other parts of the country. She did not even know what was his real name.

Mary awoke to her own folly. She had "married" a man of whose past life and of whose family she was ignorant. She lost her own reputation and her position as "saleslady." She did the one sensible thing left for her to do—went home to her parents.

Mary's health failed. Every care and aid was given which medical skill could devise, but all in vain. The girl, not twenty years of age, cried out in agony over her foolish, useless, wasted life; but it could not be lived over again.

The day Mary died she asked her mother to bring all the books she read as a girl. One by one she looked at them, and then motioned for all to be cast into the fire. As the last one burned she turned her head on the pillow and whispered: "The only good deed I have ever done."

Manhattan, Kan.

A STUDENTS' FAREWELL.

Mary Blanche Ball.

ONE of the girls was going to India—the second of the senior class to leave in a single week. There was joy in the going, but sadness in the parting. She was to leave at eight o'clock in the evening.

Just after supper the Volunteer Band escorted her to the missionary room—that room so dear to the hearts of the volunteers, and about which so many precious memories cluster! Here are photographs of "our girls" now toiling under foreign skies. Here are scenes from strange lands, a collection of exquisite pieces of china, and curiously carved ornaments, grotesque images, oddly constructed tools and instruments, beautiful bits of embroidery, all characteristic of the countries from which they came. Here is also a missionary map of the world, almost completely covering one side of the room. Little white discs, each bearing the name of a former Chicago Training-school student, fastened to the map at different mission stations, tell just where our school is represented.

In this missionary atmosphere the girls gathered for a short farewell prayer-meeting with their friend. But soon a tap of the bell announced that the hour of departure had come. Doors quietly opened, and closed. The students were gathering in the main hall. The stairway was quickly filled, and even up to the third floor the girls were watching over the railing. Someone began singing,

"Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death."

A few brief, earnest prayers followed, asking a blessing on the one who was going, and on those who were remaining. "Take the name of Jesus with you" was sung, and again there were prayers—soul-quickenings prayers—that filled each listener with a greater desire than ever to "go work in the Master's vineyard."

It was eight o'clock. One of the teachers picked up the satchel, another the lunchbox, the contents of which had been carefully selected and arranged by the seniors. Good-byes had, of course, been privately said, yet at the last moment a crowd surrounded the out-goer for another clasp of the hand, and another murmured "God bless you." There were tears in many eyes as the door opened, and she who had been known and loved so well, went out from the shelter of the training-school into the future of which God alone knows. The students crowded quite out into the street, singing "Anywhere with Jesus." The motorman, conductor, and passengers watched with interest, and smiled kindly. The conductor rang the bell, but the fluttering of handkerchiefs did not cease until the car had faded into a speck in the darkness.

Chicago.

POETRY EXTRAORDINARY.

Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, A.M., Ph.D.

THE once famous humorist Artemus Ward, said that he

"Could no more be a poet
Than a sheep could be a goat;"

and he had the good sense not to try. Someone has said that there are three things that almost every man thinks himself capable of doing—teaching school, editing a newspaper, and running a small farm. To these three things may be added a fourth, namely, writing poetry, many persons supposing that it is enough if it only rhymes. A mild kind of crankism often takes this form, and there are those who write verses by the square yard, and inflict the reading of these effusions upon their friends. In such case the friend might say the same as the man who wrote an obituary notice for a well-known religious paper. He concluded it thus: "Father Smith was a constant reader of the ——— for over forty years. His sufferings were intense, but he bore them with Christian fortitude."

For a "take-off" upon this sort of composition commend me to the effusions of the Widow Bedott.

Witness her lines sent to Elder Sniffles, when

that worthy clergyman was sick with that which would now be called the grip. The first two stanzas will suffice as a sample:

"O reverend, sir, I do declare,
It drives me a'most to frenzy,
To think o' you a lyin' there
Down sick with inflezeny."

"A body'd a thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departur
Without such trouble as this 'ere
To come a follerin' arter."

When the elder seemed not to respond to her delicate intimation of affection, she wrote:

"Full forty dollars would I give
If we'd contrinered apart—
For though he's made my sperrit live,
He's surely bust my heart."

When her hopes utterly gave out, she wrote her own epitaph:

"She didn't commit self-suicide,
T'was tribulation killed her,
O what a pity she hadn't died
Afore she saw the elder."

But after hope revived the elder came to terms, and they were married, and she was Widow Bedott no longer, but Mrs. Sniffles, and her muse took on a most joyful strain:

"No more will they mourn their widdered sittiuation,
And continner to sythe without mitigation;
But pardners for life, to be parted no more,
Their sorriers is ended, their troubles is o'er."

"The heart that was scornful and cold as a stun,
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one;
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shad."

Even the cemetery is not safe from the invasion of the would-be poet, and we sometimes see lines inscribed on tombstones that are enough to make angels weep.

But notwithstanding the many utter failures, there is that in the human heart that responds to the touch of the true poet, and the anointed singer will never lack an audience. We should cultivate a taste for the best in this department of literature. Read the standards, the great poets whose songs the world will not let die; and when God raises up a new prophet in verse, the ear and heart of the world will open to receive him.

Haledon, N. Y.

TEA-MAKING IN TANGIER.

Caroline K. Herrick.

AN American lady who has passed much time in the city of Tangier relates her first experience of tea-drinking in Moorish style.

She was invited to take afternoon tea with the recently wedded wife of a native official of high rank. The prospect of the visit caused her some dismay, for she had been informed by a friend experienced in local etiquette that she must drink at least three cups of tea, and to her three cups of tea meant a headache and a sleepless night. But the invitation had been accepted; she must accept the consequences, whatever they might be.

Arrived at the house, she was ushered into a reception-room furnished with the usual divans, rugs, and cushions, where she awaited the entrance of her hostess and a lady of her household who was to serve as interpreter. The ladies soon appeared, and welcomed the guest by raising her hand to their lips, then kissing the back of their own hand. After a few minutes of general conversation a gaily-dressed little slave girl entered and announced that tea was served, and the guest was conducted to the bedroom of her hostess, a large room whose only light besides that which entered through the doorway was from latticed openings very high up in the wall on the side toward the court—there were no windows on the side toward the street. At one end of this apartment was the lady's bed, at the other her marriage chest, containing her trousseau. The bed coverings—all made and embroidered by the bride—must first be shown to the visitor; then the contents of the marriage chest. The American lady was enthusiastic in her admiration of the rich wedding gown, whereupon the Moorish lady offered to

lend it to her, that she might have herself photographed in it. The American, being fully eight inches taller than her oriental friend, feared that the costume might not prove becoming, and declined the honor.

The tea equipage—brought in on a large brass tray—proved to be similar to that in use among us, save that a samovar was used for heating the water; the sugar was in lumps as large as a walnut, and in the center of the tray was a bowl full of green leaves whose odor proclaimed that they were mint. The American wondered what part mint was to play in the festivity, and then fixed her attention upon the brewing tea.

The first thing the Moorish lady did was to cram the teapot with lumps of sugar. She then let in boiling water from the samovar until the pot was filled. The lid was now closed until the sugar should be dissolved. The next step looked more familiar. The hostess measured about the same quantity of tea as the American would have used, and put it in the pot; but the guest stared in amazement as she saw a large bunch of mint leaves stuffed down into the pot on top of the tea. "Three cups of that mess!" she thought. "Can I stand it?"

But the curious decoction proved to be not at all so unpalatable as she had anticipated, though quite unlike tea as she was acquainted with it. No spoons were used, the tea was sipped from small cups, and it was quite possible to take three without serious consequences.

Unlike Turks and Arabs, the Moors prefer tea to coffee, and its use is as universal as in China and Japan. Tea houses are numerous in the streets of their cities, and, without the walls, tents by the roadside supply the popular beverage to travelers. Green tea is the favorite variety, but it would seem that the palate of a connoisseur could hardly detect any distinct flavor of tea beneath the syrupy sweetness and pungent taste of mint.

Orange, N. J.

THOSE WHO FOLLOW.

Robb Zaring.

ONE day recently I noticed a great, fine sleigh go gliding by my study-window drawn by a span of magnificent horses. Attached to the rear of this original outfit was a sled with a big boy on it enjoying his stolen ride hugely. Hooked on behind him was a second sled filled with little fellows, who received their power from the big boy, who, in turn, got his power from the man and his horses.

I have often seen the same performance in the life around us. We see some great, original thinker go plunging through the established order of things—a thinker who is possessed of views that, like a warhorse, hurl his chariot into the thickest of the fray. And then there is many a fellow who is only too anxious to tie his little play-wagon of opinion to the tail-board of such a leader and glide through life. It is so easy. He just holds fast to the rope, and, if the original thinker goes fast, so does his disciple; if he bumps against an obstruction, bump goes the follower.

True it is we must have leaders, socially, politically, and otherwise, and it is equally true that there should be an obedient acquiescence to their leadership. I suppose such is the divine planning. But most assuredly this should not in the leastwise throttle original thought and opinion on the part of the follower. The most despicable level that a man can come to is where he sells out mind and soul to some intellectual slaveholder; nips opinion's bud in his own brain; shouts as his master shouts and thinks as he thinks. It is not that a man's thought coincides with mine that he is interesting. It is that he *thinks at all*. What though his thought is crude, its delivery faltering! It is thought, and therefore not to be despised. He who thinks the best he can will receive the divine commendation as assuredly as did the poor widow of old, who gave the best she could. "She hath done what she could." And so shall this be said of him who, though in error, thinks his best thought, and gives it into the treasury of the world.

Irvington, Ind.

Success, and How to Attain It.

The Only Safe Path.

CHARLES R. MAGEE.

I HAVE often been impressed with the large number of young men who seem to lack ability to work intelligently and systematically without constant supervision. When I came to have responsibility and employ clerks of my own, I always said to them: "Use your spare moments in learning something of your business. Try to anticipate the wants of your employer and make yourself so valuable that he will regard you as essential to his business. Then if retrenchment comes and clerks are discharged, your place will be secure."

Then I have tried to make the young men realize that entirely aside from moral considerations, strict integrity in dealing with one's customers is the only safe pathway for a business man. In this day of schemes and plans for making fortunes rapidly, one needs a cool head always to see clearly in these matters, but in a series of years one can but feel that in business as in everything else the "fittest" only can survive.

Then I try to encourage young fellows on the manly side. I endeavor to have them feel that they are under the eyes of men who are constantly on the outlook for young men of capacity and character, and any lapse on their part may lose for them great opportunities.

I believe the young man who will commence his business life with the resolve to make himself a necessity to his employer, to found all his business on rules of probity and justice, and to be manly and industrious in all his daily life, will not want for ample opportunity for the exercise of such gifts as God has given him.

Some years ago I met a friend on his way to a coöperative bank to put in some money for his boys. I walked down with him, and before I left had started a little account myself. It was surely the best investment I ever made, for while the payments were too small to be embarrassing, the returns at maturity seemed like money found. Wise saving of money will always bring agreeable surprises, not only in the feeling of security against disaster, but in the opportunity for satisfying one's needs and in making others happy. I am learning some lessons now that I might have learned years ago had I been as wise as the young man of to-day ought to be and can be if he will.

Boston.

The Wagon of Success.

CHAS C. STOLL.

"DO men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" No more can a young man build up a successful career on a misdirected or an undirected life. A life, to be successful, must be a directed life.

Then our boys should be exceedingly careful in their selection of a business career. Twenty-one years ago, after leaving school, I walked the streets of Louisville for five anxious weeks, looking for work. Finally a well-meaning friend secured a place for me in a business which paid a good salary. I refused the position. I was impressed that the environment and the companionship of the business would give me a struggle to uphold my Christian integrity. Although I was severely criticised as being too particular, I have had abundant occasion to be thankful for the stand then taken.

To be successful, the young man will fortify himself in three distinct places:

First, he must determine to be honest. We hear it so often said that "honesty is the best policy" that it has almost lost its force. But this is the sure foundation. It means honesty not only in property matters, but honesty in your employer's time and the quality of the work. Honesty in this sense means faithfulness. In the business life faithfulness secures success.

Then, determine to be economical. I do not mean stingy nor miserly. Economy is a wagon which

is absolutely necessary to carry you in the direction of success. Acquire an economical habit. Determine never to live up to your income. The time is coming in your career when, besides your own personal attainments, you will need capital. At the crucial time you will find your savings sufficient to tide you over to success. The economical habit which you have attained in youth will help you in the conduct of large business matters in after life.

A young fellow had been working for me several years with devotion and attentiveness which made him valuable. Only a few days ago this was his testimony: "Where I made my mistake was in failing to lay aside out of my earnings the money which I could easily have spared. Had I been willing to put aside a few hundred dollars each year, which I could easily have done, I would now be in position to supply the capital I ought to have."

Then, lastly, determine to hustle. Study your business. Know your business. You cannot afford to be lazy in body. You cannot afford to be lazy in mind. Apply yourself diligently. That is the steam that helps drive your wagon in the direction of success.

Louisville, Ky.

Do Right in Every Way.

FREDERICK H. RINDGE.

IN reply to your favor, asking me to write a few lines that may be of assistance to young men about to enter upon a business career, permit me to give the following, which has been a great help in building the foundation of my own life:

Do right in thought as well as in act. If you do there will be no cause for anxiety, doubt, discontent, nor of fear for the future. If you obey God he will stand by you and open every way to you. You must often ask yourself, "Am I doing right in every way?" If you are, God will do everything for you. If you are not, then you would better overcome your faults that you may have his friendship, assistance and deliverance from evil.

Santa Monica, Cal.

Stick to Your Work.

L. J. NORTON.

THE world of business is continually on the hunt for men and boys who possess qualities of success. No one of real merit need be long without occupation. Of course there is a great variety of good qualities which contribute to the success of men, but if I were to point out the one I consider most essential I would say faithfulness—an everlasting stay-with-it.

Men of only moderate ability who will get hold and hang on with bulldog tenacity usually develop qualities of marked usefulness. In the manufacturing concerns with which I am connected we would much rather employ a man of only fair average ability, if he will stay year after year, than a brilliant man who is unreliable.

Patience to do well an assigned work will usually inspire the confidence of an employer and eventually bring recognition of ability by proper advancement.

Napa, Cal.

Three Stepping-Stones for Boys.

HON. EARL M. CRANSTON.

THE first and greatest prerequisite to success is character. Without it splendid careers have tottered to the final inevitable fall, like mighty buildings on weak foundations. The young man who will not be honest because it is right would, if a wise man, be honest because from the merely selfish standpoint it is good policy to be honest. Half the time ingenuity and

effort spent by scheming scalawags to gain a living without work would, if legitimately directed, bring them wealth and honor.

The next element of success is an education. The raw militia soldier stands small chance against the drilled and skilled regular in battle—and life is a battle. Schools and books? Yes, and men, too. Study your fellows, their condition, peculiarities, capacity, environment, hopes, and possibilities. And study yourself; not overmuch, but enough to occasionally take your own measure and shape, and find just what place you can take or make for yourself in the great mass. Success is the adaptation of the man to his aims and his opportunities. A hod-carrier may be a complete success. A United States senator may be an absolute failure. Adaptation, or the want of it, makes the difference.

Then, having found your place in the line and equipped yourself for it, be courageous, persistent, and patient. In the general advance you will surely share, and there are special rewards for those who endure and develop merit and capacity to lead. All these qualities precede and bring success. Therefore cultivate them, and success will take care of itself.

Denver, Col.

Ten Fingers Which Point Toward the Top.

F. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

I WILL write down a few of the simple rules which my business observation has taught me are pretty sure to help young men to success: Cultivate cheerfulness.

Keep yourself in the best possible physical condition.

Thoroughly inform yourself as to the details of any business engaged in, and the most up-to-date methods of carrying it on.

Be alert.

Do everything in your power to further the interests of your employer. Work of this kind will be noticed and opportunities gradually given for advancement.

Be systematic.

Be neat in your personal appearance.

Be a gentleman always.

Bear in mind that the best success is only attained by hard work.

Let your conduct be such that you can always respect yourself.

Minneapolis.

Do Not Be a Second-Class Man.

YOU can hardly imagine a boy saying: "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first class, and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class cannot be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread; or if you do not, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce, or is too high-priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything, first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not third-class. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could, in no sense, be called first-class.—Success.

The avalanche that has slid a mile does not stop for trifles. And the soul of any man who has gathered momentum by years of consistent living shall not stop at a trifle like dying.—Thomas K. Beecher.

Twigs from Various Trees.

The Washington Arms.

Americans who are coming to London this year and who have not yet visited the little old Church of St. Botolph, containing the ancient arms of the Washington family, which furnished the design for the Stars and Stripes, will be glad to hear that they will have an opportunity of doing so. The interesting little church, which is visited every year by hundreds of folk from the United States, has been threatened with destruction for some time, and it was decided only recently that it should be spared.

"St. Botolph," which, until about a year ago, has been known as Holy Trinity, is "away down in the city" at the end of a little court leading off a street known as the Minories, but it is only five-minutes' walk from the Tower, and can easily be visited either while going to or returning from the grim fortress where so many noble folk parted with their heads.

The "Washington Arms" are to be seen on one of the ancient monuments in the church. It is that of Col. William Legge, who died in 1680, and who married Elizabeth Washington, one of the aristocratic old family of which, years afterward, the first president of the United States was a member. When Sir William died, his own arms, with which he had "quartered" those of the Washington family, were placed on his monument. The famous arms from which the design of the American flag was derived, consists of two broad red stripes on a yellow ground, surmounted by two red stars. They can be seen on still another monument in the church, that of the first Lord Dartmouth, the title of Baron Dartmouth having been bestowed upon one of the later members of the Legge family. The present baron, who lives at Wolverhampton, of course retains the complete family crest.

The Church of St. Botolph is interesting for itself as well. Compared with most of the city churches it is a mere infant, being only about 150 years old, and having replaced another old church, which, in turn, was built on the ruins of the chapter house of a celebrated abbey, which formerly stood a little way off. The chapter house was built in the fifteenth century, and a portion of its original walls forms one side of the present Church of St. Botolph.

Now, this whole district is one of the most depressing in London—a weary waste of smoky factories and shabby little shops and dwellings, but when the abbey house was standing, 500 years ago, its bosky gardens stretched straight down to the river. The order of nuns who inhabited the abbey was called *Sorores Minores*, or "little sisters," and it is from the latter half of this name that the now shabby "Minories," which leads down to the Tower, gets its name. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the Abbey house was presented by Henry VIII. to the Earl of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, but it afterward passed into the possession of the Legge family, into which the Father of His Country's lady ancestor married.

During the summer and fall St. Botolph's is visited every week by a dozen or more Americans, all interested in tracing for themselves the origin of the Stars and Stripes as shown in the arms of George Washington's family.

There is another place in England where the Washington arms can be seen, and one that no patriotic American visitor to this country ought to miss—although most of them have missed it—for it is the house where the Washingtons actually lived for over 100 years. The mansion, which is a typical old English manor-house, is, fortunately, not far from London, in the quiet little village of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire.

"Sulgrave Manor," as the old home of the Washingtons is called, bears the family arms, with the Stars and Stripes, on its walls, and they can be seen in Sulgrave Church, in the solemn little burying ground of which lie many of George Washington's ancestors. Perhaps it

may not be amiss to say, for the guidance of Americans coming to England, that the village of Sulgrave is only a short drive from that of Helmdon, on the Great Central Railway.—*Curtis Brown, in Los Angeles Times.*

The Grass

The grass so little has to do—
A spear of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything:

And thread the dew's all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine—
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away—
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay! —*Emily Dickinson.*

The Sphinx.

Forever it has stood, forever mute;
Gazing with sightless eyes into the Past;
Its seamed face, of piled-up years the fruit,
Turned to the mysterious desert vast.
Wisdom inscrutable upon its brow,
And knowledge of dead years sits on its face;
For of the lifeless Past—the living Now
It is, and centuries have given place
To others, since the Pharaoh's cunning hand
Upread this aged Sentry of the Nile!
While century-waves are breaking on Time's strand
It stays, upon its carven face a smile
Mocking all human-kind; a voiceless sage;
Knowing all things, yet dumb, from age to age!
—*The Chautauquan Magazine.*

Quaintest Village in the Land.

There is one village in the United States where no modern improvement has ever penetrated, where not the faintest echo of the rush and overwork of modern life has ever sounded, where American newspapers are not read nor the English language spoken.

This is the little German village of Glandorf, in Putnam County, O., where 600 frugal and industrious inhabitants have lived for years in a contented and idyllic simplicity.

In the building of the town, as in everything else about it, the people have held very closely to the customs of Germany, from where its founders came.

There is but one street, and that extends for over a mile, north and south. Quaint, durable, and homelike are the houses scattered along either side, interspersed here and there by the stores. All the residences have spacious and well-kept dooryards.

Back and away from this principal street—yet so near that the laborers can be seen and heard at their work in the fields—stretch the thrifty farms of the German country folk. It is not an uncommon sight to see women and girls at work in the fields with the men, and the whole population shows that rugged health so characteristic of the race.

Among themselves the people converse almost entirely in the German language, and, indeed, there are a great many in the community who can speak no other. They are generous and clever, and the stranger who goes among them always finds a hospitable welcome, and is impressed with their simple kindness. Nowhere can be found a more devoutly religious people. They are of the Roman Catholic faith, and possess one of the finest church buildings in north-western Ohio.

This edifice has in itself been the means of making Glandorf famous, because of its size and the beauty of its architecture. Although most

of the work of construction, the quarrying of the stone for the foundation, and the hauling of the material was given gratis by members of the parish, the cost outside of all this was over \$50,000. The structure is of brick, and is ornamented with white sandstone.

Back of the church is the convent, and all of the work of the farm connected with it is looked after by the sisters.—*New York World.*

The Teacher Who Does Not Understand.

"Miss S—— is a lovely girl, but she does not understand the children. Consequently, she is never at ease with her class, and is always complaining of its insubordination."

A teacher who does not understand children has mistaken her avocation. She may be erudite, profound, accomplished, but she has not the key to child-nature, and she would better attempt some other line of work.

Children are perfectly willing to be orderly and well behaved, and they greatly prefer a strict to a variable rule. What they do not like is weakness. The teacher who is irritable, who scolds, who rages, who is unjust, is one who does not understand children, who probably does not understand herself.

In my girlhood I had a teacher who used to cry in the recitation-room when the pupils were inattentive. Poor thing! I can see her now, probably she was only a girl like those she tried to instruct—sensitive, unimpressive, and easily flustered—and when her lip quivered and she could not see the page for tears, one would have thought the class might have been sorry for her. Some of them were; some championed her; some tried to induce others to be more decorous. But the end was Miss D——'s departure—"a brilliant scholar, but no disciplinarian"—and her place was taken by a Miss W——, who had no trouble at all. Parents and teachers alike never get control by crying for it. The thing is impossible.

An indispensable requisite to success in teaching is sympathy with and liking for children. Unfortunately, many young women select teaching as their work because there is a weekly holiday, or because the vacations are frequent and long, or because the pay is reasonably good, and considered sure. None of these reasons should be governing ones when the fact is remembered that no other vocation is of equal importance with this, and that the teacher who appreciates her opportunities aright is moulding the citizens of the next generation.

Overheard.

Last evening, coming up the street toward home, I passed two young men who were giving their experiences to each other in a voice loud enough to make it impossible for me not to hear what they were saying. As they evidently did not mind my hearing them, I presume they will not mind my telling you. Here, then, is what they said, as nearly as I can recall it: *

Said the one: "I tell you what—a fellow don't like to have to draw on any money he's laid away. Yet sometimes he gets into a tight place, you know."

"That's so," said the other. "Say, did you ever try your hand at gambling? I have, and I always some way or other got left on my luck. There was a house (and he mentioned the street and number) where they used to have gambling going on every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, and I went there one night with \$5.00, for I wanted to buy some Christmas presents, and that was all I had, and I lost three of them clean 'fore I got out!"

"Yes, I wanted some money once, and went into the ——— lottery with \$10, and lost the whole thing. I just didn't have any show at all."

"That's the way it goes every time. And I have made up my mind that if a fellow wants some money—as every fellow does now and then—the best way for him to do is just to go in on his muscle and earn it."

Thank God! said I to myself. It's cost you something to learn that lesson, but it is worth all it cost you.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

Some Noted Hymn Writers.

Charles S. Nutter, D.D., Author of "Hymn Studies."

Samuel Francis Smith, D.D.

THE subjects of the previous sketches were all Englishmen. Dr. Smith was an American, a New Englander, Boston born and bred. The date of his birth was Oct. 21, 1808. He prepared for college in the Boston Latin School, and entered Harvard in 1825. He was graduated in 1829, in a class famous for great men. Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, William Ellery Channing, Samuel May, and other good and useful men were his classmates.



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D.

Mr. Smith studied theology at Andover, Mass. In 1834 he was ordained, and installed pastor of the First Baptist Church at Waterville, Me. In 1842 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church at Newton, Mass. The next year, in connection with Rev. Baron Stowe, he published "The Psalmist," a valuable collection of hymns which had a wide circulation. A large number of Dr. Smith's hymns were contributed to this book.

In 1854 he resigned his pastorate at Newton to engage in editorial and literary work. Dr. Smith continued his residence at Newton until his death, Nov. 16, 1895, at the age of eighty-seven years.

A few of this author's best compositions are found in our Hymnal. No. 92—

"Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day,"

is a fine little poem, the last verse of which only rises to the strength and dignity of hymnic composition. No. 932—

"The morning light is breaking,"

is a familiar and optimistic missionary hymn. It is not only widely used in English, but it has been translated into numerous languages and sung around the world. Missions was a favorite subject with Dr. Smith. In "The Psalmist" a hymn of merit appeared entitled "The missionary angel." Each of the four stanzas begins with the line:

"Onward, speed thy conquering flight."

In these days of missionary enthusiasm the frequent use of such hymns is very appropriate. No. 1089—

"My country, 'tis of thee,"

is no doubt the most popular and widely used of this author's hymns. It can be, and is sung by Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian. Every public school in the land, where singing is allowed, it is safe to say, sings the patriotic and pious hymn. It is also extensively used on Memorial Day, and in Fourth of July celebrations at home and in foreign lands. The author, on one occasion, said: "I have heard it in numberless languages in London, Paris, Naples, Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, Ceylon, Rangoon, on the top-most peaks of the Rocky Mountains, in the caves of the earth—in fact, over the entire world."

It is frequently called the "national" hymn, and although it has never been formally adopted as such, if wide use and universal popularity are to be considered, it may well deserve this distinction. It was written in February, 1832, and first sung by a juvenile choir, led by Lowell Mason, in Park-street Church, Boston, at a Fourth of July celebration the same year.

Dr. Smith, in describing its composition, said: "I suppose I had a special inspiration; that is what all writers say. In half an hour it was on paper, and I put it in my portfolio and thought

no more about it. I had no idea of writing a national hymn."

Other hymns by Dr. Smith can only be mentioned with brevity.

"To day the Saviour calls,"

a good invitation hymn, has been very widely used.

"As flows the rapid river,"

has been highly appreciated. It appeared in "The Psalmist," 1843.

"Planted in Christ the living vine,"

comes nearer to St. Augustine's definition of a hymn—"a song of praise to God"—than any other of this author's compositions. It has been widely accepted and valued.

"Lord of our life, God whom we fear,"

one of his latest hymns, was contributed to "Historic Hymnists," Boston, 1891. In form and spirit this is a genuine hymn. It is addressed directly to God, and is permeated with the spirit of praise, love, and prayer.

"Oh, not my own these verdant hills,"

was an especial favorite with the author, and justly so, for it contains graceful truth gracefully expressed.

Dr. Smith was a kind and Christian gentleman. The writer of this article well remembers his patient aid in correspondence, and the courtesies he received from the author of "America" at his late residence in Newton, Mass.

The Eldridge, St. Albans, Vt.

THE INNER CALM.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elm's palm
Beside her desert spring;

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving untrifled through earth's war
The eternal calm to gain.

—Horatius Bonar.

GOD'S CONCEALMENT AND RE-VEALING.

D. B.

The preacher had said: "God hides himself in history. From the slaves who built the pyramids to the sufferers by the South African war, there has been an unbroken procession of mystery and pain in history, and we cannot put our finger on the record at any point, and say, beyond a doubt: 'Here God turned the tide, which else had run another and a more dreadful way.'" One of his hearers said to him afterwards: "But, pastor, in your prayer this morning you asked that God would bless us in our divinely appointed task of caring for the new dependencies which came to us out of the war

with Spain. If you believe that God gave us the Philippines, how can you say that he hides himself in history?"

And the preacher answered: "When I spoke of God's hiding himself I spoke as a historian would speak. When I prayed concerning God's hand in the Philippines, I prayed as a Christian should pray. And that is precisely the point I was seeking to show. God *is* in history, as he is in nature and providence, *but it takes the Christian vision to recognize him*. That is, unless we look at all the world's life from the Christian point of view, we cannot see that—

'God's in his heaven,

'All's right with the world.'

Did not the prophet mean something like that when he said: 'Verily, thou art a God that hideth thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour'? If the last clause of that declaration—which is literally its saving clause—is left out, we cannot, by any searching, find out God. So the very darkness of life, without God, brings us to Jesus Christ. 'No man hath seen God at any time, * * The only begotten Son * * hath declared him.'

"CONVERTED OXEN."

W. R. GOODWIN, D.D.

Over forty years ago, in southeastern Indiana, I was invited by a neighboring pastor to assist him in a series of meetings. In order to reach the appointment I had to go through a body of timber where men were at work getting out shingle stuff. The "shingle roads" were crossed and recrossed so frequently that I became puzzled as to my whereabouts. Hearing the creaking of a wagon, the crack of an ox whip, and the oaths of an ox driver, I halted at a cross-road till the wagon came up. After asking the direction to the town, I spoke of the bad roads through the woods, and the difficulty of the shingle business. I ventured to allude to the profanity indulged in by some of the drivers of the oxen, and suggested that it was hardly necessary. "You never drove oxen," was his reply. I assured him that I had at one time been an ox driver, but never felt it necessary to swear at them. He insisted that his oxen were of the kind that needed to hear a good many oaths. I invited him to attend church that night, as he lived in the village. I was much pleased to see him in the congregation, and more pleased to see him come to the "mourners' bench" at the close of the sermon. He was not converted that night, but assured me that he would not rest until satisfied. A few days later I returned for another service, and in going through the woods I again heard the creak of a loaded wagon, the crack of a driver's whip, and the same voice. But instead of oaths, there rang out upon the air, in lusty tones:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

I halted till the wagon came up, when I recognized my former friend, and he recognized me. I hailed him with: "My good friend, what is the matter with you? Your language is different from what it was a few days ago." His glad reply was: "Yes; I've been converted." "But," said I, "what about your oxen?" "They've been converted, too," he replied. That settled it.

So it is, and will always be. Let the man be converted, and his family, and all pertaining thereto, will be converted also. A religion that will not make a man's wife or children or cats or dogs or oxen better lacks its chief quality. The transforming power of a person's conversion cannot be fully estimated. Old things pass away and all things become new. I refer to a thorough conversion. Not one on some modern plan, but one that follows a true conviction for sin, and a true repentance that needeth not to be repented of. That scene in the woods often comes back to me, and it still impresses me with the importance of the kind of conversion that changes habits, and makes new creatures in Christ Jesus out of poor mortals, and changes the lives and conduct of all who possess it. The gospel is still God's power unto salvation unto

everybody who believeth, from the ox driver to the millionaire, or the most cultured in our schools. Nothing else can so transform and transfigure sinful humanity. Let our Epworthians everywhere seek this power, and it will settle all questions of amusements and doubtful sports. It will teach us recreation without contamination, and amusement without dissipation. To us old-timers there seems to be no patent on what is termed "old-fashioned Holy Ghost religion." It used to be good, and is as much needed and will do as much good now as in the days of our fathers. With all due deference to advanced thought and modern methods, we may well sing: "The old-time religion is good enough for me."

Los Angeles, Cal.

WHEN THE SCAFFOLDING COMES DOWN.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Coming down through the little Morningside Park in New York City the other day I looked up above to the splendid site where the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is being built. One arch has already been thrown up, and my attention was caught by the enormous amount of scaffolding necessary in the work. Great wire cables, nearly as thick as a man's wrist, and some of them two or three hundred feet in length, were necessary to use as stays, holding the scaffolding and the derricks in place. As I looked I reflected that the scaffolding was necessary because the building was not done. But that after a while, when it was completed, all this scaffolding and these wire cables would come down and be hauled away, and the cathedral would stand out alone without their aid.

Building a man or a woman is like that. It takes a great deal of scaffolding. And the trouble is that we get to thinking that the scaffolding is more important than the building. But our life is all a failure unless all the scaffolding of money or place or fame could be pulled down and thrown away, and there be a man or a woman left to stand forth in honor. The scaffolding is necessary, but the character, building within, is the great thing.

New York.

It Won't Pay.

Rev. Oscar L. Joseph.

If it is not clearly stated, it is obviously implied by certain of those who belong to Christian churches that it won't pay to open the church doors to the poor and the outcast. Do this, they argue, and the rich and respectable will inevitably cease to be identified with churches. If the church is a social club or a center for collecting society gossip and disseminating society scandals, such reasoning may be valid. But if it is a church, and a Christian church, it must be open alike to rich and poor, to respectable and outcast. Why? Because the point at issue is not financial success or social status, but spiritual and moral strength. The church is not the coddling ground for the infatuates of society etiquette, but the fighting ground for those filled with the passion for truth and justice. These latter are recruited from both rich and poor. Read the epistle of St. James, where this subject is discussed in all its bearings. Remember, also, that the universal gospel was first revealed to humble men. We may then well say that any church member or official who gives the cold shoulder to any soul seeking Christ, because he is poor, and directs him to a mission hall yonder is guilty of the vilest form of blasphemy. The church which tolerates this spirit may well inscribe on her porch "Ichabod," for the glory has departed from her. May we see to it that we are not charged with showing and fostering this spirit. May we rather pray and work for an increase of evangelistic fervor and a decrease of class distinctions in all the churches, so that millions of souls may be found at her altars, seeking him who is the Saviour of all men. "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously

every man against his brother, profaning the covenant of our fathers?"

Thoughts for Odd Moments.

How soon would the world be won for Christ if every Christian lived up to the standard set for us by outsiders.

Our unapplied love for our fellows soon shrinks and dies away like an unused muscle. Love is manifested in acts.

We do not make our thoughts; our thoughts make us.

Man, like steel, is of little account when he loses his temper.

The fool laments over his difficulties—the wise man climbs over his.

It requires a lifetime to build a character; a few moments of indiscretion may tear it down.

If life held no mysteries, no unsolved problems, no unscaled heights, no fathomless depths, no limitless expanses beyond our imagination, it would be a tame, monotonous existence, from which we would fain be freed. We love to climb with the summit far above us, to delve down and down into things that seem inexhaustible, to reach out for that which ever stretches away before us, and in our striving unconsciously become greater than our surroundings, and more like Him who endowed us with restless, eternal spirits.

A Glorious Lesson.

Young Folks.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer, "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the free dispensary, where the young doctor had an unsalaried position.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything," he thundered. "Not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as you have in one morning I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow men? Never mind about the money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live."

"That speech," I said to a friend of mine—one who has spent many years as a conspicuously successful teacher—"went into the bones of the young doctor's life, and strengthened him for a life of unselfish usefulness."

"Ah," said the professor, "that one speech was worth years of text-book reading. And yet it was made without an instant's preparation."

"Far from it," I answered quickly. "It had taken sixty years of noble living, struggling against sin and self, pressing forward in the paths of righteousness, bearing the cross, following hard after the perfect man, to prepare that old Christian to make that speech. Then the moment came, and he was ready to teach the glorious lesson."

He Was Looking for Tigers.

Every man, like every thing, has two sides—a good side and a bad side. And if you hunt for the good, that is there. And if you hunt for the bad, that is there. The story is told that a man

once went to India and reported on his return that he never saw a Christian while he was in India. A gentleman asked if he saw any tigers.

"Yes," was the reply.

"You hunted tigers, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I lived in India fourteen years, and saw Christians every day, but never saw a tiger. I looked for Christians, and that gentleman looked for tigers. We both found what we looked for."

There is profound truth in this. People usually find what they want to find.

God's Promises.

Rev. F. B. Meyer.

On the triple doorways of a great cathedral in Milan, Italy, there are three inscriptions spanning the archway.

Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words: "All that which pleases is but for a moment."

Over another is sculptured a cross, upon which we read: "All that which troubles is but for a moment."

But underneath the great central entrance of the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal."

God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said: "I will show thee the land." At Bethel: "This is the land." In Canaan: "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving us anything till we have dared to act that he may test us. Not giving everything at first—that he may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainders of God! Who ever saw his last star?

A Messenger of Life.

The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked, frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and, before I had time to answer, he said: 'Ah! I know why you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you went to work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

The Best Prayers.

Canon Farrar says: "That prayer of an unhappy queen, 'Oh, keep me innocent! Make others great!' that prayer of a great saint, 'Give me, O Lord, a noble heart, which nothing earthly can drag down!' that prayer of a sinful yet saintly king, 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee, for thou art my God; let thy loving spirit lead me into the land of righteousness'—those are among the best prayers I know."

O, Jesus, thou hast promised,
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory,
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

—John E. Bode.

Disappointment is like a sieve. Through its coarse meshes the small ambitions and hopes and endeavors of a soul are sifted out relentlessly. But the things that are big enough not to fall through are not in the least affected by it. It is only a test, not a finality.—Wellspring.

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

VIEWS OF THE LEADERS OF THE CHURCH UPON THE POSSIBILITY OF EVANGELIZING THE WORLD IN THIS GENERATION.

(Isa. 61:1-4; John 17:6-8; 18:20. Read Mott., chap. 7.)

Topic for July 20.

We never see the star of promise while we gaze at the dust of despair. The outlook is always bright in proportion to the uplook. God knows all the future when he makes a promise concerning it. The Himalayas of hope always lift their summits above the clouds. The soul's eyes were made to look up, not down. The darkness of doubt never falls on the eyes that look skyward. Faith walks amid the shadows of heathenism with the splendor of the sunrise on her brow. She is no carping critic. She is no pouting pessimist. Her home is among the high altitudes of life. Her alert vision has caught the glory of the coming day. She does not sigh. She sings:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,

His truth is marching on."

Faith sees the altar-flames of love amid the gloom of paganism, where sin has held high carnival for ages. Her high hope holds that righteousness will never be routed. The lamp of life may sometimes burn dimly, but that lamp will never cease to burn. Faith always sees that God is in the gloaming. She never loses sight of Him. At eventide she sings:

"I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,

His days are marching on."

When other eyes are holden faith reads the record that the stylus of truth has written on the shaded tablets of the soul.

Hope is the phoenix of the skies. She never sleeps amid the ashes of despair. Other music may hush amid the awful wreck and ruin. But Hope's harp is never still for long. Her deft fingers thrum away:

"I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

'As ye deal with my contempters, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

The "death-grapple in the darkness" is on. This is no time for trembling knees or faltering feet. The soldiers of the cross must all be swerveless now. Let the gospel phalanx front the foe without a fear. God's trumpet-call of truth rings loud and clear. Soldiers of Jesus, hear ye the solemn music and come away:

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! Be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on."

Christ is the only cure for the ache of the world. Bruised and broken, the souls of men, like trodden reeds, lie waiting for Him to come and lift them up. The flax is still a-smoke, and may be fanned once more to flame. Breathe, O breath of God, upon the smoking flax of India, China, Africa, and upon all the death-smitten peoples of the world!

The Epworth League must reassert, by precept and example, the duty of Christ-like sacrifice. Redemption is evermore the highest and

holiest work of life. A single summer of abstinence from useless confections on the part of Epworthians alone would double the missionary money of Methodism. This is no word of censure, but tender suggestion. So long as the church saves herself from sacrifice and service she never will save the world.

Sacrifice is only another name for laying up treasures in heaven. After all, the only life that is really worth while is that which is given for others. Such folk are heavenly. They alone give worth to the world. But of them the world is not worthy. That is what a writer to the Hebrews said. The way to live in other lives is to die to self for them.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on."

Faith, hope, sacrifice—these are the soul-factors that will make the evangelization of the world possible in this generation. Without this trinity there can be no triumph.

The Lord's Anointed.

And who is he or whom the holy oil of the Spirit falls? Have you received the Holy Spirit? Then you are one of "the Lord's anointed."

The anointed laity must take the lead. The ministry and the laity must bear the burden together. On whom the Lord's anointing falls, he is "the Lord's anointed." Too much has been delegated to the special ministry. Friend, hear this: *Personal duty can never be delegated to another person.* The Lord of the harvest is now at hand. Over the white fields of humanity he looks longingly and lovingly. Friend of the Christian laity, his index finger is now leveled upon thee. Hear thou his solemn speech. The pathos of God is in his plea:

"Let none hear you idly saying,

'There is nothing I can do,'

While the souls of men are dying,

And the Master calls for you.

Take the task he gives you gladly;

Let his work your pleasure be;

Answer quickly when he calleth:

'Here am I, send me, send me.'"

The Prophet's Points of Power.

In the message that is to evangelize the world Isaiah points out certain elements of power. These the church must have or be impotent to help the heathen.

1. *Good tidings.* It must not tell of ruin if it speaks not of recovery. To dwell overmuch on degeneration would be to aggravate the poor pagan's dark dream of despair. That truth he already knows too well. Give him the good news of regeneration. That will hearten him. It will inject into his soul the tonic of hope. He knows of loss. His life has been one protracted tragedy. He needs to know how to gain eternal life. That is good news. He knows the nameless and age-long ache of sin. Tell him the sweet story of salvation. No man is ever so bad that he is not ready to hear something good. Good tidings—that is the first point of power.

2. *Balm for broken hearts.* Ah, the bruised reed will rally under those raindrops of mercy. Heathenism knows no mollifiers. There is nothing in it to salve the awful sore of sin. It will be something new in the old world of death to tell of the medicine of mercy. Tell of the great Physician who came from the skies. His hands are full of bandages of love. With these he binds up broken hearts. Sing this sweet song to the soul that is sick with sin:

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,

Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need in thee to find,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Balm for broken hearts. That is the second point of power in the glorious message.

3. *Liberty.* Christ came to break the bondage of the centuries. That makes his mission unique.

He changes the cruel custom of heathenism. Things that have thrall'd the darkest lands for ages are fast falling into disuse because Christ came. He changes custom by changing character.

Truth unfetters the soul. "The truth shall make you free," said Jesus. The fetters of false faiths are being shattered by the gospel hammer. Hoary superstitions flee as fogs when the sun rises.

Jesus is the way. He is the truth. He is the life. Emmanuel—he is the sole emancipation of mankind.

4. *Comfort.* There is none apart from Christ. If so, where? Seek any other shrine you will, and despair hovers above it like a hungry vulture over a corpse.

Jesus is the world's consoler. His sinless lips have drained the bitterness from all earth's chalice of grief.

Do we grieve over sin? He comes to put it forever away. Do we grieve at the grave? He is the resurrection. Sorrow cannot live for long where this great Saviour lives. Soul of mine—

"Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share,

Go bury it deeply, so hide it with care;

Go think on it calmly, when curtain'd by night,

Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right."

Lesson Messages.

1. When the Spirit comes upon us we shall gladly go where the Spirit calls (Isa. 61: 1).

2. Only the Spirit of God can open the sealed doors of pagan prisons (Isa. 61: 1).

3. Christ is the only comfort for earth's mourners (Isa. 61: 2).

4. Peace shall take the place of pain when Jesus comes to the pagan world (Isa. 61: 3).

5. The weeds of man's traditions must give place to the trees of truth that God has planted (Isa. 61: 3).

6. The Saharas of sin, when Jesus comes, shall bloom as the gardens of God (Isa. 61: 4).

7. Righteousness is the only restoration (Isa. 61: 4).

8. God is never satisfied till he gives himself to the soul. No man is ever satisfied till he gives himself to God (John 17: 6-8).

9. Sanctification comes through the truth, and not through theory (John 17: 18-20).

10. If Jesus prayed for the pagan world, and died to save all men, his church can afford to do nothing less than her very best (John 17: 18-20).

SEND YOUR BEST.

A rajah from one of the small central cities of India came to my hotel in Calcutta and said to me: "Come out and stay with us; we haven't a great many English-speaking men, but we can gather from fifty to one hundred college men in my state; and I will bring them to my palace and keep them a month, or whatever time you can give to them; come out and teach us the fundamentals of Christianity."

It was impossible for me to go. I said to him, "Are you a Christian?"

"No," he said, "I am not a Christian, and I shall never be a Christian; I am a Hindu, but my grandchildren and all our grandchildren here in India will be Christians, and we want them taught now. Tell your people when they send missionaries to India to send their best men, because India will be a Christian country within half a century." That was the testimony of a rajah.—*Dr. Pentecost.*

Robert E. Speer tells this story: Two ladies came into my office one day last winter, and one of them said: "Mr. Speer, why will people go away to Africa and those outlandish places to preach?" Yet that woman wore diamonds that came from the mines of South Africa, and the feathers on her bonnet never came from a bird that flew over a civilized land. If we can go to the ends of the earth for jewels and ornaments, why not go there for souls?

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for July 20—Duties to Men.

(Exodus 20:12—17.)

Golden Text.—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself (Matt. 19:19).

Beware!

The commands of this section of the ten commandments are plain, and their surface meaning is within the grasp of the least thoughtful. We are in close touch with men, whether we think often of God or not. The reasonableness of this six-fold law of the social life finds, for the most part, a ready acceptance everywhere. We say, "Of course this law is right. See what would happen if it did not exist." But ingratitude, theft, adultery, killing, lying are, in common thought, limited to the outward act. That leads people to say, "Well, I'm in no danger of breaking those commandments."

But let Christ interpret the law. He must, for the Christian. He does, for everybody. He shows us that hate is murder, that lust is adultery, that silence may be a greater lie than any spoken word. He shows us that the commandments must be kept, not in outer conformity of conduct, but in inner harmony of life.

The Lesson Verse by Verse.

V. 12. *Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.*—There are two people to whom honor belongs, apart from anything else you can say of them, save this, "They are my parents." Sometimes the honor must take the form of pity, of guardianship, or even of seeming disobedience. These times are happily rare. In the main, the world accepts as invariable the worth and dignity of parenthood. Look out for the young man who is ashamed of his father and mother. He has a stain on his own life somewhere.

That Thy Days May Be Long.—Not every child who honors his parents comes to full age. The law is not arbitrary. Other conditions may come in. But the promise grows naturally out of the keeping of the law. Happy home-life, obedient childhood, right training in the formative years, have their proper fruit in strong manhood, safe habits, clean living. And these mean long life.

V. 13. *Thou shalt not kill.*—The other form gets nearer the real meaning. *Thou shalt do no murder.*—For killing is not always murder. Murder is a thing of the motive, the heart. The hate that burns in one's breast, kept from outward expression by prudence or fear, is not excused because its object does not suffer. The hater suffers. His sin strikes home its own punishment. Most war-killing is murder. It is time that we quit talking about the glory of war, and think about the sin of it.

V. 14. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*—Here especially we must beware of interpreting the law by the letter of the prohibition. The letter must be kept for the safety of society, but the spirit of it alone can make possible the keeping of the law in any real sense. This sin does not begin with the impure deed, but with the impure thought harbored in the heart.

V. 15. *Thou shalt not steal.*—There is no encouragement here for communism, which abolishes private property. God recognizes property rights, and requires us to do the same. But property rights must be right. "Possession is nine points of the law," and the tenth is: "Thou shalt not steal!" There are some great fortunes which are held in defiance of that injunction, and no amount of human legislation can make their owners honest men while they hold these dishonest dollars. However, not all the breaking of the eighth commandment is done by the rich, and there are other things stolen as well as money. Honesty is not only the best policy, but the only fearless life.

"He looks the whole world in the face."

V. 16. *Thou shalt not bear false witness.* So much of human well-being and happiness is at the mercy of others that this command is great enough to be a part of the decalogue. False witnessing is not confined to the law-courts, nor

even to spoken words. Silence when we could save a reputation by a sentence, a shifting of emphasis in the uttering of the truth, or the unjustified acceptance of others' accusations, are some of the ways of breaking this law.

V. 17. *Thou shalt not covet.*—Here is a command plainly directed against the inner motive, rather than against the outward deed. It strikes at the root of a sin, not at its fruitage. Covetousness is a seed whose tree may bear the evil fruit of every other sin in the decalogue. The cure for covetousness is a profound knowledge that a man's life consisteth not in the things which he possesseth.

The Commandments in Modern Life.

The six words of the law concerning our duties to others are, as every Christian knows, only enlargements of one great law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And that law is spoken, not, as we might suppose, for the sake of the neighbor. God has ways of providing for him, but he has no way of providing for me except I put myself away from the self-center.

Who breaks one breaks all. So St. James declares. Why? Because he must first set aside God before he can break any law of God. So he puts God out of his life, and all God's laws. Respect for the authority and goodness of God will prompt to keep all the law. Keeping one or nine from convenience, or expediency, or any other motive that does not rest in God, will not do. The convenience that is served by keeping the law to-day may be served to-morrow by breaking it.

"The receiver is as bad as the thief." That homely proverb applies to taking ill-gotten money as a gift for pious purposes. A real keeping of the eighth commandment would reduce some college endowments and some church incomes, but it would be a tremendous gain for righteousness.

Remember how little you really know about other people's motives and inner lives before you talk about them.

What connection is there between sweatshops, bargain-counters, cut prices, with their necessary implication of underpaid, overdriven toilers, and the sixth commandment?

Does the sixth commandment mean the saloon? Does it mean the saloonkeeper? Does it mean the saloon-permission with which our good-citizen-ship movements are still more or less tangled up?

Does the sixth commandment convey any message about needless Sunday labor, or the Sunday newspaper, or the glittering attractions of modern life which draw men away from God?

What spoils the home spoils the future. Impurity strikes at the home.

There are books not a few which break the seventh commandment. Some of them are great as literature, but they belong all the more on the garbage-pile on that account. A bad book which is weak can be easily kept from doing harm. When a bad book is masterfully written the danger from it is vastly increased.

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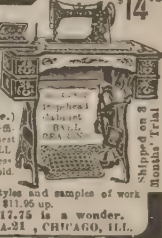
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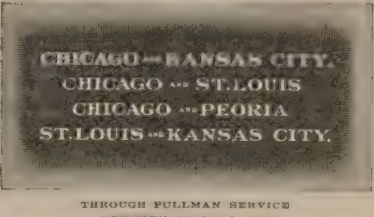
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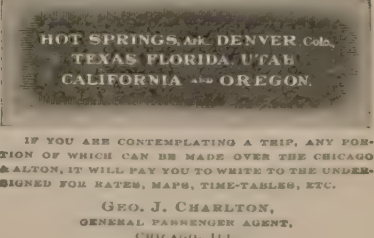
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A METHODIST UNIVERSITY.

WRITING of a great Methodist university the *Chicago Tribune* says:

Like many other denominational institutions — University is finding it hard to determine precisely the relations which exist, or ought to exist, between the opinions held by the denomination which supports it and those held by the professors who are employed by it. Shall the professors be allowed to think what they please? If so, shall they be allowed to go further and teach what they please? Or must they, both in thinking and in teaching, conform to the theology of the sect which employs them? Is this a university founded by Methodists for the preservation and advancement of knowledge in general? Or is it a university founded by Methodists for the training up of the young in Methodist principles?

These questions are easy. They admit of only one answer. The royal men who, at great personal sacrifice, contributed their thousands to found the university in question, intended to establish an institution where young people could obtain a liberal education under the best religious auspices. It now receives the endorsement and patronage of the denomination because of this conception of the work.

It is a Christian school. As such it aims to develop both the intellectual and spiritual side of its students.

But it is more than a Christian school. It is a Methodist Christian school. As such it strives to develop the spiritual side of its students in harmony with the faith and traditions of Methodism. The faculty is made up of Christian men and women. If they are not they have no business in the university. Beyond that the faculty is made up of men and women whose interpretation of spiritual life and conduct is in harmony with the well-known standards of Methodism. If they cannot loyally and gladly stand by these interpretations, they have no business in the university.

The Methodist Episcopal Church grants to her lay members much freedom of thought. She almost never puts them on trial for heresy. She also gives to her ministers and teachers large latitude in their private views of biblical and theological questions. But in their capacity as teachers she expects them to be utterly loyal to the traditions and doctrines of the denomination. She has no toleration whatever for a minister who seeks, in subtle ways, to sow the seeds of doubt in the minds of the members of his congregation. She has no more toleration for a teacher who would disturb the religious faith of the boys and girls in his recitation room. If a professor in a Methodist school feels impelled, for any reason, to promulgate religious views which are out of harmony with the denomination whose servant he is, he should be honest enough to tender his resignation, and not wait to be shown to the door.

The only excuse in the world for the maintenance of a Methodist Episcopal University is that it is a Christian institution of the Methodist Episcopal sort. The state institutions can teach the languages and physics and philosophy as well as we possibly can. They are backed by enormous state appropriations. They have superb apparatus. If it were our business to deal only with the intellect—if we should attempt to do only what the state institutions are doing,

then the sooner we go out of the university business the better.

A Methodist Episcopal university is not in normal condition unless Christian young people who are sent to its halls are absolutely sure to be confirmed in their faith and stimulated to deeper devotion to Jesus Christ and his cause. It is not doing the work for which it was ordained unless unconverted young people who are sent to its halls shall come at once under influences which will lead them to accept of Jesus Christ as a personal Savior and begin a zealous, devoted Christian life.

There are such institutions. May their number be increased.

A DANGER POINT.

WE rejoice in the new emphasis which is being put upon the spiritual culture of childhood. It is a great thing for the children and the church. The salvation of the boys and girls before they drift out into a life of flagrant rebellion against God is rational, scriptural, and beyond price. To preachers and teachers and editors who have entered upon this propaganda we send our hearty "God bless you!"

But there is a danger point. Some of the leaders in the new campaign do not appear to see it. They may not intend to do so, but they really make the impression that, so far as children are concerned, regeneration is an unnecessary experience. They teach spiritual evolution. Their ideal children are never consciously adopted into the family of God. They just GROW into goodness.

Now, we do not expect children to be converted in precisely the same way that older people are converted. We do not look for the same pungency of conviction for sin, the same struggle with unbelief, or the same manifestations of emotion when assurance is received. But we do insist that children shall be converted. What do we mean by that? That they shall be convicted of sin by the Divine Spirit, shall feel grief for having displeased God, shall seek forgiveness through the atonement of Christ, and shall come into the light and joy of conscious salvation.

THE GREAT TROUBLE WITH TENS OF THOUSANDS OF MODERN CHRISTIANS IS, THEY WERE NEVER CONVERTED. THE BEST THING THE CHURCH COULD DO DURING THE NEXT TWO OR THREE YEARS WOULD BE TO TURN ALL HER EVANGELIZING AGENCIES UPON HER OWN MEMBERSHIP.

If we had a membership with a positive and joyful experience of conversion, the world would soon feel its evangelizing power, and would surrender to our Redeemer.

Let the propaganda for the spiritual culture of children go forward, by all means. But let us tremble in the presence of the possibility of filling our churches with children who have entered upon a Christian career without the first essential to the spiritual life—a genuine scriptural conversion.

THE AMUSEMENT BAR.

ONE of the chief arguments against the Methodist Episcopal prohibition of worldly amusements is that it keeps thousands of young people out of our church. These young Christians, we are told, go into other churches which are more liberal in their views on the amusement question.

We had an interesting conversation the other day with the pastor of a Congregationalist Church. He told of a very precious revival which had visited his church during last winter. Among those who decided to begin the Christian life were a number of young women. At the close of the special meetings the question of uniting with the church came up. It was expected that these young people would at once come into the fellowship of the church. But, to the surprise of the pastor, they demurred. In

explanation of their decision they declared that they had decided to remain outside the church because of the amusement question. "We like to play cards and dance," they said, "and are not ready to give them up. We know, of course, that there are no specific rules in the Congregationalist Church against these things. But we know they are not right. No member of the church should indulge in them. If we join the church our conscience will compel us to give them up. That we are not ready to do, and so we will stay outside."

We will agree that some persons are kept out of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the Methodist Episcopal law on the amusement question. But if these persons would tell the exact truth it would be found that most of them remain out of the church because of their love of worldly amusements, and not because of any law against them. They see that a worldly life and church membership are incompatible, and that if they go into the church it means the surrender of the card-table and the theater.

But suppose the abolition of our disciplinary prohibition should result in an addition of 500,000 dancing, card-playing, theater-going, worldly-minded members within one year, how much would we really gain?

THE HONORARY D.D.

THE degree of D.D. has come to mean absolutely nothing beyond the fact that the man to whose name it is attached is a minister of the gospel. Once the title stood for scholarship, pulpit ability, or for some special literary or churchly achievement. Now the degree is worn by men who are utter strangers to these things. And the distribution is made in most illogical ways.

Thousands of ministers of liberal education, scholarly habits, excellent preaching ability, and large influence in the conferences of which they are members, have been passed by without notice. They are too self-respecting even to hint that some academic recognition is due them. They would do absolutely nothing to invite to themselves the attention of any college. And if they became aware of the fact that an effort was about to be made to secure for them an honorary title they would promptly veto it.

On the other hand, some of us who are called "Dr." are exceedingly small men. How we ever had the temerity to accept these titular appendages is a point which has perplexed our friends for years. In our hearts we know that this lack of discrimination upon the part of college authorities has brought the whole degree business into public ridicule.

As a remedy for an unfortunate situation, we hereby renew our proposition of two years ago. That is, to raise fifty per cent. the standard of qualification for admission into the ministry, and then confer the doctor's degree upon every man at his ordination. Two things would be accomplished by this plan: 1. The average ability of the man with the D.D. would be much higher. 2. Unfair discrimination by colleges would come to an end.

You smile at this solution of the problem. Never mind. Other mighty reforms have been laughed at when they were first proposed, but later they have been lauded by the world as the product of genius—the highest expression of the thought of great men who lived years in advance of their day!

TROUBLE FOR THE TRUSTS.

THE big trusts make trouble. But they are not wholly free from troubles of their own. Business dislikes a monopoly as nature is said to abhor a vacuum. It is one thing to plan a monopoly. It is quite another thing to make it work. The typical trust, made up of as many concerns in a particular industry as can be induced to combine, seeks to make money in two ways. First, it reduces operating expenses, and, second, it raises prices.

Naturally there is opposition to this delight-

ful arrangement, which works "both a-comin' and a-gwine." Laws have been directed against it. Party platforms denounce it. But these do not trouble the trust. Its trouble is of its own making.

Trust profits are not "salted down" in an old stocking. Capital seeks employment. So the trust profits go into new business channels. They are more than likely to go into some business which close observation of other big concerns shows to be unusually profitable. Then you have the spectacle of one trust's profits trying to destroy another trust's monopoly.

There is another cause of trouble for the trusts. When they set out to reduce expenses, they discharge a lot of employes whose services are not needed since so many offices have been combined. Most of these men are skilled men. They are superintendents, foremen, drummers, and trained office men. Do they all drop out of existence, or become tramps? Hardly. They seek other employment. And they naturally try to get into places like those they have lost. And so to-day there are thousands of men employed by independent concerns in direct competition with their old employers. Their competition is keen, because it is exceptionally intelligent.

This is not a theory. In the last seventeen months more money has been invested in independent businesses than has been put into trusts and combines in twelve years. And much of this capital is actively competing with the trusts.

No, the trusts are pretty bad, but they are not as powerful as they are supposed to be. Except, perhaps, in one business, that of transportation, it is probable that we have already seen the greatest development of the trust idea. And the forces which are loosening the grip of the trusts have been created by the trusts themselves.

TWO TRUSTS.

CAPITALISTIC combinations are a menace to commerce. Steel trusts and oil trusts and coal trusts and beef trusts, and all other kinds of trusts, have in them the elements of widespread danger. At the center of them all there is a big lump of selfishness. Selfishness is human, but selfishness is bad.

When we hear the labor agitator pouring forth his hot denunciation of capitalistic combinations we always say "Amen!"

But wait.

There is more than one gigantic trust in this nation. There are two. There is a labor trust. It is made up of labor unions and federations. It does not control thousands of dollars, but it controls thousands of men. Its leaders are autocrats. The tens of thousands who march under its banners are parts of a colossal machine. Individuality drops out of sight. Personal choice has no chance. Masses of men are dominated and swayed by a few leaders. If these leaders are wise and temperate the danger is comparative. If they are ambitious and selfish and reckless the menace to society is terrible.

We have said that when dangerous capitalistic trusts are challenged we always say "Amen!" What do we say when the injustice and danger of the labor trust is pointed out? As fervently we say "Amen!"

In these paragraphs we are not even hinting at the merits of the present struggle in Pennsylvania. We say nothing of the defense which the two contending forces are putting out. We merely seek to make clear a big fact—that is all.

The capitalistic trust and the labor trust stand with drawn swords. The battle yonder in the coal fields is but the outcropping of a widespread and bitter antagonism. That spirit seems to be growing everywhere. Will it soon burst forth in actual and bloody war? The index finger of logic seems to point that way. May God forbid!

Chapter life is running low. What is the matter, did you ask? *More frivolity than fidelity.*

SURPRISING GENEROSITY.

NO American concern has been denounced more bitterly than the American Steel Corporation. It has been called heartless, grasping, and unjust. Perhaps it is. But the recent action of the company does not look altogether that way. The corporation has voluntarily added \$4,000,000 to the wages of its employes! This means an addition of ten per cent. to each man, and includes both union and nonunion men. This action was not the result of any pressure from the men. The initiative was taken by the company, and came as a complete surprise to the thousands of employes affected.

This corporation enjoys prosperity. It is making money at a rapid rate. But that fact does not subtract from the generosity of this act. The company might have added this \$4,000,000 to its next year's profits. But it chose rather to turn that vast sum into the pockets of 30,000 employes. When you are hurling your thunderbolts of denunciation at the grinding trusts, do not overlook this significant act of one of the biggest of them.

SELF-MADE MEN.

THIS is the time of year when a college education is highly extolled. Commencement orators expatiate in eloquent phrase upon the advantages which the university confers, and point to men in place and power as shining illustrations of their argument. Much that is said is true. A college education is a splendid thing. Every young person who can take a college course should do so.

Nevertheless—

The young fellow who has not enjoyed the blessings of an academic training should not be discouraged. A college education often counts for little. Thousands of young men who have graduated with flying colors have made dismal failures in life. College-training is only an auxiliary to success. It helps a young fellow to win who has the right stuff in him. But in spite of their lack of it thousands of young men go to the top. The greatest things in the world's history have been accomplished by men who never saw the inside of a college. Even in our times, when a higher education is so common a privilege, one can find in every walk of life dozens of leaders who had no university experience.

The young man who is unable to go to college should not get the notion that he is starting in life under an overwhelming handicap. The same doors of opportunity are open to him as to the graduate. And if he determines to succeed, nothing can keep him down.

There is gradually growing up a university aristocracy which systematically discounts the young man who has not been through college. It sneers contemptuously at the "self-made man," and speaks of him in tones of pity. But so long as the man whom adverse circumstances have compelled to make himself fill so large a place in the world's work and achievements he need not be greatly disturbed.

A GOOD NOMINATION.

LAST week we referred to the nomination, by the Republican party, of Hon. J. H. Mickey for the governorship of Nebraska. We commended the selection because of the high Christian character of the candidate. It is now a pleasure to approve a nomination to a similar office by the Democrats. That party has named Hon. Robert E. Pattison for the governorship of Pennsylvania. Mr. Pattison has already served two terms as governor of that great state. His administration was, on the whole, highly satisfactory, and met the approval of good citizens, irrespective of party affiliations. Mr. Pattison is one of the ablest men in the Democratic party. He has long been a leading layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the last General Conference he was particularly effective and influential, and divided the honors of lay leadership with Chief-Justice Lore of Wilmington and

Mr. Wallace of Los Angeles. Pennsylvania is overwhelmingly Republican, and the chances of even the best Democratic candidate are not overly good. But if any man who is not a Republican can be elected governor of the Keystone State that man is Robert E. Pattison. Some thousands of Republicans will vote for him this year, not only because of his splendid personal character, but as a protest against the infamous boss rule which has disgraced that commonwealth during recent years.

FACTS WANTED.

MOST of the annual conferences have a standing committee on the Epworth League. This committee makes an annual report. Many of these reports are perfunctory documents, and are of small value. They do not give much actual information about the condition of the Epworth League within the bounds of the conference.

At the last session of the Erie Conference Dr. R. N. Stubbs was appointed on the Epworth League committee. He does not like perfunctory reports. So he is after the facts. In a letter to the *Pittsburg Advocate* he makes this appeal:

Wanted—An Epworth League, not that has numbers, not that has literary ability and enthusiasm, not that has *EPWORTH HERALD* clippings, not that has essays; but has spirituality which manifests itself, first, in testimonies, second, in prayers; not testimonies and prayers by old members of the church, but by the young people, and that heartily. If there is any brother anywhere in the Erie Conference who has such a league, I wish he would inform me of the fact. Being on a committee which is expected to report at next conference on the condition of the leagues in our churches, I do not see how I can do so unless the brethren help me to the knowledge. I will thank every brother for any information whatsoever as to the condition of his league.

We hope Dr. Stubbs may have many candid responses to his request.

President Crawford has made a splendid record at Allegheny College. New buildings, enlarged endowments, and improved facilities for students have marked the year. Our friend has toiled with unflagging enthusiasm, and the results make the friends of the college glad. We are not surprised, therefore, that the trustees, at the recent commencement, passed strong resolutions of approval, and told Dr. Crawford to go to Europe for a good long rest. They were exceedingly practical about it, for they voted the president \$1,000 to help pay expenses.

The report on young people's societies presented to the General Assembly of the Canadian Presbyterian Church was a dismal affair. Was the chairman unduly pessimistic, or did he state the facts? The desire for denominational control of the young people's work seems to be growing.

The "Boys' Brigade" was a popular military organization five years ago, with a large membership, zealous officers, and a newspaper organ. It is now practically extinct. The military idea does not seem to help in solving the boy problem.

There are signs that the distinguished visitor from afar is losing popularity as orator of the day at college commencements. People are discovering that the graduating orations of the students have much in their favor, after all.

The present term of the general superintendent (or bishop) of the Methodist Church of Canada is eight years. An effort will be made at the approaching General Conference to reduce it to four years.

The late Presbyterian General Assembly appointed a committee to tie the Christian Endeavor Societies more closely to the denomination.

A man at the convention declared that after grumbling for twenty years he was going to stop. That was sad news for the devil.

The odor left by a highly-scented toilet soap is not agreeable to most people of refined tastes. A delicate perfume may be used after an Ivory Soap bath with much more pleasing effect. Ivory Soap leaves only a comfortable feeling of perfect cleanliness.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Bishop Foss is well these days. Dr. Jesse S. Gilbert writes about "The perils of a long pastorate."

Dr. J. A. Lippincott of Philadelphia takes a vacation in Europe.

Rev. B. F. Dimmick and wife spend the summer in the Rockies and California.

Dr. Foss of Arch-street Church, Philadelphia, spends his vacation in Maine.

Rev. Page Milburn is president of the Washington Methodist ministers' meeting.

Mrs. Hartzell, mother of the bishop, visits California. She is eighty-six years old.

Bishop Foss is to deliver one of the chief addresses at the Indiana State Convention.

Rev. H. W. Bolton, D.D., is making one the most efficient presiding-elders in all Methodism.

Rev. A. C. Crews is speaking to league conventions in Manitoba and other Northwest Provinces.

Dr. Thomas Nicholson will conduct the Bible school at the Nebraska Epworth League Assembly.

Rev. J. E. Holden of Madison (Wis.) District can do more than literary work. He is a born organizer.

Dr. D. H. Wheeler's death has been sincerely mourned by a very wide circle of former students.

Mrs. S. T. McKim is the new Iowa State Junior superintendent. She takes hold with intelligent enthusiasm.

Dr. Isaac Dillon, a venerable member of the Puget Sound Conference, was accidentally drowned recently.

Prof. Frank C. Lockwood, Ph.D., has been elected to the chair of English in Allegheny College. Good selection.

Miss Iva M. Durham, the deaconess evangelist, is now at the head of a deaconess training institute at St. Louis.

Ralph Connor's sermons at the anniversary of Epworth Memorial Church, Cleveland, contained the meat and marrow of the gospel.

Prof. F. B. Smith, A.M., is the first colored lawyer to be admitted to practice before the Louisiana Supreme Court in the last twenty-two years.

Mrs. Mary Rowe, a member of Fowler Church, Minneapolis, is nearly 102 years old. She still attends the Sunday morning service occasionally.

Prof. A. C. Knudson leaves Baker University to take the J. M. Thoburn professorship of the English Bible and philosophy of religion in Allegheny College.

Dr. LaFayette Dodds is doing things on the Crookston District. The preachers ask for his reappointment at the forthcoming session of the Northern Minnesota Conference.

Dr. M. C. B. Mason met three district conventions in West Wisconsin Conference in two days, and still had strength to take a good collection at the last.

Bishop Joyce spent Sunday week with Joyce Church, Chicago. The auditorium had been re-decorated, and this was a reopening jubilee.

Drs. C. B. Mitchell, J. H. Hillman, W. B. Pickard, and Messrs. C. F. Laughlin and J. R. Mills, Jr., are the local executive committee to prepare for the Missionary Convention at Cleveland.

Miss Florence M. Fitch, a member of North Church, Hartford, Conn., has not missed her class-meeting for sixteen years. Pastor Parker rightly calls that "a remarkable record."

Dr. C. N. Sims, ex-chancellor of Syracuse University, and Dr. J. R. Day, the present chancellor, are devoted friends. They consult frequently on questions relating to the work of that great school.

Dr. C. W. Gullette, whose death occurred June 14 at Dayton, O., was a rare and beautiful soul. The influence of his ministry cannot be measured by its length, but by the multitude of lives which he helped and blessed.

Dean Hubbard of Meharry Medical College, Nashville, spent a day or two in Chicago lately. That college, by the way, is by far the largest institution of its kind. Its graduates are doing blessed work all through the South.

Mr. George I. Cochran, one of the lay commissioners on the consolidation of benevolences, is a son of the late Dr. George Cochran, long a missionary in Japan, and for a time at the head of the University of Southern California.

Mr. John W. Fisher of Newport, Tenn., at the recent meeting of the trustees of Grant University, paid the entire \$3,000 deficit on faculty salaries for the term closing, and pledged the salary for a new chair in the college of liberal arts for the coming year.

METHODIST MENTION.

There are 5,000 Methodists in Los Angeles.

Kellogg, Minn., lays the corner-stone of a new church.

Summer revival at Sower, Mich. Nearly fifty conversions.

The church at Bethel, O., was destroyed by lightning June 11.

A vanished debt reported from Gratiot Park, Port Huron, Mich.

Cedarville, O., has a joyful reopening, after extensive repairs.

South Bend wants the 1903 session of the Northwest Indiana Conference.

Detroit preachers close their Monday meetings with a picnic at Algonac, Mich.

Kansas now has over 100,000 Methodists, who own 874 churches and over 400 parsonages.

Methodist preachers were in large demand this year, as usual, for Memorial and Decoration Day addresses.

Methodism has gained in New York City nearly forty-seven per cent. since 1875. Some other denomi-

national gains are: Baptists, twenty-six per cent.; Presbyterians, thirty-four per cent.; Episcopalians, 131 per cent.

When the debt is gone improvements come. So many Methodist churches find it. Ames Church, Saginaw, Mich., is one.

Thirty probationers received at Eaton, Ind., on a June Sunday. Twenty-eight more will be received shortly. Happy church!

Christie Chapel, Cincinnati, reopens after \$1,500 has been spent on renovation. Editor Gilbert's sermon was the central point of the jubilee services.

Last winter's revival at First Church, Marietta, O., was a real revival. The other Sunday ninety-five probationers were taken into full connection.

At King-avenue, Columbus, O., they have a building fund, in which the cash supply keeps ahead of the work on the new church. It is the ideal way.

The Northwestern's symposium on the consolidation of the benevolences seems to show a strong drift in the direction of some kind of readjustment.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

The Madison (Wis.) District League regards Dr. Oldham as the man.

The East Boothbay (Me.) Chapter flourishes "like a tree on the green," says *Zion's Herald*.

Beatrice District sends in twenty-eight Christian Stewardship pledges from the district convention.

The chapter at Bound Brook, N. J., takes a new lease of life. Pastor Rounds believes in it wholly.

Helena, Mont., has twenty-four members who have pledged themselves to the observance of the Morning Watch.

Allegheny (Pa.) District has fifty-five chapters and over 4,000 members, a gain of over 200 members in the past year.

Prof. R. G. Robinson of Central Alabama Academy has been addressing Epworth conventions in Western Pennsylvania.

Pavonia, O., has a class of seventy-eight studying the league Bible-class text-book, Taylor & Morgan's "Life of Christ."

The delegates to the Kokomo District Convention met Bishop Joyce when his train came in, and marched with him to the church.

The Kokomo (Ind.) District Epworthians contribute 34,000 bricks (\$510) to the Indiana State Hospital and Deaconess Home fund.

New chapters of the Epworth League and of the Junior League are organized at Danville, Ill., through the efforts of Pastor S. A. McIntosh.

Mansfield District printed its institute program on the covers of a handy booklet. The inside pages were left blank, for notes. Good idea.

A pretty church wedding occurred June 24 at Kingsley Church, Milwaukee, when Miss Franc E. Crowell and President Benj. C. Hughes of the local



A Shipment from Ward's

There must be considerable satisfaction to every man when he realizes that he has done something wise and creditable, especially when it directly concerns the welfare of himself and family. Here is a man who is hauling a shipment home, content with the knowledge that all his supplies for several months have been purchased at wholesale prices, or in other words at a saving of about 50 per cent over his home prices.

He has no cause to worry as to what he will find inside the boxes. He has received shipments from us before and knows that everything will be found first-class and exactly as represented. Even if something is wrong, he knows that no firm in the country is more anxious to make it right than we are. We have customers everywhere—in every nook and corner of the United States. Beyond a doubt some of your neighbors deal with us. If you are not a heavy buyer, why not join with a neighbor and get your supplies by freight? It only takes 100 pounds to make a profitable freight shipment.

You may need a catalogue to start with. Our 1,000 page catalogue containing over 70,000 quotations and 17,000 illustrations will be sent on receipt of 15 cents to partly pay the postage. This catalogue is already in the homes of over 2,000,000 careful buyers and should be in your home also. Send for it to-day.

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The house that tells the truth.

11

chapter were married. The chapter helped to make the occasion joyous.

This year's convention of Tacoma District closed with an old-fashioned revival. Eighteen persons were at the altar at one service, seeking salvation.

A tithing band of over fifty members is organized in First Church Chapter, Des Moines, Ia. The chapter is doing active missionary work, both home and foreign.

By unanimous vote, the Christian Endeavor Society of the North Church, Minneapolis, has disbanded, and an Epworth League has been formed to succeed it. The new president is J. A. Lane, and the secretary is Miss Mabel Crow.

Avoca Subdistrict held its convention at Pittston, Pa., June 20. Practical papers on present-day league problems occasioned animated discussion, and made the day's sessions profitable. Rev. C. B. Henry is the new president of the group.

A very successful subdistrict rally was held at Bethel, on the Janesville (Wis.) District, June 13-15. "The league and the liquor traffic," "Latent power in the league," "Missionary classes" and "Junior work" were some of the subjects fully discussed.

A great revival broke out at a league rally held at Savage, Md., June 14. At the first altar service thirty-nine professed conversion. The pastor, Rev. J. S. Long, wisely continued to hold meetings through the following weeks. Over sixty conversions are reported.

The annual convention of Barnesville District Epworth League was held at Fairview, O., June 24 and 25. It was regarded as the best working convention ever held on the district. The "Institute idea" was successfully followed. Rev. M. W. Bevington of Demos is president.

Cincinnati District held its first league institute at Trinity Church, July 19 and 20. Presiding-elder D. W. Clark, Dr. R. I. Haskins of Covington, Rev. M. B. Fuller of Trinity, Dr. W. A. Robinson of Christ's Hospital, and Rev. W. L. Y. Davis of Norwood conducted the department conferences, and the institute was a large contribution to more effective league work on the district.

COLLEGES.

Illinois Wesleyan was visited by a tornado early in June. Damage, about \$25,000.

Simpson College had an extraordinarily fine commencement this year. The college grows better as well as bigger.

Beaver College graduated its first class in the new course of study this year. Dr. S. F. Upham was preacher and Dr. Levi Gilbert orator at the commencement exercises.

Andover Theological Seminary had last year sixteen students, including three "specials" and one "fellow." There are twelve teachers in the faculty. Wonder what they do?

Moore's Hill College has recently closed one of the best years in her history. More students, more

equipment, more departments than ever before. President Lewis and entire faculty were reelected for another year. A new science hall will be built at once.

GATHERING HOSTS.

Illinois Epworthians have swarmed at Mount Carmel this week. Many of the delegates are making an after-convention trip to Mammoth Cave.

The Indiana State Convention now in session has a large and liberal program. Bishops Joyce and Hoss are there, and a long list of other leaders. Dr. L. W. Munhall gives four addresses.

The Kansas State Convention will be held in connection with Epworth Chautauqua Assembly at Beloit. Professor and Mrs. L. T. Weeks, Dr. John W. Hancher, Rev. W. E. Grose, Dr. Homer C. Stuntz, Dr. C. B. Spencer, Gov. W. E. Stanley, President Murlin, and Rev. C. S. Nusbaum are some of the program people. The Kansans should have a great gathering.

CANADIAN CRUMBLETS.

The Toronto Conference League raised \$6,580 for missions last year.

Ottawa District raises \$1,000 for missions this year, an increase of \$500.

A fine Epworth League work is carried on among the Indians at Port Simpson, B. C.

Thornhill League has not suspended its work since organization, twelve years ago. They call it the "Evergreen League."

Mrs. Patton is a member of the Carlisle Chapter, eighty-two years old. She was an active participant in its work until sickness laid her aside recently.

HOW OFTEN?

No matter how long a paint lasts, the owner of a house that needs repainting is likely to wish it had lasted longer. The painter, on the other hand—for painters are human—has many arguments ready to prove that houses should be repainted at least once in every five years, and he may not look with entire favor on a paint which proposes to dispense with his services for ten or fifteen years. I have on my house, for example, a tin roof that has stood without repainting for over fifteen years, and is still in tolerable condition, but I have never heard the paint which was used recommended by a painter. They say the paint lasts well enough, but the tin corrodes under it. This may be so, but mine did not.

Similar opposition is manifested towards zinc white and zinc combination paints: "Oh, yes, they look pretty and last a long time," say the painters, "but they will crack." This also may be true, but it is not my experience, and I have had a good deal of painting (for experiment) with these materials during the past few years and have examined work extending over the past twenty-five years.

How often, then, ought a house to be repainted? As often as it needs it. In other words, when exami-

nation shows that the paint no longer sheds but absorbs water, and consequently has ceased to fulfill its office of protection. With straight lead and oil this will scarcely run beyond three years, though, in exceptional cases it is said sometimes to give good service for five years.

With a good zinc combination paint the lowest limit ought not to fall short of five years, and in exceptional cases it may run up to fifteen or twenty years, or even more, with ten years perhaps as a fair average.

In regard to painting, it pays to remember always that it is the labor rather the material that costs, and it is always economical to select high grade paint and thus save the cost of one repainting within a given period.

STANTON DUDLEY.

Delightful Eastern Trips.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway has just issued a new summer book, "Lake Shore Tours," showing a selected list Eastern resorts with routes and rates. Copies will be sent on application to City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St., or C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

Recent Books of Interest

BUD: A Story of the Church of the New Humanity.

By WILLIAM K. MARSHALL.
12mo. Cloth. 307 pages. \$1.00.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

By ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

"The book is a second 'Birds' Christmas Carol in its simplicity, its delicate mingling of humor and pathos, and its broad humanity."—*Chicago Herald.*

12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

DIOMEDE THE CENTURION Or, Sowing Scarlet Seed.

By HOWARD A. M. HENDERSON, D.D., LL.D.

"It is a running mate with 'Ben Hur,' 'Qu Vadis' and 'Barabbas.' It is faithful to facts. The events of the first Christian century move like an army on grand review."—*Bishop David H. Moore.*

12mo. Cloth. 422 pages. \$1.50.

JENNINGS & PYE, Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City.
EATON & MAINS. New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit, San Francisco.

The Juniors at Work.

A Valuable Text-Book.—The suggestions found on this page are taken from the current issue of *The Junior Workers' Quarterly*. That magazine is an invaluable help to pastors and Junior superintendents. It is a wonder that they are not all regular readers. It costs but a trifle—30 cents per year. Send to Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati, Chicago, or Kansas City.

Mercy and Help.—A Pennsylvania chapter made a quilt for an old ladies' home, purchased a clock for the church, bought three dozen Junior singing-books, paid for other needful supplies. Still there is some money in their treasury. Lately the Juniors gave their parents an entertainment of song and recitations.

Daily - Reading Leaders.—Occasionally appoint seven leaders for the prayer-meeting, one for each daily reading of the week. Ask these different leaders to speak each upon his own daily reading, showing how it illustrates the topic. A variation of this method is to appoint one leader and six assistant leaders, who may be called "followers." After the main leader has spoken upon the topic, these six may speak, briefly and in order, on the daily verses of each day of the week.

Entertaining the Seniors.—It is well for the Seniors and Juniors to meet together occasionally in a joint meeting. They each need to see and know the other, and learn the relation that each bears to the other. The Seniors need to have it more firmly impressed upon them that to the Juniors they must look for recruits to their ranks. The Juniors need to learn that their ultimate destiny as Juniors is to graduate into and become an active part of the Epworth League. And both, that they are subordinate organizations of the church.

Use of Pictures.—The value of pictures as an aid in Junior work is perhaps appreciated by most of our leaders, but not all know how comparatively easy it is to secure such aid. With the help of the Juniors a very helpful collection of pictures can be made in a short time by clipping from papers, magazines, Sunday-school quarterlies and papers, etc. Encourage the children to bring such clippings. Appoint an adult assistant and some of the Juniors to assort and classify them. File in large envelopes or, better, mount on thin cardboard.

Learning to Sew.—One superintendent writes: "Last winter we arranged a sewing class, teaching the children, both boys and girls, how to sew. We showed them how to make dusters, aprons, and such articles, things that will sell at a fair which we propose having in the fall. We have a neat little sum in the bank, which we intend using for the benefit of our church in the future. Our children are taught benevolence and charity, both by precept and practice. Our aim is to make our Juniors not only loyal to their own church, but liberal toward all."

Temperance Sunshine.—Our Book Concern publishes a bright and interesting booklet on this subject. It contains thirty-six lessons, each having from four to six questions, with answers followed by quotations from the Scriptures, John Wesley, and temperance writers the world over. Ministers and lecturers, editors and statesmen, poets and authors, enliven its pages. In addition to this are the two little volumes of "Beauties of Temperance," for the teacher, which cannot fail to make the league meetings of intense interest. The three are sold for sixty cents net. Julia Coleman, or "Aunt Julia," is the author.

Junior Artists.—A recent topic was, "I will read the Bible every day." Four Juniors prepared a placard in the following manner: They drew an open book, and below it a heart. The

following sentence was then neatly printed: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." "Thy word" was written across the book, and "in my heart" was written in the heart. After the superintendent's talk, based upon this placard, small cards like the placard were given to each Junior, to be used as bookmarks. Both placards and cards were neatly colored, and all were prepared by the four Juniors.

How She Won the Boys.—One Junior superintendent has told me how she was able to increase the attendance of boys in her Junior society. After Sunday-school it was announced, with a little mystery, that the boys of certain classes were requested to meet her after the lesson hour. Talking with them, she urged upon them membership in the Junior society, stating that it was not fair that the girls should monopolize all the good things; urging them to come in a body to the next Junior meeting, each bringing a friend; insisting, moreover, that they keep the whole affair secret, so that it should be a profound surprise. She got the boys to promise to do this by asking each one if he would do it if all the others would.

Creating Interest.—Will you tell me how we can keep up the interest, and get the children to come every Sunday?

Send to W. A. Wilde Company, 110 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., and ask them to send you as many "Sunday Watch" cards as you have Juniors. These cards are 1 cent each. Send also for two boxes of small gilt stars, at 10 cents a box. These watch cards are used in the following way: Write the Junior's name on the card, and place a star on the outer rim of the watch for each Sunday or meeting that the Junior is present, beginning with the figure one. These cards can be used for one quarter, and at the end of that time, by sending for two boxes of red stars and pasting them over the gilt stars, they may be used to record attendance a second quarter. This scheme works remarkably well.

Too Much Talk.—These wise words are from Bishop Vincent: "I should avoid too much public talk by children. It may do them great harm. The better they can do it, the more likely is self to be strengthened. A simple confession before the church, with as few words as possible, may be enough. I should put little groups of children under the care of wise leaders, who should pack their memories with the Word of God, especially his promises, with the best hymns of the church, and with strong doctrinal definitions of catechism and creed. I should visit the parents and secure their sympathy; and help in this work of looking after the children; insisting on family prayer, distributing good tracts, often meeting the children for little talks on the church and on the duties of children in home-life, school-life, shop-life, church-life. I should seek to make religion a steady force of character and of conduct."

By All Means.—Do not become a slave to any one method of accomplishing the salvation of the children. Do not depend upon methods at all, but in the grace and power of God. At the same time utilize all agencies, appropriate all means. It is not any one influence, but an aggregation of holy forces, which molds the character. Keep constantly at the realization of your ideal. "Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Resist with all power every influence which threatens the moral well-being of the child. Leave nothing undone which will tend to confirm and strengthen the child in the Christian life. Add effort to effort. Supplement plan with plan. Follow success with renewed purpose. Recover temporary defeat with intensified zeal. Weary not in well-doing. If one plan fails, try another. If one agency is fruitless, try another, and after

that the first may work better. Determine, by the help of God, to save your children and in-trench them in the Christian life at any cost of prayer, patience, effort. Nothing less than this is a worthy ideal for pastors, teachers, parents.

The Use of Tracts.—Experience has demonstrated the value of tracts in Junior work. We do not mean, general, aimless, antiquated tracts for adult saints and sinners. These are all right in their places, but are of no use to children. Tracts for Juniors need to be simple, direct, pleasing. There are a few such tracts. They may be used to enforce some of the more important Junior lessons. They become a permanent reminder of the Junior League and its teaching. They should be accompanied with a request that the parents read them aloud to the children. They should always bear the name of the church or Junior League. The children should be furnished manila envelopes in which to preserve them. We hope to make up and print some valuable leaflets for such use in the near future. If it seems practicable, we shall also arrange an envelope of sample tracts for the superintendents, from which they can order as they like. Let all our superintendents experiment in the wise use of tracts.

Some Happy Suggestions.—Suppose you purchase a tiny flag for each of your Juniors. Tie a scripture verse to it, and give it to them in honor of Washington's birthday, asking them to memorize the verse and repeat it in answer to roll-call or in testimony service at the next meeting; for, of course, you always devote some of the precious hour to letting them talk on the lesson. That is their very own part of the meeting. What a precious time it is!

Did you have a valentine party or a Washington's birthday social for your Juniors? If so, tell us about it.

We heard of one Junior League which, on Thanksgiving, had a donation party for the deaconess home. Each boy brought an egg, and each girl a cup of sugar. Why not your league have a donation and exploration party at the Deaconess Home? Find out their needs and get interested in them.

Have you a mercy-and-help box in your league-room near the entrance, with tablet and pencil attached? Have a slot in the top, and let contributions, suggestions, or the names of any who are ill or in distress be dropped in. Call attention to it at the close of the meeting. It works well.

Picture Decorations.—A few good pictures on the walls of the room in which the Junior meetings are held will help to train the Juniors in more ways than one. With such a variety of pictures furnished so cheaply by our current magazines and periodicals, it is not difficult for even those living in country districts to secure suitable illustrations. Let them be chosen with care, however, and let them mean something. A shepherd caring for his flock will teach tenderness; a dog watching over a sleeping child will show faithfulness; a happy family group will illustrate unselfishness. One or two pictures of the Madonna and child; Christ blessing little children, and other scenes from the life of Christ, are always suitable. Many of these can be had in the large-sized Perry pictures, sold for 5 cents each. These can be framed in passepartout. A simple method of framing is to cut a pasteboard frame about two and a half inches wide, and cover this with colored crape tissue paper of pretty tones. A piece of muslin pasted over the back of both frame and picture will serve to make them firmer. The care of these pictures may be given to one or two Juniors, whose duty it shall be to see that the pictures are put up before the meeting each week, and at the close of the service taken down and carefully stored away in a box for this purpose. Give this duty to some of the more restless boys and girls, or to some whom you wish to win to more regular attendance. The committee in charge may be changed every three or six months.

Recent Conventions.

Fourth General Conference District.

The convention of the Fourth General Conference District was held in Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., June 19-22. This district comprises Baltimore, Philadelphia, Central Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Erie, West Virginia, and Washington conferences. According to the secretary's report, within this territory there are 1,723 Senior chapters, comprising a membership of 98,085, and 692 Junior chapters with a membership of 38,050. Central Pennsylvania is the banner conference, having 417 Senior chapters, with a membership of 25,557, and 171 Junior chapters, with a membership of 10,094. Altoona District is the banner district with regard to membership; also with regard to the number of HERALD subscriptions, this district reporting 646 subscriptions.

From the time the local committee was appointed, with Mr. J. Finney Engle as chairman, and some of our brightest young people as members, Washington Epworthians were assured of the success of the convention, and those who knew Hon. Wm. L. Woodcock of Altoona, Pa., the president of the district, also knew that the convention of 1902 would be worth while attending.

Thursday evening all gathered in the large auditorium of Metropolitan Church, where they were enthusiastically welcomed. "On behalf of Washington Methodism" by Rev. H. R. Naylor, D.D., and "On behalf of Metropolitan Church" by Rev. Frank M. Bristol. Responses were made by Hon. Wm. L. Woodcock on behalf of the Fourth General Conference District, and by W. H. Gould of Philadelphia. At the close of the session the delegates were further welcomed at a very delightful reception, arranged for by Mr. H. A. Ison, district fourth vice-president, and Miss Elizabeth Bobb, fourth vice-president of Metropolitan Chapter.

During the following sessions inspiring and uplifting addresses were made by Mr. E. S. La Fetra, president of the Washington District, on "The layman's work in the league;" Mr. E. G. Loughry of Uniontown, Pa., "The young men in the church;" Rev. John H. Miller, Ph.D., Parkersburg, W. Va., "The spirit of the fathers;" Rev. Horace Lincoln Jacobs, Altoona, Pa., "The making of men," and Rev. S. J. Miller, Point Pleasant, W. Va., on "Thoughts for the twentieth century leaguers." The addresses of Rev. W. L. Davidson, D.D., secretary of the American University, on "Young people and skepticism," Rev. Frank D. Gamewell, D.D., on the siege of Peking, and Rev. M. L. Ganoe, D.D., York, Pa., deserve especial mention.

Saturday morning, in spite of the fact that there was no visible sunrise, on account of a heavy down-pour of rain, and in spite of the fact that the American University grounds are situated about a mile from the end of the car line, an enthusiastic party went, and were glad they did, to a "sunrise prayer-meeting," led by Mr. F. T. Israel. As Eldbrooke Chapter served breakfast in one of the buildings, the delegates were enabled to go immediately to the morning session, which was the business session of the convention.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Prof. H. E. V. Porter, Erie Conference; V. P's, Rev. J. Fred Heisse, Baltimore Conference; Miss Anna M. Holahan, Central Pennsylvania Conference; Mr. C. T. Beggs, Pittsburgh Conference; Wm. H. G. Gould, Philadelphia Conference; Rec. Sec., Rev. Wm. Anderson, West Virginia Conference; Cor. Sec., J. B. Hopkins, Washington Conference; Treas., J. H. Reiley, Central Pennsylvania Conference; Jr. Supt., Rev. W. Q. Bennett, Philadelphia Conference. The advisory board was selected as follows: Mr. W. L. Woodcock, Central Pennsylvania Conference; Rev. C. L. Smith, Pittsburgh Conference; Mr. E. S. La Fetra, Baltimore Conference; J. McHenry Jones, Washington Conference; Rev. H. M. Burns, Erie Conference; Rev. Wm. Blamford, Philadelphia Conference; Mr. Wm. B. Matthews, West Virginia Conference.

The convention of 1905 is to be held at Mountain Lake Park.

Friday at noon the delegates marched up the avenue to the White House, where they were accorded a very pleasant reception by President Roosevelt. Saturday afternoon the delegates went to Mount Vernon.

The music of the convention was under the direction of Prof. J. P. Hillis. Besides several beautiful song services, duets by Professor Hillis and Miss Martha Garthwaite, selections by the lyric quartet and by the colored octette composed of members of the Washington Conference, were thoroughly appreciated.

One of the most interesting meetings was the Junior League rally Sunday afternoon, when the children were delightfully instructed by Rev. W. Q. Bennett,

Ph.D., and Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, both of whom have the happy faculty of pleasing children.

The "convention sermon" Sunday night was preached by Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee. The subject was "Wanted—young men who see visions," and at its close a consecration service was held by Dr. Bristol. (Reported by Miss Esther R. Woodward.)

La Crosse District.

The eleventh annual convention of the LaCrosse District Epworth League was held at Baraboo, Wis., June 20-22.

Among the leading speakers were: Rev. W. H. Vance of La Crosse, who preached the convention sermon; Rev. J. S. Montgomery, D. D., of Minneapolis, who lectured on "One-sided people;" Dr. M.C.B. Mason, secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, who gave the Sunday morning sermon and told us of his work in the South; and W. W. Cooper of Kenosha, Wis., who spoke on "Missions."

On Saturday the time was well occupied with papers and discussions. Those which elicited the most discussion were: "The pledge—what shall we do with it?" "Systematic benevolence; or, the grace of giving;" "The Bible in the leaguer's education." Short papers on the departmental lines of work were given. "The claims of the Junior work" was given by the district Junior superintendent.

About fifty delegates were present. The discussions were enthusiastic. The convention was full of the spirit, and all were benefited by coming.

The officers elected were: Pres., I. C. Couvillier, West Avenue, LaCrosse; V. P's, J. O. Paulson, Mrs. H. C. Black, Miss Elsie Berry, Mrs. A. C. Bohrnstedt; Sec., Miss Nellie Manchester; Treas., Roy Perry; Jr. Supt., Miss Helen Merrifield. (Reported by Iva M. Moore.)

Rock Island District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Rock Island District Epworth League was held at Erie, Ill., June 24 and 25. The first session was devoted to department conferences. On Tuesday evening Rev. F. L. Thompson, D.D., of Davenport, Ia., gave a strong, helpful address upon "The crisis of youth."

On Wednesday morning Rev. G. D. Hensell gave a Bible reading on "Living to please God." Two hours of this session were devoted to business. The secretary's report showed that there are 2,274 members of the league, and 407 subscribers to THE EPWORTH HERALD on the district. The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Rev. G. E. Alford, Atkinson; V. P's, Miss Harriet E. Henderson, Rock Island; Miss Anna Doan, Tiskilwa; Miss Anna Adams, Erie; Mrs.

Minnie B. Craine, Millersburg; Sec., Miss Luella A. Sadler, Neponset; Treas., Harold Smith, Galva; Jr. Supt., Miss Ella G. Taylor, Rock Island; Ex. Com. Revs. J. W. Edwards, Aledo; F. E. Shult, Woodhull; W. H. Cambridge.

The subject, "The cabinet of the local chapters," was presented by Harriet E. Henderson, and that of "The associate members," by Rev. Karl R. Gilmer.

The first hour of the afternoon session was given to the Junior League, in charge of Ella G. Taylor. The Junior chapter of Erie gave a pleasing drill. Rev. E. McOmber presented "Bible-study methods," and the paper of Miss Ada Ioder on "The league and missions" was read by Miss Carrie Watkins. Dr. J. W. Frizzelle conducted the question-box. "Methodism was the theme of the closing session. "What it has done for the world" was presented by Rev. R. A. Brown, and "Its outlook," by Rev. A. Smith. Sixty-six delegates were in attendance. The next convention will be held at Bradford. (Reported by S. E. Archer.)

Beatrice District.

The Beatrice District Convention was held at Fairbury June 17-19. After the usual opening and organizing preliminaries were attended to Dr. B. I. Paine of Lincoln was introduced and gave a lecture entitled "What kind of people I want in my league." He gave as a prelude to his subject "The modern choir." If the modern choir was there, it went away with a few eye-openers at any rate.

The two days following were crowded with good things. Mrs. O. L. Beeson gave two talks on the use of the Bible in evangelistic work. P. C. Johnson gave two addresses on matters relating to Bible study not generally treated by Bible teachers. Financial questions connected with league work were considered "For what purpose should Epworth Leagues raise money?" "How to raise money for league purposes." "What can the league do in the interests of the benevolences?" "Tithing—why and how." This last provoked a good deal of discussion. If some competent person would treat this theme in some simple, practical, and practicable way, it would help many who are now perplexed with the many notions that obtain about the matter.

One afternoon the large body was divided into four divisions having in charge one of the departments. These were again united and put into the hands of Rev. W. E. Grose, who answered questions, gave hints and illustrations, met difficulties and entertained and instructed the delegates admirably. On Thursday morning Rev. J. R. Gettys, presiding elder of the district, preached a timely and impressive

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sive sermon on "Power: What power is. How and why to get it."

Special mention should be made of the lecture of Dr. T. C. Iliff of the Church Extension Board. His subject was "Thirty years among the Rocky Mountains." The speaker's recital of the defeat of the polygamist Roberts in his attempt to get into Congress; his hearty, lofty and sincere tribute of praise to Miss Helen Gould, and to the women of America, were worth going miles to hear. Dr. G. W. Abbott of Hastings delivered an address on "Conquerors."

The convention meets at Blue Springs next year. The following officers were elected: Pres., Miss Jessie E. Riley, Fairbury; V. P.'s, Miss Ida H. Langdon, Beatrice; Mrs. J. H. Shepard, Pawnee City; Mrs. John Queln, Beatrice; Mrs. S. M. Blythe, Blue Springs; Sec., LeGrande Cheny, DeWitt; Jr. Supt., Mrs. O. L. Beeson, Beatrice; Miss. Sec., Miss Clara B. Riley, Fairbury; directors, Rev. Ira Kenagy, Blue Springs; Rev. W. M. Balch, Fairbury; Rev. D. L. Thomas, Beatrice. (Reported by P. C. Johnson.)

Fairmont District.

The Fairmont District Epworth League held its annual convention at Madella, Minn., June 17-18. The session opened Tuesday evening. Rev. D. L. Rader, D.D., of St. Paul gave a very inspiring address on "The exclusiveness of choice." After the address the Madella Chapter gave the visiting delegates an informal reception in the church basement.

On Wednesday morning a sunrise service was held at 6 o'clock, led by Rev. Mr. Utton of Kiester. At 9 o'clock Bible study and prayer were discussed in two papers, the first by Miss Eva White of Blue Earth, and the second by Miss Sybil Redding of Windom. Miss Amy Burnham of Delavan, and Miss Runyan of Fairmont presented "The reading course." This subject provoked a general discussion. "Personal Evangelism" was presented by Mrs. Cooper of the Deaconess Home, Minneapolis, and by Rev. Mr. Calder of Truman.

"The Junior League" was the first subject under discussion at the afternoon session. Rev. W. R. Keesey of Elmore led. Mrs. Geo. Andrews of Winnebago City, and Mrs. Cooper of Minneapolis spoke on "Christian stewardship," and Matthew Willing of Lakefield on "Missions." Mrs. Cooper then presented the cause of Asbury Hospital. The following were elected officers for the new year: Pres., Rev. W. R. Keesey, Elmore; V. P.'s, Mrs. H. D. Seckner, Madella; Miss Mattie Gove, Windom; Harold Clark, Heron Lake; Mrs. F. A. Lawson, Blue Earth; Rec. Sec., Miss Margaret Hopp Welcome; Cor. Sec., Miss Ruth Raay, St. James; Treas., H. E. Woodis, Lake Crystal; Jr. Supt., Mrs. David Bronson, Elmore; directors, Rev. Herbert Jones, Winnebago City; Rev. J. L. Jeffrey, Sanborn; Rev. E. C. Teachout, Lakefield.

Wednesday evening the convention opened with a praise and prayer service, led by Miss Brown of Fairmont. The committee on resolutions reported, laying special emphasis on the reading of good books, condemning the "yellow-covered" novel; pledging our allegiance to the Methodist doctrine, and heartily recommending the enforcement of Paragraph 248 of our Discipline. Dr. Cool of Minneapolis then delivered a most inspiring address on "From throne to throne." The convention closed with a consecration service led by our presiding elder, Rev. F. E. White. (Reported by B. T. Russell.)

Spokane District.

The third annual convention of the Spokane District Epworth League, which was held at Ritzville, Wash., June 13-15, was the most successful session ever held in the interest of Epworth League work in the district, the attendance and the number of chapters represented being very much larger than heretofore.

The opening session, which was held on Friday evening, consisted of a lecture delivered by Dr. A. R. Lambert of Spokane, Wash., on "In wonderland" (a trip through Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley), after which a reception was tendered the visiting delegates in the parsonage adjoining the church by the young people of the Ritzville League.

The daylight sessions on Saturday were devoted to listening to papers and the transaction of business. A paper on "The mission of the Epworth League" was read by Mrs. J. H. Tilsey of Spokane. She held that the league's mission was to produce a better lot of church members. Well prepared papers were also read on "Latest constitutional proviso" (the Missionary Committee), by Miss Nettie Baker of Latah, Wash.; "Proffered opportunities in presenting Jesus in the work of mercy and help," Miss Ella Jay, Cheney, Wash.; "Practical helps from the Epworth League Reading Course," by Ella Spangler of Latah, Wash. This latter paper caused considerable discussion as the Latah League was the only league in

the district reporting a regularly appointed reading course. Mr. N. F. Coleman of Spokane, conductor of the Spokane District Information Bureau, then devoted thirty minutes to answering questions on league work, which were written and handed in by the delegates.

At the afternoon session three addresses were delivered on the following topics: "The Junior League," Miss Libby; "Thirteen years of Epworth League work," J. P. Barker; "Were I president of that chapter," by James E. Whately, president of the First Church Chapter of Spokane.

A sunrise prayer meeting was held on Sunday morning. The morning sermon was an address by Rev. Mr. Fry of Spokane to young people on "Commencing life under difficulties." In the afternoon Prof. N. F. Coleman delivered a talk on "Systematic Bible study." In the evening Colonel Holt of Chicago and Rev. Mr. Brown of Spokane delivered two addresses.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: Pres., Geo. Gable of Harrison, Ida.; V. P.'s, Prof. N. F. Coleman, Spokane, Wash.; Sec., Edwin T. Taylor, Latah, Wash.; Treas., Miss Ella Jay of Cheney, Wash. The convention's next annual meeting-place will be Latah, Wash.

Special music for the convention was rendered by a male quartet, comprised of Rev. D. W. Raines, Rev. Geo. Gable, Professor Quigley, and Professor Ball, and solos by Mrs. Geo. Morris and Mrs. W. H. Fry. (Reported by Edwin T. Taylor.)

Alton District.

One of the most practical and helpful Epworth League Conventions of the district was held at Edwardsville, Ill., June 18 and 19. One hundred and twenty-five delegates were present, not including those of the local chapter.

The convention opened Wednesday morning with a song and praise service. Rev. C. O. Kimball, district president, read his annual report and appointed the committees. An excellent paper on "Personal evangelism" was read by Rev. G. W. Shepherd.

Interesting and instructive addresses on missionary work were given by Rev. J. N. Eason and Rev. Mr. Barter. The missionary banner was awarded to Venice. Fraternal addresses by Rev. F. M. Wilson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, and Rev. Wm. Flegenbaum of the German Methodist were greatly appreciated.

The missionary sunrise prayer-meeting was led by Rev. J. N. Eason. In the absence of Mrs. H. C. Horney, Mrs. Josiah Abel led the Junior League Conference. W. H. Anderson gave an address on "The world's curse and cure."

Dr. M. L. Curl of Clifton Heights, St. Louis, Mo., spoke on "The kind of Methodist young people needed." Dr. F. W. Luce of Maple-avenue, St. Louis, spoke on "Men and women for the times."

Rev. J. T. Keenan preached an inspiring sermon which was followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper, conducted by Rev. F. M. Van Treese, D.D., assisted by Rev. Mr. Barnes, Rev. J. T. Keenan, Rev. Mr. Webber, and Rev. C. O. Kimball, Ph.D. The Edwardsville choir had charge of the singing.

The convention appointed the first Sunday in July as Bishop Taylor Memorial Sunday, to be observed as such throughout the district. Rev. C. O. Kimball, who has served as president so faithfully for the past three years, firmly declined the proffer of the place a fourth time. The next convention will be held at Staunton.

The newly elected officers are as follows: Pres., L. Traylor, Coffeen; V. P.'s, B. C. Few, Alton; Mrs. W. B. Allen, Fillmore; F. K. Dillman, Venice; Mrs. Nellie Willard, Alton; Sec., Mrs. Frances Keese, Litchfield; Treas., Mrs. J. A. Barnett, Edwardsville; district organizer, R. P. Carson, Venice; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Gye Park, Ramsey. (Reported by Mrs. Frances Keese.)

Cincinnati District Institute.

One of the most successful features of the year's work in Cincinnati District was the Epworth League Institute held at Trinity Church, June 19 and 20. Every detail had been planned with a view to giving the young people the very newest and most approved method of Epworth League work. In order that the institute might be more widely beneficial the Epworthians of Kentucky were invited to be present.

The following instructors rendered valuable service: Rev. Davis W. Clark, presiding-elder of Cincinnati District; Rev. R. I. Watkins, pastor Union Methodist Episcopal Church, Covington, Ky.; Rev. M. B. Fuller, pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, O.; Rev. W. A. Robinson, secretary, deaconess home and Christ's Hospital; Rev. W. L. Y. Davis, pastor Lockland Methodist Episcopal Church.

Three sessions were arranged for in order that in-



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struction might be given in each department of the work. Dist. Pres. L. A. Stabler presided.

Rev. Davis W. Clark, the presiding-elder, is the champion of every effort put forth by the district cabinet. He most earnestly urged the presidents to greater loyalty and consecration.

Rev. R. I. Watkins made the Epworthians to know some of the possibilities within their reach as workers in the Junior League, or in the third department, by giving a plain outline of what might be done in these departments.

Rev. M. B. Fuller, in his addresses to the treasurers and fourth vice-presidents, made the duties and responsibilities of the workers in these departments so plain that no one could mistake them. He urged generous, systematic giving, fewer "pay socials," more sociability, more visiting, more sacrifice, and said: "Sociability spelled another way is service."

Grand Traverse District.

The annual convention of the Epworth League of Grand Traverse District was held at Northport, June 20-22. The trip to Northport from Traverse City, on the steamer, was full of interest, and enjoyed by all. The delegates were given a royal welcome to the town and homes of Northport.

The excellent program prepared was quite fully carried out, as nearly all those participating were present or sent papers. Dr. M. D. Carrel, presiding-elder, addressed the convention on "At the threshold of a new century," Mrs. W. H. White of Boyne City gave her address on "Missions," and Dr. Wm. Dawe of Detroit his lecture on "England in the nineteenth century, and the rise of Methodism." These, with Dr. Dawe's sermon, "The preeminence of the church, made a feast of good things.

Reports of the district officers show a much better work for this year than last, and also an increase in the number of chapters reporting. The business session resulted in the election or reelection of the following officers: Pres., Rev. Hugh Kennedy, Traverse City; V. P's, Rev. A. F. Nagler, Charlevoix; Miss E. Agnes Dean, Petoskey; Miss Florence G. Hart, Lake City; Miss Mabel Collins, Petoskey; Sec., Mr. J. D. Criss, Sherman; Treas., Dr. E. H. Wicks, Charlevoix; Jr. Supt., Mrs. L. Grosebaugh, Petoskey. The invitation to Mancelona for the next district convention was accepted.

At a meeting of the cabinet the district was divided into subdistricts, each under the supervision of the nearest member of the district cabinet. Rev. P. E. Whitman of Bellaire was appointed chairman of the district good citizenship committee.

Resolutions were adopted on the Forward Movement and evangelistic work by the Epworthians, and a conference evangelist asked for. (Reported by J. D. Criss, secretary.)

Madison District.

The eleventh annual convention met at Poynette, Wis., June 20-22. The attractiveness of the program drew together the largest delegation in years. The department conference method proved successful, and query and answer were liberally used. The second department was presented by Stillman Moore of Brodhead and Pearl Blake of Richland Center. The spiritual work was passed by Deaconess Douglas and Mabel Byrne of Juda.

State Attorney-General E. R. Hicks, himself an enthusiastic Epworthian, delivered an oration on Friday evening on "Elements of success." Mr. John H. Nicholson, national secretary of the "Gideons," followed, and spoke on "Your place in God's service." State League Secretary Thompson spoke Saturday morning on the general work throughout the state. The action of the state cabinet, providing for a great rally at the international convention, was endorsed.

Miss Florence Ben-Oliel of Jerusalem had charge of Bible instruction. She gave her three addresses, of which President John of De Pauw was wont to say that they were a liberal education in orientals.

How shall I tell you of the great Oldham? He simply swamped us out of our little, petty, don-believe-in-foreign-missions spirit. We felt that he jerked us around the world to the tune of a million and a half for missions, in both his lecture and sermon. Dr. H. W. Bolton was a prominent figure in the convention, helping, advising, encouraging everywhere.

The church was crowded almost all day long on Sunday. Dr. M. C. B. Mason presented most eloquently the cause of Christian education in the South. The retiring president, Rev. J. E. Holden, closed the services by a strong appeal for conversion and consecration.

The new cabinet is: Pres., Mr. G. J. Townsend, Poynette; V. P's, Mabel Byrne, Juda; Mrs. Schofield, Mazo Manie; Carrie Huggins, Madison; Mr. A. S. Phelps, Richland Center; Sec., Ethel Stanton, Poynette; Treas., Ella Chambers, Monroe; Jr. Supt.,

Helen Beckwith, Brodhead; missionary chairman, Rev. J. E. Holden, Kilbourn City. (Reported by Miss Rosetta Zimmerman.)

Cameron District.

The ninth annual convention of the Cameron District was held at Jamesport, Mo., June 20-22. The "circle chat" on the work of the mercy and help department was introduced by Rev. J. R. Harper, Harris, Mo. Mr. C. W. Jaggard, who is working in the district in the interest of the missionary campaign, had charge of the social and spiritual work, and Rev. Grant A. Robbins conducted the literary department. These interesting talks were followed by helpful and practical suggestions from members. Rev. J. O. Taylor of Trenton and Miss Estelle Bothwell of Breckenridge spoke on the deaconess and hospital work. Papers were read—"League music," by Miss L. C. C. Gill of Breckenridge; "The missionary movement in the Epworth League," by Miss Daisy Robins of Cameron, and "How to make the devotional meetings less formal and more spiritual, and secure punctual attendance," by Miss Jennie Gilchrist of Lathrop.

On Friday evening Dr. Matt S. Hughes of Kansas City delivered an inspiring address on "The American pessimist." Rev. J. W. Anderson, presiding-elder of the district, preached the anniversary sermon Saturday morning. At the morning service, on Sunday, Rev. Grant A. Robbins preached an enthusiastic missionary sermon.

A special Junior League service was held during the afternoon.

An interesting address, by Dr. B. W. Baker, president of Missouri Wesleyan College, on "The success of Methodism," closed a very interesting and profitable convention. Lathrop was selected as the next place of meeting.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. J. S. Troxel, Breckenridge; V. P's, Rev. J. R. Harper, Harris; Miss Mary Ellwood, Lathrop; Mr. J. D. Van Buskirk, Lucerne; Miss Lottie Lucas, Cameron; chairman missionary department, Miss L. C. C. Gill, Breckenridge; Jr. Supt., Miss Helen Coughlan; Sec., Miss Nettie M. Judd, Hamilton; Treas., Miss Jennie Gilchrist, Lathrop.

Neligh District.

The annual convention of the Neligh District Epworth League met in Newman Grove, Neb., June 17-19. Dr. Wm. Gorst, presiding-elder, preached the opening sermon from Ps. 14: 12.

Wednesday morning devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. H. A. Hornaday of Emeric. The following papers were read and ably discussed: "How may the doctrines of the church be best taught in the Epworth League?" by Joe Olin of Tilden; "The ideal devotional meeting," by Miss Jessie Gooche of Abion; "Punctuality in church work," by Miss Mabel Martin of O'Neill; "Use and abuse of personal influence," by Miss Massie Burk of Oakdale; "The league as a helper of the pastor," by Myrtle Kirkland of Elgin; "Denominational literature," by Miss Hattie Twiss. The papers were ably written and well read and proved most interesting.

The Junior League hour, conducted by Rev. Allen Bishop of Newman Grove, was crowded with good things.

Miss Mattie Currie read a paper on "Who should be the Junior superintendent?" Rev. W. E. Powler read a paper on "The pastor's and presiding-elder's duties to the Junior League." Mrs. Russell of Newman Grove gave an illustrated lecture on "Light."

On Wednesday evening Rev. John M. Caldwell, D.D., of Chicago, delivered his lecture, "What I saw in the Holy Land."

Rev. E. S. Gorge of Albion preached the closing sermon. A consecration service followed, at the close of which the convention adjourned.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Rev. E. S. Gorge of Albion; V. P's, Rev. J. M. Ledy of Oakdale, Miss Cratty of Elgin, Miss Edith Bolton of Emeric, Miss Bessie Snyder of O'Neill; Treas., Miss Ida Bogardis of Neligh; Rec. Sec., Miss Hattie Twiss of Emeric. (Reported by E. Grant Hutchinson.)

Oskaloosa District.

The annual convention of Oskaloosa District was held at Oskaloosa, Ia., June 17-19. The institute plan was used for the second time, and proved very profitable. Rev. A. E. Craig, Ottumwa, Ia., addressed the convention on "The trophies of youth" on the first evening. After the lecture a reception was given to the delegates by the Oskaloosa Chapter. The following evening Dr. Hancher of the Iowa Wesleyan University lectured on "Methodism of to-morrow." The mercy and help work were presented by Miss Grace Brewer, Oskaloosa; the treasurer's department by

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Mr. Ralph Roberts, Ewart: the spiritual department by Rev. G. H. Hanawalt, Delta and the secretary's department by Miss Edith Sedlow, Newton. Special stress was laid on the importance of the Junior League. Miss Mary Lister, Newton, led the Junior discussion. *The Junior Workers' Quarterly* was strongly recommended by several of the delegates. A question-box was conducted by E. C. Barnard, Oskaloosa. Miss Susie Stump, Ottumwa, who is soon to enter foreign missionary work, spoke on missions. The Oskaloosa Juniors own a very fine stereopticon, which Mr. Page of Oskaloosa used to good purpose. Greetings were received from Dr. C. B. Spencer, Kansas City, and from Burlington (Ia.) District Convention.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Pres., E. C. Barnard, Oskaloosa; V. P's, Mrs. H. De Yoe, Lacey; Miss Honore Morris, Brooklyn; A. C. Heath, Montezuma; Miss Ada M. Hopkins, Grinnell; Treas., C. O. Bowers, Malcolm; Cor. Sec., Miss Mae Meade, Delta; Rec. Sec., Miss Elsie Handy, What Cheer; Jr. Supt., Miss Edith Sedlow, Newton; intermediate league superintendent, Miss Mary A. Schmitz, Grinnell; missionary chairman, Mrs. Mae E. Mair, Pella. (Reported by Miss Elsie Handy.)

Goshen District.

The Epworthians of Goshen District met in Topeka, Ind., June 17 for the thirteenth annual convention. The services began with the night session. The opening prayer service had for its subject "The presence of the Holy Ghost throughout the convention," and the text was "The Holy Ghost fell on them as on us at the beginning." Dr. C. C. Cissel of Goshen gave an address on the subject, "The Epworth League and the evangelization of the world." The keynote of the convention had been sounded, "The power of the Spirit upon our young people for soul winning."

On Wednesday the exercises began with the administration of the Lord's supper, under the direction of Rev. J. W. Welch of Ligonier. Nearly all of the large company present participated in this service. After some chapter reports as to the condition of the social department, Miss Luella Barlow of Goshen read a paper on "The social life a force in soul-winning." Miss Grace Todd, a returned missionary from China, gave an address on "Cause and effect of the war in China." Rev. F. M. Stone of Warsaw followed with an address on "The ministry and the Epworth League—their mutual relations."

In the afternoon devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. C. W. Smith of Mishawaka. The Juniors of Topeka gave an illustration of a devo-



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tional meeting. Mrs. Ada New of Greenfield, state superintendent of the Junior League, gave an address in which she not only interested and instructed the Juniors, but advised the older ones.

Rev. Chesteen W. Smith of Mishawaka gave a carefully prepared and helpful address on "Systematic Bible study." "The Epworth League and our educational work" was the title of a pleasing and suggestive paper by Miss Dessie Sellers of Warsaw. Bourbon was fixed as the next place for holding the convention. Upon the unanimous recommendation of the board of control a new constitution was adopted by unanimous vote of the convention.

In the evening Rev. Ray Wade of Nappanee conducted devotional exercises. Rev. C. E. Line, D.D., newly elected field secretary of DePauw University, gave an educational address. He clearly indicated the need of Christian education and the place of the denominational school. His showing of the splendid history of DePauw University brought forth strong applause. Following the address Rev. F. M. Stone conducted a consecration service.

The sunrise prayer-meeting on Thursday morning was largely attended, and was led by Mr. S. H. Weaver of Elkhart.

At the morning session Miss Minerva Thomas of Leesburg spoke on "Little ways of helping people." "In His name," by Miss Mabel Geddes, New Paris; "Intemperance—how shall we combat it?" by Miss Ethel Craig of Topeka continued the program.

The secretary's report showed a good increase in the membership of the district and growth in subscriptions to THE EPWORTH HERALD.

After the report of the first vice-president there was a symposium on the general theme, "The devotional meeting." Ten-minute addresses were given on the subtopics, "Who shall lead?" "Keep out of the ruts," "Preparation of leader," "Brevity," and "Dependence upon the Holy Spirit."

The following officers were installed for the ensuing year: Pres., S. H. Weaver, Elkhart; V. P.'s, Miss Fannie Dennis, Nappanee; Miss Ethel Craig, Topeka; Miss Sadie Woodworth, Ligonier; Miss Minnie Snell, Bourbon; Sec., Miss Kate Bingham, Mishawaka; Treas., Elmer B. Funk, Warsaw; Jr. Supt., Mrs. W. R. Wones, Wolcottville. (Reported by Rev. W. W. Martin.)

Champaign District.

The Champaign District League held its twelfth annual convention at Urbana, Ill., June 24 and 25. There were 150 delegates in attendance. Each session was opened by a song service, and each closed with a pentecostal service, led by Rev. J. S. Dancy.

Much time was devoted to Bible study work, which was presented by Rev. C. H. Morgan.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Hobart spoke upon the "Siege of Pekin." After his address a reception was given the visiting delegates in the parlors of the church by the local chapter.

An inspiring feature of the convention was the lecture delivered by Dr. Oneal.

The following officers were elected: Pres., E. K. Towle, Rantoul; V. P.'s, Rev. W. N. Tobie, Rev. J. S. Dancy, Rev. F. B. Madden, Miss Edna Purdue; Jr. Supt., Mrs. J. W. Miller; Cor. Sec., Mrs. Edith Wisegarver; Rec. Sec., Miss Edith Hunt; Treas., Marshall Hall. (Reported by Miss Edith Hunt.)

Burlington District.

The Burlington District Convention opened June 17 at Hillsboro, Ia. Pres. John W. Hancher, S. T. D., of Iowa Wesleyan University, delivered an address on "The Methodism of to-morrow."

On Wednesday morning the following papers were read: "Duties and privileges of Epworth Leaguers," by Cora Long; "What can be accomplished by the country and village league in department work," by Clara Warren; "The most important feature of league work," by Katie Smith. Rev. D. C. Bevan conducted the Bible hour on the subject, "How to use the Bible in soul-winning." Dr. J. A. Boatman had charge of the "Round table on spiritual department," and all took much interest in discussing the topic.

In the afternoon a paper on "The Epworth League and Christian education" was read by Prof. J. W. McCulloch. Dr. J. W. Hackley had charge of the "Round table on literary department," after which Rev. D. C. Bevan conducted another Bible hour on "Motives for soul-winning." Dr. J. A. Boatman spoke on "What Jesus thinks of children."

In the evening a song service and testimony meeting was held. Miss Wright, a deaconess from the Chicago Training school, addressed the convention on deaconess work.

Thursday morning Rev. D. C. Bevan conducted the Bible hour on the subject, "How to work with professors of religion."

The following district officers were elected: Pres., Prof. J. W. McCulloch, Ft. Madison; V. P.'s, Mr. J. W. Young, Miss Clara Whitlock, Miss Myrtle Jacobs, Mr. D. Peterson; Sec., Miss Maggie Morris, Stockport; Treas., Miss Clara Powelson, Hillsboro; Jr. Supt., Miss Elsie Hindman.

Miss Mildred Elliot then conducted a "round table" on mercy and help work. The following papers were read: "The relation of missions to the church," by

Miss Pearl Speelman; "What the local league can do for missions," by Miss Elsie Hindman.

The Juniors from Mt. Pleasant, Stockport, and Hillsboro furnished most of the program for the afternoon under the supervision of Miss Mae Burton from Mt. Pleasant. Miss Evans gave a talk to children on Juniors in India.

At the evening service Miss Alice A. Evans, a missionary to India who is home on a furlough, gave a talk on "Missions." The convention closed with a consecration service. (Reported by Miss Clara Powelson.)

New Albany District.

The eleventh annual convention of the New Albany District was held at Leavenworth, Ind., June 17-18. Rev. W. G. Clinton, the district president, presided.

The convention began its session with an afternoon devotional service. Rev. Otto Morris preached very earnestly to the Epworthians. Following the sermon was the administering of the sacrament by Rev. John Poucher, presiding elder of the district.

At the Tuesday evening session Rev. W. F. Sheridan of Trinity Church, Louisville, Ky., was introduced to the convention, and delivered the address of the evening on the subject "Every man for himself."

The Morning Watch service at 5:30 Wednesday morning began the sessions of the day. This service was inspiring, and of great uplift. At this meeting forty-seven persons signed the Morning Watch pledge.

The corresponding secretary reported a membership of 1501 Seniors, and 569 Juniors. Interesting papers were read on the subjects of "Bible study," "The missionary committee," and "Christian giving." The missionary address of the convention was given by Rev. W. F. Sheridan, his subject being "Christendom's opportunity."

Some of the members of the Leavenworth Junior League entertained the convention for a short time Wednesday afternoon with pleasing readings. Papers on "The devotional meetings," "The leaders' qualifications," and "Junior work," were ably discussed.

The closing service of the convention was held Wednesday evening, Dr. Albert Hurlstone of Trinity Church, New Albany, delivering the address. His subject was "The age of faith," and was a masterly defense of the Christian's trust.

Throughout the session the convention was entertained with vocal selections by Miss Mollie Gage of Grandview, Miss Margaret Jackson of New Albany, and Rev. L. C. McKown of Rome.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Pres., Rev. Albert Hurlstone, Trinity, New Al-

ban; V. P's. Kate Adam, Ramsey; Mrs. Joseph Craig, Grandview; Kate Petery, Trinity, New Albany; Mrs. Rose Breeden, Leavenworth; Rec. Sec., Genevieve M. Williams, Huntington; Cor. Sec., Margaret Jackson, Trinity, New Albany; Jr. Supt. Mr. Allie Garrison, New Albany; Treas., James Woodward, Newtonville.

A pleasant feature of the delegates convening at Leavenworth was the trip to Wyandotte Cave, Thursday. Forty Epworthians took advantage of the opportunity to go, and were solemnly impressed with the wonderful grandeur and beauty of the place. (Reported by Genevieve M. Williams.)

Lafayette District.

The leagues of the Lafayette District held their annual convention at Attica, Ind., June 16-18.

The evening programs were especially fine. Rev. W. D. Cole's address on Palestine was very entertaining. Dr. Cole has recently returned from a visit to the Holy Land. Tuesday evening Prof. W. W. Parsons of Terre Haute, president Indiana State Normal, talked about Raphael's great picture, "The Transfiguration." Wednesday evening Dr. J. H. Pyke talked on "The crisis in China." Dr. Pyke has given about twenty nine years to work in China as a missionary, and expects to return soon to his labors there.

The day sessions were filled with department conferences, many helpful points being brought out in league work of all kinds. Papers were given on "Methods in spiritual work," "Twentieth-century Christianity," "The angel of mercy," "Modern institutions of charity," "Suggestions on Junior League work," "The object and ideal of the literary meeting," "The place and importance of Christian literature," "The qualifications of a good secretary," "Methods in social work," "How to make the social department effective in the league," "The vital elements of Methodism."

Prof. W. C. Latta of Purdue University, Lafayette, spoke on "The miracles." This address was exceptionally good, and is to be published.

Dr. Hickman's address on "Christian education" was in the interest of De Pauw University. The reports showed a much greater interest being taking in missions than heretofore. The mercy and help reports show much excellent work being done over the district. Many of the chapters expect to engage in fresh-air work this summer, furnishing homes where children from Indianapolis can come for a two-weeks' visit.

The officers for the coming year are: Pres., Mr. Elbert Wells, Frankfort; V. P's, Miss Nellie Mitchell, Lafayette; Miss Bertha Tyson, Frankfort; Mr. John Travis, Williamsport; Miss May Johnson, Attica; Sec., Mrs. Margaret McKnight, Fowler; Treas., Prof. M. F. Orear, Oxford; Jr. Supt., Miss Elsie Martin, Otterbein.

Kokomo District.

The thirteenth annual convention of Kokomo District convened in Kokomo, Ind., June 18-20, with an attendance of 336.

The evening service consisted of a concert and lecture combined, the former by the North Indiana Conference Quartet and other talent from over the district; the latter by Dr. W. R. Halstead of Indianapolis, who gave his lecture, entitled "Fun on the farm."

On Thursday morning the work of Miss Belva Myers, third vice-president, was considered. She reported a very successful year's work. "The literary merits of the Bible" was discussed by James Rickards of Sheridan, and Miss Pearl Cue of Windfall gave helpful suggestions on "What shall we read."

The work of the social department was under the direction of Eli P. Myers of Elwood. J. W. Brass of Markland-avenue Church, Kokomo, spoke of "The ideal social," after which Dr. Halstead talked on "Hospital work," and also secured quite a number of subscriptions for the new Deaconess Hospital at Indianapolis. Rev. Sherman Powell of Red Key delivered a sermon on "A pentecostal church," and Dr. W. D. Parr spoke of "Higher ideals."

The devotional services of the afternoon were conducted by Rev. J. M. Cause, Logansport. The work of the Juniors was fully considered on Thursday afternoon. A paper, entitled, "Our grandchild, the Junior League," was prepared by Mrs. Cain of Peru, and read by Miss Cain, and the "Requisites of a Junior superintendent" was discussed by Mrs. Ploughe, Kempton. "The great overlooked work of Methodism," was the subject of an address by Rev. P. Ross Parrish, Logansport.

In the evening Bishop Joyce gave a soul-stirring address, closing with an example of his preaching in China, with Bro. Pyke as interpreter.

Friday morning from 8 o'clock to 9 was devoted to department conferences.

Then the convention was given over to the mercy and help department. Rev. P. Ross Parrish spoke on "The Good Samaritan, or practical Christianity," and Miss Edith Watterman of the Deaconess Training-school, Chicago, delivered an address in regard to the work of the deaconess.

Sheridan was selected as the place of the next convention.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Presiding-elder Dr. H. N. Herrick, Kokomo; V. P's, Miss Margaret Mitchel, Sheridan; Miss Lydia Rouls, Atlanta; Miss Belva Myers, Peru; Cloyd G. Hershey, Logansport; Sec., Miss Maude Cosler, Kokomo; Treas., Mr. James Heaton, Elwood; Jr. Supt., Mrs. McGrath, Noblesville. Rev. J. A. Beatty, Elwood, spoke on "In his steps, or what would Jesus do." R. Lowell Wilson of Arcadia discussed "An Epworth Leaguer as a Christian citizen," and Mrs. Sallie Hines of Noblesville explained "Why some leagues are dead." "What shall the weak country chapter do to gain strength?" was considered by J. B. Davenport, Sharpville, Ind. Dr. H. A. Gobin discussed "Methodism and education."

The convention closed on Friday evening with a fine address by Dr. Bashford of Delaware, O. (Reported by Miss Sallie Heaton.)

Creston District.

The annual convention of the Creston District Epworth League was held in the M. E. Church of Lennox, Ia., June 24-26. The convention opened with a devotional meeting conducted by Rev. Ed. Nolte, first vice president of the district.

There is not space to describe the whole program, but a few important features must be mentioned. The two leading speakers were Miss Fannie Perkins of Burmah, India, and Rev. L. B. Wickersham of Indianola, Ia. Miss Perkins delivered two addresses upon the subject of missions. Rev. L. B. Wickersham, who has been Simpson College's financial agent for two years, delivered an address the last evening, taking for his subject and text Paul's words to Timothy, "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee."

The convention was conducted according to the institute plan. Some of the subjects presented were: "The development of the spiritual life of young people," treated under three heads. First, "Private means of grace." Second, "Devotional meetings of the league." Third, "Use of public means of grace in church services." "Practical workings of the mercy and help department." "The reading habit, proper books." "The Epworth League's relation to foreign and home missions." "How to make the social department of value to the church, league and community."

Thursday morning was taken up with discussions upon "Junior league work," "Christian stewardship" and "The qualifications and duties of chapter president." Rev. L. B. Wickersham conducted an impressive consecration service.

The officers elected for the year are: Pres., Mr. Omar Duncan, Clarinda; V. P's, Miss Ida Okey, Corning; Miss Anna Danielson, Creston; Mrs. Nettie Jackson, Bedford; Mrs. Flora B. Moore, Bridge-water; Sec. and Treas., Miss Lida Woodyard, Bedford; Jr. Supt., Miss Grace Manker, Elliot; executive committee, pastors of Creston, Corning and Red Oak, with the presiding elder. (Reported by J. E. Coe.)

Pipestone District.

The Epworth League convention of Pipestone District was held at Redwood Falls, Minn., June 13-15. Not having a district cabinet, a temporary organization was effected by the election of Robt. Eitel of Marshall, chairman, and Rev. J. E. Wilkinson of Hanley Falls secretary. Papers were read on "My ideal Epworthian," "Why we Epworth Leaguers like the league," and "How to make the league more effective."

On Friday evening the convention was addressed by Rev. Shagitan Markkubo, a native of Japan, who is in this country being educated for missionary work among his own people.

On Saturday morning a permanent organization was formed. Addresses were made on the student volunteer movement by E. N. Parmelee of Minneapolis and Owen Tradewell of Redwood Falls, both students of the University of Minnesota, awaiting orders to go to some foreign field. Rev. W. I. Kern a recent graduate of Hamline University, presented the claims of that institution on the young Methodists of the Northwest.

The afternoon session was devoted to the reading of papers, which were followed by an excursion on beautiful Lake Redwood. The local committee chartered a steam launch and all the delegates were given a boat ride. Then followed a picnic lunch and a twilight service on the banks of the Redwood River,

overlooking the falls. Mr. Eugene Hickman of Slayton, Rev. Samuel Ellery, Presiding elder Bull and W. H. Wallace addressed the meeting. This service in nature's great temple will long be remembered by those present.

On Sunday the love-feast, led by Pastor Lutz, was largely attended. Presiding-elder Bull preached a sermon on "Character-building."

In the afternoon a model Junior League was conducted by Mrs. A. E. King. Mrs. Lutz, the pastor's wife, gave an address to the Juniors.

A very helpful meeting for men was conducted by Mr. Claude Southwick of Albert Lea.

At the closing session Sunday evening the church was filled. The closing address was by Mr. Southwick on "Great Epworth League conventions." Before the close of the service one young man decided to begin the Christian life.

The district cabinet elected, stands as follows: Pres., W. H. Wallace, Redwood Falls; V. P's, Robt. Eitel, Marshall; E. S. Hickman, Slayton; Miss Clara Gutzler, Worthington; Miss Fuller, Lake Benton; Sec. Miss Gretchen Hitchcock, Redwood Falls; Treas., Rev. J. J. Ramsey, Ruthon. (Reported by Rev. G. W. Lutz.)

Portsmouth District.

The Portsmouth District Epworth League met in its ninth annual convention at Spencer Church, Ironton, O., June 23 and 24. Reports from all the leagues in the district show that there are 1,328 Epworthians in the district, an increase of over 200.

The following papers and address were presented: "Christian work," by Miss Millie Hurst; "Mercy and help," Rev. B. R. Wilburn; "Literary work," Mrs. Sue B. Jones; "Entertainment," Mrs. R. N. Fearon.

One of the features of this convention was the time allotted to the Juniors. About 100 little people rendered a program consisting of songs, recitations and flag drills. Rev. H. W. Hargett addressed the Juniors.

The "Open-door emergency movement" was presented by Dr. Isaac Crook, and the delegates raised \$100 as a contribution towards paying for the property Bishop Warne purchased in Manila. May others follow our example. The closing address was made by Dr. A. H. Norcross of Washington Courthouse, on "Truth the criterion of character."

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. G. W. Lott, Ironton; V. P's, Miss Lillian Davies, Ironton; Mrs. Maggie Davidson, Ironton; Prof. W. D. Sydenstricker, Coal Grove; Mr. John Bruce, Portsmouth; Cor. Sec., Miss Kate L. Vigus, Portsmouth; Rec. Sec., Rev. H. K. Wishon, South Webster; Treas., Miss Emma McPherson, Jasper. (Reported by H. K. Wishon.)

MESMERIZED.

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady in Baraboo writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that, unless relief came from some source, I would soon be physical wreck. I was weak and nervous, had such sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls of dry bread.

"We concluded that coffee was slowly poisoning us, and stopped it and used hot water. We felt somewhat better, but it wasn't satisfactory. Finally, we saw Postum Coffee advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since. I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED

The Lake Shore's New Twenty-Hour New York Train will be placed in service June 15, leaving Chicago daily 12:30 p.m., reaching New York the next morning 9:30. Leave New York 2:45 p.m., arrive Chicago 9:45 next morning. This new train is in addition to the present magnificent passenger service afforded by the Lake Shore.

The new train will save one full business day between Chicago and New York. City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St. C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

THE JUNIOR HERALD.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902.

NUMBER 7.

The Children's Story.

THE SPOILED PICNIC.

Anne Gullbert Mahon.

TEN wagonloads of children, followed by a big wagon packed full of baskets, went gaily down the road.

The Riverdale Sunday-school was going on its annual picnic to the woods on the side of the mountain.

The day was perfect, warm, and bright. The woods were in the first flush of their greenness, the little spring flowers studded the green carpet of the woods, and the air was sweet with the breath of the flowers and the song of the birds. It was a long ride before the woods were reached. Then the merry day began. The men put up swings for the children. The women bustled about, unpacking the baskets and spreading tempting arrays of cakes, pies, and sandwiches on long benches, and improvising tables for the noonday meal.

Meanwhile the children played all sorts of games, and their merry voices and laughter echoed through and through the stately old woods.

In the center of a joyous group, beside a big swing the men were putting up, stood Lucia Best. Lucia was always the center of a group of friends. The best things always seemed to come to her. She lived in the handsomest house, had the kindest father and mother, the most friends, the prettiest clothes, and the best times of any girl in Riverdale. But if she was a trifle spoiled, she had a sweet disposition, and her friends loved her for herself.

"There," said Mr. Best, as he gave the rope an extra twist, "there's no danger of that breaking down. Now, girls, get in and we'll give you a swing."

Lucia, accustomed always to be first, jumped in, but her father held back the swing, and said, "No, let Agnes try first," motioning to a quiet little girl who stood back of the others. Lucia tossed her head as she stood aside, and Agnes, with a pleased flush on her face, stepped to the swing.

"You take it," she whispered to Lucia, but that little girl gave her a push, saying impatiently: "Oh, go on!"

"Well, I must say," said Rosalie Craig, Lucia's chum, "I think you ought to be the first to have a swing, and that Agnes Atherton is a pushing thing to take it."

Lucia pouted, and said: "Oh, well, let her swing if it pleases her so much. I don't care for it."

"You know, Lucia, Agnes has very little pleasure," remonstrated Marian Wentworth.

"I won't discuss it," said Lucia, decidedly; "I'm going to play hide-and-seek. Who wants to play?"

Accustomed to follow Lucia's lead, most of the girls flocked around, and were soon running off into the woods, forgetful of the occurrence

at the swing—all indeed but Lucia and Agnes.

Agnes sat in the swing in a half-hearted way, all her pleasure gone, wishing in her heart that Mr. Best, in his well-meant kindness, had not forced her to take the swing instead of his own little girl. After a few minutes she got down, and, thanking Mr. Best, ran off to where the girls were playing. Lucia ran past with flushed face and unseeing eyes.

"Can't Agnes play, too?" asked Marian.

"No, she can't; this is our game, and no one else is coming into it!" snapped Lucia.

Agnes heard, and her face burned as she slowly walked to another part of the wood, trying to act as if she did not care.

"How is your mother to-day, Agnes?" asked

so much, don't you think? I never see her playing with the others. She's so old for her years."

Neither of the women knew how little Agnes' heart was bursting with a desire to be with the others, to be "like other girls," and to join in their play; and, above all, she wanted to be near to and friendly with Lucia, whom she had admired for so long with only that admiration which one girl can feel for another, older or more favored than she.

"I wish I hadn't come," she said to herself, as she left the stream and the small boys, and slowly wandered off to the road and across the road to the woods beyond. "I did want to be with the other girls and have a good time for once. Why is Lucia so mean to me? Why

doesn't she like me? I couldn't help it about the swing. I'd a good deal rather she had taken it."

In the distance Agnes could hear the merry shouts of the children, the rattle of the dishes, and the cheerful hum of the older people as they prepared the picnic lunch. Everyone was happy but she. And her mother! Agnes broke into a little sob when she thought how anxious the poor invalid had been for her to have some pleasure like the others, and how eager she had been for her happiness when she bade the little girl good-bye.

On and on Agnes wandered. The rattle of the dishes ceased, the children's voices grew to a distant murmur, but she heard them as in a dream. The birds chattered gaily above her head, and the air was full of the sounds of spring. The little brook ran clear and swift beside her, now deepening into a brown pool, now running crystal-clear over the stones.

Agnes was so tired. She had been so eager for the day that she hardly slept a wink the night before, and then she had risen early to do some little tasks for her mother, and get her own small luncheon ready. She sat wearily down on a big stone beside the brook, and, lulled by the murmur of the water and the sounds of spring, the little girl leaned her head back against a tree and fell asleep.

At 5 o'clock the picnic party prepared to start homeward. The baskets were packed into

the wagons. The horses were hitched up, and one of the men blew a whistle, long and loud, penetrating to the farthestmost parts of the wood, and all flocked to the wagons.

"Where is Agnes Atherton?" asked someone, and then it was found that Agnes had not been seen all day. Lucia looked troubled.

"Could she have wandered away?"

"She must be a long way off not to hear the whistle!" Again and again it was blown, but no response.

"Could she have walked all the way home?"

"What will become of her sick mother if she's lost?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be the person to tell Mrs. Atherton for the world!" said one.



"Yes, indeed, dear Lucia, and there isn't anything to forgive."

one of the women who were fixing the lunch.

"She is just about the same, thank you. Mrs. Clark stayed with her so I could come to the picnic," answered the little girl, sadly.

"That's right! Why don't you run off and play with the other girls? They're having a fine time. Look, there they go! Run and join them, child!"

But Agnes only smiled a shy, sad little smile, and walked over to a stream where some very little boys, with long strings and bent pins, were trying in vain to woo the wily sunfish.

"Strange child," said the woman to the others, "not like the other girls—doesn't seem to care to play with them."

"That's because she's with her sick mother

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" echoed others.

"Some of us had better stay, and hunt for her. The wagons can go on," suggested Lucia's father, and the others agreed that that would be the best way.

"Can't I stay and help you?" asked Lucia, tearfully.

"No, child, you couldn't walk fast enough. You go home with the rest, and we'll find Agnes. Don't worry." Mr. Best spoke far more reassuringly than he felt, but he would not worry the home-going party unnecessarily.

It was agreed that Mrs. Best should call casually at Athertons' to see if Agnes had arrived. If the little girl was at home, one of the men should ride back to the woods, and inform the searching party. If she was not, her mother was to be told Agnes was coming in a later wagon, and a number of men from the town would go to help the others search through the woods.

Lucia tossed about on her bed that night, and could not sleep, tired as she was. In vain she listened for her father's footsteps. She knew how her mother, after paying a short call at Athertons', taking the sick woman a glass of jelly, had left with an outwardly cheerful manner on account of the invalid, but how she had hurried with anxious face to the men who were waiting, and told them the little girl had not come. Then Lucia knew how the other party had gone out with lanterns and some food in case they were compelled to hunt longer than all night.

Lucia remembered when she was a very little girl how a child had been lost on the mountain, in those very woods, and how she had wandered for five days without food or shelter. She thought of the searching parties which had hunted through the woods day and night; of the fires burning as signals; and of their finally finding the child, more dead than alive, and of the excitement which reigned in the village for weeks after the event.

"If I only hadn't been so mean, it might never have happened," she said to herself, and her pillow was wet with repentant tears.

Many eyes were watching that night as the people of Riverdale waited for the searching party to return, and the kind friends who ministered to Mrs. Atherton had a hard task to soothe the anxious mother.

Meanwhile Agnes slept sweetly, all her troubles forgotten. Long and soundly she slept, hearing nothing of the sounds about her, or the whistle of the picnic party or their departure.

When she awoke she looked around her in fright. It was pitch dark. The clouds hung thick in the sky, hiding the friendly stars, and the night was full of strange sounds, chirpings, croakings, and the buzzing of insects. Agnes did not know how late it was, but as the days were long now, she thought it must be well into the night.

Where was she? Where were the picknickers?

She was so frightened by the darkness and the great sense of loneliness that she could hardly think at first. She was afraid to stir, and yet she was afraid to stay there. What should she do? Where should she go? She gave a low cry, "Help!" The sound of her own voice, and the stillness that followed, frightened her still more.

Then she thought of her mother. What would she do when her little girl did not come home with the rest? What would she say when she knew her Agnes was lost in the woods? "Lost in the woods!" That was like the other little girl whom Agnes as well as Lucia remembered. Would she be five days before they would find her? Would she have to wander around like that other little lost girl, hungry and footsore? Or—and at this thought Agnes sobbed aloud—would they ever find her at all?

Oh, it was dreadful! How should she get through the night? How could she stay in those awful woods alone? Then there came to her suddenly the words from the hymn that her mother loved so much,

"Thou art He who never weary
Watcheth where thy people be,"

and Agnes felt that she was *not* alone. Agnes fell on her knees and prayed, "Dear Heavenly Father, please stay with me, very near, and send the people to find me, and please take care of my dear mother," and, even as she prayed, she saw a light flicker in the distance, far off among the bushes.

"Help!" she screamed, but there was no answer. The light moved farther off. Again she screamed, louder than before. The light grew brighter. Yes, it was surely coming nearer. Agnes called again, and this time she heard an answering shout. She got up and walked weakly toward the light.

"Here she is! Here's our little girl!" cried Lucia's father, as he ran and caught Agnes in his arms.

How fast those horses flew home with the load of men and the lost child! How the people came to the windows as the wagon drove by and the men jumped out and went into their different homes! And how the mother's ears, nervously straining, heard the glad hoof-beats and the joyful sound of the voices and cried with joy!

Someone else cried with joy, too, and that someone was first at the Athertons' house in the morning, and, as she threw her arms about Agnes, Lucia begged her forgiveness and asked if they could not be friends. And Agnes whispered happily, as she put her arm around Lucia, "Yes, indeed, dear Lucia, and there isn't anything to forgive."

Philadelphia.

Stone by Stone.

TOM and Robert were walking through the woods. They came to a stream of water; both stopped, deliberating what was best to be done.

"I am going to leap it," said Tom.

"I am going to work my way over, stone by stone," said the more prudent Robert.

Tom leaped, and, missing his footing, fell into the middle of the stream, whilst Robert, working his way carefully from one stone to another, landed safe and dry on the other side.

Boys, learn the lesson while yet young; the shortest way often appears the longest. Do not try to leap across the stream of difficulties that separates you from the shores of success. Perseverance, diligence, and determination are all stones cast across the stream of life. A leap will bring you down among them wounded and bruised. But conquer them, stone by stone, and ultimately you will reach the other shore—the coveted land of success. Remember, do not leap; work your way across the stream stone by stone.

Whistle or Whine.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled, and, though not badly hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, a little, cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way, and said: "Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began, in the merriest way, a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmie tried to join in the whistle. "I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lips'll not pucker up good."

"That's because you haven't got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away.

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that were the chief end of life.

—*The Junior Christian Endeavor.*

Laid Up In His Head.

DANIEL WEBSTER once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it. "I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never got a chance to use it until to-day," said he.

Some little boy or girl wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three," or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Sometime you will need that very thing.

Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place, but it will be just in place sometime; then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."—*Selected.*

A Prince of Newfoundland.

The shower had ceased, but the city street
Was flooded still with drenching rain;
Though men and horses with hurrying feet
Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;
By the clean-washed pavement fast it rushed,
As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap,
The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue
Crossed over the way to the gutter's brink;
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,
She seemed at the edge to shudder and shrink.

And there she stood, while her piteous cries
Were all unheard by the heedless throng;
Looking across with such longing eyes;
But the torrent was all too swift and strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,
Wandered our Prince from Newfoundland;
Stately and careless and dignified,
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
And his beautiful eyes, soft and brown,
With quiet, observant glance took note
Of all that was passing him, up and down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and mewed,
Stopped to look and investigate;
The whole situation understood,
And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,
Up to the poor little trembling wail,
Lifted her gently and carefully,
And carried her over the water safe.

And set her down on the longed-for shore,
Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,
Left her and went on his way once more,
The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and cat, you say?
Could a human being understand
And be more kind in a human way
Than this fine old Prince of Newfoundland?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet:
If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,
We should be gentle enough to treat
All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one
Who such an example could withstand;
Who would wish in goodness to be outdone
By a princely dog from Newfoundland!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

A Postage Stamp.

JOHN was a boy who lived in lodgings. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a little farm. One day John picked up an old envelope from the coalscuttle, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp, to show that it had done its duty and was thenceforth useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim that time," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because you see there is no mark to prove it worthless. The postoffice will not know it."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly. "No one!" said conscience. "God will know it—that is enough; and He, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character—"yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I will not do it." John tore it to pieces and gave it to the winds.

And so John won the victory; and was it not worth winning—*Kind Words?*

The Thoughts That Came In.

There were idle thoughts came in the door
And warmed their little toes,
And did more mischief about the house
Than anyone living knows.

They scratched the table and broke the chairs,
And soiled the floor and wall;
For a motto is written above the door:
"There's welcome here for all."

When the master saw the mischief done,
He closed it with hope and fear;
And he wrote above, instead: "Let none
Save good thoughts enter here."

And the good little thoughts came trooping in
When we drove the others out;
They cleaned the walls, and they swept the floor,
And sang as they moved about.

And at last an angel came,
With wings and a shining face;
And above the door he wrote: "Here love
Has found a dwelling place."

—Selected.

Junior Jottings.

The chapter at Bloomington, Ill., is in good working order. In spite of the coming warm weather, the attendance and membership are growing larger each Sunday. The prayer-meetings are an inspiration and help to the children. Sunday, June 1, will be ever memorable to them as a most delightful rally day. They are talking now about a trolley party, whereby to raise money for their pledge to the church repair fund. This chapter has a missionary band, to which no one can belong until he or she has brought a new boy or girl into the league. The plan works nicely. The whole church is interested in this Junior Chapter, and everybody is trying to help it along.

Pastor W. E. Hamilton of our church at Kempton, Ind., says he has one of the finest Junior chapters in Methodism. It has a membership of about eighty, divided into six classes, with a cradle roll of fifteen. The Senior class will soon graduate into the Epworth League. The classes are all doing excellent work in Bible and church study. They planned and executed a fine program last Decoration Day. On June 8 Rev. E. B. Westhafer, a former pastor, preached a fine sermon to parents and children, and at the same service baptized twenty children and received them into the church. Mrs. Mary W. Ploughe is the super intendent of this fine Junior band.

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for July: Lessons from Nature.

July 20.—The Birds of the Bible.

(Matt. 6: 26.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—God's care like the eagle (Deut. 32: 11, 12).

Tuesday.—The home of the stork (Psa. 104: 17).

Wednesday.—Elijah and the ravens (1 Kings 4: 7).

Thursday.—An owl of the desert (Psa. 102: 6).

Friday.—How the ravens are fed (Luke 12: 24).

Saturday.—Jesus more homeless than the birds (Matt. 8: 20).

Sunday.—Taming the birds (James 3: 7).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Glad welcome we sing.".... Responsive reading (Psa. 27).... Singing, "No, not one.".... Chain of prayer.... Lord's prayer sung to "Home, sweet home.".... Roll-call and secretary's report.... Catechism drill.... Singing, "A home in my heart for Jesus.".... Junior topic and blackboard talk.... Temperance lesson.... Solo, "Flee as a bird.".... Chapter of story of John Wesley.... Close by reciting Junior pledge.

To the Junior Superintendent.

At least twenty-five different birds are mentioned in the Bible.

The bittern, gormorant, crane, cuckoo, dove, eagle, gler-eagle, hawk, heron, kite, nighthawk, osprey, ostrich, owl, great owl, partridge, peacock, pelican, pigeon, quail, raven, sparrow, swallow, swan, and turtle dove appear in the Old and New Testaments, and some of these birds are mentioned several times by the same writer.

The wings of the dove covered with silver, and her feathers of yellow gold are spoken of in the psalms (Psa. 68: 13).

David also speaks twice of the sparrow in the psalms, and we feel the delight which the shepherd boy knew as he watched his father's sheep, and became acquainted with the birds of the air.

Jesus also used the dove and the sparrow as illustrations—the one of gentleness, the other of trust.

Pictures of these birds in colors may be obtained of the Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Mass., for 2 cents each. These pictures are 7x9 inches in size, and may be used as prizes for perfect attendance or good behavior, after having been used to illustrate this lesson.

The following numbers selected from the catalogue will bring you pictures of the birds mentioned above: 9,022, 9,026, 9,030, 9,041, 9,043, 9,048, 9,053, 9,059, 9,061, 9,070, 9,071, 9,079, 9,080, 9,083, 9,084, 9,085, 9,112, 9,116, 9,119, 9,121, 9,124, 9,125, 9,128, 9,129, 9,134.

Blackboard Talk.

A messenger boy wears a blue suit with brass buttons, and he goes straight along about his business. These two birds whose pictures we see on the blackboard were God's messengers, one wearing a suit of white and the other of black.

The white messenger went out on the same errand that brought Columbus to these shores—to find a new world. The old world had been swept away by a flood, and Noah and his family inside the ark dared not open the door for fear of the water sweeping in and drowning them. "The dove can fly over the waters, and if no resting-place appears she can find her way back," Noah thought. So out of the window went the dove on her voyage of discovery. On her



second trip the dove found a tree, and brought back an olive leaf in her mouth, so Noah knew that the waters were dried up.

The black messenger was sent to carry food to a prophet who lived beside a running brook. The round cakes of bread he brought were heavy, and the fish or flesh were tempting morsels for the bird himself, but he never thought of appropriating them to his own use.

The hungry old man by the brook was expecting the food, and the Master had given his black servants command to carry it safely and speedily, so their duty and pleasure was to obey.

Jesus says that we are of more value than the birds. Ought we not, then, be of more use than the birds? He has a daily errand for each one of us to do, but are we sure that He finds us good errand-boys and girls? The errands He has given us to do are all written down in the Book He has left us, so it is our own fault if we are ignorant of His commands.

OUTINGS.

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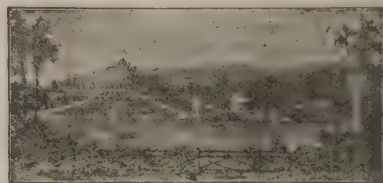
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Recent Conventions.

Mansfield District.

The second annual institute of Mansfield District was held at Shelby, O., June 24 and 25. A most beneficial and enjoyable lecture was given by Dr. Levi Gilbert on Tuesday evening, his subject being "A high ideal of Christian manhood."

The different departments of work were considered very carefully and skillfully by W. W. Cooper, especially missions and systematic giving. Rev. Mr. Reeder of Baldwin University spoke on education. E. L. Aultman was present to represent the Methodist Book Concern. Greetings were exchanged with Sandusky District Institute.

As a result of W. W. Cooper's fine address on missions, and his earnest plea in behalf of an advance movement, the delegates subscribed about \$600, to be used on the station plan.

The superintendent of Junior work, Miss Minta Be Vier, reported a greater interest in missions. Rev. B. J. Mills spoke of a new and striking feature of Junior work—the Junior republic.

One special feature of the district secretary's work during the past year was to exchange greetings at anniversary time. Miss Be Vier, our deaconess, spoke effectively of her work.

The department conferences were a great success. The drill of the Epworth Guards of Shelby was a pleasing feature.

Chaplain Collier, and four of the organizers of the Epworth League—W. W. Cooper, Rev. G. A. Reeder, Rev. B. J. Mills, and Rev. L. K. Warner—were present during the institute.

The following officers were elected and installed: Pres., Rev. F. I. Johnson, Delaware; V. P's, Miss Blanch Gates, Crestline; F. D. Garblson, Edison; Miss Florence Good, Ashland; Miss Ida Barnes, Shiloh; Sec., Miss Hattie Gunsaulus, Mt. Gilead; Treas., Miss Caroline Williamson, Iberia; Jr. Supt., Miss Minta Be Vier, Plymouth; secretary missionary committee, Rev. C. W. Kennedy, Delaware.

Reports show the enrollment to be 2,242 Epworthians in this district. (Reported by Miss Hattie Gunsaulus.)

Springfield District.

The tenth annual convention of Springfield District, St. Louis (Mo.) Conference, convened at Humansville, Mo., June 17-19. About seventy-five delegates and a score of ministers were present. The entire session was characterized by an earnestness born of God—the one desire of all seeming to be for a full baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was pronounced by many as being the most spiritual league convention ever held in the district. The delegates were loud in



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their praises of the hospitality extended to them by the citizens of the town. Aurora was chosen for the next place of meeting, and Rev. W. D. Sidman was elected president.

Port Huron District.

The twelfth annual convention of Port Huron District was held in Bad Axe, June 24 and 25, with 125 delegates present. Mr. Willard Varty, first vice-president, presided over the convention, taking the place left vacant by the lamented death of Dist. Pres. A. M. Niles.

Professor Doyle of Bad Axe gave an instructive and practical address on "The league as a factor in our national progress."

Rev. W. F. Stewart, presiding-elder of Saginaw District, spoke on the subject, "The religious crisis of the dawn of the twentieth century."

There was a very large attendance at the 6 o'clock prayer service, led by Rev. C. W. Baldwin. Miss E. Tennant of Armada read a paper on "The importance of Junior League work."

A very tender, affectionate tribute to the memory of the late A. M. Niles was given by the presiding-elder.

Rev. C. W. Baldwin spoke on the subject, "Money and the kingdom; or, Christian stewardship." Rev. I. E. Springer of Caro, ex-presiding elder of Port Huron District, gave a thoughtful paper on "Missionary work." He also presented the topic, "The evangelistic mission of the Epworthian," and spoke on the station plan.

The sermon by Professor Goodrich of Albion brought the convention to a close in the spirit of prayer and service.

The newly elected officers are: Pres., Willard Varty, Bad Axe; V. P's, Allen N. Niles, Carsonville; Pearl Dean, Port Huron; Hattie Whiting, St. Clair; Ella Hopson, Harbor Beach; Sec., Martha Reid, North Street; Treas., Robert Baldwin, Port Huron; Chairman Miss. Com., Miss Bartlett, Bad Axe; Chairman Christian Citizenship Com., Rev. Mr. Gardner, St. Clair.

The next meeting will be held at St. Clair. (Reported by Edith Holmes.)

Sioux City District.

The twelfth annual convention of the Sioux City District was held at Alta, Ia., June 23-25. The convention opened auspiciously with a large number of delegates present. Special emphasis was placed upon the need of our young people seeking the experience of a pure and consecrated life.

The evangelistic services were conducted by Miss Iva May Durham and Miss Stella McNutt, field deaconess.

The convention was also favored with the presence of Evangelists L. H. Baker and E. S. Dunham. Dr. Dunham gave a most helpful address on the Epworth League pledge. Miss Addie Blumberg, one of the deaconesses at Sioux City, gave a short talk on the work of mercy and help in the city.

The reports show an advancement in every department of the league work. The splendid financial report made by the district treasurer, E. W. Wilson, brought forth a vote of thanks from the convention.

The missionary spirit was marked. A recommendation was presented by Bro. W. E. Tackaberry, which provided for the raising of a permanent scholarship fund for the "Bishop Parker Memorial High-school" for boys at Moradabad, India, of which

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Rev. Bruce Empty, the former president of Sioux City District League, has charge. The matter will come before the local chapters with the district league's endorsement.

After electing John Joseph and Edith Shadler of Sioux City and Edith Whitaker of Akron as delegates to the State Epworth League Convention at Grinnell, the closing service was put in charge of the deaconesses, who concluded the convention with an altar service. (Reported by Albert B. Gilbert.)

Harrisburg District.

The annual convention of the Harrisburg District of the Epworth League met in Hanover, Pa., June 12-14.

Miss Anna M. Holahan of York read the first paper, on "The cost of a consecrated life." Rev. J. E. Skillington of Newville discussed "The gain of a consecrated life." The address of the evening was made by Rev. Don S. Colt of Baltimore, who spoke on the twentieth-century league.

Friday's services began with a morning-watch meeting, at 6 o'clock. At the morning session Rev. W. L. Gray of Dickinson College spoke on "Personal preparation for the devotional meeting." Miss Mary V. Whitmore of Harrisburg read a paper on "Inasmuch." Rev. Dr. W. P. Eyeland took charge of the open parliament on the second department. Geo. L. Reed gave an address on "Why study Methodist history and biography?" "The stranger within thy gates" was the subject of an address by Miss Ida G. Kast.

The fourth department open parliament was conducted by C. White. Mrs. J. S. Bursk read a paper

on "The secretary's open door of usefulness." Rev. E. A. Pyles gave an address on "Systematic giving." The exercises closed with an address by Rev. A. S. Fasick, on "First, that which is spiritual."

The Junior hour began with a blackboard exercise by Mrs. W. J. Snyder of Littlestown, subject, "Loving is giving." Miss McMillan of Gettysburg, Junior superintendent, spoke on "Feasibility of Junior League organizations in country districts." Mrs. W. P. Eveland of Chambersburg then discussed "Methods most efficient in instructing Junior Epworthians."

Mary Frank of Newport read a paper on "Conscience in the formation of character." Rev. U. S. Wright reported the work of the missionary department on missions.

The following officers were duly elected: Pres., Prof. M. G. Filler; V. P's, Rev. J. Price, J. P. Glass, Emily L. Young, Mrs. J. S. Bursk; Rec. Sec., Anna L. Gallatin; Cor. Sec., Anna M. Holahan; Treas. J. Sayford; Jr. Supt., Mrs. W. J. Snyder; missionary superintendent, Anna Reiff; advisory committee, Presiding elder of district, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of church that entertains convention, and Price Speare.

At the evening session "Our educational institutions" was the subject of Rev. W. A. Stephens, secretary of the twentieth century thank-offering. Rev. M. L. Ganoe spoke on "Our leaguers and the Christly spirit of the age."

At Saturday's session it was decided to divide the Harrisburg District into eight subdistricts. Greetings were received from the Williamsport District Convention.

There are in the district 67 Senior leagues, with 4,868 active and 25 associate members, and 38 Junior leagues, with 1,826 members. Total membership, 6,694, a gain of 169 over last year. Five hundred and sixty-six EPWORTH HERALDS taken. (Reported by Anna M. Holahan.)

Quincy District.

One of the most helpful of the annual district meetings was held June 19-20 at Rushville, Ill. It was the second time the institute idea was emphasized. The "schools of methods" were very suggestive of plans for putting the forces to work. The social ment was conducted by Rev. J. B. Horney. The Rushville Juniors gave very interesting exercises, and Miss Jessie Shank of Mt. Sterling gave an encouraging report of the Junior chapters in the district. Many helpful hints for Junior work were brought out by Mrs. J. D. Calhoun of Knoxville. Rev. J. O. Kirkpatrick of Astoria led the institute in the work on Bible study, Rev. M. H. Evers of Augusta on tithing, and Dr. W. T. Hobart on missions. W. H. Anderson of Springfield told of the ways in which the Epworthians may help in the cause of temperance.

Dr. Hobart also gave an address on "The Pekin siege and the missionary outlook." Will Gilbert of Mt. Vernon, Ia., spoke of "Missions" and the "Student Volunteer Convention." He will spend a month or more in Quincy District in Student Volunteer campaign work. Miss Morris, a deaconess of Chadock Boys' School and Home, spoke in its interest. The district adopted a resolution to raise \$1,000 of the debt of this school.

Rev. J. H. Ryan, presiding-elder Galesburg District, gave a very helpful and inspiring address. Papers were read by Hosea Sellers of Dodsdsboro on "Each Epworth Leaguer a soul winner;" Miss Luono Cain of Mt. Sterling, "Some new social department methods," and Edith Shultz of Quincy, "Part of the Epworth League in the work of the church."

Eighteen received certificates on the completion of the work in the Epworth League Reading Course and Bible study, West Point Chapter having the largest number. A recognition service was held in honor of those taking the work, and Rev. J. R. Van Pelt of Rushville made the address to the class.

The newly-elected officers are as follows: Pres., Rev. E. A. Hedges, Clayton, reflected for the third year; V. P's, Rev. M. H. Ewers, Augusta; Mrs. H. A. Garner, West Point; Rev. S. N. Wakefield, Mendon; Edith Shultz, Quincy, and Rev. J. O. Kirkpatrick, Astoria; Rec. Sec., Tina McNeal, Bowen; Cor. Sec., Mrs. C. A. Osborn, Quincy; Treas., Dr. H. O. Munson, Rushville; Jr. Supt., Mrs. N. M. Rigg; directors, Rev. W. T. Beadles, Rev. Parker Shields, Rev. J. R. Van Pelt.

The next session will be held in Augusta. (Reported by Frank D. Campbell.)

Sheldon District.

The convention was held at Hartley, Ia., June 17-19. There was a good attendance of delegates, and the reports showed advancement in the general work of the district. Miss Durham and Miss McNutt were much appreciated, and their presence was an inspiration. Rev. C. M. Phoenix was elected president for the fourth term. S. E. Bysom of Primghar was

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Edward M. Woods, Jr., corresponding secretary for the second term. Harley of Hartley was elected secretary and the league will long remember the kindness of them by the people of Hartley. The next convention goes to Spirit Lake.

Richmond District.

The Richmond District Epworth League Convention was held at Union City, Ind., June 24-26. There were 105 visiting delegates enrolled. The services opened Tuesday evening with a half-hour devotional service, after which Dr. Oldham gave an address on "The missionary conflicts and triumphs of Christianity." At the close the people were invited to remain for a social hour and refreshments were served by the Union City Chapter.

Wednesday morning the work was taken up by departments. Following the report of first vice-president a paper was read by Miss Bessie Smith, "How can we save the church from retreat in missions?" This was followed by a talk on mission-study classes by Mrs. J. K. Binford of Greenfield.

The Juniors were then ushered in and given a very interesting and helpful address by Rev. M. S. Marbel of Richmond, Ind. Mrs. New, the district and also state superintendent, gave a short talk on Junior work. Rev. M. E. Nethercut spoke on systematic Bible study, followed by Prof. Wilkin on "The boy of to-day." Mrs. D. F. Harrison read a paper in verse on the subject, "The girl of to-day."

Rev. D. H. Guild of Knightstown gave a very stirring talk on "Christian stewardship," and Rev. D. F. Thornburg on "Serving Christ by helping humanity." Miss Watson of Chicago Training School gave an outline of the work of the training school and pointed out the "Open door" to young ladies who wish to fit themselves for deaconess or other Christian work. The afternoon service closed with a sermon by Rev. W. B. Freeland of Farmland, Ind.

Wednesday evening Dr. Thirkfield held the intense interest of the audience with a lecture on "The building of a man." This was followed by an hour's sacred concert by the Union City Choir.

Thursday evening a business session was held, closing with the election and installation of officers.

Rev. E. E. Trippier delivered a sermon and the convention closed with a consecration service.

An intense spiritual interest was maintained throughout the convention.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Miss Laura Bertsch, Centerville; V. P's, Mrs. C. H. Brown, Union City; Miss Lillian Evans, Richmond; Harry Stelling, Richmond; Miss Lillian

Reynolds, Williamsburg; Sec., Milton Reed, Centerville; Treas., Carl Fahrenstock, Union City; Jr. Supt., Miss Minnie Houk, Shirley; Chairman Miss Com., Miss Helen Powell, New Castle. (Reported by Milton Reed.)

COMING CONVENTIONS.

July 10-12.—Indiana State, Indianapolis, Ind.
July 10-13.—Second General Conference District, Ocean City, N. J.
July 19-18.—Greely District, Fort Collins, Col.
July 11-21.—N. W. Kansas Epworth Chautauque, Beloit, Kan.
July 17-27.—Iowa State Camp-meeting, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 19-21.—Kansas State Convention, Beloit.
July 24-Aug. 8.—Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Colfax, Ia.
July 25-Aug. 25.—Ludington Assembly.
July 28-Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 31-Aug. 3.—Michigan State Convention, Ludington.
Aug. 5-6.—Connorsville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 5-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Newark District, East Orange, N. J.

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THE EPWORTH HERALD.

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John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, July 19, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 8.

The Crawl for Life.—Rev. Edward A. Rand.

HE leaned out of his window. It was a little window. It was a small hole in the wall of a small room. Its name, dressed up, was "dormer." Below him were the house roofs of the great city, to which he came only yesterday. Several chimneys, as it was twilight, were smoking at a lively rate.

He looked upon his own roof. It was slated. The next roof also was slated. Some of the roofs showed staples of iron going up and down the slates, as if to help people that might want to go up and down. They were planned as a check to falling snow. Then he noticed a lofty store. Its roof showed a sign: "Pearse Bros." He frowned. He had called at that store in the afternoon. When he was about to leave home, Grandpa Stetson said: "You be sure to go to Pearse Bros. My old friend, Nahum Pearse, knows what it is to climb the ladder, and you tell him your grandfather, Jonas Stetson, advised you to call. Nahum will remember me."

When Walter Stetson, a tired, hungry young fellow, hunting up a situation, called at the store, he was allowed to see one of the firm, "Mr. Nahum Pearse."

"He must be Nahum, Junior," thought Walter. It was Nahum, Jr., and he said hurriedly: "I—I am very busy. What is it?"

His abrupt manner disconcerted Walter.

"I—I—am out of a place, and —"

He stammered and blushed.

"You—you may—remember N—Nahum—I mean J—J—Jonas Stetson —"

"I never saw him."

"G—G—Grandpa Jonas Stetson advised me —"

"Have you any credentials?" snapped the junior partner. "I am very busy. Time is precious."

"I f—forgot those."

"My time is money. Foolish to apply without recommendations. I don't know your grandpa from Methuselah or any other old patriarch. How do I know what is inside of you? Get somebody to recommend you."

A red-haired, eye-twisted young fellow here passed the two talkers, and he grinned.

Walter left the store.

When, at the window of his up-in-the-sky room, he recalled his visit to the store of Pearse Bros, he could but notice the tower of a church, also.

"That is the very place," thought Walter, "where I went last evening."

He, a homesick young man, saw this home-like sign at the door: "Meeting for young men! Welcome, stranger! Drop in to-night!"

Walter said: "Guess I'll drop in."

The atmosphere of the meeting was cordial. There was a ready response to the leader's invitation: "Everybody feel at home. Let us hear from many!"

A homesick young man could not help standing up. He intended to say: "I feel very much at home."

He started out bravely, saying in a loud, distinct tone: "I feel —"

People began to turn. They were delighted to hear "a new voice." The church had been hungry for it. One of the young men had ob-

tained permission to put out "a word of welcome," that outside notice which Walter saw. The author of it turned to see the new speaker. When he turned Walter saw the red-haired, eye-twisted clerk at Pearse Bros. And then every word forsook Walter's tongue save two—"I feel." He repeated them, "I feel." Everybody was looking, and some were grinning.

Here a merciful hand twitched Walter's coat, down he sat, and a well-meaning brother said: "Let us pray!"

In the prayer, a burning face, a dry throat and a paralyzed tongue all withdrew to the cooling air outside. Thinking it over, Walter said: "That red-haired clerk will tell this to Pearse Bros. and I shan't dare go there again. The man there said the same as this, that I was a fool. Guess I am. I'll take some fool's food in my room."

There, he opened his psalter. He found great comfort in reading passages beginning with words of extremity. "Out of the depths," "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," "In the time ye shall have tribulation."

"Trials are good for us," said Walter. "It's all right. I won't give it up. I'll get a credential for Pearse Bros. I'll wait. Something will turn up. I'll—I'll—"

Here a tired young pilgrim fell asleep over his Bible. He was finally aroused by a sound of bells ringing, then by a loud shrill whistle, and then he opened his eyes.

His own lamp was out. Whose lamp was sending a strange light into the poverty-hole he occupied? He went to the window. He ran his head out. He gazed in alarm.

"Fire!" he exclaimed. On the same street, a few buildings away, flames were leaping up. "From the house on the corner," said Walter, "comes the light in my room, and that house is all afire!"

It was a roaring furnace, red and roaring, while in dismal accompaniment to the sounds of destruction there, of the crackling, roaring flames, came the strokes of the solemn fire-alarm, "boom—boom—boom!"

"Fire! Everybody out!" shouted a voice in the little entry from which Walter's room opened. "Bad fire in the neighborhood!"

Walter took one more look outside. He noticed by the roofs of slate that it was a block of some length—he could not tell whether it were a fifty or a hundred feet, but he noticed the big iron staples climbing at intervals the slating, and he saw, too, that the eaves of his roof were bordered with a broad, flat coping.

"A person might walk along that coping," thought Walter, and then what did he see?

Someone was coming along that coping, a fugitive from the awful furnace, the red, roaring furnace! Would he succeed? He slipped! He fell! Walter held his breath, and hopelessly stared! The fugitive fell toward the roof, and gripped one of those staples. Then came a sharp, piercing cry: "Help!" The next moment there was another form on the roof; Walter Stetson was gliding along that coping.

"Don't be frightened—I'm here," he was saying. The other person, though, was only there in the body; he had fainted. Then Walter

knew that before him was a fight with death for two lives.

"He can't do a thing except to roll down the roof—ugh! I must get him up these staples—oh, there is a man there! I must get this fellow up there!" anxiously argued Walter.

At a near window, but a window above him—a window half hid by a chimney—a man was looking out.

He was saying: "Good! they have got the fire under control! It won't spread!"

"Oh, it is an angel at the window," Walter was saying. "Now—my—friend—up—up—do what you can—I'll holler—hello there!"

"Why, what's up?" muttered the man at the window. "I can't see anything, but there is a big noise back of the chimney."

"God help me!" said Walter. "God help me shout, and shout with all my strength, for my man must get up there. Help—p-p!" he yelled.

The next moment the man at the window could make out two forms wriggling around the chimney. Then this heap wriggled up toward the window, and this voice came from the heap: "Here—here—take him!"

"Let me have him!" called out the man, gripping the companion of Walter.

"Take him!" gasped Walter. "I'll—shove! In with him—there!"

"He is just about dead," said the man.

"No, he isn't!" was the unexpected voice from Walter's companion, who was coming to himself. "How did I get here?"

"What, you turned up here, Simeon?"

"I'm here, Mr. Pearse, but this is a surprise." It was the red-haired, eye-twisted young man. He was staring at Walter.

"You here, too!"

"You couldn't have come without him," said Pearse, Jr. "He brought you."

"You know who he is?" said Simeon. "He didn't have any credentials. I think he has brought one now."

And Pearse, Jr., nodded assent.

"I'll look after him, Simeon."

Watertown, Mass.

THE READING PUBLIC.

Leonard Marx.

"FOLKS read more'n they used to—there ain't no doubt of that," said Uncle Eben, as two girls passed the gate, laden with novels from the library, "nd it certainly pays, ez fur ez them thet writes is concerned. I kin remember when to write books gin'rally meant to be out at elbows. Twan't ez profitable as brick-layin' then, 'nd now it's more profitable than bein' President of the United States—yes, sir, 'nd no risk of bein' assassinated, either. I guess even the anarchists read novels, in the intervals of crime. Burglars does, 'nd murderers, 'nd paupers, I know, fer the jails 'nd the alms-houses is allers glad to git books fer the readin' of the inmates. 'Nd the presses keep goin' faster 'nd faster all the time, 'nd there's a new magazine every whip-stitch, 'nd each one hez either all the best writers writin' fer it, or else a staff of comin' genluses, whose fust efforts sell better than Walter Scott ever did. I kinder git dizzy readin' about the new books, let alone

readin' them myself. Seems to me I've got so few years to live, 'nd there's so many of the greatest books of the century comin' out thet I'll never ketch up to the procession.

"I s'pose even the young folks feel kinder pressed and hurried to keep up. Before they've finished the last brand-new historical novel, it's seven-deep under the heap thet never stops pourin' out of the publishers' hoppers. 'Nd, of course, ef you're to keep up, you can't be expected to do chores or help with the housework besides. My niece, Marion Evangeline, reads all the time, 'nd can't even spare the time to wipe the dishes after her mother's washed them. Henrietty hez gone without a good deal to give thet girl her schoolin'; but I'm free to say thet a daughter thet couldn't read would hev been more of a comfort to her old age. Her son Bob clerks in the store, 'nd keeps a book on the shelf behind the calicoes, so's he kin foiler up the hero 'nd heroine between customers, so to speak. Bob don't half know what goods is in thet store, 'nd some day, when Evans wants a partner, he'll take some hustlin' feller thet hez never had time to do much readin', 'nd is shockin'ly ignorant of colonial hist'ry ez explained in blue and buff bindin', with an Indian or a militiaman on the cover.

"The queer thing is thet I don't see myself thet folks is any brighter than they uset to be, fes all the readin' they do nowadays. The hard-workin', clever, successful kind don't hev much time to read enny more than they uset to. They read the books they need; but then, folks hev allers done that. 'Tain't good books there's sech a flood of to-day, but jest good-lookin', well-soundin' trash, fixed up to tickle folks' minds. There ain't one book Marion Evangeline reads thet could ever, by any chance, be useful to her. But she's got the name of bein' sech a reader, 'nd folks say, admirin'ly: 'What are you readin' now, Marion?' You allers know the newest things in the library.' So she does; but ez fer what she gits out of 'em, I don't believe Marion Evangeline is ez smart ez her mother—'nd my! she can't hold a candle to what her grandmother wuz. Mother stirred 'round, 'nd kept her house like a new pin, 'nd ran the missionary society, 'nd nussed all the sick in the neighborhood, 'nd helped us all study our lessons, 'nd made most of our clothes, 'nd wuz famous fer her clever sayin's. Now I come to think of it, she wuz like a character in a book, 'stead of bein' a book-reader. Not thet she didn't read a few books, 'nd know 'em most by heart. She could quote poetry when she chose; 'nd there's lots of Burns 'nd Shakespeare 'nd Scott in my head thet I never got by readin', but by hearin' mother repeat it. Marion Evangeline, now, don't seem to learn anythin' by heart out of enny of her books. Ef she went blind to-morrer there wouldn't be much of a savings bank, so to speak, in her head, I'm afraid.

"Readin' like that ain't enny special gain, to my mind. There's more folks readin' now than ever before; but ef they ain't readin' to real advantage, where's the benefit of it to them or ennybody else? There's books for children 'nd books for young folks 'nd books for everybody—books enough to be laid three deep around the world. But how the world is enny better fer readin' 'em is more'n I kin see. It looks to me, sometimes, ez if the readin' habit would be taken up by reformers soon, like the tobacco habit 'nd the liquor habit, 'nd all the rest. I don't hold with smokin', myself, or drinkin'; I don't care to weaken what little wind I've got with stimulants or sedatives; but I reelly can't see why soothin' or stimulin' the mind with new novels is enny different in the end. It onsettles the thoughts; it leaves the mind unstrung or cravin' fer more excitement; it takes the time 'nd the will power thet might go to energy 'nd effort 'nd duty instead. They say books is a drug on the market to-day. It's a good word to use, 'nd the less you take drugs the better fer your mind 'nd your body. The readin' public 's nothin' fer America to be proud of until the readin' public takes to readin' books thet is wuth while—'nd enny librarian 'll tell you thet thet millennial

movement ain't in view yet," and Uncle Eben shook his head with a sigh.

Wilmington, Del.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept

When I was a boy—a little boy!—

In through the lattice the moonlight crept,

Bringing a tide of dreams that swept

Over a low red trundle-bed,

Bathing the tangled curly head,

While moonbeams played at hide and seek

With the dimples on each sun browned cheek—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, O, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed

When I was a boy—a little boy!—

For the grace that through the lattice streamed

Over my folded eyelids seemed

To have the gift of prophecy,

And to bring me glimpses of time to be

Where manhood's clarion seemed to call,

Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep

When I was a boy—a little boy!

For in at the lattice the moon would peep,

Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep

The crosses and griefs of the years away

From the heart that is weary and faint to-day,

And those dreams should give me back again

The peace I have never known since then—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

—Eugene Field.

MUTILATION OF CHARACTER.

Bishop John F. Hurst.

NO finer target has ever been found for the shafts of the malicious than a pure and well-tried character. In a man who has proven himself worthy and commands a large measure of public confidence, there is something particularly repulsive to another whose own nature is cast in an inferior mould. To some there is nothing more pleasing than the pulling down of others into a condition similar to their own. The political character of our entire civilization gives full play to such a depraved passion, and hence the secular press, especially that of the sensational type, abounds in striking illustrations of its industrious exercise.

It is no little thing to build up a good name. Mr. Smiles, in his excellent work on "Self Help," gives us numerous instances, from every department of life, of the difficulties with which men have had to contend in order to win success. The opposition of enemies and the dissensions of friends, poverty, ill-health, the very elements, have had to be overcome by patience and perseverance. Generally success comes only late in life, after many and long struggles; and the prominence which men have gained by honorable methods has been of short duration, save as a legacy to children and friends. The prize generally comes after the step begins to grow feeble, the hand unsteady, and the hairs frosty. The vigorous part of life is spent in toil. As we look back upon the last few years we find that many noble men, whose careers in public life have been only long efforts in behalf of elevated interests, have been paraded before the public as very criminals, because forsooth, others have been disappointed in their schemes, and therefore take the opportunity to wrest the types of the journals against them. Talleyrand used to say that he could tell who committed a crime by finding out who would be the greatest gainer by the deed. In this manner the despoiling of good reputations is generally effected by people who either are, or suppose they might be, gainers by the ruin.

But here we must point out a fallacy. The man who imagines that another stands in his way to success, and sets himself to work his overthrow, may so far accomplish his purpose as at least to cast a cloud over a good name, but he cannot get the public to bestow this lost favor on himself. Here in Washington it is seldom that a nomination for the supreme court, or other important branch of the public service, is made without violent opposition, and unjust disparagement. Often a torrent of vituperation is poured forth, such as is not surpassed even in

the heat of a presidential campaign. Much of this opposition is inspired by men, through the friends who had hoped to be selected to fill the important post. The succession to Sumner as senator from Massachusetts was decided in much the same way. A man was at last chosen who, by common consent, had not done one thing to secure the seat. There is in the public mind an almost unerring Nemesis, which measures out at last the correct retribution to the men who for a time succeed in hoodwinking even entire classes of society. There are men who stand in the way of others, but, as a rule, they are not the ones suspected. Hence, much of the mutilation of character now current, coming, as it does, from personal motives, is utterly ill-placed. The ends sought by such exceptionable means are not reached.

A few years ago there was borne to his grave from a happy home in a neighboring city a man who had spent a long life in eminent service to the church. His very toils and abilities invoked attacks, and, surely enough, they came. But nothing was ever found against him. Now that he is gone, nothing is believed against him. We envy not the feelings of men who had spoken the unkind word or lifted the smiting hand. His name stands brighter and higher to-day than at any time in his life. The close of life often brings out beautifully the real character.

We insist upon the reign of a broader charity in the judgment of others. The men who have no capacity except to draw a knife and stab the fair names of their fellows ought to be frowned down by the common-sense of the world. If they get their attacks before the public, there ought certainly to be enough good judgment and generous feeling to wait until the clear and positive proof comes. No one should take up and repeat slander. So long as it remains a slander it ought to be a loathsome thing, which we dare not touch. Our own nature is corrupted by rumination upon the downfall of others. They can be passed as a ship at sea would go by an abandoned hulk, not to sail up beside it and keep it long company, but to regard it as simply a warning, and steer straight onward toward the port. In the home, in public, everywhere, there should be the charitable word. When the good word cannot be said, let there be silence.

Washington, D. C.

AN UNCOMMON CITY.

D. V. F.

THE little city of Gheel, in Belgium, is a most unique resort for demented people. According to an old legend, that even at the present day has much weight with the peasantry of Belgium, the uncommon city of Gheel had its origin as follows:

Many centuries ago, on the site where Gheel stands, an insane father murdered his young daughter. A tomb or shrine was erected to her memory, because of her loveliness of character, and she was called "Saint Dymphna." For reasons that have been lost sight of in a maze of mythical lore, this saint was believed to particularly care for insane people, and to do miraculous things for them. In consequence of this belief, hundreds of demented men and women were every year brought to the tomb of Saint Dymphna, that she might intercede with the Great Physician for their restoration. Oftentimes numbers of these unfortunates lingered around the tomb for months at a time. Finally it became a permanent abiding place for many, and gradually a city came into existence. It now has a population of about 10,000, and at least every fourth resident of this remarkable city is in some degree insane.

The insane who come to Gheel for treatment are not lodged in asylums. Those not easily managed are most kindly cared for in suburban cottages, and the mildly insane board with the sane families of the city. But very few of the patients are under restrictions of any nature, and they walk everywhere about the city, as free as the air they breathe.

The coming of an insane boarder into a Gheel family is made a gala-day affair.

Every member of the family "dresses up," the house is prettily decorated, and cards bearing the word "welcome" in large letters are placed in conspicuous places. The father or mother of the family introduces the new boarder as a "relative," or "particular friend," and, after an exceptionally warm welcome, there is a banquet, and a festive time generally.

Next day the boarder is induced to go to work with the other members of the family, for to keep the insane employed at what they are capable of doing is a part of the treatment. Unruly patients are coaxed into doing what is deemed best for them. The patients are never spoken of as lunatics or crazy people, but are called "innocents," or "friends."

They are at all times treated in the most humane way possible.

As a result of this "patience and love" treatment, it is said by those in a position to know positively whereof they speak, that sixty per cent. of the patients eventually go away cured, and the incurable are almost always greatly benefited by a sojourn in Gheel.

This uncommon city is but a few miles from Antwerp.

Sherman, Tex.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

Oh, leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarmed shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue!
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love has whisper'd here,
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honor me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

—Thomas Campbell.

HOLD STEADY.

Bishop W. F. Mallalien.

THAT is what Wellington and his English soldiers did at Waterloo. That is what Washington did at Valley Forge. That is what Grant did at Vicksburg and the Wilderness and Petersburg. Hold steady. These are two short, but mighty Saxon words. The quality they represent has been the making of the Saxon race. The race has had its ups and downs. Its pathway has often been rough, and filled with desperate foes; but this quality of steadiness has been its salvation. The Saxon history is one of struggle, tears, and blood, but it has known how to hold steady. This quality ought to be the possession of every Epworthian the wide world round. Every age has its own peculiarities, and every soul its peculiar environment, but never is life without conflict. No coronation comes to those who have not overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony. It is a dreadful mistake to assume that in this day and age a young man or woman can be a down-right, earnest, and faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ and live a life of gentle and careless ease. Let no weak-minded consoler of expectant youth ever dare to say that the life of a real Christian has no tokens of war. Let no young Christian for a moment yield to the fatuous delusion that all paths will be plain and smooth, beautiful with thornless roses, and fra-

grant with balmy breezes as delicious as those of Araby the blest. Far better for everyone to say:

"Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

But let no soul dream that he is to undertake this warfare in his own strength, or that he will be left alone in times of sore distress. God's angels camp around those that fear him. It only needs that eyes be opened in order to see all that the prophet's servant saw when vales and mountainsides were radiant with the protecting hosts of the Almighty. Nor need there be any soul-distressing doubt or fear regarding the outcome. In the final event, if the soul closely follows the Great Captain, eternal victory will ensue.

Why, then, should not all our young people be brave and strong? If the heart and life are consecrated with glad and joyful vows to faithful and lifelong service, all that needs to be done is to hold steady! When the way is rough and the climb is steep, hold steady! That is the way the battle of Lookout Mountain was won. When the clouds are heaviest and blackest, and hang the lowest, hold steady! That is the way Huss and Jerome of Prague did when the thick smoke of the martyr-fires which consumed their bodies shut out every vision of earthly hope. Hold steady! That is what Paul and Silas did in the jail of Philippi, until at last the whole structure shook from deepest foundation to highest final, and all doors were thrown wide open, and all chains and stocks and fetters were sundered, and a glorious revival broke out between midnight and sunrise. This world will be won for Christ by the people who can hold steady, praying, working, giving, and witnessing.

CALENDARS.

Pamela McArthur Cole.

"WHAT day of the month is it?" An inquiry less frequently heard, perhaps, than formerly, for a calendar of some kind is hung on the walls of every house, and, with the day of week and month before our eyes, there is little room for mistake. Is this Monday? Wednesday? Its place is easily found. And when, beside the day of the month, we read a word of advice, or a bit of verse from some favorite poet, pleasure and use are combined.

Calendar—the word, like so many others in common use, is derived from the Latin. *Calo* signifies to call, and it was customary in Rome to proclaim publicly, on the first day of the month, the important days that would occur in that month. So the first day was called *calende*—hence we have calendar.

Before the days of printing our Saxon ancestors had a calendar of wood; it was called a "clogg." It was a four-square block, nicely smoothed, and containing on each side marks indicating the days of three months—a long horizontal mark for Sunday, six shorter ones for weekdays. The saints' days—there were few other festivals—were designated by some appropriate emblem.

These wooden calendars may be seen in museums abroad.

Antiquarians differ as to the meaning of Yule, the ancient name of Christmas—some suppose it to mean a wheel, as the day is marked by a wheel in the cloggs. The days dedicated to the Virgin Mary are marked with a heart—in allusion to the scripture—"his mother kept all these sayings in her heart" (St. Luke ii: 51).

May-day is marked by a small bush or twig. St. Crispin, the patron of shoemakers, has a pair of shoes for his emblem.

Almanacs are said to date, in some form, from the second century. During the Civil War in England (1642-9) they were in great demand, as they contained the predictions of famous astrologers.

It is now nearly three centuries since the first appearance of the one bit of verse (can it be called poetry?) which it is safe to say is known

in every household. Sir Walter Scott—himself a poet of note—said that he felt "the greatest respect for its author." Who does not know

"Thirty days hath September"?

It appeared in an old English drama in 1606. *East Bridgewater, Mass.*

TWO LITTLE FRIENDS.

J. W. Campbell, D.D.

IT is spring again. The time, too, when birds build their nests. I have two bird friends near at hand. So busy have they been for days that I wonder sometimes whether they stop long enough to get their meals. Just under the eaves of our church, up in a cozy corner, these feathery friends have finally completed their home. What crude material they have used in its construction! Some straws, bits of branches, some horse-hair, a few leaves, and wool, and all are woven into a ball of beauty, with a little opening at the top. They have builded in storm and in sunshine in perfect unity. I never have heard them contend over a single straw or stop to split a hair, and really they have been an inspiration to me, as they have gone on singing at their toil.

Their house is made all downy and sweet within, and some day soon I expect that their home will resound with multiplied songsters who will fill the air with their sweet notes. What a lesson for us who are workers together in the kingdom of God to unite our forces in loving harmony for building God's kingdom on earth!

New York.

A DREARY OCCUPATION.

Allan Sutherland.

MARK TWAIN once ran a regular funny department in the *Galaxy*, a monthly magazine that numbered many famous men and women among its contributors. At length the great humorist decided to put an end to his department, and in words which are as pathetic as most of his work is funny, told the reason why:

"I have now written for the *Galaxy* a year," he said. "For the last eight months, with hardly an interval, I have had for my fellow comrades, night and day, doctors and watchers of the sick. During these eight months death has taken two members of my home circle and malignantly threatened two others. All this I have experienced, yet all the time have been under contract to furnish 'humorous' matter once a month for this magazine. * * I think that some of the 'humor' I have written during this period could have been injected into a funeral sermon without disturbing the solemnity of the occasion. * * To be a pirate, on a low salary, and with no share in the profits of the business, used to be my idea of an uncomfortable occupation, but I have other views now. To be a monthly humorist in a cheerless time is drearier."

This goes to show that the life of a humorist is not always a dream of joy. In fact, the funny man is very often saddest when he jokes.

Philadelphia.

APPRECIATION, NOT FLATTERY.

Rev. J. Wesley Osborn.

MANY people would be stimulated to do more acts of kindness if those who are benefited would show more interest in their efforts.

When I was a boy I did what was a very unusual thing for me to do. One Sunday morning our pastor preached a sermon that stirred my soul, and after the congregation was dismissed I went and told him how I appreciated it. A bright smile came over his face, as he said: "I am glad to hear it. I thought I had made a failure this morning." I never realized how much the brother felt my appreciation until I became a pastor. After preaching my first sermon on the charge, I would gladly have escaped through a side-door if it had been possible.

As I was going home a little boy came running up to me, and, looking up into my face,

said: "If you always preach like that, it will just suit me." I went on with a more elastic step and a lighter heart. The majority of those who read this article have had similar experiences. Why not multiply them?

We should be careful to discriminate between true appreciation and flattery. Flattery is exaggerated praise, and should never be used. Appreciation is our honest estimation of benefits received, and should be properly expressed. To receive benefits without acknowledging them is almost dishonest.

Dunkirk, Ind.

THE COLLEGE FOR THE COAL-MINER'S SON.

James Melvin Lee.

DURING the anthracite coal strike of 1900 many parades were held in the mining region of Pennsylvania. In these parades the miners' sons took an active part. Conspicuous among the various signs carried by these boys was one which never failed to attract attention. It was the picture of a breaker, with the following words underneath: "The college for the miner's son."

No building in the mining districts so quickly attracts the attention as the breaker. It frequently rises to a height of 150 feet, and often takes over 1,000,000 feet of lumber in its construction. The coal, as it comes from the mines, is hoisted to the loft of the breaker, where it is dumped from the cars. It first passes over a screen, which is nothing more nor less than iron bars, with openings between them, placed on an incline. What passes over this screen is known as "lump coal"—used on locomotives, etc.

This lump coal, or most of it, then passes through huge steel rollers, where it is broken into smaller pieces. These, in turn, pass over mesh screens; the different sizes of the pieces distribute themselves according to meshes, and are collected into pockets. In other words, the sizes of the mesh determine whether the coal be "egg," "stove," "chestnut," "pea," "buckwheat," etc.

The coal, as it comes from these pockets, slides down small chutes. It is while gliding down these inclines, on the way to the bottom of the breaker, that the boys pick out the slate and stone from the pure coal. These "slate pickers," or "breaker boys," sit on boards crossing the chutes. The chutes lead into large pockets, from which the railroad cars are loaded. Such is, in brief, the apparatus with which the breaker boys' college is equipped.

In the early history of anthracite mining nothing smaller than chestnut coal was saved. Hence there have accumulated huge heaps of this anthracite culm or slack. It may be seen on either side of the track in the illustration. Of late years washeries have been established. These are practically breakers on a very small scale. Everything is now utilized except the dust, which is washed out. These smaller sizes of coal are used as steam-producing fuel. In some cases a forced draft is required. Even the dust, when pure, has been mixed with water, pitch, etc., compressed into bricks, and used as fuel.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

MRS. DURAND'S BACKROBE.

MY wife's brother, seven years old, was surely in France with his mother (said Mr. Leroy Durand of the St. Maurice Club), for we had received a cablegram on their arrival, but his voice seemed to be screaming on the shore of Lake Pazhegouki, in the St. Maurice Wilderness of Quebec. That scream first reached our ears as we paddled around a bluff and lost hearing of the cascades. My wife, kneeling in the bow of our small canoe, stopped her paddle midway in the act of dipping it and turned her eyes about to me. They are always big, as you know, but they were twice as big then. That was the first time I had seen her look scared, and we had hunted together, east and west, north and south, for five years past. When we left New York



A TYPICAL COAL BREAKER.

two weeks earlier the voice of her little brother in a delirium of pain seemed still sounding in her ears, she told me, although he was so far convalescent as to have sailed on the *Etruria* a fortnight before we left for Quebec.

"Did you hear anything?" she asked me now.

"It was some tree creaking." I was trying to reassure her.

"Nonsense! There's no wind."

In fact, the lake was so calm that the upside-down shores were as distinct as the right-side-up ones, except where trout wallowed in the mirror or a darting kingfisher touched it with spreading circles. White clouds were as fleecy in the lake as in the blue above us, and a perfect silence seemed to hold all the void between the counterparts, while our canoe ran on with a lessening gurgle as we listened for more than twenty seconds. Then the childlike, the almost infantile screams came again, seeming to reach from the far opposite shore by force of some poignant emotional quality of agonized weakness. They ended with a short note like a wail choked off by faintness or despair.

My wife knows the woods, and now she said: "It must be a young bear—a yearling in a trap."

"Exactly. Chief Josef."

She took to paddling without a reply. She herself had given Chief Josef the order for a backrobe.

On we went at a faster stroke than she usually sets, straight for the bluff of the screams. For intervals of about a minute they lingered in our ears, and then spread through the blue.

"Come right along up and set him free," said my wife, as she landed.

"And what will his teeth and claws be doing while I'm springing the trap open?" I asked, when I had made the canoe secure.

"Then come and put him out of his pain."

"Certainly, my dear, I'll go. But you'll stay here in the canoe. It won't do you any good to see that bear."

"It might," she said, with self-reproach. "But, anyway, I'll never let a trap be set on my account again. Come!"

"But the old she bear may be up there, and you didn't bring your gun."

"Go up at once!" said my wife, who had never imagined that a man with a magazine rifle could get into serious trouble with bears.

So up I went; and as my wife always obeys my wishes when I am not there, she got back into the canoe, and pushed off a few yards to be ready, as I told her, in case I might "find bears too plenty on the hill."

But there was only the one, a young bear, as

my wife had guessed—not a cub, not an infant, but a child—one of about seventeen or eighteen months. I wish I could quite forget that picture of despondency.

He was caught by the right forepaw; he had dragged the trap till the clog caught between two small trees; then he had pulled the trap back and forth, and round and round till the earth was worn bare of grass, and the twigs and little bushes within his reach were stripped of bark. His mouth was down, biting gingerly at the twisted leg, and muttering most piteously, as if *that* way of getting free were too unendurable. Then, as the crescendo of wailing screams began once more, his head was raised toward the sky, as if the creature were veritably appealing to the Eternal Judge between man and beast.

At that instant I fired, and he sank down in death with a sense of relief, I do believe. He did not struggle in the least, so much had his strength been exhausted by the long ordeal. His trapped leg I found to be broken and twisted as a towel is twisted in wringing it: the edges of the bone had torn the muscles and tendons to a fibrous pulp.

I went back to the canoe, told my wife "The bear *was* a yearling," and had no questions from her.

On the way to camp we passed the Montagnais wigwams, and I stopped to tell Chief Josef of shooting this bear.

"Dass good t'ing," said Josef. "I glad you keel heem. He's not hol' nough for mek good robe for de lady sleigh, but he's good maybe two dollar. Me, I hain' had no lucky wis bear since de lady is tol' me for trap some good skin. Tud-day, what you t'ink? I'll find in one udder trap great big paw what the *sacre* bear he's twist off, or bite off, maybe—anyhow, he's get away. Here's dat paw, lady," and he took the hideous relic from behind one of his wigwam poles, and offered it to my wife.

She turned away, hit hard, and so pale that I put my arm around her to help her down to the canoe. Without a word we started—there seemed nothing to say. But when we had paddled a mile she stopped the stroke, and turned her head over her shoulder with "Leroy, did you understand about trapping *before*?"

"I didn't realize what it meant to the animals."

"I'm glad you didn't—or I shouldn't like to think I'd married you," she said, in a conclusive tone.

Since that day she has never worn fur.—E. W. Thomson, in *Youth's Companion*.

Among the New Books.

Tibet has been until recently the one land of all the world whose mystery remained unsolved, and the dangers that have attended all attempts to penetrate its boundaries and become acquainted with the life of the people about whom there were so many strange traditions only piqued the curiosity of a curious world. About nine years ago the world was eager to know the full story of one of the most remarkable journeys ever made—that of Miss Taylor, almost unattended, through Tibet! But Miss Taylor was a better traveler than book-maker, and the account of her wonderful journey was presented in so uninteresting a manner that the public turned away disappointed, and almost forgot that it had ever been made. Since that time several valuable books have been written on this strange land; but none seemed to meet the need of a clear, concise statement of the country, its people, religion, and customs. Mr. William Carey, a lineal descendant of the pioneer missionary, during a visit to the border-land met Miss Taylor in her home at Tatum, within the Tibetan border, the sole foreigner allowed to reside within the charmed border. The result of Mr. Carey's visit was a handsome volume, in two parts, under the title, "Adventures in Tibet. Including the diary of Miss Annie R. Taylor's remarkable journey from Tau-Chau to Ta-Chieu-Lu, through the heart of the 'Forbidden Land.'" By William Carey. Maps and illustrations." The first summarizes pretty much all that is known scientifically of the country. The second gives in detail Miss Taylor's journal. Each is complete in itself, and as interesting as valuable. Yet the two supplement each other. It is plain that the inspiration for the first came from the record of those days of toil and danger, while the journal itself needs the commentary of the calmer, more dispassionate writer to set it forth in its true meaning. The story summarized by Mr. Carey and told in the journal is one of intense interest and invaluable for its information, especially to those interested in foreign missions. (Boston and Chicago: United Society of Christian Endeavor. \$1.50 net.)

The Armstrongs are performing a valuable service for the churches and for students of Christian history, theology, and literature. They are publishing, in their Christian study manuals, a series of handy books which are at once popular and scholarly. Of course, they are only brief introductions to the subjects of which they treat, but therein is much of their value, for they are introductions which really introduce and make clear the subject under discussion. Four volumes have, thus far, been issued, of which one, *The Early Church*, has already been briefly noticed in *THE HERALD*. *Ruling Ideas of Our Lord*, by Rev. C. F. D'Arcy, D.D., is a careful study of the teachings of Jesus, ethical and religious. The treatment is simple and sympathetic, and analyzes the teaching of our Lord as set forth in the gospels with a clearness which beautifully shows the consistency and unity of the moral and religious system of Jesus Christ. In *Protestant Principles*, by Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., we have a helpful arrangement of the greater truths for which Protestantism stands. Many controversies over supposed differences would be avoided if such a calm and accurate book as this were widely circulated among Protestants, Roman Catholics, and the so-called Anglo-Catholics. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, 60 cents each.)

A very readable and well-written story is *As They Did It*; or, *The First Church of Warden*, by Rev. Fred M. Coddington. "As they did it" was a most admirable way of doing it, and the results were very satisfactory. Whether it would accomplish as much in all cases in real life as in fiction admits of question; but if the way of the Warden Church were imitated the world would be a very much better place to live in. "They" and the "way" were the pastor and people of the First Church of Warden and an earnest, straight forward, common-sense way of doing Christian work. For instance, their temperance work consisted in stringently enforcing existing laws against the saloon, greatly to the good of the town and the discomfiture of the saloon-keepers. The poor had the gospel literally preached to them, and in every way the very spirit of Christ pervaded their work. The story is exceedingly well told, and we pity the disciple who does not labor and pray that his own church may emulate the Warden way. (Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye; New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1.25.)

The Ordeal of Elizabeth is a strong and well-written story, but not a pleasing book to read; but it is very interesting; and in the free and easy life of the present day its perusal may be the means of saving

some foolish girls from similar or other "ordeals." Elizabeth is a beautiful young girl whose life, like that of the average American girl, is utterly unhedged about with counsel or restraint. She meets a man who captivates her fancy, and, after a few weeks' acquaintance, is persuaded by him into a secret marriage. A terrible tragedy follows. And it is this tragedy that the book so dramatically relates. Elizabeth escapes with her life; but no subsequent happiness can ever erase the memory of that awful experience. The book is published anonymously. (New York: J. F. Taylor Co. Price, \$1.50.)

The *Hero* series issued by the Book Concern is a charming and successful experiment in the making of little books which are as attractive in exterior as they are attention compelling in their contents. The title of the series is manifestly taken from Dr. Quayle's book, "A Hero and Some Other Folk," and the first book of the series is that author's great study of Jean Valjean, already noticed in these columns. The five later issues of the series are: *The Typical American*, by Rev. C. E. Locke, D.D., a study of Washington; *Abraham Lincoln*, by Samuel G. Smith; *The Gentleman in Literature*, by Rev. W. A. Quayle, D.D.; *A Nineteenth Century Crusader*, by Dr. C. E. Locke, a study of Gladstone, to which is appended an essay on the last Anglo-Saxon invasion, and *King Cromwell*, by Dr. Quayle. (Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye; New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, 25 cents each, net; postage 4 cents additional.)

John Kendrick Bangs has for once exchanged the cap and bells for the pencil, though the title of his latest book, *Uncle Sam, Trustee*, suggests the jingle of the jester. It is, first, a simple history of Cuba down to and including the war between the United States and Spain. Second, it gives a well ordered and comprehensive account of what has been accomplished in the four years of American occupation. The style indicates that the book was written in very great haste, but as a record of an important period in the history of Cuba the book has large value. It is fully illustrated with half-tone engravings. (New York: Riggs Publishing Co. Price, \$1.75, net.)

Dr. W. S. Rainsford is an Episcopalian clergyman who is not always right—if agreeing with conventional notions is the standard of rightness. But he is always courageous, manly, and practical. His new book, *The Reasonableness of Faith, and Other Addresses*, is full of challenge to thought. As you read these addresses you find yourself saying, "That is not just so," but in the end you have done some unaccustomed thinking on the problem he has stated. And such a book is more worth having than a whole library of "prunes and prisms" literature. (New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.)

So many reviews of Dr. Robert McIntyre's novel, *A Modern Apollon*, have been published, and the book has been the subject of so much discussion that it is impossible to say anything about it which has not already been better said. The book is really alive, and has some exceedingly strong passages. It could not be otherwise, since Dr. McIntyre is a master of literary life and expression; but, after all, we wish he hadn't written it. It is not his best work by any means. His fame will rest more securely on his poems, his lectures, and his sermons. (Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, \$1.50.)

Unto the End, by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), is not really a "Pansy Book," if by that is meant one of juvenile character. The present volume is a novel for adult readers, and is characterized by this favorite writer's natural gift of story-telling in its most interesting style. Critics whose opinions are valued have pronounced it a book of unusual strength and charm of style. It is one which will interest the average reader instantly, and promises to be popular, not only with those who have read the Pansy Books for many years, but with a large class of new readers. (Lothrop Publishing Co. Price, \$1.50.)

The Son of a Fiddler, by Jennette Lee, is the story of a boy who grows up on a New England farm in the days when the Puritan conscience and the district school were matters of course. One of his dim but cherished memories is of his father playing an old violin for company; and the boy himself has inherited unusual talent, as well as the violin. He goes to Boston for a better musical education, where he is drawn into the perils of stage life, and forgets his music and his aspirations. But an old German violinist helps to arouse his better nature, and in the

end he becomes faithful again to the heritage of his father (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.)

The man who has written romances of the future would seem, on first thought, to be just the man to write seriously of the probable direction of future progress. And Mr. H. G. Wells, in *Anticipations*, has at least done more than any other speculator in the field of to-morrow. But his new book, though it is almost as interesting as his stories, is not convincing. You cannot prove that he is wrong, while you cannot feel that he is right. The book is a most suggestive and tantalizing forecast. It ought to have stirred up a great discussion, but it hasn't, as yet. (New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.80 net.)

It would be a good thing if every Christian young man and woman could read Dr. Aaron Schuyler's *Systems of Ethics*. The title is a little formidable, but the book is so useful, so complete, and so full of suggestion which will bear fruit long after the volume has been laid aside, that it has a value out of all proportion to its price. It discusses all the systems of ethics, considers all the practical applications of ethical science, and gives a history of ethics. This is all done compactly, but with perfect clearness of statement. (Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye; New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, \$1.50.)

The Hinderers is a story of the present time by Edna Lyall. The scene is laid in England. It has been written with the purpose of bringing war into disfavor. There are two distinctly drawn classes of people in this little book—one the fast and altogether reprehensible set in English upper class society, and the other of clean life and high principles. The story is entertaining enough—Miss Lyall is always that—but we think it falls short both in merit and interest, in comparison with some of her earlier works. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$1.00.)

A story by the author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is sure of a warm reception by the reading public. His latest story, *Stephen Holton*, is a very entertaining story, and at the same time a first-class temperance tale. The scene is laid among the lowly of both town and country, and life in both places is brightly and graphically portrayed. The theme of the story is the wretchedness that invariably springs from that "root of all evil"—drink, and whose blighting influence can never be adequately portrayed. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Brinton Eliot: From Yale to Yorktown, by James E. Farmer, is a lively tale of the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. Its Yale atmosphere of 120 years ago is in delightful contrast to the Yale of today. Nathan Hale is a prominent character of the story, though the main interest centers about Brinton Eliot. The book has a pleasant and vigorous manner, and will be read to the end by anyone who gets a taste of its quality. (New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.50.)

The Roots of Christian Teaching as Found in the Old Testament, by Prof. George A. Barton, is an attempt to make the study of the Old Testament interesting and profitable. This it does, not by emphasizing any arbitrary system of types and symbols, but by tracing the highest New Testament teachings to their roots in the Old Testament. The book is stimulating and suggestive. (Philadelphia: The J. C. Winston Co. Price, \$1.25.)

A book of earnest truth-telling under the impulse of a great purpose is Rev. A. E. Kelgwin's *The Heart Side of God*. The author is a city pastor, and knows how doubt hurts his people. He presents the thought indicated by his title as the sure way out of doubt. He shows that religion has its greatest power when it is taken by a faith that is born of love. It is a book for this age, and will do great good. (Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$1.00, net.)

One of the strangest and most dramatic chapters in the history of our country was the witchcraft craze in Salem and early Boston. In *The Coast of Freedom*, by Adèle Marie Shaw, this tragic period is pictured with a vividness that has never been excelled. The tale is wonderfully stirring, and full of dramatic situations and adventure. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.)

God Wills It, by William Stearns Davis, is a stirring story of the First Crusade. It is sufficiently full of action and incident to gain and hold the attention of even a cold-blooded reader. The plot is complex enough to keep interest alive to the very last, and in many ways the story is a fine example of the best type of historical novel. (New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.50.)

The Little White Pig. A Story of the Firing Line.

Walter A. Wyatt.

SAN FERNANDO was being occupied by the Kansans at high noon. The sun poured down heat from above, and the macadamized road reflected it from below. The dust, disturbed by the heavy feet of the Americans, arose and hung over the marching companies in great clouds.

When Company L reached the block of nipa huts to which it had been assigned, the boys were reeking with sweat, covered with dust, and weak-bodied.

"Where's the clerk?" yelled the captain, after having instructed the first sergeant to dismiss the company and assign the men to their quarters.

"Here, sir," responded a certain dirt-begrimed soldier, as he detached himself from a crowd of others who had flung their equipments and themselves beside a hut in the shade of a clump of bamboo.

"Detail a corporal and six men for outpost duty, at once."

"All right, sir." And the clerk saluted, returned, took from his haversack a roster, hurriedly wrote out a detail, and gave it to the first duty sergeant, who proceeded to notify the men detailed.

"By the great holy smoke!" said the corporal who had been detailed.

"None of my doing," responded the first sergeant; "the clerk did it."

"How on earth is it I'm always on guard?" grumbled each private (or something to that effect) as he was notified, and then ran to glare at the clerk. Then the clerk again detached himself from the pile by the hut and spoke. What he said is not recorded; but as he spoke he took up his haversack and belt, and threw them into the hut by the clump of bamboo.

As this was the characteristic and usual mode of making a detail, no one was excited or scared—except a little white pig which had been sleeping in a banana basket underneath the hut. When the clerk threw his belt in on the floor of the hut, it awoke, and with a piggish shriek of terror leaped out, ran over the pile of baggage and dirty soldiers, and, with increasing fear and louder shrieks, bolted down the road and gained the cover of a bamboo-hedged water-hole, near the railroad.

In the brief time which it took the little white pig to gain cover, the boys, with true Kansas appreciation, had noticed that it was a pig fair to look upon, and all, from the first sergeant, who bossed the company, to the kitchen police who whacked the caribou, thought of nice, juicy pig chops fried in fat. Even the much-abused clerk paused in his speaking to take an inventory of the round sides of the little white pig.

So it came about that each one had made up his mind to possess that little white pig as soon as the cool of evening came.

Right after retreat the clerk found it convenient to go over to the first sergeant's hut—for he had decided that there would be enough pig for two, and besides, there was nothing like a stand-in with the first sergeant.

"This red-horse and hard-tack is getting mighty monotonous," said the clerk by way of an opening.

The sergeant nodded in reply, and made room on a bench for him to sit down.

"Now, some nice young pig—" continued the clerk.

"Ach, I saw one leetle white—"

"Did you see—"

"Ach, Moses"—Moses was the first sergeant's pet name for the clerk. "Sh! not so loud; the boys will hear. Come in der hut und we will make one plan," and the sergeant poked the clerk in the ribs with Teutonic familiarity.

While they were talking, the cook, familiarly called "Papa," strolled up to the hut.

"Hello! You fellows got a nice cool hut this time."

"Yah," replied the first sergeant, "and you have a good place for a kitchen, eh?"

"Yep," answered Papa. "Say," he continued, as if an idea had just come to his mind, "that mango sauce you fellows made for supper would be hot stuff with fresh pork."

"Yah, we see one leetle white—"

"What! Did you fellows see—"

"Not anudder word; come mit us here. We will see. Papa will cook one little white pig and we catch him. Eh, Mose?"

Evidently something was in the air. Surely not a rumor of a night attack, for Company "L" spent little time on such a topic. Chums sat here and there in groups with heads close together, whispering.

"Any you boys got the makins fur a cigarette?" said a "B" company fellow cheerily as he walked up to a group of four.

"Naw; we ain't no train guard," replied one, gruffly.

"Those 'L' boys air the dumbest set of unsociable boys I ever see," he said when he got back to his own company.

One thing certain, they had pig on their mind. Nine o'clock came, and taps was blown, soft and sweet. The lights went out in the huts, and the talking ceased. The wind sighed softly in the feathery tops of the waving bamboo, and the moonlight glimmered on the broad leaves of the banana and palm trees. A single shot on the outposts, now and then, broke the silence. The regiment had "turned in," with the exception of "L" company. The first sergeant, the cook, and the clerk sat in the orderly hut waiting for an opportunity to catch the little white pig. Ten o'clock came, and the regiment patrol passed by.

"I won't tell you poys anudder time to turn in, but I report to the captain," threatened the first sergeant, as a group of boys stole out from one of the huts.

"They one suspicion have, eh, Mose?"

"Yep. Guess we'd better wait till morning."

At about 3:30 o'clock the next morning the boys were aroused by the blowing of assembly. A continuous pop of mausers and "kraggs" at the outposts told of an early morning attack. Bullets began to tear their way with a vicious rip through the nipa roofs of the huts.

"Hurry up there! Fall in here!"

"Fall in! Vats the madder?" shouted the first sergeant.

A moment later the company took its position in the battalion, and started off at a dog-trot to strengthen the outposts.

About 10 o'clock the company came dragging back to quarters. The boys were covered with mud, wet to the hide, hungry and sad—for they carried one of their comrades on a stretcher, mortally wounded. When the company approached the quarters there was a flash of white, a snort, a familiar squeal, and the little white pig again found refuge in the water hole. It took the boys a day and night to get over the effects of that morning's work.

The heat of the tropics had begun to penetrate to the marrow, and, as the natives, the Americans began to put off everything until "mañana." When morning came, it was so sultry and hot that it was decided to kill the little white pig that evening, when it was cool.

When evening came, the few duties of the day had worn them out, and it was decided to wait and catch the little pig in the morning.

So it went day after day. Finally the railroad was repaired, and the train brought up fresh meat rations, and there was no further need of fried pig.

The little pig got over his shyness, and began to treat the Americans with contempt. At first he would come only at night, but at length he would come at all hours to pick up the scraps of food that were thrown away. He would even have slept again under the little hut by the

clump of bamboo, but the clerk objected.

"If one little white pig bodder my stuff much more, we will kill him, eh, Mose?" said the first sergeant.

"Yep," answered the clerk. And so it was decided that if the pig didn't keep out of the sergeant's sugar and fruits it was to be killed.

The heat and the long campaign told more and more on the soldiers. It was reported, and generally believed, that the regiment was to stay at San Fernando during the rainy season, and then go on with the campaign for an indefinite period. Baggage was brought out from Manila, and quarters were made ready for the rainy season.

The boys lost hope and ambition, and dragged themselves about listlessly. Kicking became the order of the day. All duty was shirked, and they began to go on the sick-list with all sorts of imaginary complaints in order that they might be excused from duty.

Those who were really sick enough to be sent to the hospital at Manila were considered lucky.

The little white pig could walk up at mess time, and eat boldly with the soldiers, who would only swear at it in a feeble way.

But one day in June there came out from Manila a train of empty coaches, and orders were given to the Kansans to pack up. Soldiers who the day before had imagined themselves sick enough to be sent to the hospital, suddenly became well and strong.

The first sergeant was surprised, and when he appeared the company was all ready to fall in line. His accustomed "Hurry up dere, fall in!" was not needed. When the baggage had been loaded and the boys had climbed up on top of the coaches and the train had started, the Kansas yell sounded out for the last time on the firing line. The Filipino outposts heard it, and crossed themselves, quivering with fear. They thought the Kansans were coming again. But the Kansan was not looking for a scrap that day. He was looking far across the ocean to the little prairie home where his "folks" stood at the door with outstretched arms to receive him.

Aroused and excited by the unusual noise, a certain familiar white object ran squealing from the deserted quarters into the water-hole near the railroad. It was the little white pig.

Portland, Ore.

SONG.

He that is down needs fear no fall;

He that is low, no pride;

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,

Little be it or much;

And, Lord, contentment still I crave,

Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is

That go on pilgrimage;

Here little, and hereafter bliss,

Is best from age to age.

—John Bunyan.

DEBT PAID WITH ROSES.

An odd church debt of 157 years' standing was canceled yesterday, when the congregation of the Tulpehooken Reformed Church paid 157 red roses to the descendants of Caspar Wistar. A Dutch custom transplanted to America two centuries ago was revived by the payment of the debt of flowers.

More than a century and a half ago Caspar Wistar, one of the pioneers of Pennsylvania, deeded 100 acres of land bordering on Tulpehooken Creek in trust to a Dutch Reformed Church. The only condition was that the church should pay to Mr. Wistar or his descendants a red rose each year. The condition was never fulfilled until yesterday, when a number of Caspar Wistar's descendants, who are numbered among the wealthy families of Philadelphia, were paid the arrears.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"Remarkable in the extreme," exclaimed the zoölogist, as he saw the monkey with his tail tied in a bow-knot.

Crumbs Swept Up.

Her Indignation.

Where two or three women are gathered together there is sure to be some conversation about servants.

The following is the substance of one housekeeper's recent experience, as detailed in one of these conversations:

An East End hostess had invitations out for a small luncheon, but on the morning of the eventful day her "help" departed, heartlessly and unannounced.

There was nothing to do but to impress into service the wife of the janitor of the flat and induce her to act as waitress.

It was her first experience in this sort of household duties, and the effect was to surprise her and render her somewhat indignant at the doings of society.

"D'ye moind what Oi had to do, Pat?" she was overheard saying to her husband. "Sure, an' Oi didn't moind waitin' at all, if they'd only let me do it roight."

"Wouldn't they let you do it roight, Norah?" he asked, with concerned interest.

"Sure an' they wouldn't. They wouldn't let me fetch the things to ate all at once an' set 'em on the table. Oi had to bring 'em in one at a time! An' after Oi brought 'em in they wouldn't reach for the things! Oi had to pass around to every leddy at the table. Ooh, but the way they wasted time. They might have got through an hour sooner. The ways of these sassiety folks is beyant me!"

But Pat sympathized with her and agreed that there had been a great waste of time.

* * *

Definitions from the Schools.

"Apherbility is the state of being an apherbile."

"Afferbility is the state of being insane on one subject only."

"Serenade, a greenness as of grass."

"Reverberation is when it is made again into a verb."

"The equator is a menagerie lion running around between the North and South Pole."

"Ingenious, a stupid person, from in, not, and genius, a smart person."

"Discretion, a difference of sex between animals."

"The early Briton wore a skin, he tied it at the waist. He wore legions on his legs. He had eyes of blue shade which plainly showed his semi-civilization. He wore on his feet mocassions or scandals."

"The *Te Deum* is a grand opera."

"The British museum is the principal building in Paris."

"Aristides was a god; he was the female god of Phoenicia."

"Hannibal was an early Greek explorer who wrote a book called Heroditus."

"Virgil was a vestal virgin."

"As I roamed in the deep woods I saw a herd of greyhounds hunting for prey."

"Julius Cæsar was the mother of the Gracchi."

* * *

Baby Priscilla's Sermon.

Little Priscilla is the daughter of a Congregational clergyman in the northern part of New York. She is only four and a half years old, but, like the children in all families of Puritan extraction, she has been taken to church since she was old enough to walk, and has learned to sit sweetly through her father's longest sermons.

Yet little Priscilla, like other children, has her weaknesses, and the greatest of these is bananas. Not long ago she asked her father to get her some, but he was busy and put her off. So the little one started out toward the village, where two summer hotels, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand on opposite sides of the road to catch travelers from the railroad station between May

and November. It was late in the afternoon, and she found crowds on the verandas. She did not hesitate a moment, but turned fearlessly on Scylla. She mounted the horseblock, and cried out in a clear, high voice: "My good people, you must be good if you wants to go to the good place; if you bad, you go to the bad place." Calvin himself could have said no more. She paused for a minute, and then pronounced her benediction. But Priscilla was years ahead of Calvin this time. "Now I've pweached to you," said she; "I must take a collection."

Priscilla gave the sermon under an apple tree at Charybdis, and after her itinerant preaching was finished it took two of the young men and maidens from Scylla to carry her bananas home for her.

* * *

Evarts and the Farmer.

William M. Evarts, who went to the United States Senate with the reputation of being as good a lawyer as the State of New York possessed, was always an exceedingly slender man. His face, even when he was in his prime, had a look of emaciation which suggested hunger.

One day, says Mr. George S. Hilton in a recent volume, a solid, substantial-looking farmer from the interior of New York seated himself in the visitors' gallery of the Senate chamber, and asked the doorkeeper, standing behind him, to point out Mr. Evarts.

It was noontime, and only a few members were in the chamber. Pretty soon Senator Voorhees entered, and strode majestically to his seat.

"Is that Evarts?" exclaimed the farmer.

"No," said the doorkeeper, "that is Mr. Voorhees of Indiana."

Another gentleman with a great deal of presence entered the chamber. The old man leaned back and clutched the doorkeeper's arm.

"That's him!" he whispered. "That's the great Mr. Evarts, isn't it?"

"No," was the answer, "that is General Logan."

At length Mr. Evarts came in, and the old farmer was at once informed. He looked at the distinguished lawyer long and earnestly.

"My!" exclaimed he, with an accent of commiseration, "I'll bet he boards!"

* * *

Geography Was Bad.

A certain Unitarian minister of Greater New York is determined that his young daughter shall not know the dark side of orthodox religion. The miss went to the country with her mother during the past summer, and there found a playmate in the youthful daughter of a village teacher. One day the following conversation was overheard:

"You've told a story," said the village girl, accusingly. "Don't you know where folks go to that tell stories?"

"No," replied the New York miss. "Where do they go?"

"They go to hell."

"Where is hell?"

"Why, Mamie Blank! You, a minister's daughter, and don't know where hell is?"

"Well, I don't care," answered the accused; "I never was in a geography class in my life!"

* * *

He Wanted to Know How.

Sir Thomas Lipton has a friend, an Englishman by birth and American by force of circumstances, who has been in this country long enough to absorb the American idea of humor. Last summer he was in London on a visit, and happening to have business with a man on an upper floor of a tall building, took the "lift" to reach his office. The elevator was one of those excessively deliberate British affairs, and its snail-like progress annoyed the Americanized Briton. The only other occupant of the car was a middle-aged Englishman, with a manner of

peculiarly English seriousness. The man from America ventured to address him:

"I think I could make a great improvement in this lift," he said.

The Englishman looked seriously interested. "How?" he asked.

"Why," the other man went on, "I'd make it go faster by a simple little arrangement. I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."

The Englishman looked slightly more interested.

"How?" he asked.

* * *

The Nurse's Antidote.

Wordsworth's lines of the child at play, "as if his whole vacation were endless imitation," were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at a provincial hospital.

A little girl, whose role was that of nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the further end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

"Hello!" said the nurse. "Is that the doctor?"

"Yes," answered her companion in a deep voice; "this is the doctor."

"This lady is very ill," he was informed.

"Well, what seems to be the matter?"

"She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink," said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient; but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

She answered: "I gave her two pads of blotting-paper."

* * *

What It Was

Charles Mallon, clerk of the Kansas City Board of Health, was a witness in a case against the city. Mr. Mallon was called for the purpose of testifying regarding the work that had been done by certain city employees, who, it is claimed, had sold their time to the plaintiff. When he took the witness stand he opened on his lap the big book in which he keeps the time of the employees of the health department.

There was a slight delay in the proceedings. During this time Judge Gibson leaned over, adjusted his spectacles, and eyed the book curiously.

"What book is that, Charley?" he asked.

"It's the timebook of the board of health," Mr. Mallon replied.

Judge Gibson took hold of a corner, and glanced down the list of names. He read "Peter McGaffey, Tim Mulcahey, Mike O'Hearn," and a lot of other equally Irish names.

"Is that really the board of health's timebook?" the court finally asked with a quizzical air.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I had concluded that it was the roster of the Ancient Order of Hibernians."

* * *

Didn't See the Joke.

Miss Cutting: "I have a good joke on my cousin Clara. Without her glasses, you know, it is almost impossible for her to distinguish one person from another, and this morning she actually talked to a dummy in front of a clothing store for ten minutes, thinking it was you."

Softleigh: "Weally! And how did she—aw—discovah her mistake?"

Miss Cutting: "She didn't; that's where the joke comes in."

* * *

Having and Hoping.

D. L. Moody made a telling point when he, at the same time, convulsed and convicted his congregation, with this anecdote: "I hab hearn folks say, 'Hope I has ligion,' but I doan know, I neber hearn a man say, 'I hope I has money, but I doan know.' Dat sorter 'ligion dat yer hopes ye's got, but I doan know, ain't gwine to do no mo' good dan der money what yer hopes ye's got but doan know."

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

THE PROGRAM OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Matt. 4: 23; Matt. 10: 7-8.)

Rev. Chas. Coke Woods.

Topic for July 27.

The word "program" is from two Greek words, which mean to write before, and implies publication. A program is not a private affair.

In ancient Greece, after a law had passed the Athenian Senate, and before it was proposed before the general assembly of the people, it was fixed on a tablet for public inspection. The inscription on the tablet was "the program." Secrecy was contrary to the very nature and purpose of a program. It is the public disclosure of a well-defined scheme.

We are to study some important points in the program of Christianity.

Christ Prepared Christianity's Program.

It is not man-made. It is more than an ingenious theory. It is not a system of theology. But it is full of God.

This program concerns itself with creeds only as they conduce to character. Mere creeds without deeds will leave life's gardens to grow full of weeds.

This program of Christ is no sectarian's scheme. It has in it no trace of party spirit. It is a truthful plan for the display of truth. In every particular it is characteristic of Christ.

This program of Christianity has been thought out by the greatest of teachers. It has been planned by the greatest of persons.

Marks of the Master.

The marks on this program differentiate it from all others. It is the very paragon of perfect programs.

Its purpose is as long as eternity.
Its plan is as wide as the world.
Its fruit is peace.
It makes for moral power among men.
Its revealings are divine.
Its scope is superhuman.
It is tolerant of all truth.
It is utterly free from prejudice.
It is essentially redemptive.
It compasses all that is good.

Program Points.

Each is indispensable. None could be spared.

1. *Movement.* A stationary program would be a farce. A stagnant river breeds ruin. It exhales miasms. An inert program is a contradiction. Mind moves. So must the program that proclaims it.

Jesus went about doing good. So must his disciple. An idle soul is a Dead Sea. Doing good—that is the only doing that is not evil.

"He liveth long who liveth well.
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."

Better work than waste. Better do than die. Ease breeds disease. Nothing but life will last forever. A river is never dry so long as it runs.

2. *Teaching.* Truth is the soul's capital. The man with a full mind is never bankrupt. Truth is given to tell. Her secrets are too sweet to keep. Everybody who knows something good ought to teach something good. Give it and keep it. Or keep it and love it.

A reflector that sheds no light is useless. "Ye are the light of the world," said Jesus. The stars are telling every night that the sun shines somewhere. Soul-stars must shine for earth's pilgrims who grope in the night. We must follow the Master's method. Let the home teach Christ. Let the school teach Christ. Let our literature teach Christ. Let the church teach Christ. Let the nation teach Christ. Let every disciple teach him by precept and example. Let

the knowledge of him fill the aching voids of the world.

"O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

"When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

* * * * *

"Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own."

3. *Preaching.* That is the third point in the program as stated by Matthew.

The good news must be proclaimed to the people. It is of no "private interpretation." It is not to be confined to some ecclesiastical corner. Let the house-top herald cry aloud this story of love.

Denominationalism must not build an ecclesiastical fence around the few. It must minister to the many. Let the holy herald make many footprints on the highways. Let him hunt the hedges and find the lost.

This gospel program claims that Christ is the cure for every trouble. He came to a world of woe. He would make it a world of weal.

What wondrous preaching is on this program! Rest for the weary. Peace for the troubled. Sight for the blind. Liberty for the captive. Pardon for the guilty. Life for the dying. Salvation for the lost. No other scheme in human history has approached such a manifestation of tion of mercy. It must be divine.

4. *Healing.* That is the fourth point in the program. Let the bed-ridden suffer. Look up. Mayhap at Christ's approach the fever will depart. If not, then He will soothe the sore with his sweet solaces. He will make the spirit strong to bear the burden. At all events this great physician will bring healing to the heart.

Medical missionaries, hospitals and all manner of therapeutic agencies are in Christianity's program. The sacred steps of Jesus the Alert ear of faith can hear as he moves in the hospital halls.

"Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy."

Lesson Sheaves.

The program of Christianity is:

A program of peace.
A program of power.
A program of progress.
A program of plenty.
A program from the past.
A program for the present.
A program for posterity.
A program for the people.
A program of education.
A program of civilization.
A program for character.
A program of sympathy.
A program of service.
A program of salvation.
A program that is simple.
A program that is sublime.
A program that is sufficient.

Lesson Messages.

1. Jesus was always hunting for people he could help (4: 23).
2. Teachers are torches that God sends to banish shadows (4: 23).
3. Every preacher is called of God to be a public teacher of truth (4: 23).
4. The gospel is neither sectional nor sectarian, for it is "The gospel of the kingdom" (4: 23).

5. Christ is the remedy for all the soul's troubles (4: 23).

6. When you lift another's burden the Lord will lift your own (4: 23).

7. The disciple of Jesus must do or die (10: 7).

8. The preacher's speech is high and noble—it is about a king and a kingdom (10: 7).

9. The greatest good is God, and he is always "at hand" (10: 7).

10. A man cannot hold much in his hand, but his heart can hold a kingdom (10: 7).

11. Sin is the only sickness that can hurt the soul (10: 8).

12. The heart that never helps is a hindrance (10: 8).

13. The doing of duty is death to the devil (10: 8).

14. The way to get more is to give what we have (10: 8).

Purpose of Christianity's Program.

In an address to Yale students recently Dr. Lyman Abbott said: "What are we here for?" He answered: "First, to get control of the world. That is civilization. Second, to overcome moral evil. That is Christianity." Whatever we may think of the accuracy of this classification, no one can doubt that the supreme aim of Christianity is to secure the doing of God's will on earth as it is done in heaven. This implies:

1. That it is to be done perfectly. Can anyone doubt that in heaven it is so done? Without question, everyone in the heavenly host renders obedience that is wholly satisfactory. Is it thinkable that Christ would teach his disciples to pray for something it is impossible to receive? Of course, the Christian can do God's will acceptably, perfectly.

2. That it is to be done constantly. This condemns the idea once rather prevalent that people should be very religious on Sunday, but it was not quite so important to be strictly upright through the week. Hugh Price Hughes affirms: "The distinction which is so commonly made between secular and sacred is a deadly anti-Christian delusion. There is not a single passage in the New Testament which justifies a man in acting upon different principles on Sunday and on Monday." Another has said with telling significance: "Your deeds on Monday tell me the meaning of your words on Sunday."

3. That it is to be done cheerfully. How joyously must the inhabitants of heaven do the Father's will! True, it is not always easy for us here to be happy in the performance of duty. Even Christ appeared in Gethsemane to dread the bitter cup. But, ordinarily, he could say: "It is my meat and drink to do the Father's will." Each true disciple may have a similar experience.

4. That it is to be done by everybody. No rebel could live in heaven. Some day it will be just the same on earth. Is not such a consummation worth suffering for, worth living and working for?

"And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shrink;
In the gay time and the sorrowful time,
We must march and do our work."

The carrying out of this program will bring in and enthrone such pure principles, and induce such conduct as will make the music of earth like unto that of heaven. Hatred and envy, vice and crime, cruel competition and devastating war will all be cast out as unworthy of human beings. Kindness and courtesy, benevolence and brotherhood, purity and rectitude, peace and good will, sympathy and mutual helpfulness will dominate all communities and all hearts. May God hasten the day!

Spirit of the Program.

It is that of blessed, unselfish ministry for the sake of Christ. Nothing can be more charming. And that which gives it force and reality is the astounding truth that Christ counts every deed done in his name, even to the humblest of his children, as done to him.

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for July 27—Worshipping the Golden Calf.

Suggestive Comment.

V. 1. *Moses delayed.*—God was giving him the constitution of a new nation, but the people could not wait forty days for that. Self-will is always in a hurry. Washington could not move fast enough for his critics, nor Lincoln go far enough for his. We want things done "while we wait," and we can't wait long. What blessings we miss by a cheap impatience! Walking by faith, never murmuring, is the price of great constitutions, great revelations, great achievements. *Make us gods which shall go before us.*—Give us a visible deity, not too awe-inspiring. It is the clamor of the senses against the spiritual. Give us the easy way, the pleasant way, of worship. Fit our religion to our life, since it is hard to fit our life to the religion we had! This is not the worship of a false god, but false worship of the true God. "God is a spirit," and spiritual worship is not easy. Forms are. Ceremonies are. *Sensuous worship* is easy to understand and share. It needs no preparation of the heart.

V. 2. *And Aaron said.*—Right there Aaron missed it. Any possible word he could have said at that moment was wrong—except No! How people love to get the preacher to consent when they want religious things made easy. There is, for instance, a vast deal of solemn mockery in the "chaplain" business in secret orders, in benevolent societies, and even in Congress. Aaron was not willing at first, of course. But when he had broken with his better self, he proved a fit leader for these recreant people. *Break off the golden earrings.*—Did Aaron think he would make the price so high that they wouldn't pay it? Sometimes we answer the devil that way, and are surprised when he promptly raises his bid for our souls. Their earrings were the least costly things they could give. God wanted them. It was no trouble to compromise on their ornaments. People are willing to pay for a religion that will take from them the need of personal devotion. Tithes are no trouble at all, as the Mormon and others have proved. The financial prosperity of a church is not always proof of its piety. It may prove just the other thing.

V. 4. *A molten calf.*—That was a fashion copied from Egypt. When people shut their eyes to "God is a spirit," they borrow their form of worship from the world. The amusement-fever in the modern church finds its expression in poor imitations of the theater, the minstrel show, and the circus. *These be thy gods.*—Is it not astounding that Aaron could say that, and the people accept it, under the shadow of Sinai? Glorifying the miserable work of their own hands, in sight of the cloud which veiled the mount! What mockery! On the Fourth of July how many orators did the same thing? Our current literature exploits and magnifies ourselves, our skill, our valor, our wealth, our learning, our prestige, with God out of the reckoning, save as a rhetorical flourish to our boasting. Yet be sure that, spite of all the parade of self and sense,

"Standeth God within the shadow."

V. 5. *To-morrow a feast unto the Lord.*—When self-deception goes so far, it no longer seems out of place to associate God's worship with the pleasures of sense.

V. 6. *And offered offerings.*—Offering for sin, when the ceremony itself was an organized sin. A peace offering, brought by a people at that moment in open rebellion against God! There is a grim incongruity about it all that makes one shiver. And yet how familiar it all is! Over and over and over again, to Israel and to us, the word of the Almighty comes: "To obey is better than sacrifice." And rose up to play.—They had lightly paid their religious obligations, and now they can play. This is the gospel of "a good time." Do you ever hear it now? Frivolity is not less frivolous because it is in a house

of prayer. When the church competes with the theater and the vaudeville platform it does an unworthy thing, and it doesn't do it well. You can't beat the theaters at their own game.

V. 30. *Ye have sinned a great sin.*—In the mouth of leaders truly great the truth is always its own credential. "Thou art the man" takes courage, as well as the prophet's vision. Yet men, soon or late, respect the fearless word. John Baptist, John Knox, Garrison, Phillips. Moses saw the greatness of the sin through the greatness of his love for the sinners. Real love is not blind, but keen-visioned. They enjoyed Aaron more, but they had more need of Moses. *Peradventure I shall make atonement.*—How the vicarious note is struck in all history of great love and great leadership! Israel had many a Moses who longed to make atonement before the Redeemer came. People say that a vicarious atonement is unnatural. It is the intensest longing of love, and love is always natural. David's cry, "Would God I had died for thee!" is the father-love speaking. Moses could not atone, but he could want to. David could not die for Absalom, but he could desire it. The world-old longing of the race for atonement finds its sole and perfect answer in Him who freely gave himself for us, the just for the unjust.

V. 31. *These people have sinned.*—Can you feel the heart-sob of that confession? These people—my people—thy people—the people for whom thou hast wrought so much—to whom thou hast pledged so much! Strange that they should have sinned! Against light, against their own interests, against every instinct except the selfish ones on the surface of their lives. Strange! Is not then our sin to-day infinitely stranger?

V. 32. *If thou wilt forgive.*—Here is the halting tongue because of the full heart. Many a prayer is glibly spoken because it costs nothing but thought, and but little of that. This prayer was wrung out of the man's very soul. Take heed how ye pray. Intercession is the greatest form of prayer. *If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book.*—That is the height of sacrifice. No mere rhetoric or oriental extravagance. Moses cannot be mediator, but he can make himself one with his people by sharing their penalty. How this is repeated in the lives we know! Wives with worthless husbands, mothers with ungrateful children, homes held together by the unselfish sharing of the innocent in the evil results of the sins of the guilty. With all these hints at the nature and worth of sacrifice on behalf of others, there is no difficulty in realizing the naturalness of the Great Sacrifice.

V. 33. *Whoever hath sinned I will blot out.*—That law is as changeless as the multiplication table. It is written in nature, in our hearts, as well as in the book. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." No Mosaic love can change that. Only Christ can fulfil it for the sinner, "that whosoever believeth in him shall never die."

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!

Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.

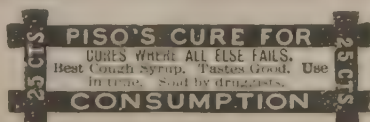
The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure.

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ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

THE CASE OF DR. BEET.

TWO correspondents protest against our recent editorial on the case of Dr. Joseph Agar Beet. It will be remembered that we approved of the action of the authorities in declining to nominate him for reelection to his chair in Richmond College. Since the protests of these good brethren came to hand we have carefully re-read Dr. Beet's published views on the future life, as well as the defense he has put out since he failed of renomination. And, honestly, we can find no reason to modify our printed opinion. One of our correspondents writes down several questions to which he requests definite answers. We comply most cheerfully:

Question: Do you not know that Dr. Beet is one of the ablest scholars of the Wesleyan Church, and that as such his views may be nearer the truth than the traditional faith of our church on the particular points in controversy?

Answer: We recognize the fact that Dr. Beet is, beyond question, the ablest exegete in the Wesleyan Church. His scholarship has been an honor to universal Methodism. But scholarship and high character ought not to shield him from criticism when he attempts, as an official teacher of theology, to promulgate views which his church believes are not sanctioned by the holy scriptures.

Q.—Are you not aware that Dr. Beet is a most spiritually-minded and devoted Christian, and that his influence upon the student body is of the best possible kind?

A.—We are fully aware of it. No one can surpass us in appreciation of the Christian character and life of the accused professor. But what has that to do with the question of giving official endorsement to views which our church regards as heretical? The best of men have been utterly mistaken in their judgment of vital questions.

Q.—Do you need to be reminded that in respect to all great essentials Dr. Beet is sound to the core, and that he claims to be at variance with the Wesleyan Church upon only one point, and that a side-issue and non-essential?

A.—There are no side-issues and non-essentials when it comes to instructing young ministers in biblical interpretation. But is the state of the unrepentant in the future life a side-issue?

Q.—Have you not heard that Dr. Beet's students to the number of over 100 have signed an appeal to the conference asking for his renomination, and that only one student refused to sign? Does not this show the greatest confidence in the teacher?

A.—Yes, the fact is now well known. It does show great personal attachment to Dr. Beet. But it is an expression of student affection rather than an endorsement of the doctor's teachings. The most able, admirable, lovable, spiritual man on the footstool should fail of renomination to a theological professorship if it is clear that he persistently teaches to candidates for the ministry doctrines which the denomination by which he is employed believes to be contrary to the word of God.

Powerful influences are being brought to bear upon members of the Wesleyan Conference to secure favorable action in the case of Dr. Beet. It may be that the widespread love for the man will lead the Wesleyan authorities to close their

eyes to his offense. It is very difficult to eliminate the personal element from such controversies.

A QUESTION YET.

THERE is some uneasiness over the promise of the directors of the St. Louis Exposition to close the gates of the big show on Sunday. It is charged that the contract entered may be easily broken if the exposition managers so desire. It is even hinted that the treasury officials are cognizant of this fact.

We assumed that the matter was absolutely fixed, and had a little shout over the good news. But we may have been a little previous. If the exposition managers are deceiving the American people, let them prepare for trouble. There are tens of thousands of people, especially those throughout the South, who will not tolerate open gates at St. Louis on the Lord's day. This especially so after the managers have accepted a large sum of money which was appropriated by Congress upon the distinct stipulation that there would be no admission to the grounds on Sunday. Let the St. Louis people attempt to nullify that contract and see what these outraged people will do!

We hope the suspicion expressed in some quarters may prove to be unfounded. The duplicity charged upon the government and the exposition officials, if true, would be a withering disgrace. We will wait a while and see.

THE CASH RESULT.

DO you remember the San Francisco banner of last year? A photograph of it was in THE HERALD after the convention. It looked something like this:

1901 Our Chief Aim 1902
MISSIONS

and it could be read a hundred yards away.

There has been much missionary talk, and missionary meetings have been held in every part of our Epworth League territory. The Open-Door Emergency Movement has helped to increase the emphasis on missions. With what result?

It is too soon to forecast the practical result of it all, but it is not too late for Epworthians to face a practical question. We have read about missions, talked about missions, prayed about missions, and have put vast machinery to work on behalf of missions. But is that all? *How much have we given to missions?* When the treasury counts its final dollars next October, how many extra dollars will be in the fund as the result of all this special endeavor?

We understand, of course, that the money measurement is not conclusive. The mission movement needs more than money. But "our chief aim" will have missed the mark if its influence does not send our hands deeper into our pockets for missionary giving than they have ever gone before.

We are hoping and believing that the General Missionary Committee will hold a meeting of jubilation next November, when it is found that the receipts have been materially increased by the year's campaign.

MONUMENTAL MISTAKES.

TWO curious illustrations of the ease with which mistakes are made by people who are supposed to know better have recently come to light. The beginning of Andrew Carnegie's interest in libraries is popularly ascribed to the encouragement he received from Col. John A. Anderson of Pittsburg, who gave the young Scotchman access to his private library. Colonel Anderson afterwards went to Kansas, became prominent in public life, and at his death his library, by the terms of his will, became the property of the College of Emporia. When Mr. Carnegie learned of the disposition of this library, he gave the college \$50,000 for a building in which to house it. And now it turns out that

Colonel Anderson, who was the friend of Carnegie's youth, was not the Kansas colonel at all, but another colonel bearing the same surname!

The other incident is connected with Mark Twain's recent Western journey to the haunts of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. After a steamboat trip on the Mississippi, on June 7, he unveiled a tablet which marked the birthplace of Eugene Field. The only drawback to the appropriateness and significance of the ceremony was this statement, made a few days later, by Roswell Field, the poet's brother. He said: "As a matter of fact, Eugene Field was not born in this house, nor within a mile of that neighborhood!"

Such modern instances are calculated to begot serious questionings in the mind of the guileless tourist when he is shown the spot where Cromwell is buried, or when he reads the accepted story of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. A great scholar has said: "When my mind is tired, and I need a change from my severer studies, I read novels—or history!"

OUR DISTRICT SECRETARY

NEVER loses heart. Is loyal to the core. Magnifies his office. Is alert and pushing. Keeps out of the ruts. Is willing to take advice. Is prompt and systematic. Has much common-sense. Is broad and progressive. Has a face like a sunbeam. Stands well with the pastors. Is an inveterate letter-writer. Keeps things much stirred up. Leaves no church unorganized. Is the soul of Christian courtesy. Goes around with eyes wide open. Knows league constitution thoroughly. Is an inventor of new ways and means. Is the presiding-elder's right-hand man. Knows how to set other people at work. Keeps on the warm side of local editors. Believes in the Junior League. Gives his league experience in THE EPWORTH HERALD. Maps out the convention program four months ahead of time. Believes in vital religion, and carries around a liberal supply of the same.

There will be no "advanced course" of International Sunday-school Lessons. The Denver Convention ended the discussion of that question, largely through the effective work of Dr. T. B. Neely, who led the opposition to the proposed new departure. Dr. R. R. Doherty secured the adoption of a resolution at the same convention, requesting the American Bible Society to secure such changes in its organic law as will permit it to print the scriptures according to the text of the American Revision.

Dr. C. H. Morgan of the Detroit Conference, one of the authors of the text-books in the league Bible course, recently spent ten days of service in the Illinois Conference. He gave eighteen addresses and sermons on Bible study and personal evangelism at the league conventions for Decatur, Champaign, and Mattoon Districts. The Bible-study movement everywhere meets with much acceptance. In the three districts named they were fully organized under the presiding-elder and energetic young men to develop the course.

It now looks as though President Chamberlin will be able to clinch the conditional gift of \$20,000 made by Dr. Pearsons to McKendree College. Dr. Chamberlin was handed \$15,000 at commencement time. Some other thousands are in sight. Let the Methodists of southern Illinois and eastern Missouri awake, and make the dear old school rich with dollars and benedictions!

Governor McLean of Connecticut said a good thing at the Yale Bicentennial when he declared "We must believe that when a boy is born into the world his share of the world's work is born with him, and he will fail in life if he leaves that work undone."

The presidents of Epworth League chapters cannot be lawfully installed until after the quar-

terly conference has confirmed the official's election. It will sometimes be a little inconvenient to wait, but such is the plain law, and law should be loyally obeyed.

The *New York Observer* has passed into new hands. The paper appeared last week in a modern dress, and otherwise decidedly improved. The *Observer* was started in 1823. It has had several distinguished editors, chiefest among whom was Dr. Samuel Irenæus Prime. A vigorous, delightful writer the great editor was. The *Observer* has for years contained two distinct papers in one—a secular and a religious paper. Both have been exceedingly well edited.

The President told Pittsburg of the danger in the trust. It is now said that Mr. Roosevelt has enough courage even to dare make that kind of a speech in New Jersey.

It is reported that Aguinaldo will soon tour this country with a lecture. A mistake. He will tour as a freak, and thousands will turn out to see him.

They had six inches of snow in Wyoming the other day. Thinking of that may help you people who are sweltering in 90-degree heat.

The toy pistol lived up to its reputation on the Fourth of July.

Good morning! Have you got your degree?

PURELY PERSONAL.

Bishop Thoburn is spending several weeks at Portland, Ore.

Dr. A. C. Hirst of First Church, Omaha, is very ill at the home of his daughter in Chicago.

Dr. C. O. Kimball of Edwardsville, Ill., is given a month's vacation, which he will spend at Piasa Chautauqua.

Rev. Dr. H. H. Fairall, editor of the *Iowa Methodist*, completed twenty years of service with the May issue of that paper.

Bishop Galloway was a welcome caller at THE EPWORTH HERALD sanctorium one day last week. He leaves in a few days for China and Japan.

Rev. J. C. Simmons, the San Francisco saint who made such a hit in his speech of welcome at the International Convention last year, is seventy-five years old.

Dr. H. B. Heacock and family of California have gone abroad for a year's sojourn. The doctor's address for the present is at Parr's Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London.

Rev. C. S. Cummings, candidate for sheriff in Androscoggin county, Maine, was a welcome caller at the sanctorium of THE EPWORTH HERALD one day last week. Mr. Cummings has been out on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Ora E. Pollard of Stirling, Kan., and Rev. G. H. Parkinson, pastor at Stafford, Kan., were married June 24. Mrs. Parkinson is a well known Kansas Epworthian. She has done effective work as Junior superintendent of McPherson District.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

Rev. F. W. Imboden has led the Kankakee (Ill.) Epworthians for four years, and is re-elected for the fifth.

At Florence, Mass., the Sunday-school and the league chapter held a joint missionary meeting every month, with conspicuous success.

Schaghticoke Hill, N. Y., with twenty-six active and twenty-nine associate members, takes thirteen HERALDS, and is doing definite work for missions.

The chapter at First Church, Hackensack, N. J., has a good library, and plans to add the missionary library to it. This is a vigorous and prosperous chapter.

The Epworthians of Grace Church, Moorhead, Minn., are supporting a pastor-teacher in India. Fifteen members are giving 1 cent a day, and find it a very light burden.

The chapter at Central City, Col., is devoting much attention to mercy and help work. A special subscription of \$75 was taken for that department at this year's anniversary service.

Mansfield (O.) District League practically assumed the obligation of supporting a missionary in the field, and twelve of the thirty-seven chapters pledged more than half the necessary amount, with some of the strongest yet to be heard from.

An active missionary campaign has just closed on Trenton District. Miss Soper and Miss Conner, gradu-

ates from the Woman's College of Baltimore this year, have spent eighteen days in a tour of the district, following the missionary rally held June 26 at State-street Church, Trenton, N. J.

Mechanicsville Branch of the Saratoga District League met at Round Lake, N. Y., June 19. The Juniors of Mechanicsville presented a model Junior exercise. "Studies in the Life of Christ," the league's Bible study text-book, was explained, and its use in all the chapters strongly recommended.

A new chapter was organized at Johnsonsburg, N. Y., at the time of the church dedication in May. That many-sided man, J. W. Powell of Buffalo, had a hand in it. The chapter is emphasizing the mission idea. Student campaigners have been welcomed, and the chapter is making good use of a missionary library.

Grant City (Ia.) Chapter held an "old people's day" July 1. Vehicles were provided to convey all of the elderly people to the parsonage, where a social visit was enjoyed. At noon a bountiful dinner was provided, the tables being spread under the trees on the parsonage lawn. After dinner an interesting program was rendered.

Wesley Chapter Epworth League, Flora, Ill., has agreed to support a Japanese student. Socials are held once in three months for this purpose, and the liberality of the members assures the success of the agreement. The mercy and help department does effective work. A flourishing Junior League aids the chapter in its activities.

The chief features of the Litchfield District Convention, held at Litchfield, Minn., June 13-15, were Bishop Joyce's sermon and the missionary enthusiasm. The latter reached its climax in the inauguration of the Joyce mission fund. This will be secured by members paying 1 cent per day, the sum total to be taken to the next district convention and there devoted to some mission work in the name of Bishop Joyce.

The Epworth Leagues of Kankakee District held their annual convention in Watseka, Ill., June 23 and 24. Reports showed development in numbers, spirituality, and missionary zeal. Mission-study classes have been organized on many leagues, and many practical plans have been introduced for general advancement. For much of the success of the district leagues during the past four years the president, Rev. F. W. Imboden, is directly responsible.

Owing to some oversight in appointing a reporter, the spring convention of the Brooklyn North District League, which was held at Oyster Bay, L. I., May 22, was not reported for THE HERALD. Someone writing to ask the reason why, says of it: "This convention was one of the most successful held in this region, about 400 delegates being present. The essay of Miss Ella I. Ballou on Junior League work was excellent, and the addresses of Drs. Anderson and Downey were everything desirable, both in matter and delivery. Three hundred dollars were raised for a fresh air fund." A fine program was well carried out.

GATHERING HOSTS.

The Lewiston District Convention, in session July 16 and 17 at Bath, Me., has Bishop Mallalieu and Dr. E. M. Taylor on its program. What a convention it will be!

The Northwest Epworth League Assembly at Clear Lake, Ia., meets July 28-Aug. 6. Besides a fine list of general lectures there will be addresses on themes of special interest to Epworthians by Dr. W. F. Oldham, Dr. H. W. Bolton, Dr. T. McK. Stuart, Roy E. Fuller, Col. Geo. W. Bain and others. The *Northwest Leaguer*, Iowa City, Ia., prints full particulars.

COLLEGES.

Miss Helen Gould has given \$40,000 to Mount Holyoke College to endow a chair of biblical history and literature.

Wells College at Aurora, N. Y., will have two new halls, having received gifts for that purpose amounting to \$91,000.

Bowdoin College, the leading educational institution of Maine, celebrated this year the completion of a century's work.

President Remsen of Johns Hopkins University has announced that the endowment fund of \$1,000,000 has been completed.

The only LL.D. conferred this year by Wesleyan University was upon Edmund J. James, president of Northwestern University.

Dr. Wm. Lowe Bryan has been elected president of Indiana State University to succeed Joseph Swain, who becomes president of Swarthmore College.

Prof. Henry Nelson Snyder has been elected president of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C. He was formerly professor of English at that institution.

Among the degrees conferred during Princeton's commencement was one of M.A. upon George S. Stark, a negro, and the first of his race to be thus honored by that institution.

Owing to the increased attendance, the trustees of Taylor University are planning to build a \$5,000 eight-room brick dormitory, to be ready for students at the opening of the fall term.

Henry Loomis Nelson, for a number of years editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has been appointed to the new chair of political science at Williams College. He was graduated from Williams in 1867.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Oberlin College it was announced that the institution had secured the \$300,000 necessary to obtain the \$200,000 promised by John D. Rockefeller.

Prof. S. P. Rice, the newly-elected president of Baylor University at Waco, Tex., less than twenty years ago was a member of a section gang on the Santa Fe Railroad, earning 65 cents a day with his spade.

Rev. Clayton S. Cooper of Lynn, Mass., has been invited to become Western college secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of America, associated with John R. Mott, secretary of the World's Student Federation, with headquarters at Chicago.

Among the gifts announced at the commencement exercises of Brown University were: \$30,000 from Paul Banjotti of Turin, Italy, for the purpose of erecting upon the college campus a clock tower, which shall be a memorial to his wife, and \$5,500 from Prof. Albert Harkness for a scholarship at the American School at Athens.

Trustee John S. Huyler of New York gave \$1,500 to Syracuse University to be used in Christian Association work next year. A large part of the money will be devoted to bringing prominent speakers before the Sunday afternoon meetings. Steps have been taken looking toward the erection of a building for the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Huyler has promised the last \$5,000 for a building to cost not less than \$50,000.

HOME MISSION NOTES.

Last year the W. H. M. S. sent \$70,000 worth of supplies to the frontier preachers.

Some of the wealthy people of Porto Rico are educated, but the majority of the people are densely ignorant. Only from 15 to 18 per cent. can read or write.

The W. H. M. S. is doing excellent work in Honolulu, Hawaii. The establishment of a kindergarten in connection with the mission means much good to the children of that island. Five dollars will give a little Hawaiian child instruction in the kindergarten for an entire year.

The Indians of the different agencies differ in almost every respect. Some of them are very ignorant, superstitious, degraded, barbarous, living little better than the brutes; others are intelligent, industrious, thrifty, living much like white people, and showing themselves eager to improve their condition; and between these two extremes are all degrees of advancement.

The following leaflets on frontier work will help make an interesting missionary program: "One Christmas doll," 2 cents; "St. Paul's baby," 2 cents; "Jewels in the rough" (free for postage); "Seen by a presiding elder's wife on a frontier district" (free for postage); "Helpful hints concerning supplies" (free for postage). For an extra 1-cent postage stamp these free leaflets will be sent with the pay leaflets. Address Miss Sarah M. DeLine, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

The number of immigrants to the United States during the last calendar year was 522,575, as against 472,126 for 1900. Only twice before in the history of the country has the influx of foreigners attained such proportions. The high-water mark in immigration was reached in 1882 and 1883, when the total number of aliens entering the country aggregated 788,990 for the first of these years and 603,300 for the second. The fiscal year for 1892 showed 623,000 immigrants.

A number of years ago a little boy came to the W. H. M. S. home in Unalaska to learn about the "Mighty to save." He now writes: "I love God and I came Christian when I was a little boy about ten years old. When I hear you care for Jesse Lee Home I am very much please. I like to learn how to read and write and how to talk English. Dr. Newhall is going to teach me next winter. Pray to God for me and I will stand for Jesus. I suppose you love God very much." Mrs. Bellier writes: "Adloot is a sincere Christian." It is difficult for those who do not realize the depths from which many of the Alaskans have come to appreciate the height which some of these Christian boys and girls have attained and know how beautiful they are.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

Twenty-one chapters united in a City Union rally on June 5, in Twelfth-street Church, under the direction of the social department. The church had been beautifully decorated by the local society, and the pastor, Rev. J. B. Graff, seemed to know many ways to make visitors feel at home as soon as they entered the building. Welcome was not on a card over the door, but it was observed on the faces and in the hands of bright young people, who made it their business to greet everyone coming their way. A large choir rendered splendid music, and led in some of the best congregational singing heard in any rally. Dr. M. S. Hard gave a timely and instructive word on "Social ways in reaching individuals for Christ," and Rev. W. G. Jones did the same on "Social methods in managing a church." Revs. Messrs. Boswell, Crowell, Decker, Gollie, Pearce, Rickop, Radcliffe, W. H. Smith, and Tindall participated in the program. R. C. Wells, W. G. Patterson, Harry Crowthers, and W. S. Umstead described the work in their wheel departments. Ice cream and cake were served to 420 Epworthians while they were engaged in pleasurable conversation. In this way the City Union closed another season of very successful work and gatherings.

Miss Gaul, Miss Bawden, Miss Quimby, and Miss Davis, all workers in our young people's organization, were among the seven graduated at the Philadelphia Collegiate Institute on June 5. They are all daughters of ministers. This school is doing a work very helpful to our denomination.

Epworthians and Methodist Endeavorers held a rousing meeting at Malvern, under the enthusiastic leadership of G. L. Schaeffer, Jr. Rev. J. G. Wilson, D.D., delivered an address on "Desirable characteristics in young workers." The daily papers said such gatherings would stir up the religious zeal of church and community.

About 300 Juniors aided Mrs. J. G. Wilson and H. L. Hall in the children's carnival, given at the Academy of Music on June 6, in aid of the Methodist Hospital. They sang as only Methodist children can sing, and recited and drilled as Juniors are taught to do under earnest leaders.

Central (Frankford) audience room was filled on the night of June 8, at the anniversary of the Epworth League. Many Epworthians, who had made the Children's Day service a great one, took part in the evening program. Dr. Boswell gave an address on "Work for young people." Dr. Burress, the pastor, and Sunday-school Superintendent Pattison infused much life into the exercises.

A feature of the anniversary at the Old People's Methodist Home on June 12, when 10,000 of our people went out to aid this good work, was an Epworth League song service at sunset. In this a large company of Epworthians entertained the inmates of the home with soul-cheering songs, and under it some of the aged ones shouted the praises of God. Next year we look to see an increased interest in this song service, and then to have it followed by a Methodist hallelujah chorus directed from the steps, and carried on by the multitude under the trees.

The rain of June 21 did not prevent Miss A. B. Sprowles from holding her annual rally of Juniors in Fairhill Church. Rev. J. F. Crouch gave an address on the "Lads and maids of the Bible," and Rev. C. M. Boswell spoke about "David's steps to victory." Mrs. J. G. Wilson sang "The twelves." Delegations from Fairhill, led by Miss Roth, and Snyder-avenue, led by Miss Batty, recited selections from the Bible and our church ritual. Mrs. Mary A. Shafer interested the children in an account of the progress being made by a child in Baroda, India, whom the Junior Epworthians of Philadelphia are supporting. Our little ones are in good hands while under the care of Miss Sprowles.

Mr. Thomas Dugan, who frequently attends our Epworth League rallies, and who is a member of East Park Chapter, has been renominated with great enthusiasm and unanimity for coroner of Philadelphia, and Mr. G. D. McCreary, actively interested in our rescue mission work, where he often leads the meetings, has been nominated for, and will be elected to Congress.

We sent quite a number of delegates to the convention of the Fourth General Conference District, held at Washington, and all say they had a great gathering. Revs. William May, B. F. Miller, W. E. Yeager, W. Q. Bennett, and Wm. Bamford of our conference were at the services as delegates, as were W. H. Gould, George Jewell, John Powell, Miss Jesse L. Jones, Miss Emma L. Miller, Miss Sallie A. Thompson, and Mrs. Fred Rebmam, well known workers. We are glad to note that W. H. Gould was placed in charge of the fourth department, Rev. Mr. Bamford on the advisory board, and Rev. W. Q. Bennett elected superintendent of the district Junior work. These

men are all well adapted to their assignments. Mr. Fred Tunnell of the Board of Control of the Epworth League has been elected secretary, and Rev. C. M. Boswell, president of the City Epworth League Union, has been elected chairman of the committee of twenty-five to invite the General Conference of 1904 to come to Philadelphia, and arrange for it should the invitation be accepted. This will assure a good time for Epworthians.

Epworth League movements in June closed with a Fourth General Conference District echo meeting in Christian-street Church. Rev. A. G. Kynett, the popular presiding-elder of the district, gave an address on the general condition of our denominational organization. Rev. B. F. Miller and others described the persons, addresses, places, and songs of the convention. All present felt like saying: "I will be at the next gathering of the kind."

THE CHICAGO DISTRICTS.

(From our own correspondent.)

Chandler has just closed a remarkable revival service.

Englewood First and Garfield-boulevard report flourishing Intermediate Leagues.

Garfield-boulevard Chapter is planning to start a revival at the very first of September. Bro. Reilly of the first department is a hustler.

St. Andrews has a fully organized Junior League of fifty members, and an average attendance of forty-two at the devotional meeting. Mabel Norris is the efficient little president.

The Chicago District has completed arrangements for a boat-ride July 26, to take the place of the usual midsummer rally. The steamship Easton has been chartered for the afternoon and evening, and will go to Michigan City, where a short stop will be made and luncheon served. An excellent musical program has been arranged, and every detail is being carefully planned to make this one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

The South-side Union, under the vigorous, wide-awake leadership of Mr. T. W. Davidson of Oakland Chapter, is doing great things. The June rally at St. James Church showed a good representation from every chapter in the union. After departmental conferences, conducted by the district officers, members of First Church, St. James, Oakland, and Hyde Park rendered an exceedingly fine musical and literary program. Every member of St. James Chapter was alert to see that everyone received a cordial welcome and an introduction to his neighbor. During the social hour which followed the program refreshments were served, and a pleasant time enjoyed.

"The most enjoyable evening that I ever spent," was the expression of all who attended the social evening given by the executive committee of the Englewood Union at the home of Rev. Mr. Thompson, pastor of Simpson Church, on June 16. The executive committee consists of the president, secretary, and one delegate from each chapter. Chicago District officers and the president of the South-side Union were also present. A short program was rendered by Rev. C. A. Kelley, Harry Edmiston, and Misses Thomas and Skrit. Rev. C. V. La Fontaine spoke for thirty minutes on "What the pledge should mean to every leaguer." Ice cream and cake were then served, and a social time enjoyed. Great credit reflects on the committee who had the affair in charge.

The bi-monthly rally of the Englewood Union was held at Garfield-boulevard Church June 19. Nearly every chapter was well represented. Luncheon was served from 6:30 to 7:30 by the local chapter, after which departmental conferences were held. They were well attended and very instructive. After a song service and prayer Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer spoke on the deaconess work and what the Epworthians could do for the Methodist Deaconess Orphanage and Epworth Children's Home at Lake Bluff. The address of the evening was given by Rev. E. J. Rose of Chicago Lawn, on "The leaguer for this age," which impressed all who heard it by the plea for a deeper faith in the church, the Bible, and God.

West Chicago Chapter is to have a new brick building, costing \$10,000 or more. The old edifice is being torn down. The league there is in a lively condition, and has a splendid study-class, using twenty sets of the reading-course books. They also take twenty-seven EPWORTH HERALDS, which is a large average for their membership.

The semi-annual convention of the Southwestern Subdistrict was held in Gage Park Church, on Thursday evening, June 26, and was well attended. Rev. J. B. Rose gave an excellent address on "Practical organization," and the ends to be attained from same; musical selections were rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Mandell and Miss Boettcher and Mr. Steinberg, and

the president, third vice-president, and secretary of the Chicago Western District gave short addresses on pertinent topics. Mr. W. M. Dutton was elected president of the subdistrict, and Miss Alise Boettcher secretary. Resolutions were adopted pledging hearty support to the coming district convention at Union-avenue, and the holding of monthly rallies throughout the subdistrict.

Wheaton Epworthians have the finest league-room in the country in their beautiful new church, and they spent some \$600 on it. It has green velvet carpet, stained glass windows, opera chairs, piano, a mantel in one corner, with gilt clock and ornaments, and an arch at the end, with table and chairs for the leaders. The chapter there has been much strengthened by the recent revival.

The Chicago Western District Convention will be held on Sept. 1, at Union-avenue Church, corner Union Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, and preparations are being made to make it one of the most successful ever held, the chapter there being fine entertainers.

The Intermediate League at St. Paul's Church is doing splendid work, and recently gave a supper and reception to the old people of the church, who turned out to the number of about fifty. Carriages were sent for the infirm, and those unable to attend received special suppers, carried to them, and messages of good cheer. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by the old people present, and many were the expressions they made in regard to the kindness of the Intermediates.

At the June business meeting of the First Evanston Chapter the following officers were elected: Pres., Miss Mary F. Long; V. P's, Arthur J. Strawson, Mrs. C. H. Gross, Miss Edith Bradley, and Miss Elizabeth Bragdon; Sec., F. R. Hubbard; Treas., Geo. T. Parkhurst; Jr. Supt., Miss Mabel Gurnsey; missionary chairman, C. H. Gross.

The Desplains Camp-meeting will take place from July 16 to 28 inclusive. Rev. Joseph Smith and Professor Miller will again be present. The evening services will be in charge of Evangelist Wm. A. Sunday. Epworth League will be Saturday, July 19, and the address will be made by Dr. Berry. Rev. C. A. Kelley will lead the Epworth League devotional meetings. A new and interesting feature will be the Epworth League school of methods, which will be held at 1:30 p.m. daily. Dr. Berry, Rev. Dan B. Brummitt, Willis W. Cooper, and others will assist in making these sessions enjoyable and instructive.

Auburn Park Chapter is in a flourishing condition. The officers are wide awake and progressive. Many and varied programs, profitable and enjoyable, have been prepared and presented. Karl B. Mitchell is president.

Royal C. Wise and Miss Ada Hooper, two of Scranton Chapter's most popular and faithful members, were married in the parlors of Grace Church June 10 by Presiding-elder F. H. Sheets, their former pastor. A large number of friends were present, and many beautiful presents given. Mr. Wise was first vice-president of the Chicago Northern District for two terms and rendered very efficient service. THE HERALD joins with hosts of friends in extending congratulations.

The quarterly convention of Northwest Subdistrict was held in Norwood Park Church June 6. Bad weather did not prevent the church being full of young people. Ernest E. Horth led the singing, and Subdistrict President George T. Day occupied the chair. The home chapter provided a substantial supper for all delegates, and Rev. F. S. Rodwell favored the convention with a solo. Rev. A. M. White of Austin delivered his celebrated lecture, "Fighting the bars in Joliet Prison." The address was very helpful, and appreciation of Dr. White's presence was manifested by a special vote of thanks. Edison Park secured the banner with 80 per cent. present, Forest Glen following closely with 77 per cent. Miss Judson was present and spoke earnestly of the work which is being done in the Lake Bluff Orphanage.

The interest in the Deaconess Orphanage and Epworth Children's Home at Lake Bluff continues to grow throughout the chapters of the Chicago districts. Many chapters, including Adams Street, South Park Avenue, St. Andrew's, Trinity, Englewood Second, West Chicago, Western Avenue, Washburn Avenue, and Oakland, contribute monthly to support this work. Many other chapters are helping in various ways. We are informed that the home for babies is absolutely needed at once. Mr. Hobbs has donated a cottage. The expense of moving it to the orphanage property and putting in a new foundation will be about \$500. Western Avenue Chapter has already raised \$71 towards defraying this expense, and we trust the balance will be speedily forthcoming. We cannot do enough for the homeless ones. Let every chapter help, and help now.

BALTIMORE BUDGET.

(By our regular correspondent.)

May 19 and 20 the League Union of Carroll and Baltimore Counties had a successful rally at Pleasant Grove, Hampstead Circuit. Baltimore city was represented with the counties. Large audiences, profitable discussion, and the Lord's presence marked the exercises. The first evening, Saturday, Rev. C. Turner Jones spoke on "Our influence as active Epworthians," followed by discussion of "Our young people and amusements." Sunday was a full day—love-feast, and a sermon by Rev. C. T. Harvey, in the morning; Junior service and ten-minute talks on selected scripture texts by Mr. John W. Abbott, Rev. W. M. Hutchins, and Rev. C. T. Harvey, in the afternoon, and a stirring song service in the evening.

The Sunday evening service of May 25 at Madison-avenue was given to the league, and made interesting by a half-hour of song, and a stimulating address by Pres. Geo. E. Reed of Dickinson College. Strawbridge Chapter had a patriotic service the same evening, with hymns to suit, and an address by Hon. Wm. M. Marine.

Piedmont Chapter had special exercises the evening of May 25 at its anniversary celebration—fine music, addresses by Pastor E. T. Mowbray and Judge Keller, the installation of officers, and the promotion of five young ladies from Junior to Senior League after public examination by the pastor as to their acquaintance with Methodist history and doctrine and the holy scriptures.

Homestead Chapter has been an efficient helper in providing funds for the new church approaching completion. A bazar recently held for that purpose, in charge of Miss Laura L. Taft, netted \$300.

At the annual meeting of Madison-avenue Chapter, June 6, the report of the sewing circle of mercy and help department for the year ending June 1 showed Christmas dinners amounting to \$30 to families at Clifton Mission; 1,927 garments distributed, of which 1,104 were new; dry goods, books, medicines, wood, shoes, groceries, toys, and clothing of all kinds donated to the needy, representing a cash value of \$1,204.50. Visits to the sick and sorrowing entered largely into the year's work. Mrs. James K. Myers, in charge, closes the report by saying: "In working for others we have each been blessed."

Saturday and Sunday, June 14 and 15, a league rally of West Baltimore District at Savage proved a rich blessing to the church, as well as to the Epworthians present. The first meeting, after a welcome by the pastor, Thomas Long, with neat response by Miss Grace W. Sweeney, third vice-president of the district league, and an address by Pres. T. M. Dickey of the local chapter, was given to devotional exercises. Sunday began with a sunrise prayer-meeting of good omen for the day. Rev. F. G. Porter preached the morning sermon, the Lord helping. The afternoon children's meeting had tokens of what was coming. The evening service, conducted by Mr. J. M. Baker of Baltimore, brought the crowning blessing of the day. Thirty-nine conversions were its visible fruit, increased to sixty-two during the succeeding meetings of the week.

Under the auspices of Strawbridge Chapter a unique service on "Christian Singers of England" was held the evening of June 15. The pastor spoke on "Religious feeling in English verse;" papers following on "A group of Anglo-Catholic writers," "Classic English poets in the Hymnal," "Evangelical hymn-writers," "Missionary hymn-writers," "Methodist revival hymns," "Puritan hymns," and "Three favorite writers—Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, Henry F. Lyte, and Thomas Ken." Choice hymns were heartily sung by the people.

Baltimore District League, principally through the suggestion of Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, has inaugurated an Aged People's Outing Association with the announced purpose of "providing short trips into the country, carriage rides, street-car rides, and bay-excursions, for old persons whose financial impoverishment, enfeebled constitution, and declining years make it impossible for them to enjoy a brief respite from the sweltering heat of the city during the summer season." There have been tendered a cottage at Rehoboth Beach for July and August free of charge; also, tents at Washington Grove and Emory Grove camp-meetings, and several homes in Baltimore, Carroll and Harford counties for a given time. The movements commend itself to the charitable. The *Baltimore Morning Herald* gives it editorial indorsement, and receives funds to aid it.

Frederick District League has had through the years a succession of annual conventions of high grade. Its last, June 17 and 18, at Martinsburg, W. Va., is assigned preeminence. In attendance, sustained interest, devoutness, intelligent grasp of the league's needs and possibilities, and promise of permanently good results from what was said and done, it met the expectations of the most sanguine. In ap-

propriateness and general excellence of subjects the program was equal to the best of former years. The first day's morning session was given to devotional exercises that were devotional in fact as well as form, and to organization. One hundred and thirteen delegates were enrolled. Reports, in the main encouraging, were made by the district officers. Of 29 chapters 22 reported 1,552 members; 11 Junior Leagues, 769. The largest Senior League is Center-street, Cumberland, 209 members; the largest Junior, Keyser, 182. No department exhibited more efficiency than mercy and help. A reading circle, conducted by Mrs. E. H. Zeigler of Hagerstown, and a round-table by Rev. Aloysius Green of Wilmington Conference, were attractive features of the afternoon. In the afternoon Mr. Green spoke on "Methodism's training-school," followed by a reception to the delegates that made them feel at home. A sunrise prayer-meeting in charge of Pastor W. W. Barnes began the next day. At the regular morning session Rev. E. J. Mowbray of Piedmont opened discussion on "The school of Methodist doctrine and polity," and Mr. J. J. Hetzel of Martinsburg on "Giving; its law and reflex influence." After a departmental congress Rev. R. J. Campbell of Hagerstown gave a forcible address on "The evangelization of the world in this generation," the convention showing its appreciation by electing him delegate to the Missionary Convention in Cleveland, O., next October, and recommending his address for a place on the program. In the afternoon a Junior hour, impressive without being funereal, was in charge of Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, general superintendent of Junior League, Lowell, Mass., who spoke on "What are we, the Junior superintendents, trying to accomplish?" Volunteer discussion on "Going home with a purpose" brought out some good things. At the last service, after a song service in charge of that expert leader, Rev. J. W. R. Sumwalt of Frostburg, Rev. Geo. W. Miller of Washington, D. C., lectured on "Pluck."

Officers elected: Pres., Mr. L. M. Bender, Martinsburg; V. P's, Mr. J. B. Newcomer, Williamsport; Annie Ringer, Hagerstown; Miss Anna Hanson, Frostburg; Mrs. Arthur F. Smith, Lonaconing; Sec., Mrs. Bettie Day Clark, Martinsburg; Treas., Mr. R. G. Richardson, Keyser; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Harry Boggs, Barton; Chairman Miss. Com., Mr. Robert Zeigler, Hagerstown. Revs. W. I. McKenny and L. A. Thirkeld were selected as delegates to the Anti-saloon League Convention in Washington, D. C., December next.

NEW YORK NOTES.

The Epworth Leagues of the city gave an excursion on Saturday, July 12, to West Point, on the Hudson, leaving New York at 1 o'clock, arriving at West Point in time to see the dress parade, returning to the city in the evening. It was a pleasant and enjoyable occasion.

Epworth Union No. 1, recently organized by the leagues of the churches at Thirty-seventh Street, Twenty-seventh Street, Seventeenth Street, Eleventh Street, Seventh Street, Second Street, Forsyth Street, Willet Street, and John Street, are already profiting by the organization which has recently taken place. Group-meetings are being held weekly throughout the summer, representative Christian workers being secured as speakers. Mr. A. Stanley Muirhead, the energetic league representative at Eleventh-street, is the president of the new organization, which insures its success.

Tuesday, Aug. 5, has been set aside at the Sing Sing Camp-meeting as Epworth League Day, and Rev. C. W. Millard, D.D., who is in charge of the camp-meeting this year, has already arranged a strong program. It is expected there will be delegates or representatives from every league in the district present on that date.

The convention of the Second General Conference District Leagues held last week, July 10-13, at Ocean City, N. J., brought together a large number of young people from the district. A very strong program was arranged under the direction of Rev. C. L. Mead, D.D., president of the board of control. Bishop Edward G. Andrews was announced to preach the convention sermon on Sunday morning at 10:30. We shall hope to report this convention more fully in a subsequent issue.

Mr. John E. Robinson, president of the Epworth League of St. Mark's, represents that organization at a conference of the Young People's Literary Congress to be held at Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 5-11.

The summer conference of the missionary workers at Silver Bay, Lake George, Aug. 16-25, will bring together a large number of our young people who are especially interested in missions. Both the New York Conference and New York East Conference District League will send delegates, and many of the leagues of the city will be represented by one or more of their members. This is one of the most beautiful

places on Lake George, and those who go will enjoy a restful as well as a helpful vacation.

Mr. T. J. Foster, president of the Epworth League at Grace, with his family, is spending his summer at Central Valley, New York, and is assisting in the local work of the church in that place, with the pastor, Rev. Charles H. Cookman.

The Nebraska Assembly.

The sixth annual session of the Nebraska Epworth Assembly will be held at Lincoln Park, Lincoln, from Aug. 6-14 inclusive. The high standard of former years is fully maintained in the program offered.

The assembly will be opened with a lecture by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Bishop Earl Cranston will preach and lecture. Other notable men secured for the assembly are Rev. Chas. F. Aked, a brilliant Baptist pastor of Liverpool, England; Dr. John P. D. John, ex-president of De Pauw University; Dr. Chas. A. Crane, pastor of People's Temple, Boston, and Rev. Frank Dixon of Hartford, Conn. Dr. Thomas Nicholson of Cornell College will give daily Bible readings throughout the assembly, and also conduct a preachers' institute.

Rev. E. J. Baskerville of Madison, Wis., assisted by Prof. E. O. Excell, will conduct the daily evangelistic services, which have always been a notable feature of this assembly. Dr. Homer C. Stuntz will lecture on the Philippines, and make a series of addresses on missionary work. Among the entertainers are Edmund Vance Cook, poet, Wallace Bruce Amesbury, reader and humorist, and Alton Packard, the popular chalk talker. Professor Excell will direct the chorus. Mrs. Annie Hobbs Woodcock will have charge of the Junior work. Other men and women of marked ability will be heard from the assembly platform. A prospectus may be had by addressing President L. O. Jones, Lincoln, Neb.

COOL BODIES

Made by Appetizing Food.

You can feel as "fit as a lord" in hot weather if you eat sensibly. If you aren't entirely happy in hot weather, suppose you quit your way and try ours.

Take a cold sponge bath, dress leisurely, and sit down to a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit, and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Don't fear, you won't starve; on the contrary, that "lordly feeling" will take possession of you by lunch time.

Grape Nuts is a concentrated food, and contains as much nourishment as bulky, body-heating food like meat, potatoes, etc. Its crisp daintiness will appeal to your palate, and the result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body and the certainty of ease and perfect digestion.

Quit coffee; it unnaturally stimulates the brain and nerves, heating the body and causing an uneven temper; use Postum Food Coffee, has a charming flavor when properly made, and does not affect the nervous system, but assists the brain to work with ease and clearness.

Experience and experiment in food and its application to the human body has brought out these facts. They can be made use of, and add materially to the comfort of the user during the hot weather.

Look through the recipe book in each Grape-Nuts package for delicious puddings, entrees, salads, and desserts.

A LITTLE OFF THE TOP.

Attic Wisdom at First Hands for House Owners, House Renters, House Builders and House Designers.

We have just received a book overrunning with practical suggestions about houses, particularly about roofs and all kinds of roofing—rich in interesting historical matter and artistic illustration. Its title is "A Fifty Year Roof."

This book is issued by American Tin Plate Company for general distribution. It treats incidentally of M. F. Roofing Tin, the Norristown New Method tines and U. S. Eagle tines; but the greater part of its forty eight pages is devoted to technical information that every house builder, designer, owner, or renter should have at hand at all times. One chapter, "How to Construct a Tin Roof," contains many suggestions of inestimable value, and many facts familiar only to experienced builders. Following this are nearly fifty accurate tables and formulas of sizes, gauges and measurements, needful in house building and repairing.

The cover of this book is very artistic in beautiful colorings and very novel in arrangement, part of the design being an actual sheet of the famous M. F. tin, showing the trademark as it is stamped on the genuine.

Anybody that lives in a house or helps to make houses would be benefited by reading "A Fifty Year Roof," and may have a copy free by sending address to W. C. Cronmeyer, Agent American Tin Plate Company, 1211 Carnegie Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

The League's Many-Sided Helpfulness.

Don't send a check or give a dollar when you ought to go yourself.

Knoxville, Pa., hired a trained nurse for one of the chapter members.

Many districts are taking up fresh-air work, the city and country chapters cooperating.

One chapter sends a copy of "Intra Muros" to those whose homes have been bereaved.

One chapter has a regular engagement to hold meetings once a month at the "old ladies' home."

A good thing for a country chapter to undertake is the repair and maintenance of the parsonage.

A linen social in a Kansas chapter provided a box of towels and other supplies for Bethany Hospital.

There is a box in one church vestibule marked "Mercy and Help." It is as good as the old poor-box, and is more thoughtful.

Canisteo, Pa., spent \$30 on an invalid chair, and loans it to those who would otherwise be shut in. It is a paying investment.

The mercy and help department in one chapter does the work of the old-fashioned Dorcas Society, making clothes for poor children.

One second vice-president spent four weeks in one home nursing, and three weeks in another, caring for the children while the mother was in hospital.

Call on the aristocrats, as well as on the poor folk. Some people in good circumstances are in need of you quite as much as the so-called "un-churched masses."

On Lynn District some country chapters which had few calls for relief work sent boxes of clothing in to a city chapter which knew just what to do with them.

Money for mercy and help work is raised in one chapter by the earning of a minimum of 50 cents on the part of each one who can be interested in the work. The usual experience social adds zest and brightness to the plan.

The mercy and help department which has three or four people ready and willing to sing at funerals will be a blessing to the pastor. Especially if he has many funerals to conduct among people who are not connected with the church.

During the scarcity of vegetables last fall there came a plea for some help from the Omaha Methodist Hospital. One chapter held a "vegetable sociable." Price of admission, vegetables. A four-bushel barrel was filled without difficulty.

The mercy and help committee of a Rhode Island chapter called on a happy veteran preacher on his eighty-ninth birthday. The pastor went along, and, what with prayer, song, and a few birthday reminders, the call was a most delightful event.

A saloon wanted to locate near a church. The league chapter and the pastor, together with the pastor of a neighboring Presbyterian Church, made such vigorous protest that the saloon people said, "These people made it too hot for us," and withdrew their petition.

The flower-mission work is worth all the money it costs. But it can be extended and managed at less expense if the chapter can plan for a flower-garden or a greenhouse of its own. Plants can be loaned from this greenhouse, and returned to be ready for further service.

One Junior league keeps the church lawn in order. In the center of the lawn is a circular flower bed, in which foliage plants are arranged in the form of the league badge. Around this design is a collection of plants which furnishes flowers for the work of the mercy and help department.

A group of Epworthians drove out to the country one summer afternoon to a "fruit canning." The fruit was donated by the host, and the cans furnished by the chapter. The after-

noon was delightfully spent, refreshments being served after the serious business of putting up the fruit was over. The nearest Methodist hospital was enriched by a goodly shipment of most acceptable fruit.

A school for colored children in South Carolina was sorely in need of a library. It had 300 students and no books. The facts came to the knowledge of a mercy and help department in Wisconsin, and the gift of one volume or more from each member of the chapter formed the nucleus of what will shortly be a fine library. That is fruitful home missionary work.

One mercy and help department circulates subscription-cards among the business men, asking an annual subscription of goods from their stock. When need for any of these supplies arises the subscription-card is presented by the chairman, and the amount of goods supplied is entered on the back of the card. This is a simple and satisfactory way of keeping the account.

"We asked, at prayer-meeting, a very poor old lady, who always comes to church when she can, how old she was. She said she would be eighty years old the next Monday. So seven of us gave her a surprise donation party, which not only helped her, but us as well. Then, in September, invitations to an all-day meeting at the church were sent to the old people of the church. About twenty were brought in carriages, and enjoyed a good dinner, a social time, and, I think, best of all, an old-fashioned class-meeting."

The hardest day, in almost every home, is Saturday, when all the little folks are out of school, and the mother finds much work and worry. Her cares would be lightened if a few young people would give a little time to the children. Gather them in the church vestry for two hours or more Saturday morning, planning games for their amusement. The time will pass pleasantly for the little folks, and may easily be made helpful and instructive. How much it will mean to the overburdened mothers only they can tell.

A thoughtful second vice-president provides a supply of quilts and bed-linen with which to supplement the stock in homes where sickness has made unusual drafts on the linen closet. The quilts for this purpose are pieced by old ladies who are glad to find a way in which they can be of service. The friend who has tried this plan says: "I have been out on two cases of typhoid fever where I took this course. I always carry a few delicacies for the sick, and some flowers, which speak words we never know how to say."

One district's activities include nursing for the sick, provisions for the poor, supplies for hospitals and deaconess homes, payment of doctors' bills in urgent cases, literature furnished to the sick at home, sent to missions abroad, and boxes of magazines and other periodicals sent to the prisoners in the state penitentiary. Visits are made to places where needy ones are cared for, such as the county farms, the local hospitals, and the orphans' home. At the latter place fireworks were supplied the children on the Fourth of July. Besides all this, \$200 a year is given in cash for charitable purposes.

A good plan for systematic visiting: Print small cards with blanks for particulars of the people who are to be visited—name, address, church-relation, etc. On the reverse of the cards provide a blank for dates of visits and names of as many visitors—five or ten—as may be willing to make these calls. The blanks on the front of these cards are filled out from the lists of people needing visits. Give the cards to the members of the visiting committee. Each one, after making a call, notes the date on the back of the proper card, and signs it. The cards are exchanged among the group of visitors until all have made calls, which will be shown by the date blanks having all been filled out.

FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

In May, 1898, when the Epworth Chapter of First Church, Ft. Scott, Kan., held its regular business meeting, the condition of the children in certain poorer districts of the town was discussed with much interest. A committee was appointed to study the field. As a result, an afternoon school was established, into which thirty-three children were gathered. Here they were taught Christian songs and principles. The girls were taught to sew, and the boys were kept busy in various ways. Soon, instead of one room, a whole house was rented, and plainly furnished by the donations of friends. This was the beginning of "Epworth Home." Its first occupants were a lady, who took charge of the home for her board, and two little motherless girls—Birdie and Bertha. The sewing-class continued to meet, and, during the winter, sixteen needy persons were sheltered in the home. Responsibilities so increased, and money was so much needed, that it was decided to ask all persons interested to assist in the work. Accordingly, a meeting was called at which a board of directors, chosen from various churches, was elected. Among the directors were the president of the chapter, and two members of the original committee.

The next year "Epworth Home" was incorporated, and a larger house was rented, the societies of various churches furnishing the different rooms. Business men sent in donations; Epworth League Chapters throughout the district sent both money and provisions, and a most capable matron was secured. The following year an indoor fair was held from which \$1,000 was cleared. In the spring a wealthy citizen offered a house and lot to the home. The directors accepted the offer, and "Epworth Home" became "Goodlander Home." There has been for the last year an average of twenty under its care. Besides the donations of individuals, the home now receives each year an appropriation of \$300 from the state.

A TYPICAL REPORT.

Below is a report from the social department of Lane Chapter of First Church, Bellaire, O.:

We have used personal effort in securing eight out of twenty-six new members. It is our custom to have league socials strictly free of charge, always serving refreshments, which usually consist of three articles selected by the social department committee. A social given by this department last September proved to be the best one this year, if not the most successful ever held in our church, which has from five to six hundred members. We made a canvass of the entire church, making a call and delivering an invitation to each family. We urged every one to be present. A short musical program was held in the church proper; we served refreshments in Sunday-school room. Vines and flowers decorated the tables. We arranged for from fifty to sixty to be seated at tables at one time, and as each guest was seated he was given a badge of red and white ribbon. Result, large crowd, good social time, splendid success. In March this department surprised the literary reading circle. The surprise consisted of a good social time and refreshments.

The social department furnishes the chorister for the devotional meetings and arranges for music during extra meetings or any social events which the chapter decides to have. We also prepare music for league prayer-meetings, which are held occasionally for three nights in succession.

We have made calls on the sick, strangers, new members, those not accustomed to come to Sunday-school or league, and on absent members, making from seventy-five to one hundred personal calls. We have gone to homes and boarding-places to accompany those invited to the various church services.

Recent Conventions.

North Dakota State.

North Dakota Epworthians assembled in Grand Forks, June 19-22, to the number of 200, to participate in the eighth annual convention. Seventy-five per cent. of the chapters in the state were represented. Some delegates journeyed nearly 300 miles. Great credit is due President Elford and Secretary Putnam for their pre-convention work.

The program began Friday morning, with nearly every delegate present. Rev. C. D. Lewis of Mayville presented the Epworth League plan of Bible study, with illustrations of its practical working.

Following the Bible study on Friday came a brief "Figures talk," from Rev. W. P. MacVey of Grand Forks. This was illustrated by a map of the state, showing Methodist population by counties. The Methodist Church, while the largest in the state, has a ratio of but one to fifty of the population, against one to fifteen through the entire country. Twelve counties reported no Methodists; so that North Dakota may be regarded as the great missionary field of the country, especially in view of its accessibility.

It was a pleasure to North Dakota young people to greet Dr. Berry. If sincere appreciation is reward enough, the leader of the Epworth hosts must feel repaid for giving North Dakota a place on his crowded program. Friday was Dr. Berry's day. In the morning he sustained a running fire of questions on every sort of league interest except the theoretical. It was a "questions and answers" department without the usual delay. Puzzled Epworthians had their conundrums solved, and now know what to do and how to do it. In the afternoon Dr. Berry again had the right of way, with a study of the first four departments.

These practical considerations prepared the convention for the great evening meeting. For over an hour the general secretary discussed the program of the league for the coming year, culminating in an appeal for personal spiritual activity. Round the altar came the presidents of the chapters, then the other officers, then pastors, then workers who felt the impulse of the Spirit, and in reverent, solemn dedication young lives were consecrated to definite, intelligent work. Following this a delightful reception was held.

Saturday morning's program was particularly practical. Classes in Bible study and in mission study were held—this last, in charge of Miss Sibley of Fargo, with the Fargo delegates as the class. An address on Junior League work was given by Rev. W. C. Fry of Hunter.

In the afternoon, Rev. James Anderson of Drayton spoke upon the relation of pastor and people in evangelistic work. The next feature of the program was distinctive. Two leading laymen of other denominations spoke on "Stewardship." Mr. A. G. Schulthers, of the Episcopal church in Grand Forks, spoke on "Time," and Mr. R. B. Griffith of the Baptist church on "Money." It was a case where the habits of the speakers emphasized every word.

Red River Valley University at Wahpeton is an institution dear to the Epworthians of the state. Dr. Robertson has toiled at the foundations for three years, perhaps unconscious of the accumulating influence. But on Saturday afternoon the convention told about it. Dr. Robertson was unable to fill his place on the program, so a substitute program was extemporized. Rev. T. A. Olsen of Enderlin, Dr. H. G. Leonard of Fargo, and Dr. R. N. Avison of St. Paul spoke briefly on features of college life, and extolled the work of Red River Valley University under its president.

Saturday evening Dr. Avison of St. Paul portrayed the needs and opportunities of America as a great mission field.

Sunday morning opened with a Morning Watch service, at 6:30 o'clock. At its close fifty enrolled themselves as "Comrades." At 9:30 the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to 200 people. The convention sermon was preached by Rev. H. G. Leonard of Fargo. In the afternoon two sessions were held, one for the young women, in the Baptist church, and in charge of the first vice-presidents, who were in attendance. The men's meeting was a ritual service of the Brotherhood of St. Paul, in charge of the Grand Forks chapter of that order. At 7 p.m. the Epworthians gathered to participate in the inspiring devotional service, led by Prof. W. M. Bryant of Grand Forks. Dr. Avison of St. Paul then preached a sermon on "Workers." It was a sermon to be remembered. The president-elect then took charge. The new state and district officers were called to the chancel for prayer. Bro. A. S. Elford, retiring president, led in prayer, and was followed by the new president, W. P. MacVey, and by Dr. Leonard. Thus closed the most successful religious gathering of any kind ever held in North Dakota.

To Clean Nursing Bottles.

Nothing is more difficult to Keep clean and sweet than a nursing bottle. Yet if it is not thoroughly cleaned, the particles of milk adhering to it become rancid and affect the health of the infant. No trouble will arise from this cause, if, after using the bottle, it is first rinsed in cold water, then filled with warm Ivory Soap suds and let stand for half an hour, and then well rinsed.

Resolutions were passed pledging the league to the maintenance of an "Epworth professorship of English and the English Bible," in the Red River Valley University. Professor MacVey, who is to hold this chair, was elected state president, and will give a portion of his time to holding Bible institutes, under the auspices of local chapters. It was also decided to organize three district leagues in the several parts of the state, and such organizations were perfected at separate sessions of the district delegates. Hereafter the state convention will meet once in two years.

Resolutions of appreciation of the work of Bro. A. S. Elford were adopted. Bro. Elford retires from the presidency after five years of most faithful and efficient service.

New officers were elected as follows: Pres., Prof. W. P. MacVey, Wahpeton; V. P.'s, Rev. T. A. Olsen, Enderlin; Mrs. M. P. Burns, Jamestown; Charles Moses, Drayton; Sec., Prof. W. M. Bryant, Grand Forks; Treas., Miss Parker, Pembina; Jr. Supt., Rev. W. C. Fry, Hunter.

Maine State.

The delegates fairly "rained" down upon Livermore Falls, Thursday, June 26 but all were quickly conducted to the homes where they were entertained.

The president called the convention to order at 2 o'clock and prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Foster, the oldest Methodist clergyman and the oldest Methodist Epworthian in the state. The convention sermon was delivered by Rev. G. H. Spencer of East Boston. His subject was "Being a disciple."

At 7:30 a. m. Rev. W. F. Berry delivered an address on "The Christian and the state," in which he emphasized the importance of the state, and said "The men we elect to office will give to the office the color of their own character."

A goodly number attended the sunrise prayer-meeting, conducted by Rev. A. T. Craig. At 9 o'clock Rev. Robert B. Haskell of Dexter gave an excellent address on "The Epworthian viewpoint." "The coming revival" was the subject of Rev. E. S. J. McAllister's address. Following this address the annual business meeting was held and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: Pres., S. L. Porter, Bangor; V. P.'s, E. H. Smith, Gardiner; Miss Maud F. Nichols, Bucksport; Nettie L. Haney, Bangor; Mr. Orin Frost, Augusta; Sec., Miss Alice M. Lord, Portland; Treas., Frank M. Strout, Portland; Jr. Supt., Mrs. W. P. Lord, Farmington.

The secretary reported 107 chapters, with an aggregate membership of 5,529. The invitation of the Dexter League to hold the convention with them next year was accepted.

Friday afternoon was given up to the consideration of the Junior work. The music was furnished by the children and two earnest practical addresses were given, the first by Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, on "The value of a child," the second by Miss Sarah M. Storey, on the "Work of the church among the children." These were followed by a conference of pastors and Junior workers, conducted by Mrs. Smiley.

Rev. S. H. Stackpole of Melrose, Mass., spoke in

the evening on the topic, "Who is my brother?" The consecration service with which the convention closed was considered by many the best service of the convention. (Reported by Miss Alice M. Lord.)

Vermont State.

The opening session of the Vermont Convention was held in Trinity Church, Montpelier, June 23.

Rev. L. K. Willman spoke upon the theme "What is the purpose of this convention?" opening his remarks with words of welcome to the delegates and visitors.

The convention sermon by Rev. F. J. McConnell of Cambridge, Mass., was the feature of the first session. His theme was "The silence of Jesus."

Thursday morning the convention opened at 8 o'clock with district meetings, all of which later adjourned to Trinity Church for an "Hour of Inspiration," in which Rev. C. S. Nutter, presiding-elder St. Albans District, was the principal speaker. A very pleasant feature of the forenoon session was the "Greetings" and "Good will," brought to the convention personally by Rev. Guy C. Lamson for the Vermont Baptist Young People's Union, and by Rev. W. A. Morrison for the Vermont Christian Endeavor Union. An hour was occupied in open parliament, discussing league work and conditions. After this Miss Josephine Fisk, superintendent New England Deaconess Home, spoke very interestingly upon deaconess work.

At the afternoon session Dr. F. D. Gamewell gave a thrilling account of his experiences during the siege of Pekin, and the Boxer uprising in China, after which the open parliament on the topic, "How can the league assist in increasing the missionary contributions of the church?" was put into the hands of Dr. Gamewell for discussion.

C. S. Andrews, Barre, president, Miss Flora Morse, Waterbury, secretary, and Bruce McDonald, Montpelier, treasurer, were elected for the ensuing year. The Junior League hour, conducted by Mrs. F. L. Page, Barre, was extremely interesting.

At the closing service Rev. Junius E. Mead of Burlington spoke very inspiringly upon the theme, "Epworth League principles and the state." Short testimonies were given on "How the convention has been helpful to me," and the convention closed with the Mizpah benediction. (Reported by C. S. Andrews.)

Wooster District.

The thirteenth annual convention of Wooster District was held at Barborton, O., June 24 and 25. The attendance was good, and the program most interesting throughout. The principal speakers were Dr. Pratt of Akron, who lectured Tuesday evening on "The new crusade," and Dr. Dawson of Lorain, who talked Wednesday afternoon on "Bible study," and Wednesday evening on "The personal element in Christian service."

Excellent papers were read during the meeting as follows: "Mercy and help," Miss Martha Swanger, Orrville; "Missions," Miss Esther Small, Dundee;

"Systematic Bible study," Mrs. Chas. Brown, Massillon; "Prophets, ancient and modern," Rev. H. R. Warner, Navarre; "Social life of the league," Miss Jennie Warner, Wooster; "Why and how?" Miss Mary McKee, Canal Dover.

The next annual convention will be held at Canal Dover.

The following officers were elected for the year: Pres., Prof. Wm. Glasgow, Barberton; V. P's, Miss Esther Small, Dundee; Miss Martha Swanger, Orrville; Mr. Bernard McCaron, Wooster; Miss Mary Schwartzlow, Navarre; Sec., Miss Mary Torbett, Wadsworth; Treas., Mr. D. D. Gensemer, Creston. (Reported by Grace Warner.)

Crookston District.

The twelfth annual convention of the Crookston District Epworth League was held at Bemidji, Minn., June 19-22. It was characteristic of the age, being a merger of the Ministerial Association and District Epworth League. Friday was "Ministerial Association Day." The association sermon was preached by Rev. A. H. McKee of Warren.

The delegates greatly enjoyed a boat ride on Lake Bemidji in the afternoon.

The evening service was devoted to the interests of temperance. Rev. Geo. E. Satterlee of Crookston gave a soul-stirring address on "A city built in blood."

Saturday was "Epworth League Institute Day." The convention sermon was preached by Rev. E. A. Cooke of Hallock. The feature of intense interest was the debate. "Resolved that the work of the literary department is more important to the Epworth League than the work of the social department," was ably discussed by Rev. J. Watson of Wadena and Miss Emma K. Ballantine of Fergus Falls on the affirmative, and Rev. A. H. McKee of Warren and Isaac Peart of Thief River Falls on the negative. On summing up the arguments the vote of the convention stood fifty-four to fourteen in favor of the negative.

Miss Zimbrick of Park Rapids read a paper entitled "A practical Epworth League," and Miss Dilla B. Bradford of Hubbard presented a paper on "The Epworth scribe, or the department of correspondence."

W. B. Auxer of Moorhead read a paper on "The financial department." Mrs. A. H. McKee of Warren read a paper on "The spiritual department." A paper on "The mercy and help department" was presented by Miss Ada Packard of Crookston. Rev. J. T. B. Smith of Cass Lake gave an address on the "League and the newer criticism."

A telegram of congratulations was wired to the North Dakota Epworth League Convention in session at Grand Forks.

The new officers are as follows: Pres., C. W. Russell, Crookston; V. P's, Miss Mary Hanson, Detroit; Lars Ericsson, Wadena; Prof. F. O. King, Park Rapids; Miss Nellie M. Covell, Bemidji; Sec., O. P. Burrows, Breckenridge; Treas., W. B. Auxer, Moorhead; Cor. Sec., Mrs. F. Welter, Crookston; Jr. Supt., Mrs. D. A. Foster, Akeley; Adv. Board, Revs. J. T. Hammond, Moorhead; G. E. Tindall, Frazee; A. H. McKee, Warren.

Sunday began with a "Morning glory meeting" at 6 a.m. The love-feast at 9:30 a.m. was conducted by Rev. A. J. Lidstone of Breckenridge.

The morning sermon was preached by Rev. J. Watson of Wadena. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was then administered by the presiding elder, assisted by the brethren.

The afternoon was given up to the exercises of the Juniors, and methods and ways of Junior work were given due consideration.

In the evening an evangelistic sermon was preached by Rev. Geo. E. Tindall. (Reported by Rev. Geo. E. Tindall.)

London District.

The annual institute of London District was held at London, O., June 24 and 25.

Mr. J. E. Baldrige of Delaware conducted a "Bible study" conference. Dr. W. H. Lewis, superintendent of the Protestant Hospital at Columbus, spoke in the interest of the hospital. Miss Jessie Jackson of Georgestown read a paper on the subject, "What constitutes a successful, devotional meeting?" Miss Grace Tripp of Hilliards discussed the same subject.

"Personal work in soul winning" was the subject of an address by Mr. Baldrige. Dr. R. T. Stevenson of Ohio Wesleyan University delivered an inspiring address at the evening service.

The Wednesday morning devotional service was conducted by Rev. A. P. Cherrington of Sedalia. Dr. J. H. Worley, missionary to China, gave a thrilling missionary address. Mrs. B. F. Jackson of West Jefferson had for her theme, "The missionary study-class." A paper, "Our monthly missionary meetings," prepared by Miss Jennie Black of Plain City, was read by the secretary. The chairman of the dis-



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trict missionary committee, Miss B. Ellice Robinson of Delaware, gave a short talk on "Missionary campaigning," and Dr. Worley closed the discussion. "Christian stewardship: obligations and methods," was the subject of an address by Mr. A. Claude Bostwick of Mt. Sterling. Mr. Threlkeld of Jeffersonville followed with a talk on the same subject; a paper by Mr. Lewis of Worthington closed the subject.

After devotions the Wednesday afternoon service began with a short business meeting. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Pres., Mr. L. C. Houston, London; V. P's, Dr. G. M. Gantz, Worthington; Miss Lorena Shepherd, Harrisburg; Miss Jessie Maxey, South Solor; Miss Jennie Black, Plain City; Sec., Bertha R. Hammond, R. F. D. No. 2, New Holland; Treas., Mr. R. N. Nash, Irwin Station; Jr. Supt., Miss Madge L. Williams, Jeffersonville; Chairman Miss. Com., Miss B. Ellice Robinson, Delaware.

Fourth department work was then taken up, and Miss M. Isabelle Lovely of Galloway read a paper on "Relation of the social to the spiritual work of the league."

Mr. Edgar E. Brown of Columbus spoke of the "fresh-air work" this district participated in last year, and asked the delegates to share in the work this year.

Mrs. S. M. Taggart of Jeffersonville gave the "Junior League aims and methods." Presiding-elder Dick conducted the installation service.

About eighty-six delegates, ministers, and speakers were in attendance at the institute. Thirty-five Senior Chapters reported to the secretary a membership of 1,597. Fifteen Junior Leagues have 479 members. (Reported by Bertha R. Hammond.)

Ida Grove District.

About one hundred delegates were in attendance at the twelfth annual institute and convention of the Epworth League of the Ida Grove District, held in Rockwell City, Ia., June 24 and 25.

The first session, held Tuesday evening, opened with a song service by the local chorus choir. Rev. Louis Thurber Guild, Ph.D., of Des Moines delivered a lecture on "The cross and the crescent." After the lecture a reception was tendered by the local chapter, and a pleasant social time enjoyed.

Wednesday began with an early-dawn prayer-meeting; theme, "Equipment for leadership," led by Rev. W. J. Todd of West Side. At 8:00 a.m. Dr. W. S. Lewis, president of Morningside College, spoke on "The business of the Epworth League." Mr. F. D. Empe gave a short talk about the details of the work in India. A Bible-study conference was held, opened by Rev. C. H. Kampfoefner of Oto, who spoke on the motives for Bible study.

Rev. J. T. Lee of Schaller discussed plans that have proved successful. He spoke particularly of the Morning Watch and of the memorizing of scripture.

In the missionary conference Rev. H. W. L. Mahood of Correctionville said that it was not possible to be without interest in missions and yet live spiritually. Prof. Benjamin Boardman of Ute spoke on "Three hindrances to missionary work"—unwillingness to receive on the part of the heathen, unwillingness to go and send on the part of the Christians.

At the afternoon session an address on the student volunteer movement was given by Louis Bussey of Northwestern University. Following this came a round-table on Junior League work, conducted by Mrs. E. N. McKim, state superintendent of Junior

League work, and Miss Emma Cain of Lohrville, district Junior superintendent. Mrs. L. A. McCaffree of Lake City strongly recommended "Mill's course of study" for Junior Leagues, and Mrs. Lewis of Rockwell City related her experiences in the government of the Juniors. At 7:30 Presiding-elder J. J. Lace conducted the "conversazione" on the topic: "What I have gained from the institute, and what I propose to do with it." At 8 o'clock Rev. Walter Torbet of Sac City gave the closing address of the institute, preaching a strong revival sermon. (Reported by Grace L. Nash.)

Kankakee District.

The Epworth League of Kankakee District held its convention June 25 and 26 at Watseka, Ill., which is considered the best in points of attendance and spiritual influence that has ever been held in the district.

Rev. A. M. Stocking, pastor of the church, and the local chapter, of which Hon. Wendell P. Kay is president, were untiring in their efforts to make the convention welcome.

As soon as the delegates had arrived an acquaintance social was held, which greatly aided in starting the meeting off in good shape, and there was not a dull hour during the two-days' session.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church, where the convention was held, was tastefully decorated in flags and red and white bunting.

The meetings throughout were helpful and inspiring. At the beginning of each session a song and consecration service was held, conducted by C. W. Neitz of Fairbury, Ill. The convention closed with an altar service in which three were converted.

One very pleasant feature was a reunion of the alumni of Grand Prairie Seminary, which brought together a large number of former students of the seminary.

The district decided to add a new spoke to the wheel in the way of a fifth vice-president, whose duty it shall be to look after the missions.

Rev. F. W. Imboden of Forrest, Ill., who has been the efficient president for four years, was unanimously re-elected. President Imboden and Miss L. Fannie Dille, the district superintendent of Junior League work, were elected as Kankakee District's delegates to the state convention at Mt. Carmel.

The next annual convention will be held in Saukemin, Ill. (Reported by Lillian Barnes.)

Decorah District.

The Decorah District Epworth League held its twelfth annual convention at West Union, Ia., June 24-26. The first session was held Tuesday evening, in which the delegates were most cordially welcomed. A delightful reception followed. Wednesday morning's session was occupied with the spiritual conference. Papers were presented on the topics: "Present-day problems of Christian young people—some solutions," by Ethel McKinley of St. Ansgar; "Christian stewardship," Sarah Stafford, Mitchell; "How can the young people help develop the spiritual life of the church?" by C. J. Harlan, Cresco; "Personal work of individual members," by Martha Hill, Elkader.

The afternoon was largely given up to Junior work, which was presented by Mrs. E. R. Martin of Osage in a paper, "Is the Junior League worth the effort?" and "Why should we give ourselves to Junior work?" by Mrs. Ross of Waucoma. Mrs. Chas. Dolan of

Charles City gave an object lesson, illustrating her kindergarten work. "The open door" was presented by Sarah Stafford of Mitchell. A consecration and communion service followed. This service was conducted by the presiding-elder, Dr. T. E. Fleming of Fayette, who preached afterwards. The convention sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Gammons of Cresco.

The "Morning Watch," at 6 a. m. Thursday morning, was conducted by M. Emma Whitney of Cresco. At the morning's session "Literary work" was presented by Inez Wright, New Albion: "The essentials of a good lecture course;" "The Epworth League reading course," Mrs. Persis Dee West, New Hampton, and "Bible study for spiritual growth," Mrs. Marion G. Farnsworth, Mitchell. Dr. Guy P. Benton, president of Upper Iowa University, was present and addressed the convention. Social work presented by Bertha Fish, New Albion, on the topic, "Is the social department important. If so, how shall the work be conducted?" and "Epworth League social work," by Della Dull, Monona; "The power of song in league service," by C. J. Travis of New Albion.

At the mercy and help conference in the afternoon Mrs. A. G. Sills read a paper on "Ministering to the sick and shut-in," "Best method of house-to-house visitation," by Mrs. Ida Lowry, Osage; "How help temperance agitation" was presented by Miss Dewey, West Union, followed by a paper on "Cooperation with deaconess work," by Mrs. Lucy Peckham of Cresco. Matilda Herwig of New Hampton presented a paper on "Suggestions for the department of correspondence." The newly-elected president, Wm. M. Peek of West Union, then addressed the convention. Dr. T. E. Fleming, presiding-elder, installed the officers. Rev. M. S. Rice, pastor of the church at West Union, lectured in the evening on "Don Quixotism." Decorah District will meet next year in joint session with the Dubuque District in the Upper Iowa University at Fayette.

Officers for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Wm. M. Peek, West Union; V. P's, Martha Hill, Elkhader; Mrs. A. D. Clark, Charles City; Mrs. Marion G. Farnsworth, Mitchell; C. J. Travis, New Albion; Jr. Supt., Mrs. E. R. Martin; Cor. Sec. and Treas., M. Emma Whitney, Cresco; Rec. Sec., Matilda Herwig, New Hampton; Chairman Dist. Miss. Com., Sarah Stafford, Mitchell; Ex. Com., Dr. T. E. Fleming, Fayette; Rev. K. Robbins, Decorah; Rev. D. C. Dutton, McGregor. (Reported by Matilda Herwig.)

Mattoon District.

The twelfth annual convention of the Mattoon District Epworth League was held at Neoga, Ill., June 26 and 27. The pastor and local league had well-laid plans; and were very anxious that the convention might be a success, and they were met by an enthusiastic and interested crowd of delegates. At 3 o'clock a devotional and song service was held, in charge of Rev. J. M. Bennington and President Clearwaters. The address by Dr. Smith of the Illinois Wesleyan University followed. The subject was "The right intellectual ideal for the young Christian." Dr. W. T. Hobart, a returned missionary, spoke on "A literature without Christ."

In the evening a large audience greeted Dr. Gobin of De Pauw University in his lecture on "The battle among the clouds." Dr. Morgan followed with a short address on "The Book wonderful and how to master it." At the close of this session the Neoga Chapter invited the Endeavor Society and the delegates to go with them to the parlors of the Presbyterian Church, where a reception was held.

Friday's work opened with a 5 o'clock prayer-meeting. At 8 o'clock Rev. Mr. Shouse of Tower Hill made a strong plea for the Methodist hymnal. A paper by Rev. Clarence Reed of Paris on "The Bible as literature" followed. Dr. Hobart explained how the Bible is used as a basis for all foreign work. Mr. Morgan took the remainder of the time to present plans and methods of the League Bible study Course, and many copies of the studies were sold.

At 2 o'clock Professor Blair of the Eastern Illinois Normal lectured on "The essentials of growth." Dr. Hobart next answered the question, "What good are foreign missions to us, to the world, to God?" An open conference on mission work was held for the next half-hour.

It was voted to hold the next convention at Oakland.

The new cabinet for the coming year is: Pres., Rev. J. F. Clearwaters, Oakland; V. P's, Rev. J. M. Bennington, Neoga; Miss Cordelia Dunn, Paris; Rev. T. H. Tull, Sullivan; Mr. Clifford Miller, Mattoon; Sec., Miss Elsie Husband, Neoga; Treas., Mr. Arthur

Shriver, Charleston; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Jacobs, Casey; Miss. Sec., Rev. Walter Mitchell, Martinsville.

Friday night Dr. Hobart spoke on "The siege of Pekin." Greetings were read from the state secretary and Dr. Claudius B. Spencer of Kansas City, and the convention closed. (Reported by Elsie Husband.)

Ottawa District.

The annual convention of Ottawa District, South Kansas Conference, met at Garnett, June 24-26. It was one of the most successful conventions ever held in the district. Rev. B. K. Shawhan of Kansas City conducted two evangelistic services at 4:15 and 8 p. m. each day, and sounded a straightforward gospel message.

Superintendent Betts of Bethany Hospital, Kansas City, addressed the convention in behalf of that institution. During the missionary hour the convention was addressed by Y. L. Whang, a Chinese student now in school at Baker University, studying to return to his own people as a missionary. In a very clear, plain way he showed the work of the missionaries in China. Mr. T. E. Stevens of Topeka gave a timely temperance address.

Thursday forenoon was devoted to a symposium on "The Epworthian." "His amusements," "His associates," "His education," "His inner life," "His books," were all ably discussed by different Epworthians of the district.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Rev. J. D. Smith, Baldwin; V. P's, C. A. Hale, Yates Center; Mrs. Grant Miller, Iola; Dr. Alice Porter, Baker University; Cora Doran, Ottawa; Rec. Sec., A. E. Henry, Selma; Cor. Sec., Eva Wirick, Yates Center; Treas., Mrs. Laura Hale, Paola; Jr. Supt., Bertha O'Brien, Humboldt. (Reported by A. E. Henry.)

Sandusky District.

The Sandusky District Convention met in Tiffin, O., June 24-25. The convention opened with a reception to the delegates in the parlors of the church. At 8 o'clock the regular convention program was taken up. Prof. Rollin Walker of Ohio Wesleyan spoke on the theme, "The reasons for consecration, the method, and the result."

On Wednesday morning at 5:30 a sunrise prayer-meeting was led by Rev. J. M. Baxter. Department conferences were the order of the day at 8:30. One on spiritual work was led by Rev. W. H. Oswalt, the first vice-president of the district, and one on mercy and help by Rev. S. L. Stewart of Chicago, O. A devotional study of the topic, "Prayer as an availing force," was given by Rev. R. F. Mayer. One of the most important papers of the convention was on "Christian stewardship," by Professor Magruder, which, in his absence, was read by Miss Grace Bloxham of Norwalk.

Mrs. Matthews of the Cleveland Deaconess Home gave an interesting talk on "Junior work." The deaconess home expects to send a large number of poor children to the country for a fresh-air week this summer. The Junior chapter of St. Paul's League

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held a model meeting. A short literary program was given, hymns sung, scripture recited, and reports from all departments received and adopted. This exercise was enjoyed as much as anything on the program.

The election of district officers resulted as follows: Pres., Rev. S. L. Stewart, Chicago; V. P's, Rev. J. M. Baxter, Green Springs; Miss Ora Tuttle, Norwalk; Miss Bessie Gordon, Green Springs; Miss Addie Galt, Sycamore; Sec., Mrs. Frances Worley, Chicago; Treas., J. R. McDowell, Tiffin; Chairman Miss. Com., Rev. E. Persons, Tiffin.

In the evening after the installation of officers Dr. Selah W. Brown of Fostoria gave his lecture, "Scenes from many lands."

Moores Hill District.

The twelfth annual convention of Moores Hill District met at Rising Sun, Ind., June 23.

Dr. J. H. Worley gave an address on missionary work, especially concerning China. He touched on the superstitions and other characteristics of China, and gave some interesting facts regarding ancestral worship.

Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock a sunrise prayer-meeting was held.

The Tuesday morning meeting was in charge of the missionary department, and was conducted by Rev. F. S. Miller, district missionary secretary. The subject, "How to organize and conduct a mission-study class," was thoroughly considered by Prof. A. J. Bigney. Mr. Mott's book was reviewed by Miss May Frith of Greensburg. The Lord's supper was administered by Dr. Sargeant. The "Sword of the Spirit" was discussed by Mr. Vayhinger. At 2 p.m. meeting was called to order, and opened by singing "Down at the cross," followed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Liddle. The president, first vice-president, and secretary were appointed as a committee to decide, some time during the year, when the next conference will be held.

At the afternoon session the chapters reported \$125 as having been raised for the Moores Hill College Science Hall fund. In the literary department conference Dr. Sargeant discussed "The Bible and literary production." Rev. C. M. Kroft discussed "The importance of good literature among the young people." "What about your reading?" was asked by Rev. C. B. Sylvester.

At 7:30 p.m. open-air services were conducted by Rev. V. B. Hargitt. Indoors, Rev. C. C. Edwards spoke on "Conditions of soul winning." A consecration and altar service followed.

Wednesday morning Rev. C. B. Sylvester read an interesting paper on "How to conduct a social." A paper was read by James C. Daly on "The beauty of small things." Miss Maud Faulkner discussed the subject, "A fourth vice-president, and what he should be." W. H. McDowell took charge of the department of correspondence. Miss Maggie Webster of Sunman read a paper on "The Epworth scribe."

Rev. A. R. Beach gave an uplifting talk to the "Old veterans of the church."

Miss Florence Kendall of Greensburg, a state of fier, spoke about the state convention.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Monroe Vayhinger of Moores Hill; V. P's, James Cole of Laughery; Mabel Rausch of Madison; Charles Lubbe of Milan; Estella Lee of Sugar Branch; Sec., Frank M. Long of Sugar Branch; Treas., J. W. Owens of Greensburg; Jr. Supt., Gatha Brumblay of Osgood; Miss. Sec., A. J. Bigney of Moores Hill.

Mrs. Gatha Brumblay took charge of the Junior League department, and read a statement from the State Epworth League officers, stating that Moores Hill District Junior League was the banner league in the state. Rev. J. T. Oneal gave an address on "A little child shall lead them."

In the afternoon Miss Mabel Rausch took charge of the conference on behalf of the mercy and help department. "What a second vice-president may do, and how to do it," was discussed by Elizabeth Stewart. Rev. C. E. Hester of Patriot gave a very interesting illustrated sermon on the "Epworth League and temperance." (Reported by Frank M. Long.)

Akron District.

The Akron District Epworth League held its convention at Grace Church, Akron, June 23 and 24.

Miss Pixley of Garrettsville read a paper upon "The relation of the Epworth League to the church." Rev. E. E. Whittaker discussed "The duty of the church to the Epworth League." Mrs. W. F. Wykoff, Woodland-avenue, Akron, read a paper on "Our Juniors—to have, hold, and help."

Monday evening the praise service was conducted by the Newton Falls Chapter. Rev. Edwin Kirby gave the first address on the subject, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Rev. Dr. C. M. Hollet of Ravenna delivered an address upon "Christian citizen-

ship." Rev. Dr. M. B. Pratt gave some valuable suggestions in his address on "Our reading—what, how, why?"

The Tuesday morning praise service was led by Mr. W. O. Lemasters of Main-street, Akron. Mr. T. L. Caskey of Rootstown read a paper upon the subject, "Shall we stand by our pledge and Discipline?" answering the question with a decided yes. Miss Lina Hall of Freedom Station read a paper on "Our young people and missions." Dr. Dawson of the North Ohio Conference gave two very interesting and instructive talks on Bible study, showing motives for study and suggesting helpful methods.

The afternoon praise service was in charge of the Cuyahoga Falls Chapter. Miss Elizabeth Smith of Warren gave, in story form, a delightful picture of "The modern Dorcas."

Mantua Chapter had charge of the devotional exercises in the evening. After the installation of officers by Dr. I. W. Robins, President Leiler introduced Dr. Dawson, who gave an address upon "Elements of strength for service." (Reported by a member of Grace Chapter, Akron.)

Canton District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Canton District Epworth League met at Salem, O., June 24 and 25. Nearly 100 delegates were enrolled. From beginning to end the convention was interesting and inspiring.

Tuesday evening the president, J. A. Jeffers, spoke of the "Epworthian's duty in the spiritual work of the church," at home, and Rev. Chas. W. Church on the same topic, in the foreign world.

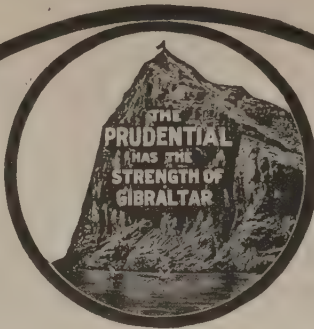
The 6 o'clock prayer-meeting on Wednesday morning was a soul-stirring occasion. A large number of the chapters in the district reported, and nearly all were in excellent condition. The mercy and help department had been especially active during the past year.

The topics of the morning session were: "The best method of Bible study," Rev. S. F. Wood, Sebring; "How to interest young people in league and church work," Miss Millicent Bennet, Lisbon; "The place of the Epworth League in our church economy," Rev. G. B. Smith.

The most interesting features of the afternoon were the question drawer, conducted by Rev. J. A. Ulman, Lisbon, and the Junior hour, superintended by Miss Alice Thomas, Alliance. Besides songs and recitations by the Salem and Alliance Juniors, Miss Helen Carr of Leetonia gave a paper on "The Junior League organization and work;" Miss Hoops, Lisbon, a "Talk on the use of the blackboard in Junior League," and Miss Nancy Wiseman, Massillon, spoke of "The spiritual work among the Juniors."

The address of the evening was delivered by Rev. O. N. Holmes, Canton. His subject was "Epworth ideals."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing



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year; Pres., J. A. Jeffers, Canton; V. P's, Miss Millicent Bennet, Lisbon; Miss Mary Styer, Canton; Miss Helen Carr, Leetonia; Miss Emma Carpenter, Salem; Rec. Sec., Miss Nellie Johnson, Lisbon; Cor. Sec., Clyde Cassaday, Alliance; Treas., L. S. Converse, Salem; Jr. Supt., Miss Alice Thomas, Alliance. (Reported by Mary E. Williamson.)

Walla Walla District.

The district league met in its thirteenth annual convention at Elgin, Ore., June 18, and continued in session over the following Sabbath.

About sixty delegates were present to represent the various chapters. The reports showed 830 Senior members and 720 Juniors.

Every person to whom papers had been assigned responded with the same except one. Rr. J. H. Coleman, the recently elected president of Willamette University, gave a fine address on "The league as a spiritual force," and on Sunday evening preached to a large congregation, taking as his theme, "Recognition in heaven."

Rev. W. P. Jinnett reviewed Mott's "Evangelization of the World in this Generation." Miss Grace Gilliam read a paper on the "Social product of the league," which carried the convention a little beyond the ordinary conception of so-called "sociables," to the idea of being sociable without the "attachments" of lemonade, ice cream, and such things. Mrs. J. C. Walker's paper was a plea for home mission work, and gave a good view of the needs of the home field.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Dr. G. W. Gregg, Enterprise, Ore.; V. P's, Jennie Roberts, Waitsburg, Wash.; Mrs. Lee L. Ellis, Dayton, Wash.; Mrs. Dr. Brownell, Elgin, Ore.; Grace Gilliam, Pendleton, Ore.; Sec., Lulu Abbott, Walla Walla, Wash.; Cor. Sec., Cora White, Walla Walla, Wash.; Treas., Nelson Manela, Milton, Ore. (Reported by John Evans.)

Youngstown District.

The convention met at Cortland, O., June 24 and 25. James H. Robinson, the music composer, lives here, and as a result Cortland is well up musically, and has a first-class choir.

The reports from the chapters were generally of an encouraging nature. The spiritual department seems predominant. The keynote of the convention was set at the first session as "Testimony and service." This thought predominated throughout the convention.

Institute classes in the departments of mercy and help and social work were held. These developed strongly that all departments are distinctively spiritual in operation.

Special addresses were given by E. O. Buxton, D.D., of Youngstown on "The contribution of the young people to the twentieth century," and W. B. Pickard, D.D., of Cleveland on "Forward, march!" Both were strong addresses, that of Dr. Pickard be-

ing a plea especially for the complete work of the Epworth League.

Junior work in this district is making great strides. The new constitution which was promulgated provides for Junior delegates in the district convention hereafter, and it is expected this will add an impetus to the Junior work.

The following list of officers was chosen for the coming year: Pres., C. J. Johnson, Youngstown; V. P's, Miss Edna Ritter, Orwell; Miss Lyle Wilson, Orangeville; Miss Agnes Edmonds, Ashtabula; E. A. Sigler, Cortland, Cor. Sec., Miss Mabel Allen, Youngstown; Rec. Sec., Miss Mary Meek, Ashtabula; Treas., Rev. H. H. Miller, Struthers; Jr. Supt., Miss Mina Treat, Cortland; Ex. Com., Rev. J. W. King, D.D., presiding-elder; Rev. E. A. Jester and Rev. W. H. Haverfield. (Reported by Rev. H. H. Miller.)

Appleton District.

The thirteenth annual convention of Appleton District was held at Grand Rapids, Wis., June 27-29. The session was one of the best of recent years, though the attendance was not so large as at some previous meetings.

A new feature of the program was an oriental entertainment given on Friday evening by Miss Florence Ben-Oliel of Jerusalem, assisted by characters in Palestinian costume.

Among the speakers were Dr. S. L. Plantz of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., and Dr. Elijah P. Brown of Indianapolis, who was formerly connected with the *Ran's Horn*. The above named gentlemen addressed the convention at various times during the session. Rev. H. T. Wiltsee of Rhinelander, Wis., preached an able anniversary sermon on Sunday evening. An impressive consecration service was conducted at the close of the session by Dr. J. E. Farmer, presiding-elder.

In hospitality the city fairly outdid itself. The local society gave a banquet in the church parlors on Friday from 4 to 6 p.m., immediately after which the delegates were taken around the city in carriages on a sight-seeing trip.

The Grand Rapids bands gave some fine selections of music at the church previous to the opening of the sessions on Friday and Saturday evenings.

The city decorations were very artistic, consisting of arches on the business streets draped with the league colors, and illumined with electric lights.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Prof. P. W. Jenkins, Appleton; V. P's, Mrs. E. D. Newlan, Wausau; Miss Snyder, Appleton; Mrs. E. A. Leek, Green Bay; Mr. E. Kellogg, Grand Rapids; Sec., Miss Anna D. Wright, Stevens Point; Treas., Miss Mabel Gray, De Pere; Jr. Supt., Miss Amy Boyden, Mill Center. (Reported by Anna D. Wright.)

Little Rock District.

The sixth annual convention of Little Rock District, Arkansas Conference, met at Grand-avenue M. E. Church, Stuttgart, June 19-22.

Thursday evening Minor A. Tucker, president of the local chapter, delivered an address, "Why we asked you to come." The response, "Why we came" was delivered by Ernest C. Newton, the district president. The Stuttgart Chapter afterwards gave an informal reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Welchman.

Friday morning the topic, "Devotional meetings," was discussed by Rev. A. McFarlane. Miss Nina Rood read a paper on "Time." This was followed by a paper, "How to lead," by Miss Wakeman, and another, "Reference reading: its use and abuse," by Mr. Sidney Brain. "What Epworthians are bound to do," was discussed by Rev. J. M. Beadles, pastor of Scott-street Church, Little Rock. Miss Mabel Smith presented a paper, "What Epworthians are bound to do for the Sunday school." A paper, "The duty of the league to the Sunday school," was read by Miss Leora Skinner. Miss Florence Beuley read a paper, "What Epworthians owe to the mid-week prayer meeting." Clarence Shearer read a paper, "Temperance instruction: its need." Rev. J. H. Maddox, pastor of Frank Lynn Church, Little Rock, spoke on "The Epworth Samaritan in the shops."

At the afternoon meeting Rev. Mr. Schumacher of Siloam Springs preached. Rev. I. N. Parvin, pastor at Almyra talked on the rules of the church. Miss Sophia Wheeler read a paper upon the same subject. At 8 p. m. Professor Schumacher delivered an address on the league motto.

Saturday morning the department of Junior work was discussed by Miss Fannie Haines in a paper, "Train up the boy," and Miss Bessie Gregg in "Train up the girl."

At the afternoon session Minor A. Tucker spoke of proper league records. Miss Lizzie Shearer gave a talk on advertising. "How to raise money," was the theme of an interesting speech by Mrs. Clara McFarlane.

Saturday evening Rev. G. M. Henderson delivered an excellent address, "The saloon in politics."

The officers for the ensuing year are: Pres., Mr. Ernest C. Newton, Little Rock; V. P's, Miss Lou Wheeler, Almyra; Mr. Clarence Shearer, Stuttgart; Miss Clark Olds, Amity; Miss Mollie France, Gillett; Sec., Miss Elizabeth Gregg, Stuttgart; Treas., Miss Mabel Smith, Little Rock.

The Sunday morning sermon was delivered by Rev. J. H. Maddox, after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. G. M. Henderson, presiding-elder. The devotional meeting was conducted by Miss Bessie Gregg. The closing service of the convention was held in the Opera House, where Rev. J. M. Beadles delivered the evening address to a very large audience. (Reported by Miss Elizabeth Gregg.)

Fort Dodge District.

The annual convention of Ft. Dodge District convened at Humboldt, Ia., June 25-27. About one hundred delegates were in attendance, representing twenty five of the forty-one chapters in the district. The session opened on Wednesday evening with a song service, led by Rev. P. C. Money, the pastor at Humboldt. District President Rev. D. A. McBurney gave a short talk on "Why we are here," and then introduced Dr. Lewis, president of Morningside College, who made the address of the evening. The other two evening services were in charge of the deaconess evangelists, Ida May Durham and Stella McNutt. A number of persons were converted, and many more entered into the experience of a clean heart.

Miss Esther Stowe, a student volunteer, was present and was given charge of the missionary campaign in the district. The missionary committee expects to do considerable work in the district this summer. The Epworthians of Eagle Grove invited the convention to that place next year, and the invitation was accepted.

The following were elected officers for the coming year: Pres., Rev. D. A. McBurney, Manson; V. P's, Mrs. L. S. Baker, Eagle Grove; Miss Jessie Austin, Webster City; Miss Celia Anderson, West Ft. Dodge; Rev. J. M. Tibbetts, Popejoy; Cor. Sec., Dr. Hambley, Gilmore City; Rec. Sec., Miss E. Weimer, Radcliffe; Treas., D. P. Smith, Manson; R. R. Sec., L. M. Howells, Vernon Center; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Messenger, West Ft. Dodge; Ex. Com., Miss Viola Glenn, Humboldt; E. O. Fitz, Callender; Fred Barkhurst, Stanhope. (Reported by Walter A. Couden.)

Ashland District.

The fourteenth convention of the Ashland District Epworth League was held in Bayfield, Wis., June 19-22. Rev. M. C. B. Mason of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society delighted a large audience with his story of what the church was accomplishing in the South, as well as with his short talks to the convention. Rev. J. S. Davis of Lawrence University rendered valuable assistance.

The officers presented the most complete reports ever given at our conventions, and most of them were optimistic concerning the future. The report of the district deaconess was so satisfactory that it was determined to continue the work. A net gain of 127 members was reported. The second department made a particularly fine showing. The Junior League banner was awarded to Rib Lake Chapter for the coming year.

On Saturday afternoon the delegates were given a free trip upon the bay, and during the trip they visited the state fish hatchery.

For a better supervision of the work the district has been subdivided, the different officers having the care of a subdistrict. It is planned to have a missionary campaign during July and August, under the leadership of Bro. Korns of Ohio Wesleyan.

In some ways it was the best convention the district has held. In others, it was peculiar. There was a scarcity of preachers, and only three papers.

The next session will be held at Stanley. The following cabinet was elected: Pres., A. N. Levings, Glenwood; V. P's, Lulu Bush, West Superior; Ella F. Gordon, Shell Lake; Ray Y. Cliff, Glenwood; Mrs. Eugene Lamb, Washburn; Sec., Rev. W. J. James, Bayfield; Treas., Eben D. Cornelison, Shell Lake; Jr. Supt., Lou M. Atkinson, Bayfield; Railroad Sec., Earl M. Kuhn, New Richmond. (Reported by W. J. James.)

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Large odd lines 75c and Dollar Foulard Silks, seasonable handsome styles, 50c.

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Great lots of good and pretty Wash Goods, 6½c, 10c, 12½c, 15c—such kinds as never before had for so little in all experience. Your investigation by sample will prove it so convincingly you'll want to buy and be glad of the chance at these prices.

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will cure you.

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In cases of Prickly Heat and Hives it will stop itching at once, and surely cure, also will relieve mosquito bites.

Hydrozone is a scientific Germicide. Used and endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet most powerful healing agent.

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FREE to any one sending me 10c. to cover actual postage, will send a bottle containing sufficient to prove to your satisfaction the claims here made. Pamphlet sent free. Address

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1902.

NUMBER 8.

The Children's Story.

ALICE IN STUMLAND.

Myra Goodwin Plantz.

Chapter I.—The New Home.

"It seems too bad to bury papa up here in these stumps," sighed Alice.

"Better than burying him in the ground," returned Bess cheerfully.

"Remember, dears," said Mrs. Crawford, "papa had a very serious kind of nervous trouble. The doctor says a few years in a bracing climate, with pleasant occupation and no hard mental work, will cure him. And I am sure we will all cheerfully endure rough living and lack of luxuries to have him well again."

"Then he will preach in a big city church again, and we will have a handsome parsonage and nice friends," affirmed Alice, who doted on elegant things, having been accustomed to them.

Mrs. Crawford looked sober. Alice had, from babyhood, been the pet of the wealthy members in her father's congregations, and had been showered with presents and invited to go on delightful trips until at sixteen she felt herself quite a society belle.

The mother smiled. Soon after she sighed, for, as she looked around the humble cottage which was to be the new home, she remembered Alice would soon learn the rough side of life about which she knew so little.

"Oh, mamma, guess how many stumps you can count from our front porch," cried Ben, running in with Bess at his heels, for the twelve-year-old twins were never long apart.

"A thousand?" growled Alice.

"Only seventy-nine. Isn't that jolly? They are fine to jump from, and they make such nice playhouses. Flossie and I each have one with a store between. It will be dead loads of fun to get them out. Papa says he will give me 10 cents for every one that I keep burning until the roots are gone."

"Don't set fire to yourself," cautioned the mother, anxiously. "I hope papa won't use dynamite."

"Nonsense, mamma," said the minister, coming in, laughing like a boy over something his hired man had said. "If I have survived all the domestic blowings up of eighteen years I will be able to get out these stumps. I feel like a boy again, with no official board, or literary folks to please, or immense church debt keeping me awake at night. And it does seem good to walk on your own land. I've been all over our claim, and there is a fine lot of hard wood—money waiting to be gathered in. And where the pines were there is a sandy loam. Mike says potatoes just walk up out of the earth, they get so big. If you can only stand this cabin," the last with a loving, anxious glance at his delicate-looking wife.

"I could stand Siberia if you were there and

the children, and no one suffering," answered Mrs. Crawford, heartily. "But this is a real relief to me. No telephone bell to answer, or servants to worry over, and no plumber or gas man to consider."

"And no discussion over having an upstairs girl," said Alice, who always wanted that addition to a family.

"Oh, mamma, see what I have found," and Flossie ran in with her apron full of trailing arbutus.

"It goes with the pines. And I have something for mamma, she can put in a saucer, and Mr. Crawford brought out his handkerchief from his coat pocket and disclosed some hepaticas with their furry leaves and delicate blossoms, with the roots packed in rich earth."

"I saw two deer this morning," said Ben. "They seemed in such a hurry to go I did not introduce myself; but I intend to write a book on the wild animals who have known me—I may be

a ranch or orange grove in California, or gone abroad for a year or two; but as I am a broken-down man I am very glad we had a few hundred dollars, and that the lumber company sold two hundred acres so cheaply, and that there happened to be a house on it, in which we could live for the present. Then, it is a great comfort that I can preach once each Sunday. Dr. Gardner has made it very easy for me; for I am to have \$200 for that from the Missionary Society, and if I get well enough to build a church I can have whatever the people can give. And, as he says, it will be better for them to pay all they can from the first. Then we are near the railroad, and some settlers go thirty miles for their mail."

"We have many things to be thankful for," said Mrs. Crawford. "We will all help in the new church, so you need only read an old sermon each week, for you are to be 'the man with the hoe,' though not like Mr. Markham's."

"There comes O'Conner with his strong team; and now come out, folks, if you want to see the stumps fly like so many chips."

They soon found that trees were put in the ground with the idea of staying, and the roots did not come out very easily.

Mrs. Crawford stopped a moment to look at the landscape. The cabin stood on a high knoll overlooking one of the clear little lakes for which northern Wisconsin is so famous. A brook flowing into it showed now and then the gleam of the rainbow trout darting up to the sunbeams. Water lily pads were beginning to lift their heads above the water, to hold the snowy and golden cups that summer would open. The banks were turning a soft green and the maples were beginning to bud, while the pussy willows had long had their kittens out in the sun. A few pines had been left like great sentinels near the cottage.

Stumps of all kinds filled the dooryard, and what would be the garden and

fields beyond. "Stump Villa" was the name of the new home, though Alice preferred to head her letters with "Silver Lake Cottage."

Mike O'Conner, the "hired man," was to be one of the guardian angels of the family, but just now he looked like any woodsman in his flannel blouse, his knitted cap, and his pants tucked into his rough boots, after the manner of his kind. Miss Alice curled up her dainty lip when her father said: "Mr. O'Conner is our nearest neighbor, so we must get well acquainted with him."

The woodsman fastened a long chain around the stump, as near the ground as possible, and then urged his horses to a strong pull, and after a little effort on their part the pine stumps would come out of the soft earth. Some of the hard-wood stumps had to be left for burning.

"I heard that roots went down as far as branches went up," said Ben.

"Wall, ye sees fur yerself, lad," answered



"Come out, folks, if you want to see the stumps fly."

one of the hunted if the bears get hungry."

"I hope there will not be snakes," said Alice, gloomily.

"Uncle Sam tells how the rattlesnakes came up around the door when he was a boy."

"Oh, that was when the state was new, and in Southern Wisconsin, in the prairie. Snakes do not like sandy places," replied Mr. Crawford. (He had been called "doctor" in other places, but no one was to use that title in his new home.) "I heard a missionary from India say that people found in India what they went out after, either snakes or souls," said Mrs. Crawford.

"My dears," said the minister, "I appreciate more than I can tell you the sacrifice you have all made in coming up here. I know Alice wants to go on with her high-school class, and that mamma will have to give up the kind of society she shines so well in. If we had been able to save money in our big places we might have had

Mr. O'Conner. "These roots be three feet and more, but I mind when the pine stood up a hundred, if a span."

It was a very interesting sight when the great stumps seemed to hold on to mother earth and then finally let go and sprung into the air. Mr. Crawford insisted on lending a hand.

"I must learn all kinds of work, O'Conner," said the minister. "I like to get at the root of the matter."

"A tenderfoot orten'd begin on stumps," grinned the hired man, but he handed the lines to Mr. Crawford.

That gentleman had thought it looked easy enough, but the horses paid no attention to his gentle, "Get up, my good fellows," and tramped around the stump, and almost over his feet, without anything making a move.

"You see, sir, why I gives them strong words you don't like," laughed O'Conner.

This put the minister on his mettle, and he struck the horses a blow that made them spring forward with the stump after them, while the driver went rolling back in the soft earth.

"Oh, papa, are you killed?" cried little Flossie.

"No, only stumped," replied the minister, picking himself up and rubbing his knees. "It was well mamma went in to get dinner. She might put me to bed. Come in, Mr. O'Conner, and eat with us."

"I've me bite in the wagon," was the answer.

"You will want something hot. Come in."

"Oh, papa, at the first table?" whispered Alice.

"Shouldn't wonder, Alice, if we would all find some stumps to pull out," said the minister, smiling. "I've found some clearing needed in my garden before I make the friend these rough people need."

"You mean my stump of pride, papa," said the daughter, who was used to her father's little sermons. "But, papa, he looks as if he hadn't had a bath for weeks."

"More likely months. But he is to be a member of the new church, so I asked him in."

"My, how good potatoes taste here!" commented Ben, who could hardly wait for the blessing to be said.

"This ham is better than turkey in city air," said the minister. "No coaxing or scolding to get you children to eat now."

"It's the air, sir," said Mr. O'Conner. "When we are at the camp, city folks come up and eat themselves nearly sick. They would eat chips, they are that starved."

"Oh, papa, maybe that's what the man lives on we saw," cried Bess.

"Let me tell," said Ben. "Don't believe it was a man. It got down on all fours and ran away, and it had long hair and fur around its neck."

"Have you seed the wild man already?" inquired Mr. O'Conner. "Heard tell there was one in these parts, but never struck him."

"Oh, children, you mustn't go in the woods if there is anything wild there," said the mother, anxiously.

"Everything up here's wild, ma'am, but don't you be afeard. Wild things clear out quick," was the comforting answer of the woodsman.

(To be continued.)

Forgetting to Thank Mother.

OF course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say "Thank you" when anyone does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say "Thank you" when someone passes them the bread at dinner, or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

"Where are my gloves?" cries Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning.

"Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mamma says, quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I put them away for you when you left them lying about."

And perhaps Jack says, "Oh!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that, whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them. —Great Thoughts.

A Country-Boy's Opinion.

Pity the boy who never sees

The butterflies, the birds, the bees,

Nor hears the music of the breeze

When zephyrs soft are blowing;

Who cannot in sweet comfort lie

Where clover blooms are thick and high,

And hear the gentle murmur nigh

Of brooklets softly flowing.

Pity the boy who does not know

Where all the woodland berries grow;

Who never sees the forest's glow,

When leaves are red and yellow;

Whose childish feet can never stray

Where nature does her charms display.

For such a hapless boy, I say,

Pity the little fellow.

Blackberries That Were Not For Sale.

I SPENT nearly all of last summer in the country, and one day, when the blackberry season was at its height, I was riding with a party of friends over the beautiful country roads, when we came to an old pasture, in which there were a great many blackberry bushes. Near the road in the shade of a tree sat a bare-footed, tired looking boy of about twelve years. His brown hands were stained with juice from the berries he had been gathering, and torn by the briars on the bushes. He was fanning his flushed face with his old straw hat when we drove up. By his side was a tin pail, filled with six or seven quarts of very nice blackberries. Then he had a pail containing about a quart of the finest wild blackberries I ever saw. Some of the ladies in the party were very fond of blackberries, and one of them said to the boy:

"Would you sell us a quart of your berries, my boy?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'd sell you a quart of these," replied the boy, pointing to the large pail.

"Oh, but these in the other pail are so much finer. I would be willing to pay more for those than for the others."

The boy shook his head and said:

"I wouldn't want to sell those, ma'am."

"I would be willing to give you 12 cents a quart for them, and you know that very good berries are selling for only 7 cents in the village."

Again the boy shook his head, and this time he said:

"I couldn't sell these even for 20 cents a quart; but you may have a quart of the others for 5 cents."

Slightly piqued, and a little curious to know

why the boy so persistently refused to sell the large berries, the lady asked:

"Why will you not sell the other berries?"

"Because, ma'am, I—I—well, because they are for my mother."

"For your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am. You see, it is like this. My mother is sick. She has been sick a long time, and she has hardly an appetite for anything. She has been feeling better for three or four days, and she has taken a notion she would like to have some blackberries, and the doctor said that she might have some, and so, when I was gathering berries to day, I put every fine, big one I could find in this little pail for my mother. That is why I would not sell them."

"That is a very good reason, a beautiful reason, why you should not sell them," replied the lady, warmly, with a voice that was not quite steady, for she had lost her own dearly-beloved mother. Then she added:

"You may put a quart of the other berries in this little basket I happen to have with me."

When the little boy handed up the basket the lady gave him a shining half-dollar, saying as she did so:

"Don't mind anything about the change, my boy. Keep it all, and get something nice for your mother with it, and tell her I said that I was glad she has such a loving and thoughtful little boy. I hope that you will always feel that you would like the very best of everything for mother."—J. L. Harbour, in *Morning Watch*.

"A Present Help."

Reality in greatest need,

Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed!

Is the pilot real, who alone can guide

The drifting ship through the midnight tide?

Is the lifeboat real, as it nears the wreck,

And the saved ones leap from the parting deck?

Is the haven real, where the barque may flee

From the autumn gales of the wild north sea?

Reality, indeed, art Thou,

My Pilot, Lifeboat, Haven, now!

Why Johnnie Wept.

JOHNNIE and Jennie were having a tea party. "You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help at the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We-ell," repeated Jennie, doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut the cake.

Mother had given them a large piece, which Johnnie cut into five smaller pieces, all of about the same size. He helped Jennie to one piece, and then began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out the tea, and the feast went merrily on. Presently there arose a discussion, and then came a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mother.

"Jennie's greedy and selfish, too!" cried Johnnie. "We each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took—she took it all."

Mother looked perplexed. "That does seem rather selfish of Jennie."

"Yes, it was," Johnnie wept; "cause I cut the cake that way, so's I could have the extra piece myself!"—Selected.

Wanted.

Clean

Honest

Refined

A Industrious

Studious

Truthful

Independent

Attentive

Noble

BOY.

Jobs are waiting everywhere for this kind of boys.—*Young Men's Era*.

A little girl had a great desire to join the church; consequently she went to the minister,

asking to be received into the church. He inquired if she had experienced a change of heart, and she answered affirmatively. The minister inquired further: "Were you a sinner before?" "Yes." "Are you a sinner now?" Again she answered "Yes." "Where, then, is the difference between your former and your present condition?" After some moments' meditation she said: "Before I was converted to Christ I was a sinner that runs after sin; now I am a sinner that runs away from sin."

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for July: Lessons from Nature.

July 27.—Christ's Lessons from Nature.

(Matt. 13: 1-8.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—A lesson from corn (Mark 4: 28).

Tuesday.—Faith like a grain of mustard seed (Luke 17: 6).

Wednesday.—The worth of a sparrow (Matt. 10: 29-31).

Thursday.—A fish or a serpent (Matt. 7: 10).

Friday.—The lesson of the clouds (Luke 12: 54).

Saturday.—A red sunset (Matt. 16: 2).

Sunday.—A grain of wheat (John 12: 24).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus.".... Apostle's creed and Gloria.... Beatitudes responsively.... Prayer.... Singing, "Trust and obey.".... Junior topic.... Blackboard talk.... Singing, "Sitting at the feet of Jesus.".... Junior question box.... Memory hymn, "There's a wideness in God's mercy.".... Continued story.... Closing song, "God be with you till we meet again."

To the Junior Superintendent.

In teaching the nature lessons for the month the aim has been, above all, to interest the children in the Bible as God's book of nature. There are boys and girls who know more about the animals Thompson Seton or Kipling have known, than they do about the beasts and birds that Isaiah and David and Jesus told us about. The daily Bible readings, found in our programs, if faithfully used, will help the boys and girls to know the treasures that are hid in God's holy book. If you have not already secured copies of the leaflet containing the daily Bible readings for the year, send five cents to Jennings & Pye, 57 Washington Street, Chicago, and get a sample copy.

Ask the Juniors to bring their Bibles and pencils and read the following list to them, inviting them to copy the items of the blank leaf of their Bible:

GEMS OF THE MINE.

The Lord's prayer (Matt. 6).
The commandments (Ex. 20).
The beatitudes (Matt. 5).
The prodigal son (Luke 15).
Christ's great prayer (John 17).
The great commission (Mark 16: 15).
Christ's last promise (Acts 1: 8).
The love chapter (1 Cor. 13).
Tongue chapter (James 3).
Armor Chapter (Eph. 6).
Greatest verse (John 3: 16).
Rest verse (Matt. 11: 28).
Worker's verse (2 Tim. 2: 15).
How to be saved (Acts 16: 31).
Fruits of the spirit (Gal. 5: 22-24).
Children's verse (Matt. 19: 14).

Blackboard Talk.

Did you ever see an ant carrying home a grain of wheat? He rolls it along as you have seen the grocer roll a barrel of flour when he brings it to your door.

The grain of wheat is a whole barrel of flour to the ant, but it takes a good many grains to fill a barrel for us.

Once when God's people were traveling about, without being able to stay in one place long enough to raise a crop of grain, manna from heaven was sent down for them; but God's usual way of giving us our daily bread is on the partnership plan. We are to prepare the soil, sow the seed, root out the weeds, water and care for the plants, and, at last, harvest the grain, and put it through a number of processes before it is ready to be eaten.

God does what we cannot—he gives life to the seed, and sends his sun and rain to make it grow.

When we pray "Give us this day our daily bread," we expect to do our part before we receive it.

This is just the lesson our Lord wanted to teach us in regard to the coming of his kingdom. It must grow as the grain grows—first the blade then the



ear, after that the full corn in the ear—and we must do our part if we desire its coming.

Jesus says: "I am the bread of life." Is there anything for us to do in order to receive this bread of life? Yes; we must prepare the ground, we must find the good seed in the word of God; for Jesus says, "The seed is the word of God," and then we must be content to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A Little Shot Put Old King Coffee Out of Business.

When medicine fails, they sometimes send sick people away to another climate for their health. Sometimes the climate does it, but more often they stumble on the proper food to take, and then get well.

A lady in San Diego tells of a friend who left her home each December, for the past two winters, to go to California for her health. She says: "Almost all of her time was spent in visiting the doctor and sitting in a big chair and watching the clock to note the time for her next dose of medicine. Nervousness was her principal trouble, and with others of kindred nature, made life for her a burden."

"On the occasion of her last visit I begged her to give up the use of coffee and use Postum Coffee. She replied that she could not stop coffee. I said no more at the time, but the next morning at breakfast, I passed her a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, making it as it should be made. After that I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her."

"We began to notice it within less than a week. In less than a month her nervousness had left her, and in three months she was a new woman in face, figure, and health. I had not dared to hope for so much benefit, although I had been greatly benefited myself by Postum, but coffee to her system was simply poisonous, and I believe this is the case with many others. She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors, and medicine failed to do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Does This School Suit You?

A school of moderate expense for young women only where Good Health is a prime consideration, where attention is specially paid to the formation of good habits of study and life, and where good scholarship, refined society, and religious influences are equally regarded. The president and his family live with the students, and the school is an earnest Christian home.

If you are seeking such a school send for a catalogue to President Harker, Jacksonville, Ill.

Great Northern Railway Popular Excursions.

Only \$45.00 St. Paul to Portland, Ore., and return, \$50.00 from Chicago, with stop-over privileges at Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma; \$50.00 St. Paul or Minneapolis to San Francisco and return. See Great Northern Railway Agents for details, or write P. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, for pamphlet "Pacific Coast Conventions 1902."

THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED

The Lake Shore's New Twenty-Hour New York Train will be placed in service June 15, leaving Chicago daily 12:30 p.m., reaching New York the next morning 9:30. Leave New York 2:45 p.m., arrive Chicago 9:45 next morning. This new train is in addition to the present magnificent passenger service afforded by the Lake Shore.

The new train will save one full business day between Chicago and New York. City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St. C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

RHEUMATISM

Dr. W. H. Vail, of St. Louis, Mo., says:

"Tartaralithine removes or mitigates rheumatic pains promptly and permanently."

"It does not irritate the stomach nor produce any heart disturbance."

"It is thoroughly safe and reliable."

"It causes an increased discharge of uric acid from the first dose."

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Buy the celebrated, high grade new 1902 Model BUDROCK BICYCLE, 29-inch wheel, any height frame, high grade equipment, including high grade guaranteed pneumatic tires, adjustable handle bars, fine leather covered grips, padded saddle, fine ball bearing pedals, nickel trimmings, beautifully finished throughout, any color enamel. Strongest Guarantee.

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MINNEAPOLIS DISTRICT NOTES.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Methodist young people of Minneapolis have purchased, for \$4,200, an eleven-acre tract of land at Lake Minnetonka, a popular summer resort near Minneapolis, and this tract will hereafter be known as the Methodist Young People's Assembly Grounds. The grounds are partly wooded, have a fifty foot lake frontage, and are located at Oakland, thirteen miles from the city either by railroad or bicycle track. This location on the upper end of the lake, so near the city, will enable many Epworthians to wheel back and forth to business while camping on the grounds, and several parties have already engaged accommodations for tenting during July and August. The board of directors includes Bishop Isaac W. Joyce, Presiding-elder Wm. Fielder, Dr. C. E. Force, Messrs. George W. Higgins, P. G. Hansen, Dennis Bradshaw, H. O. Roberts, George M. Lang, J. T. George, Frank Harvey, O. G. Bates, W. G. Calderwood, T. F. Cann, John A. Lane, Walter Jamieson, Emery A. Olmstead, Walter Fisher, H. B. Hansen, H. L. Darrow, Ralph W. Leach, D. C. Washburn, Mr. Locke (of Foss Epworth League), and G. W. Drew.

The grounds are now being put in good condition, and equipped with swings, tennis courts, baseball and croquet grounds, and tables and seats for picnics, and will be ready for the district Epworth League annual picnic to be held here July 18. A program of sports has been arranged for this picnic, the principal feature of which is a baseball game between the Methodist ministers in the city, captained by Rev. Donald McKenzie, and the Epworthians, captained by Walter S. Jamieson. Dr. J. S. Montgomery will act as umpire, and Dr. P. A. Cool as field captain.

The Minneapolis District officers recently entertained the St. Paul City Union officers and the local officers of both Minneapolis and St. Paul in First Church parlors. Being in different conferences, there has been no opportunity for the Epworthians of the two cities to meet and become acquainted, so that this social gave a most welcome chance for forming a closer bond of fellowship between the two city organizations. The president of the Minneapolis District welcomed the visitors in a short speech, and responses were made by Messrs. Carl Miller, president of the St. Paul District, B. T. Butler, president of the St. Paul City Union, Mr. Brink, president of Hamline League, and Rev. O. W. Taylor. Music and recitations were a part of the program also, and Miss Mabel Caldwell, the fourth vice-president, provided abundantly for refreshments at the close of the program.

Ever since the Minneapolis Epworthians heard Dr. Charles A. Crane of Boston at the Indianapolis International Convention three years ago, they have been trying, through W. G. Calderwood, third vice-president of the district, to secure him for a lecture in

this city, and have finally succeeded. Upon the evening of Sunday, Aug. 24, Dr. Crane will appear before our young people under the auspices of the district league, and all Methodist Churches will be asked to close for the evening, to give opportunity for every Epworthian to hear him.

One evening late in June the young people of North Church, so long organized as Christian Endeavorers, met at a business meeting, and organized into an Epworth League Chapter, and elected the following officers: Pres., John A. Lane; V. P's, Richard Beardsley, Mrs. C. A. Smith, Maude Higgins, and Jessie Gillespie; Sec., Mabel Crow; Treas., Geneva Higgins. These North Church Epworthians are earnest Christians and faithful workers, and are heartily welcomed as a part of the district forces.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

July 11-21.—N. W. Kansas Epworth Chautauqua, Beloit, Kan.
July 17-27.—Iowa State Camp-meeting, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 19-21.—Kansas State Convention, Beloit.
July 24-Aug. 1.—Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Colfax, Ia.
July 25-Aug. 25.—Ludington Assembly.
July 28-Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 31-Aug. 3.—Michigan State Convention, Ludington.
Aug. 5-6.—Connerville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 5-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 12-13.—Normal District, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 13.—Norwich District, Willimantic Camp Ground, Conn.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Aug. 26-28.—Milwaukee District, Union Grove, Wis.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 22.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Newark District, East Orange, N. J.
Sept. 25-28.—Northern New York Conference, Sandy Creek.

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tion has at last come out, and a cure now is just as sure as in ordinary disease. To satisfy yourself of this you have only to write the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 58 Main street, Kalamazoo, Mich., of which the chairman is Mr. O. K. Buckhout, a noted member of the British Tuberculosis Congress, composed of world-famous men who have made consumption a life study. This cure is something entirely new and is called "Antidotum Tuberculose," or the Copper Cure, and is the only discovery we know of that absolutely kills all tuberculosis germs which cause consumption, as, unless this is done, the disease can not be cured. As the name of the remedy tells, its chief ingredient is copper, which metal has at last been found to be the deadly enemy of the consumption germ, "Antidotum Tuberculose" is the original copper cure.

You can tell if you have consumption by the coughing and hawking, by continually spitting, especially in the morning, when you throw yellow and black matter, by bleeding from the lungs, night sweats, flat chest, fever, weak voice, peculiar flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of the flesh, etc. Find out how the Copper Cure kills the germs, then builds up the lungs, strengthens the heart, puts flesh on the body and muscles on the bones until the consumption is all gone and you are again a strong, healthy, robust man or woman.

Don't doubt this, for the very same discovery benefited A. H. Dingley, a son of Congressman Dingley of Dingley Tariff Bill fame, who went West and South for relief and didn't get it, and came back with death staring him in the face, and was benefited by Antidotum Tuberculose after all else had failed. It cured John Devries of Kalamazoo of galloping consumption; Adrian de Die, 1638 S. West street, of quick consumption; Paul De Smith of Dalton, Mich., and many cases that had wasted away to skeletons.

So don't give up hope, and don't spend your money in travel. Attend to it right away, for consumption spreads to other members of the family. Write to night to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 58 Main street, Kalamazoo, Mich, and they will send you books free of charge telling you how the Copper Cure will cure you in your own home in a very short time.



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Coming—A Vacation.

Dear Dr. Berry: I read in THE EPWORTH HERALD that Rev. S. H. Jackson of Warren, O., is enjoying his first vacation in twenty-eight years of ministerial work.

This certainly is a good record. But your correspondent, a member of fifty years' standing in the Illinois Conference, after a period of forty-four years, without change, was voted a vacation of two weeks. Bro. Jackson has sixteen years yet to serve before he can keep company with me. But his lack of years is more than met in the excellent qualities which count him a popular member of his conference.

I am the oldest member of the Illinois Conference, counting the years of itinerant life. My father, John McElfresh, was a member of the Baltimore Conference. He was ordained a deacon by Bishop Asbury. I hold in my possession a piece of common paper, with the signature of the bishop, dated 1815. Bishop McKendree ordained my father an elder in 1817. I am called McKendree, having been named for the bishop. Bishop Merrill once asked me why I did not drop a part of my heavy name. My reply was: "I was not consulted about my name." And further added: "When the good bishop heard that he had a namesake, he said to my father, 'Raise him a good boy.'" I said to Bishop Merrill: "May I not conclude, therefore, that I was prayed for by my namesake, and if so, am I not somewhere near the Apostolic line?"

My early ministry was under the teaching of Drs. Peter Akers and Peter Cartwright.

May God bless the editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD in the great field of church work to which he is called.

WM. MCKENDREE MCELFRISH.

Jacksonville, Ill.

Good English.

Dear Dr. Berry: Your editorial, "Good English," is timely and to the point. I do not believe, however, that you can sustain the charge: "Our colleges are making a great mistake in this matter." The truth is that in the majority of our schools, if not all, the subject of English receives more attention than anything else. In our own preparatory department, Moore's Hill we not only emphasize the subject, but also composition, rhetoric, and coordinate studies. We endeavor to make every recitation a drill in our tongue. In spite of this special emphasis and ordinary efforts on part of teachers and professors the more advanced lines of literature, the content of which you write prevails. How bring about the desired result is a problem, the solution of which will be gladly received by every college and high-school man in the country.

There are some things that might be said by some of our teachers of English if the way were opened up. Why not start a crusade in favor of correct forms and pure speech? If the columns of THE EPWORTH HERALD were opened to those interested in this subject splendid results would follow, and the poor teacher who now bears a large per cent. of the blame attached to imperfect humanity would certainly be relieved of this last serious charge.

Moore's Hill College.

CHARLES W. LEWIS.

METHODIST MENTION.

Methodism has been planted on the islands of Lake Champlain just 100 years. At the celebration held at Grand Isle the presiding officer was Samuel Phelps, for fifty-four years recording steward at South Hero.

Prominent pastors in Iowa and Southern Minnesota have promised to attend the Iowa State Campmeeting at Clear Lake, July 17-27, and assist the leader, Rev. R. N. McKaig. The pentecostal daily conference will be a leading feature.

Mr. Henry Cole of Denver offers an endowment of \$400,000 for city evangelization, church improvements, and Methodist charities in the Colorado capital. There are difficulties in the way of the gift, but Bishop Warren and other Denver leaders are carefully considering it.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Baptist Young People's Union is properly proud of the great Providence Convention.

The Wesley Guild organizes two touring parties for a journey through Switzerland this summer.

"Portland, 1902," was perhaps the best convention the Universalist young people have ever held.

A great demonstration will be held by the Wesley Guild in connection with the British Wesleyan Conference at Manchester, July 21. The guild now has 1,467 local branches and 96,444 members.

After the convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the United Presbyterian Church at Tacoma next week, some 400 of the delegates will take a steamer for ten days of voyaging along the Alaskan coast.

He earns a lot of Money

The boy whose picture is shown herewith sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Friday afternoons and Saturdays. He is a gentlemanly, bright young fellow who will win his way in the world. He is learning business methods and getting pocket money at the same time. There are over three thousand other boys selling

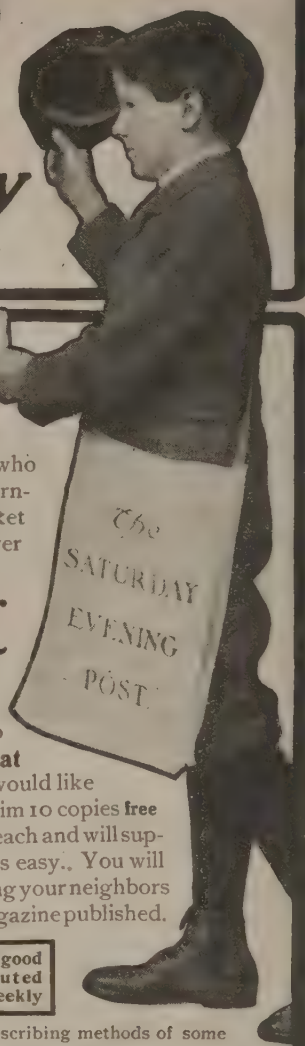
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Send for booklet showing photographs and describing methods of some of our most successful boy agents.

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Montana State Convention.

The eighth annual convention of the Epworth League of the state of Montana was held in Butte, June 17-19. In many respects it was a notable gathering of the Christian young people of this state. There were over 100 delegates in attendance, which, taking into consideration our sparsely settled region, was large.

All the local chapters of Butte united for the purpose of entertaining the convention. The sessions were held in the Mountain View Methodist Church, the largest Protestant Church in Montana.

Special emphasis was laid upon the necessity for missionary effort. "The evangelization of the world in this generation" seemed to be the keynote of the convention. Christian stewardship was emphasized. The next convention will be held in Great Falls.

The following persons were elected as officers for the ensuing year: State Pres., D. R. McRae, Anaconda; V. P's, Miss Clara D. McDonel, Phillipsburg; Miss Cora Jenkins, Butte; Miss Effie Jacoby, Livingston; H. B. Avery, Anaconda; Sec., J. A. Metcalf, Helena; Treas., G. W. Craven, Butte; Jr. Supt., Miss L. A. Harkins, Bozeman. (Reported by C. E. Avery.)

A Successful Training-School.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society is adding very greatly to its facilities for doing the very best Bible and nurse-training work in preparing missionaries and deaconesses for service in its own fields and in various parts of the church. By Oct. 1 it will have completed and furnished a large and beautiful building in Washington, with recreation-rooms and all the other appointments for a pleasant and convenient school building. It is a memorial to the late Mrs.

R. S. Rust, and no pains have been spared to make it a fitting tribute to that noble woman. New members have been added to the faculty. The nearness of Sibley Memorial Hospital, situated on the same grounds, affords the best opportunities for nurse training under the most favorable circumstances. With the opening of another year the National Training-school will be prepared to give a thorough course in Bible, sociology, church history, and similar studies in preparing missionaries, deaconesses, and those who wish to become more efficient as Christian workers in Sunday-school or Epworth League or in any form of Christian labor.

At the recent commencement eighteen graduated from the various departments, of whom all who were available have received appointments to important fields of labor.

In Substitute Feeding

For infants, physicians agree that cow's milk is the basis for all beginnings. What is required then is the best possible milk product. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is ideal, pure, sterile and guarded against contamination.

Delightful Eastern Trips.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway has just issued a new summer book, "Lake Shore Tours," showing a selected list Eastern resorts with routes and rates. Copy will be sent on application to City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St., or C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

BLYMAYER BELL CHURCH BELLS. UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICES. Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O. Please mention this paper.

THE EPWORTH HERALD

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST. John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor

Chicago and New York, Saturday, July 26, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 9.

Compare the Versions. By Jesse Bowman Young, D.D.

AMONG the readers of THE EPWORTH HERALD there are doubtless thousands of pastors, teachers, college and high-school students or graduates who are, or who have been at some period of their school life, accustomed, to some extent at least, to deal with the Latin, Greek, German, and French languages. The most of them, perhaps, have hardly ever dreamed that there was a possibility of putting into practical use, in connection with the International Sunday-school Lesson system even a smattering knowledge of these tongues. The aim of this article is to suggest that linguistic amateurs, as well as advanced students of ancient and modern forms of speech, may utilize to advantage even meager attainments in these directions by comparing, from time to time, the renderings of various versions, one with another, as they study their lesson for the approaching Sunday.

As an illustration of what may be done, we instance a brief passage found in a lesson studied during the earlier part of the current year, on "The Ethiopian converted," choosing this particular citation (Acts 8: 32, 33) because it is quoted from the Old Testament, and therefore affords a wider range of comparison. Most of our readers will recall the circumstances—the Ethiopian courtier returning from his visit to Jerusalem, his heart still crying out for peace and comfort, seated in his chariot, crossing the desert between Jerusalem and Gaza, and reading from the book of the prophet Isaiah. Philip, the evangelist, having been sent from the midst of the revival scenes in Samaria, arriving in sight of the traveler, heeds the command of the Spirit: "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." The evangelist asks the question, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" and the interview proceeds. The cited passage we may now read, as it appears in the Revised Version:

Now the place of the scripture which he was reading was this:

He was led as a sheep to the slaughter;
And as a lamb before his shearer is dumb,
So he opened not his mouth:
In his humiliation his judgment was taken away;
His generation who shall declare?
For his life is taken from the earth.

The marginal reference in this case indicates the place (Isa. 53: 7, 8) where this mysterious utterance was found. It will be helpful and suggestive to turn to the rendering given there by the Revised Version:

He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth. By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living? for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

It would hardly be profitable to cite the Hebrew text in this instance, although those who are in any wise apt in that tongue will find it practicable to study out this difficult passage in

the original, and we have no doubt that there are goodly numbers among our readers who may be able to turn to their Hebrew Bibles and translate the original verses as they find them therein. In place of the Hebrew citation we may profitably consider two literal translations from that tongue, the first one made by Bishop Robert Lowth more than a century ago. His rendering is as follows (Isaiah 53: 7, 8):

It was exacted, and he was made answerable; and he opened not his mouth;
As a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
And as a sheep before her shearers
Is dumb; so he opened not his mouth.
By an oppressive judgment he was taken off;
And his manner of life who would declare?
For he was cut off from the land of the living;
For the transgression of my people he was smitten to death.

It will be seen at a glance that the passage is written in the usual form of Hebrew poetry, and in fact anyone who has at hand Lowth's remarkable version can satisfy himself in a moment that nearly the whole book of Isaiah, whether it was written by one or by two or more writers, is poetry of an unusual order, both in form and in spirit. The citation, indeed, made in the Revised Version, in Acts, is printed in parallel lines, as indicative of this fact, and it suggests the inquiry why this book and other prophetic books were not printed in this fashion by the revisers, as Psalms, Proverbs, and Job were. Why did not the American revisers see their opportunity, and while they were furnishing the best version for American readers why did they not print all the poetry of the Old Testament in poetical form?

Another literal rendering from the Hebrew may be profitably compared with that at which we have just glimpsed, the one given in Delitsch's "Commentary on Isaiah":

He was abused, while he willingly suffered and opened not his mouth; like the lamb that is led to the slaughter and as a sheep that is dumb before its shearers; and opened not his mouth. From prison and from judgment hath he been taken away, and of his contemporaries who considered this: He was swept away out of the land of the living, vengeance lighting upon him because of the impiety of my people?

When we compare the unexpected turns and striking renderings of these two citations we are prepared to understand the perplexity of the Ethiopian courtier, who was puzzled, as even the commentators have been in every age, to construe the meaning of the paragraph under consideration. No wonder he wanted someone to help him interpret the scriptures! A single quotation from Delitsch's comment may suffice just now to throw light upon the case: "All New Testament utterances concerning the Lamb of God are derived from this prophecy; here the dumb type of the passover finds expression."

The passage as used in Acts, however, is not taken from the Hebrew, but, as usual in the New Testament, from an ancient Greek version known as the Septuagint, and is an almost exact

citation, the variation being only in a single unimportant word. In its original form this passage in the Greek New Testament reads as follows:

Ὡς πρόβατον ἐπὶ σφαγὴν ἤχθη, καὶ ὡς ἄμνος ἐναντίον τοῦ κελτοῦ αὐτοῦ ἄφωνος, οὕτως οὐκ ἀνολοίγει τὸ στόμα αὐτοῦ· ἐν τῇ ταπεινώσει ἡ κρίσις αὐτοῦ ἤρθη· τὴν γενεάν αὐτοῦ τίς διηγήσεται· διὸ ἀλπεραι ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς ἡ ζωὴ αὐτοῦ.

Now it will be a further help to even a tyro in linguistic study to place alongside of this citation a similar one from the Latin, the Vulgate as issued by Bagster in inexpensive form, *Actus Apostolorum*, Cap. 8: 32, 33.

Locus autem Scripturæ, quam legebat, erat hic: Tamquam ovis ad occisionem ductus est: et sicut agnus coram tondente se, sine voce, sic non aperuit os suum. In humilitate iudicium ejus sublatum est. Generationem ejus quis enarrabit, quoniam tollitur de terra vita ejus?

A little further light, perhaps, may be flashed upon the passage when we consider it as found in the book called "Les Actes," in "Le Nouveau Testament," as follows:

Or, le passage de l'écriture qu'il lisait, était celui-ci: Il été mené comme une brebis à la boucherie; et de même qu'un agneau muet devant celui qui le tond, il n'a pas ouvert la bouche. Sa condamnation a été levée dans son abaissement. Mais qui pourra compter sa durée? Car sa vie a été retranchée de la terre.

Now if we turn to a volume which many a reader will recognize by its title, "Das Neue Testament unsers Herrn und Heilandes Jesu Christi," and to the book found therein styled in the same tongue, "Der Apostel Geschichte," we may profitably study the version of this same passage as given in "Das 8, Capitel," using the English alphabet rather than the German, for convenience sake:

Der Inhalt aber der Schrift, die er las, war dieser: Er ist wie ein Schaf zur Schlachtung geföhret, und still wie ein Lamm vor seinem Scherer, also hat er nicht ausgethan seinen Mund; in seiner Niedrigkeit ist sein Gericht erhaben; wer wird aber seines Lebens Laenge ausreden? Denn sein Leben ist von der Erde weggenommen.

This passage, read aloud in German, possesses a certain pathetic and weird accent, a tone of tenderness and grief and wonderment which singularly suits the utterance, and which is apt to make an impression of solemnity upon those who hear it read, even though they may not understand the words.

Now that the writer has brought these various renderings forth in a form favorable for comparative study, his task is done. At a glance it will be seen that there are specific features in each case, shades of meaning, fresh glintings of truth, variations of meaning afforded by the new standpoint which is occupied. Sometimes, indeed, a single word suffices, in work like that which has been herein embodied, to flood a passage with a tide of new light, and start trains of homiletical and practical thoughts which quicken the mind into unwonted activity. Any student of the Bible who will

make experiments such as we have indicated will find out for himself the singular advantages of this line of scriptural investigation, and he will come to see, with new vision, how fruitful and stimulating the exploration of the Word becomes through an occasional comparative lesson, study, in which different versions of the same passage in various tongues are laid down side by side, and made to yield up the treasures which they enshrine.

Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

THE SONG OF THE SOUL.

ELIZABETH HODGSON.

A marvelous harp is the soul of man,
And ever anew, since time began,
From its quivering strings thrills the deathless strain
Of human sorrow and joy and pain.

The weary earth listens in sweet amaze,
As the Spirit of Childhood the prelude plays,
With fingers spotless as lily-leaves,
And voice which no sin nor sorrow grieves.

He plays and sings of the world's sweet youth,
When all was innocence, love, and truth—
Of the tender glow of the dawning hour,
And the glistening dew in the heart of the flower.

Then glorious Youth strikes the jubilant strings,
And the soul's reveillé in answer rings;
Like martial music of drum and fife
Sound the opening bars of the march of life!

"All the treasures of earth are mine to gain—
Wealth, honor, success, I will attain!
Excelsior! Life is victory!"
Sounds his triumphant melody.

But the music loses its freshness rare
In jarring discords of selfish care;
'Neath the pulsing joy of the glad refrain
Throbs a minor strain of questioning pain

For soon the loveliest flower dies,
The storm-clouds darken in fairest skies;
And the soul in rayless darkness gropes
As it moans a dirge o'er its buried hopes.

The sad notes deepen in wailing despair;
From their depths of remorse is borne a prayer
To the Master Musician's plying ear;
He stills the shuddering chords of fear.

And the angels, listening from heaven, know
That their anthems celestial are echoed below!
For, like nightingale's song in the midnight gloom,
The soul sings of life from the doors of the tomb;

And whispers softly of pride subdued,
Of purified heart and of hope renewed;
Of broken clouds, tinged with radiant light,
Of Faith's star, risen in Sorrow's night.

When the harp its latest story tells
Of sunset splendor and vesper bells—
As the notes for very sweetness cease,
Their last faint echo whispers: "Peace!"

Cincinnati.

IF OUR WISHES CAME TRUE.

Serina Clarke.

"Oh, dear, I wish we had a new piano! This old rattle-box with its everlasting twang, twang, makes me sick." Eleanor Gray's nimble fingers ran more slowly over the keys—keys yellow and discolored with age; yet Eleanor with the true musician's touch could bring wonderful music out of the "old rattle-box" when she chose, but of late, for some strange reason, she did not choose very often.

"Are you not going to play any more to-day, Eleanor?" asked Mrs. Gray, who entered the parlor just as Eleanor rose from the piano-stool. "I am sorry that we let the piano remain so long without being tuned. I declare, when I heard you playing, I almost thought that some kind fairy had smuggled in a new one. Don't you think there is a marked improvement in the sound, Eleanor?"

"Yes, I suppose there is," assented Eleanor, pettishly, "but I do wish we had a piano like Julia Thurston's. It is a perfect beauty."

A grieved expression, unnoticed by Eleanor, crept over her mother's face. Mrs. Gray sighed as she thought how discontented Eleanor had become since her intimacy with Julia Thurston. The Thurstons were wealthy, and apparently

they had about everything that could add to the enjoyment of life. The two girls were daily in each other's society; and Mrs. Gray was well pleased that Eleanor and Julia were so warmly attached to one another; for Julia Thurston was a sweet, lovable girl, who delighted in sharing, as far as she could, the attractions of her charming home with her friends. This was never done in an ostentatious spirit, nor for the vain love of display, but simply that she might give pleasure to those who were less favored of fortune.

Of late Mrs. Gray had noticed that Eleanor was becoming more and more dissatisfied with her own home and its surroundings. "Our house looks so small and cramped," she often said, after returning from the pretentious residence of her friend.

And yet, the Grays were not poor. They could not have the luxuries which many have the means to enjoy, it is true, but what of that! In Charles Lamb's "Essay on Old China," Bridget loves to talk of "the good old times" when they were not quite so rich. She says: "A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it." This was exactly the condition of affairs in the home of Eleanor Gray. They lived comfortably, and had all the necessities of life; yet when contemplating any special luxury, or the indulgence of a pleasure somewhat out of the ordinary, they were compelled to consider in what way the money could be best spared from something else.

"You ought to see the elegant cut glass dishes they use at Julia Thurston's," said Eleanor, at the dinner-table that evening. This was one of the happiest times of the day in their home. The entire family were almost invariably there; father, mother, stalwart brother George, mischievous Eddie, and Eleanor. There was only one piece of cut glass on the table, and that was a wedding present; and the dishes were not the finest china; but the linen was always of snowy whiteness, and the air of daintiness which pervaded, not the dining-room only, but the entire house, lent an indescribable charm to the home atmosphere.

"Mamma," said Eddie, "I heard Mr. Brewer say to-day that the Thurstons have a skeleton in their closet. I wish we had one. I think it would be a fine help now that I am studying physiology."

The older ones looked at one another apprehensively, and Mr. Gray said almost sternly: "Eddie, you must not repeat what you overhear. Mr. Brewer did not mean that exactly."

"Well, papa, what did he mean?" persisted Eddie. "That is just what he said."

Mr. Gray considered for a moment how to answer the child, and then said: "Mr. Brewer meant that the Thurstons have some trouble of which they do not speak. He did not mean that they really own a skeleton like you are so ambitious to possess."

Eleanor laughed nervously, and said: "I think I would be willing to put up with a skeleton if I could have all the things that Julia Thurston has. Oh, mother, I saw some of her new shirt-waists to-day, I wish—"

"Say, sis," interrupted George, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "do you remember the story of King Midas? You know after everything he owned had been turned into gold, he almost died of starvation. I guess you are happier as you are, if you only knew it," he added seriously. "Suppose mother was an invalid like Mrs. Thurston, what would become of us, I'd like to know. And who can make bread like this?" He laughed as he helped himself to the third slice of the white, spongy bread made by his mother's hands.

The tears came into Eleanor's eyes; for beneath all her manifest discontent, there was a strong undercurrent of love and affection for the dear ones in her home.

"Mother," said Eleanor, a few days later, as they sat in their cozy sitting-room, "do you know to what Mr. Brewer referred when he said there was a skeleton in the Thurston home?"

"I did not know until your father told me the other evening," answered Mrs. Gray. "It is a painful story, but I think I will tell it to you. It seems that one night, when Julia was a baby, Mr. Thurston came home in a very sad condition. He was—drunk. And this was no unusual occurrence. Mrs. Thurston remonstrated and pleaded with him to abstain from the use of liquor. This angered him; he seized her roughly, and threw her with all his force across the room. Mrs. Thurston's spine was injured by her fall, and that accounts for her being an invalid."

"How awful!" exclaimed Eleanor, while her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. "Did not that sober Mr. Thurston, mother?"

"It did for a time, but he soon fell into his old habits again. He is very seldom at home, as you probably know. It is well that the money and the property belong to Mrs. Thurston, or, my child, you might not have the opportunity to envy Julia her beautiful home."

Eleanor made no reply, but sat quietly thinking.

Mrs. Gray was thinking also. Finally she said: "Eleanor, I trust that I have acted wisely in telling you this history. I believe that Julia herself is not aware of the cause of her mother's invalidism. I have been waiting long, dear," Mrs. Gray continued, in tender, motherly tones, "for a suitable opportunity to show you what a mistake you are making by allowing this feeling of discontent to fill such a large part of your life. I am very glad, Eleanor, that you recognize and appreciate the beautiful. If there are any unfortunate souls in this beautiful world of ours who are not susceptible to the refining influence of beauty, I have a profound pity for them. I think it was Victor Hugo who said that 'the beautiful is as useful as the useful.' And I am sure he was quite right. But when we become morbid and discontented because we cannot possess the costly things, don't you see that we are perverting that gift of appreciation?"

"When I was a young girl I had a very dear friend who was very poor indeed. There was a constant struggle for the barest necessities of life in her home. She would often exclaim, as we walked along the street together: 'Oh, I am so glad I am not blind!' Although I used to think that her pleasures were very few compared with what the rest of us enjoyed, yet she did not think of it in that way at all. She was thankful for such blessings as sight, hearing, and her other unimpaired senses, which most of us take as a matter of course. I need not tell you that she was the happiest young person I knew. True happiness, Eleanor, springs from a heart overflowing with love and gratitude to God for the countless mercies and blessings which he so abundantly showers upon his children. I fancy that not many of us would be willing to exchange places with others if the opportunity were given."

"Some lines have just come to my mind that I learned many years ago:

"If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now."

"Do you still wish you were in Julia Thurston's place, Eleanor? Do you, dear?" Mrs. Gray repeated, as she received no answer.

Eleanor's face had been covered with her hands during most of the time her mother had been talking.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, burying her head in her mother's lap. "How could I ever have been so thoughtless? I would not exchange you and father and my brothers and my dear home for everything there is in the world! I have been so selfish and envious and discontented all along, that I did not stop to think how much I have for which to be thankful. But you have opened my eyes. I am sure I shall never, never allow those mischief-making feelings to get the best of me again."

And she never did.
Orange, N. J.

The Destruction of the Roraima.

Sometimes a graphic pen picture of an incident in a great tragedy by one who has looked death in the face therein and come out alive, makes the whole more vivid, more real, than any general depiction by pen and picture. Recognizing this fact, we have made copious extracts from an article in the July issue of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* on "The destruction of the Roraima," one of the vessels that was burned in the harbor of St. Pierre on the awful day of its destruction by Mt. Pélee, by Chief Officer Scott, one of the few who escaped alive:

"Meantime the officers were grouped forward on the deck, enjoying the grand view of Pélee as huge volumes of smoke rose from it. The smoke appeared to roll right up into the heavens, and then southward and easterly winds drove it away to sea, so that, where we were lying, the air was comparatively clear. The sun was shining out nice and bright. Everything appeared to be favorable except the column of black smoke.

"It was a few moments past 8 a.m. by the ship's time. As we stood talking there, the third engineer said to me: 'I must get my camera. I have only one more plate, but this is a sight that must not be missed.' With this he turned, and made for his cabin. I never saw him again. Just then, all at once, there was a sublime outburst from the mountain. Whether more than one crater opened it would be hard to say, but a conflagration came right out of the mountain in one grand burst, with a noise so terrible that beside it a thunderclap would sound like a pistolshot alongside the roar of a twelve-inch gun. Then it came rolling down the mountain over the intervening hills—the molten slag, flame, and smoke, one immense cloud of it, luminous, awful, rolling down like fire. It took just a moment. As it came sweeping down there seemed to be an inexhaustible supply following it, an endless tornado of steam and ashes and burning gas. The instant we saw this grand outbreak coming towards us, the captain rushed to the bridge, calling to me to heave up anchor. I sprang forward to the steam windlass. The carpenter beside me was bending forward to start the machine going when destruction struck us.

"The thing was indescribable. It seemed to whirl earth and sea before it, just as the Western cyclones wipe up the trees and everything in their paths: but this was an explosive whirlwind, setting fire to everything as it went. It was only a few seconds of time, but as it rolled over the intervening miles toward the city, that city was doomed. Lava, fire, ashes, smoke—everything combined—swept down on us in an instant. No railroad train could have escaped it. We could only see one side of the torrent, but more of it was pouring down the rear of the mountain, creating a tremendous backdraft, and increasing the fury about us still further. Then came darkness blacker than night, and, as the awful ruin struck the waters, it rolled along, setting fire to the shore and the ships. The Roraima rolled, and careened far to port, then, with a sudden jerk, she went to starboard, plunging her lee rail far under water. The masts, smokestack, rigging—all were swept clean off, and went by the board. There we were, stuck fast in hell. The darkness was something appalling. It enveloped everything, and was only broken by the burning clouds of consuming gas which gave bursts of light out of the darkness. The ship took fire in several places simultaneously, and men, women, and children were dead in a few seconds of time. This was only a few minutes after 8 o'clock. Hot ashes fell thick at first. They were soon followed by a rain of small, hot stones, ranging all the way from the size of shot to pigeon's eggs. After the stones came a rain of hot mud, lava apparently mixed with water, of the consistency of very thin cement. Wherever it fell it formed a coating clinging like glue, so that those who

wore no caps it coated, making a complete cement mask right over their heads.

"Everybody was not on deck at this time. Some of the passengers were dressing, some still in their bunks. In some cases they were poisoned almost instantaneously by the noxious gas. In others they were drowned by the water which swept in hot through the open port-holes of the submerged staterooms on the starboard side.

"The darkness was appalling, only lit by the flames from the after end of the ship and by the lurid glare of the conflagration on shore when some big warehouse caught fire, and the great puncheons of rum burst with a loud report and shot their blazing contents into the air. At this time I went to the lower bridge, feeling my way along in order to find the captain. There on the bridge I almost stumbled on a crouching figure with a hideous face, burned almost beyond recognition. 'Who are you?' I cried, for I did not know him crouched there in the darkness. The man looked up, his face terrible to see. 'Mr. Scott,' he said, 'don't you know me?' I said, 'My God, it's the captain!' He got on his feet as best he could. Then, seeing one of the boats still left which was hanging in a crippled condition, he wanted to know if we couldn't clear her away. 'Well, captain,' I said, 'the boat is stove in and no use, and she is jammed so twenty men couldn't budge her, and we have got no one to help us.' * *

"After looking round and finding the after end of the ship all on fire and people burned and dying everywhere, and flames breaking out in several places, forward, I went back to report to the captain how things were. When I reached the bridge he was gone.

There were only four of us out of forty-seven really able-bodied. The men who helped us were horribly burned, but it was wonderful to see their heroism. Two engineers who had lost all the skin on their hands were still carrying things about to help us, using their upper arms and elbows. The command devolved upon me. The first thing to be done was to get the fires out forward (for the wind was blowing off shore and raking the ship) so that we should not be cremated alive. The pumps had no steam and wouldn't work, but every man still able to walk did his best. Two of them began to lower buckets over the side, and then, forming a fire line, we passed them up forward and dashed the water at the flames. All this time thick darkness continued. Then all at once, about 9 o'clock, it lighted a little, and we could see the steamer Roddam steaming straight toward us, as though coming to take us off. It looked like a rescue, and we thanked God. Some of us got the passengers, women and children, on the upper deck forward, hoping that the Roddam would come near enough to take them aboard. All at once, not more than a hundred feet away, she stopped, leaving us absolutely disheartened. When the smoke cleared we could see nothing more of her.

"The next thing was to find out what condition our battered hull was in, and to put out the small fires which had ignited again here and there. The worst one was in the port steerage, far forward. Here two great piles of mattresses were all afire. It was a bad outlook, for if the fire gained headway there it would sweep the ship, and worse than this, we had a matter of 3,000 cases of kerosene oil, great kegs of varnish and barrels of tar stowed away in the forward hold of the ship not a dozen feet from where the fire was. Out on the deck, just over the steerage quarters, were the cattle pens which were used to store some thousands of feet of spruce lumber, enough to burn a city, and standing about close by were a number of puncheons of temper lime, a highly inflammable substance used in the making of sugar. This temper lime, which takes fire if it comes in contact with water, was already smouldering and the smoke

was hanging thick about it. * * * * *

"After a time the smaller fires came under control and we got a breathing spell so that we could look about us. The sight was fearful. All around us were sailors and passengers, men, women and children, burnt and dying, crying aloud for water. * *

"Gradually we collected the survivors and laid them on deck forward near hatch No. 1, all of them crying for water, but many of the unfortunates could not drink at all. The flaming gases had burned their mouths and throats and even the linings of their stomachs so terribly that in many cases the passage of the throat was almost entirely closed, and many of the unhappy creatures could not drink a drop. When we put the water into their mouths it stayed there and almost choked them, and we had to turn them over to get the water out, yet still they would implore us for more. Fortunately the darkness was beginning to lift now, the flaming city supplying us with plenty of light. We broke open the ice-house door and hauled out blocks of ice and broke them into small pieces. These the sufferers could hold in their mouths when they could no longer drink. Several of them had their tongues burned out. The coatings of their mouths and tongues and the linings of their noses were sometimes entirely gone, so that the air when they attempted to draw breath would block their throat and nostrils and smother them.

"All this time the groans and the shrieks of the sufferers were heart-breaking. You read about that fellow down in hell looking up and asking for water. Well, that is about as near as I can come to describing it, but everything that happened sticks in my mind like a nightmare. I can see now one of the passengers—a man, lying on the foc's'le deck, hideously scarred, crying for water. When we gave it to him he could not drink it. It would not pass down his throat. The man's tongue was literally burned out of his head. His arms were cruelly burned from his shoulders to his finger-ends. * *

"By this time the air was getting a little purer, so that it was possible to breathe. At that first fierce blast it was so strong and fiery that it struck men dead on the spot.

"There was but one thing to do; so, with the assistance of those who could do anything at all, we started to construct a raft. It was completed and stocked, but it was not necessary to use it, for other means of relief came.

"It was between 2 and 3 p.m. that a French man-of-war, the *Suchette*, Captain Pierre Le Bris, steamed into the harbor of St. Pierre.

"We saw her coming toward us, but after our experience with the Roddam, I did not feel sure of anything. We got out the British ensign, and, tying it bottom upward on a stick, lashed it on one of the port davits, that being the highest stick left on the ship.

"The *Suchette* at once answered the signal, and sent a boat alongside. We were the first ship she noticed. No other ship was showing any special signals to attract her attention, and all the craft we could make out about us were merely burning hulks. Soon she sent two other boats to our aid, towed by a steam launch.

"The *Suchette* then steamed slowly to Fort de France, her boats searching the shore and sea, and picking up everybody they found alive. Wreckage and driftage were scattered everywhere over the water, and now and then you could see a plank with an arm or leg curled over it, while the remainder of the corpse was hidden beneath the surface. * *

FOES TO BE FOUGHT.

Three giant foes with which the teacher of today has to contend are ignorance, intemperance, and impurity. In combating with these there is need of constant watchfulness, fidelity, and tact. The teacher who inspires her pupils with a love for that which is pure and true and good, has accomplished more to prevent the conquest of this life by these monster evils than could be done by any detailed description of the evils themselves.—*The Bible Teacher*.

EPWORTH-ON-THE-LAKE.

Elvin Swarthout.

NEXT to the prestige gained by reason of her great university, Michigan is becoming most widely known for her summer resorts. Summer villas fringe, as with one continuous string of pearls, the Michigan shores of Lakes Superior, Huron, St. Clair, and especially Michigan.

None of our resorts has had such a phenomenal growth as Epworth Heights, or "Epworth-on-the-Lake," as some of its poetically inclined friends are disposed to call it. In the spring of 1894 the citizens of Ludington and the Pere Marquette Railroad placed in the hands of a company of ardent Epworthians 240 acres of land beautifully located on the shores of Lake Michigan, just north of the corporate limits of Ludington; together with \$21,000 in cash, with which to develop the property.

The grounds are ideally located. Stretching for nearly a mile along the sandy beach and wooded bluffs of the lake, they are all but "insulated" by the limpid waters of Lincoln lake and river, which form their eastern and northern bounds. The river discharges into Lake Michigan at the north-west limits of the grounds, between the piers of the "deserted village" of Lincoln. The lake and river of that name are navigable for small craft, six or eight miles inland.

The professional landscape gardener, whose duty it was to plat the land into about 1,000 lots, found here a place in which his genius could revel. The highlands comprise a wooded peninsula, which, viewed from the landward or seaward side, presents a panorama of changing beauty. Here, overlooking Lake Michigan, are high bluffs and hills, "which garnish their proud heights with stately trees." On the side of the lesser lake are long stretches of wooded terraces dimpled here and there with soft, sunny hollows. At other points the solemn pomp of grove and woodland glade is broken by long lines of undulating hills.

But the great lake dominates everything, and up to this time has attracted nearly all the cottages to its sandy shores or wooded bluffs. It never tires one. Its many moods are always interesting. From the utmost verge of the horizon to the bleak beach, where, breaking, the white and fleecy waves look soft as carded wool, motion—power everywhere prevail. The clear azure of the arching sky, the deep blue of the seas—contrasting with the white caps of the waves—and the deep green of the forest skirting the shore and neighboring points, impress the beholder with the richness of nature's coloring. The scudding yacht and stately ship far out, the steamer leaving miles behind it a shimmering wake and long dark plume of smoke, the dipping gull, all add life. A touch of tragedy is there in that old boat, keel upward, derelict on yonder barren waste, her rotting

ribs the sport of drifting sand and flying spray. Nowhere in all the world are there more gorgeously brilliant sunsets than those of Epworth. Turner and the impressionists, essaying to convey them to canvas, would not overdraw or overcolor. Whether the ruler of the day drops to his watery couch from a clear sky, or whether his retiring is draped with wavering mists or bedecked with fleecy clouds, the crimson, the scarlet, the deep blue and burning gold are there in all their wealth of tint or glorious effulgence. The original gift of money was nearly all used

the lake. The city electric wires were stretched throughout the grounds. Walks and drives were constructed, and a dozen cottages erected before the first assembly program was begun in July, 1894.

In the spring following, the citizens of Ludington built and equipped a standard gauge railroad from the depot and docks in the city to the grounds, at an additional cost of \$10,000. It bears the name of "The Epworth League Railroad."

New cottages have been built every year since, and more new ones are going up now than during any year since the beginning.

The days and evenings at Epworth-on-the-Lake are planned so as to secure the maximum of rest and of intellectual and moral improvement. An Epworth League school of methods has been a valued feature from the commencement. Then there are afternoon lectures and musicales of a high order. At night the great auditorium is usually crowded with people to hear a popular lecture or concert.

The program is not surpassed at any assembly in this country. The Sunday services are largely attended, and the vesper service on the beach is perhaps the most popular and profitable meeting of the day.

To very many the outdoor recreations are especially attractive. The sandy beach, rolling surf, and delightful temperature of the water invite hundreds of bathers. Rowing, yachting, and excursions of launches and steamers are constant attractions. Hamlin Lake, a short distance north of the grounds, and Lincoln Lake and river are among the best fishing waters of the state. Tennis, golf, and baseball are growing sports. While the average cottager maintains that the mere opportunity of living a free outdoor life, near to mother nature and under these favorable surroundings, is sufficient inducement to bring him back year after year.

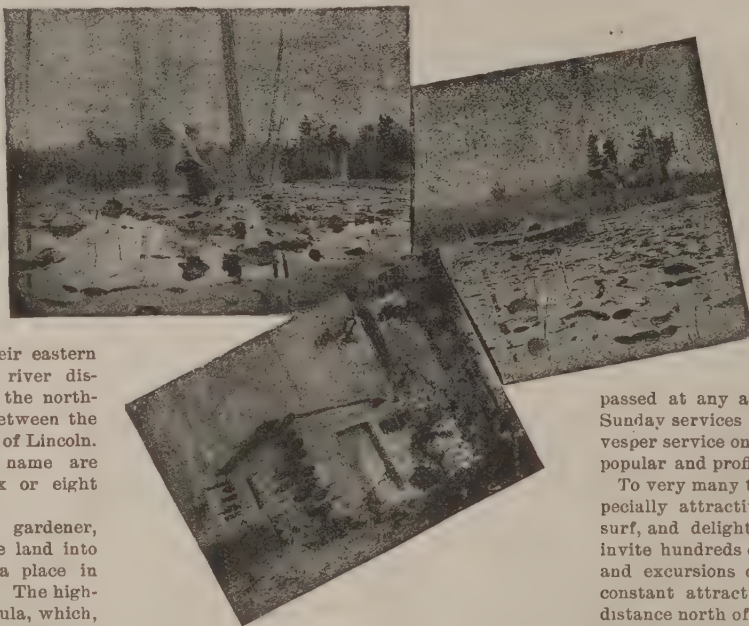
This charming Christian resort is within a few hours' sail from Chicago. It seems scarcely possible that a journey of 250 miles can give such an utter change of climate. At Ludington we have the famous Northern Michigan air. It is delightfully cool right through July and August. At night the cottagers and hotel guests are comfortable only under a blanket.

The only unpleasant thing about Ludington is the regret one feels at having to leave so delightful a place when the season ends, and at having

to say good-bye to the other resorters who do not go our way.

I was instructed by the editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD to set forth the glories of our summer city on the lake. I may be permitted to add that a letter of inquiry addressed to the writer hereof at Ludington, Mich., from any reader of this paper who desires to know more about Epworth-on-the-Lake, will receive a prompt reply.

The illustrations on this and the opposite page give views of this delightful resort.



LILY PADS AND LOG CABIN AT HAMLIN.

the first season in improvements on the grounds. A large resort hotel, known as "The Epworth," was built directly on the lake front, within a stone's throw of the water's edge. Its spacious double verandas and roomy corridors are always swept with breezes, either charged by the ozone of the lake or freighted with the balm of the pines, cedars, and hemlocks which form its setting on the landward side. A splendid auditorium, capable of seating 2,000 people comfortably, was constructed. This building is a marvel of acoustics. The slenderest note of the violin is easily heard in its most remote corner. The entire grounds were piped and supplied with purest water pumped from the depths of



HOTEL EPWORTH, AT EPWORTH-ON-THE-LAKE.

UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT WORK.

James Melvin Lee.

JAMES B. REYNOLDS, the late head-worker of the University Settlement Society of New York, in an address delivered before the first New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections, thus defined what is meant by "University Settlement": "We mean, first, what is implied in the word, 'settlement'; namely, that the workers live in the district where they are working; and, secondly, by the word, 'university', we mean that the workers are educated persons—a qualification which we regard as of the highest importance."

The settlement does not approve of charity; its aim is to help the independent poor rather than the dependent. Its work, however, is of a most decided public character. It seeks to exert its influence upon all, from little children up to grown people. Taking the settlement work in New York, for example, it begins with the tiny tots who come to deposit their pennies in the Penny Provident Bank. Then come the debating clubs for boys and the sewing classes for girls, along with educational features for both. Nor is the physical development neglected; there is exercise in the gymnasium, followed by a bath. For these privileges a charge of one cent is made. In this way the spirit of independence is cultivated, and the lesson of self-respect learned. For

older people there is a legal-aid bureau, where, for a very trifling amount, one can get competent legal advice. A model pawnshop is conducted by the Provident Loan Society. The principles of this society are in direct contrast to the other pawnshops.

Another department that promises well is the police court probation work. According to the last report of the New York settlement, one of its workers had been appointed a probation officer. Boys who would have been sent to the workhouse for their first offense had it not been for this probation officer, now have a friend who is willing and glad to advise and help. Men under his care are allowed to earn money to pay their fines.

In general, the activities of university settlement work are embraced under the following five heads: artistic, industrial, physical, social, and educational. The first of these seeks to cultivate the sense of the beautiful. Considering

how little there is in the slums of a city to appeal to the esthetic, it is wonderful how acute is the desire, on the part of the inhabitants, for "pretty things." Pictures are circulated by the settlement among the homes, and even classes in drawing and other fine arts are conducted.

From an industrial point of view, the teaching of settlements is intensely practical. Girls are taught that cleanliness and order are the first demands in a kitchen. Later, they are instructed as to the nutritive value, the selection, and the cooking of the various foods. Instruction is also given in the making and repairing of clothing.

Special attention is paid to physical development. When one thinks of the environment of settlement neighborhoods he readily appreciates the fact that this is most desirable. The work is graded from simple calisthenics to more energetic forms of activity in the gymnasium. Grace among the girls and dignity among the boys are developed by regular drills.

The settlement building is a rendezvous where all may meet for social purposes. Caste is not regarded, and even race distinctions are, as far as possible, done away with. It is the constant thought of the workers to provide another place besides the saloon where a good time may be enjoyed.

Closely associated with the social work is the educational work of the settlement. The entertainments, whether musical or literary, are of the instructive sort. The debating and literary clubs, the classes in literature, civics, history, etc., are all organized for the training of the mind. The

libraries are of the circulating sort.

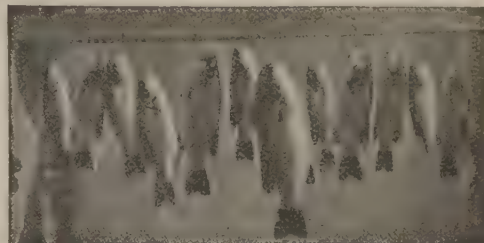
"The Penny Bank," which has already been mentioned, is one of the most prosperous departments of the New York settlement. A deposit of a few pennies is often the beginning of a larger account. It is officially stated that on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays—days when the bank is open—there is a line of children extending around two sides of the building, waiting for the doors to open, so eager are they to deposit their little savings.

Finally, the university settlement seeks not only to remedy abuses practiced upon the poor and helpless, but also to awaken the interest of the educated and the rich as to what they owe their fellow-citizens. Thus are not only abuses investigated, but reforms are brought about. And, everything considered, no work for the betterment of the submerged classes promises such excellent and enduring results as that of the university settlement.

Ontario, N. Y.

THE NECESSITY OF SLEEP.

"BUT if sleep, in some cases, may cause death, lack of sleep is sure to do so. A person absolutely without sleep for nine days will die. Sufferers from insomnia sometimes maintain that they have gone for weeks without sleeping, but it has been proved that they do sleep without being aware of it. At a certain point sleep is inevitable, no matter what the bodily condition, the alternative being death.



AN HOUR'S CATCH.

Prisoners have slept on the rack of the Inquisition. And the Chinese found that only the greatest ingenuity and vigilance could carry out a sentence of death by sleeplessness. This mode of capital punishment was long in favor in China, and is said to be so to-day; while as a form of torture, deprivation of sleep is considered one of the most efficacious weapons in the Chinese judicial arsenal. In some such cases the prisoner is kept in a cage, too small to stand up or lie down in, and constantly prodded with a sharp rod. Death by starvation, also a Chinese punitive method, is a slower process, and therefore, one would think, more calculated to appeal to the oriental mind, if it were not that death by sleeplessness is thought so much more painful. In the latter case, the brain is the first affected of all the organs of the body; while in case of starvation, the brain longest retains its normal weight and character.

"A corresponding mode of taming wild elephants is said to be in depriving the animals of sleep when first caught. In a few days they become comparatively spiritless and harmless. The brain of the elephant is held to be more highly developed than that of any other wild

animal, but, of course, as compared with a human brain, can be easily fatigued by new impressions, and so made very dependent on sleep. The wild elephant in his native jungle, however, is said to sleep very little—a further point for the theory of the universal ratio of sleep to intelligence. A man taken out of his habitat, and placed in conditions which he never could

have imagined—if transported to Mars, say—would doubtless need an extraordinary amount of sleep at first. There is the almost parallel case of a German boy, Casper Hauser, who, up to the age of eighteen, was kept in one room where he had no intercourse with human beings, or sight of any natural object—not even the sky. At eighteen he was brought to Nuremberg, and abandoned in the street. For the first few months of his life among men he slept almost constantly, and so soundly that it was very hard to wake him."—*Neth Boyce, in Atwater's.*



UNCONSCIOUS BATHERS.



PORCH LIFE AT EPWORTH.



NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

The Spiritual Life.

THE GOSPEL IN THE OPEN AIR.

The movement of the Boston churches toward holding the large meetings in the open air calls to mind the fact that Rev. George Whitefield preached on Boston Common to 20,000 people, and the enthusiastic advocates of this method of propagating the gospel insist that the Bible is a sort of open air book. The Garden of Eden was in the open air. The law was given from Sinai, and its curses were emphasized from the top of Ebal in the open air. The great revival under Ezra began in the open air, as from his pulpit of wood he read the scriptures and expounded their meaning. The angels gave a snatch of heaven's music, and announced the birth of Jesus to the shepherds in the open air. Christ preached his greatest sermon in the open air, and proclaimed the gospel to the woman by Jacob's well in the open air. Indeed, most of his miracles and teaching took place in the open air. He did not shun the synagogue or the upper room, but he delighted in the freedom of the street, the mountain, and the plain. His disciples were chosen in the open air.

The Apostle Paul was converted in the open air, and he became all through his life an open-air preacher, proclaiming from Mars Hill Jesus and the resurrection, and pressing into the market-places where the people thronged. Jesus was crucified in the open air, and from the top of Olivet he ascended in the open air. In like manner he shall return with the glory of his Father and the angels in the open air.

Open Air First.

Dr. A. C. Dixon tells me that the first mention of church houses is found in the writings of Tertullian at the end of the second century. Justin Martyr was converted by the testimony of an old man preaching in the open air. Raymond Lull, the Spanish nobleman, who went as a missionary to Africa, preached with a tongue of flame in the open air, and he was killed on the seashore while shouting to the people, "Jesus only, Jesus only." Augustine preached to King Ethelbert of England in the open air. Wyclif's poor priests carried on their ministry almost exclusively in the open air. Peter of Bruys would not preach under a roof. Arnold of Brescia stood among the people in the open air, and preached until he was thrown into a dungeon, from which he went to a martyr's crown. Peter Waldo and "the poor men of Lyons" were open-air preachers.

The Franciscan, the Dominican, and the Cistercian monks preached to the people constantly in the open air. In 1382 there was presented to the Parliament of England by the clergy a complaint against street preaching. John Huss, driven from his pulpit, began the Bohemian reformation in the open air. Luther did most of his work before diets and with his pen, but it is well known that he preached in the open air at Wittenberg to 25,000.

At Goslar, a student from Wittenberg gathered the people under a lime-tree and expounded to them the scriptures, and they were known as the "Lime tree brethren." John Livingston's great sermon, which resulted in the conversion of 500 Scotchmen, was delivered in the open air. Spurgeon says that he preached on the rain and the dew, while it was raining, to thousands of people who stood and drank in the Word like the thirsty grass. Mr. Kirkham of England, says that he has frequently preached on the snow in a double sense, standing upon it and talking about it. John Welsh held open-air meetings on the Tweed between England and Scotland; and, when the Scottish authorities interfered, he would move back again to the English side. As both authorities were not apt to interfere at the same time, he kept up his open-air preaching almost incessantly.

Whitefield's Preaching.

The preaching of Whitefield at Kingswood Colliery is familiar to every student of the great

Methodist revival. From several sources I have gleaned that at his first service there were present only about 200, but before the week closed 2,000 or 3,000 listened while they wiped tears of penitence and joy from their grimy cheeks. Wesley believed that everything should be done decently and in order, and he first thought that preaching in the open air might bring the movement into disrepute; but, when he saw the power of the gospel upon these colliery people, he yielded and began himself to preach in the open air. When Whitefield left Kingswood for London, his brethren urged him not to carry this invasion into the city. He knelt down and asked God to keep him from doing anything rash or unwise; but, when he reached London, he could not restrain the fire that burned in his bones, and he was soon standing among the thousands at Moorfield, preaching to them in a voice of thunder.

John Wesley at Epworth.

It is well known that John Wesley was refused his father's pulpit at Epworth. John Taylor stood at the door of the church and announced that Mr. Wesley would preach at 6 o'clock that evening in the churchyard. Wesley, standing on his father's tomb, preached from the text, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." He said afterward, "I am well assured that I did far more good to my Lincolnshire parishioners by preaching three days on my father's tomb than I did by preaching three years in his pulpit." A short time before his death Mr. Wesley preached at Winchelsea, when he was eighty-seven years of age, in the open-air, under an ash tree, known afterwards as "Wesley's tree."

The Salvation Army doubtless would never have been heard of but for its open-air work. The burgomaster of The Hague is reported to have said: "One street preacher is worth ten policemen." St. Mary's Church in Whitechapel, London, has a pulpit built in the corner on the outside, from which the preacher reaches more people than he can induce to come within. The open-air mission, known as Carrubber's Close, in Edinburgh, has resulted in the conversion of thousands. The pastor of the Somerstown Church, in London, declares that two thirds of his 1,000 members were converted in the streets. Deacon Onley of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, declared that more converts came into the tabernacle as a result of open-air preaching than came through the regular ministry of Mr. Spurgeon. One of the presbyteries of Great Britain requires that all its ministers shall preach several times during the year in the open air.

I should like to see this summer a movement in our small country districts, as well as in our cities, that will result in the preaching of the gospel to thousands that will not come into our churches.—John Willis Baer, Secretary Y. P. S. C. E.

THE SECOND THOUGHT IS BEST.

REV. S. G. AYERS, B.D.

In an old pamphlet this story of the late Nathaniel Bowditch is told. Dr. Bowditch had been preparing a plan of the town of Salem, which he intended soon to publish. It had been the fruit of much labor and care. By some means or other an individual in the town had surreptitiously got possession of it, and had the audacity to issue bids for proposals to publish it as his own. This was too much for Dr. Bowditch to bear. He instantly went to the person, and burst out in the following strain: "You villain! how dare you do this? What do you mean by it? If you presume to proceed any farther in this business I will prosecute you to the utmost extent of the law!" The poor fellow cowered before the storm of his indignation, and was silent, for his wrath was terrible. Dr. Bowditch went home and slept on it, and the next day, hearing from some authentic source, that

the man was extremely poor, and had probably been driven by the necessities of his family to commit this audacious plagiarism, his feelings were touched, his heart relented, and his anger melted away like wax. He went to him, and said: "Sir, you did very wrong, and you know it, to appropriate to your own use and benefit the fruit of my labors. But I understand you are poor, and have a family to support. I feel for you, and will help you. That plan is unfinished, and contains errors that would have disgraced you and me had it been published in the state in which you found it. I'll tell you what I will do. I will finish the plan; I will correct the errors, and then you shall publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the subscription list with my name."

There is a passage in an old book, still worth reading, on which this story is a commentary: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Madison, N. J.

The Persistence of Right.

Baptist Union.

"He may die, but he cannot fail," is the comment of Philip Sidney, on listening to the story of the devotion and rare fortitude and indomitable will of William, Prince of Orange, in "A Lily of France." It were well if every man who is fighting the battle for human freedom and righteousness, would believe that striking saying. He cannot fail; "since right is right, and God is God"—he cannot fail. Death may come to him, even in the midst of his struggle, and before victory "perches on his banners." Death cannot alter issues; it sometimes more clearly defines the issues, but it cannot change the outcome. A man in such a case may die, but he cannot fail. How cheering is the truth underlying that statement. In the midst of our mourning over the ending of many lives before their work is fully crowned, we may well be comforted in the truth that "death" and "failure" are not synonymous words.

He who fights God's battles shall come to God's great victory; for right will triumph in the end. This is the lesson of history; this is the promise of God.

Why Napoleon Failed.

Lord Rosebery's recent book on Napoleon is profoundly interesting in its sympathetic, and yet judicial, estimate of the most marvelous of modern conquerors. Napoleon appears, to this latest biographer, so great in his energy, his intellect, his genius, that he "enlarges the scope of human achievement." He "fought the Austrians once for five consecutive days, without taking off his boots or closing his eyes;" he would work for eighteen hours at a stretch; "his genius was as unfailing and supreme in the art of statesmanship as in the art of war, and he was as much the first ruler as the first captain in the world." "Ordinary measures do not apply to him; we seem to be trying to span a mountain with a tape." The conclusion arrived at is that Napoleon was the largest personal force that has ever come into the modern European world.

Why, then, did his career end in defeat and exile? Napoleon's own saying is a revelation on this point. "I am not a man like other men," he asserted; "the laws of morality could not be intended to apply to me." He believed that religion was essential to the nation he ruled, but not to himself. He was not antagonistic to it; he patronized it, rather. But for a man as consciously great as he to obey the ten commandments when they ran counter to his own views, appeared to him absurd. Humility was, in his eyes, no virtue, but an entire mistake. Yet humility alone could have saved him. The dangerous, the fatal element in Napoleon's nature was ambition. In youth he was phenomenally sane and well balanced. But little by little his knowledge of his own powers unbalanced him; nothing seemed impossible; nothing seemed as important as his own destiny; "the intellect



Priests Saying Mass over the Dead in the Ruined Streets of St. Pierre.

and energy were still there, but as in caricature; they became monstrosities." Then came the inevitable collapse of insane and impossible ambitions; and at forty-six the man who had dreamed of governing a world became a captive exile. His conquests left no mark; the kings he made lost their thrones; France was beggared and exhausted by him; and the greatest gifts ever bestowed upon a human soul since the days of Cæsar thus failed to help forward the world.

If anyone was ever great enough to do without goodness, Napoleon was the man. The result of his experiment ought to be enough to satisfy anybody. There is no need for smaller men to repeat the test; it stands as a finality. Plain, simple goodness is the necessity of great souls as well as lesser ones; duty is the supreme law, God the almighty ruler. Napoleon failed, not because he was not good enough. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord."

The Castle Well.

In the great central citadel of the old castles in England, as I remember them, there is almost sure to be a well of living water sunk down deep in the foundations; and this was counted a most momentous matter. They would store up provisions for a siege; but the well of living water springing down there in the deeps, stored and sprang of its own sweet will and gave them ever-enduring strength to defend the place. So have I thought of this honest and sincere conviction of God's truth in a man's life. It is a well of living water in the central citadel of his power; while the mere make-believe is as the tanks we fill, to find the water grow turbid, and fail when we need it most.

Remarkable Answer to Prayer.

Faithful Witness.

Rev. H. A. Robertson, in jottings from the New Hebrides, tells of a terrible hurricane he experienced on Erromanga, and says:

"I suggested our cellar, but my daughter feared lest we should be buried under the buildings. So we decided to remain outside the kitchen door, under the lee of the chimney. My daughter said: 'Father, I believe in direct answer to prayer. Let us sit down right here and ask God to protect and save us.' I did so in

few words. We rose, and almost instantly the storm ceased, and there was a great calm. Some of the natives said: 'Missi, behold the answer! God has heard our cry!' They were much struck by the stopping of the storm, and believed it was the answer to our prayer.

"I am well aware that there are laws which control storms, but God controls everything. The lul was no doubt after the east wind, and the west wind was of much less force. To us the answer more strongly confirmed our faith in God. 'And it shall come to pass that, before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"

Two Sorts of Holiness.

Geo. T. Candlin.

There have always been two types of holiness before the church. The idea of one has been separation from the world; the idea of the other is that of devotion for the sake of the world. The one seeks to be saved from it, the other to save it. One is the holiness of the monk, the ascetic, cloistered, confined. The other is that of the evangelist, the worker, throwing himself into the full tide of the world's life, responsive to the pulses of its passion, in order that mortal life, with all its unbounded possibilities, may be saved and sanctified; not of the world, but in it, in the very thick of it for its healing and life.

Peace.

J. H. Jowett.

Peace is the general glow of health resulting from the inter-related life of many members, each of whom occupies his appointed place in the spiritual order, and is possessed by the spirit of equity and truth. Peace is the spirit of communion, the genius of coöperation, the cohesion of many members into one pure and indissoluble whole.

The Soul's Delicate Mechanism.

W. L. Watkinson.

Professor Turner tells us in his most interesting book on astronomy that the astronomer uses mechanism of unspeakable delicacy. One day they allowed a visitor to come into the room, and the visitor gently touched it with his finger. That was enough. It took months of painstaking

and expensive work to correct that machine, and make it once more register the signs of the sky. And I tell you that as one touch would destroy that astronomical mechanism, so an act, a thought, a word, a fancy may destroy the delicacy of the human soul, and put us out of fellowship with the sky above our head.

The Need of Power from Without.

P. T. Forsyth.

What troubles and threatens us most is not the pathlessness of a dark world, but misgivings about our own self, disenchantment with our schemes, and despair of our own fidelity. What we need is a kind of power that will enable us to go on, and still conquer when our robust assurance fails, when we have gone through the disillusionment which comes from exhausting the world we range, from neglecting our conscience, or betraying it, and then finding ourselves out.

Forever Active.

Phillips Brooks.

"God will ever be doing new things. He is forever active. He has purposes concerning me which he has not unfolded. Therefore, each year grows sacred with wondering expectation. Therefore, I and the world may go forth from each old year into the new which follows it, certain that in that new year God will have for us some new treatment which will open for us some novel life."

The Compulsions of Love.

Hugh Black.

Do you know constraint, the submission to a higher will, and to a higher love? So that it is no longer with you just what you would like to do, nor even what you may do, nor even what you can do, but what you must do.

Christianity a Gospel

J. Guinness Rogers.

Christianity is more than a perfect ethical system, and our Lord is something more than a leader, a guide, an exemplar. If Christ be not the Saviour, we have no message to give to the world.

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

THE CALL TO SEPARATION.

(2 Cor. 6: 14-18; 1 John 2: 15-17.)

CHARLES COKE WOODS.

Topic, for August 3.

Discord is death to harmony. Your natural philosopher says: "Impenetrability is that property by virtue of which no two bodies occupy the same place at the same time." Something for every place and a place for everything. That is nature's way. And nature's way is God's way.

To every man his work. That is the divine idea. To every principle and to every person a place—that is God's place. You may blend all colors into one. But you cannot blend all characters into one. Colors are temporary. Characters are eternal.

Dissimilarities.

The world is full of differences. That fact fronts us. It cannot be put aside. It is woven with the warp and woof of the world.

It is so with soil. The government of certain states has appointed chemists to analyze the soil in different parts of this country. The scientist has found that the constituent elements in one fruit differ from those in another. Sometimes it is a difference as to the nature of the chemical atoms. It is sometimes a difference as to the relationship of the same atoms.

Now it is found that the apple is composed of certain substances. It is further found that the apple-tree life gets these substances mainly from three sources, the air, the sun, the soil. Let the temperature of the air be too high during the fruiting season, or too low, and the apple will differ from the one grown in a medium temperature. Let the sunshine be scant, and if apples come at all they are apt to be inferior in size and quality. Let the soil be lacking in apple-tree food. Then what? One result is inevitable. There is no fruit. And the tree itself starves. Plants have starved to death as well as people. There is apple-tree soil. And there is non-apple-tree soil. That is the important difference for the fruit-grower to understand. The soil must supply apple food, or there are no apples. The air must be favorable and the sunshine sufficient.

There are also essential differences in plant life. They are permanently different in the same soil. The fibrous feelers of each one take hold of the particular element in soil and sun and air that are needed. No mistakes are made in the process. If it is there each plant gets just what it wants. You cannot deceive a cherry nor a peach nor a quince. They know what they want—better, God knows what they want. Each of these trees does just what it did a thousand years ago.

One flower in your garden is blue, another is red, another is yellow. Who told the bluebell to catch only the blue in the sunlight and to let the rest go? Why do not the red rose and the yellow rose change colors sometimes? All of which is equivalent to asking "Why does not God sometimes make a mistake?" He never does in the soil nor in the soul. That is the truth that we are trying to trace. His methods are never mixed. His finger-boards of fact always point out the right road.

God is the lapidary of the hills. He is the maker of the mines. See him in the lonely laboratory of the mountains. Silently he determines differences and hints destinies by strata and structure, and fissure and seam. Here is the gold-bearing ore. There is the vein for the silver. Yonder are the iron and the lead.

Here is the message of it all: Differences in matter point to differences in mind; and differences in mind point to differences in men; and differences in men point to differences in destiny. That truth is limited in the old hymn of our fathers:

"Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!"

The Ministry of Opposites.

That thought has vital relation by way of suggestion to the topic of separation.

Nature is full of soul-symbols. Note a few of them.

Darkness. That is the haunt of sin's black heart. Some men love darkness. Why? Because their deeds are evil. Darkness in nature is needed. It rests the world. It cools the fevered brow of the harvester. It shows that the stars flash when the sun fades. That is sweet suggestion. God's hand uncovers the stars when the sun sets. Much of heart-history is in that.

But moral darkness is moral death. It is the dark night of death, spiritual death when God slips from the soul's sky. A thousand storms could not drive him hence. He would shine there forever. But the soul's dark choice may shut him out till he return no more. The blackest cloud that ever loomed above time's horizon is a godless soul.

If evil has a ministry it is because God is so good. Let no one say that evil is necessary. Say no a thousand times with ever-increasing emphasis. God is so great and so good that he will extract something sweet from the bitterest weed that grows on the face of the world. He is such a master that evil's mastery shall not be forever. He puts honey in the lion's carcass. It is under sunless skies that his refreshing dews distill. The tempest's breath blows the miasms from my door. Sin had made the world one unfertile waste and the soul of man utterly sterile, had not our great, good Master snatched victory from the hands of defeat and life from the jaws of death.

Edward Rowland Sill sings the secret for us:

"Clear water on smooth rock
Could give no foothold for a single flower
Or slenderest shaft of grain:
The stone must crumble under storm and rain—
The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power—

And broken boughs from many a tempest shook,
And fallen leaves of many a wintry hour
Must mingle in the mould
Before the harvest whitens on the plain,
Bearing an hundredfold.
Patience, O weary heart!
Let all thy sparkling hours depart,
And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,
And every effort tempest-toss'd—
So, when all life's green leaves
Are fallen, and mouldered underneath the sod,
Thou shalt go not too lightly to thy God,
But heavy with full sheaves."

Only give God his way, and he will have success in spite of sin. That is what the ministry of opposites means. All of God's strength is available for the success of the soul.

Affinities.

The natural philosophers declared a long time ago that "any two bodies exert upon each other a mutual attraction which varies directly as the product of their masses, and inversely as the square of their distance apart." That is the law of material gravitation.

There is also a law as definite, and far more important, of mental gravitation. Minds are as classifiable as minerals. They think certain thoughts in common. They hold certain truths in common. They agree as to the same theories.

That is the way we came to have political parties. That is the principal secret of ecclesiastical denominations. This mental affinity accounts for the fact of theological schools and systems of philosophy.

There are moral affinities. "Birds of a feather flock together," is the way the old adage tells that great truth. That adage is popular because it expresses the popular conviction on that point.

The fact that there are "dens of vice" is evidence that even vicious souls are drawn together by common consent. It is the congestion of corruption. Criminals congregate. That is a fact. And the fact shows that the law of soul-affinities holds clear down to the point of hell. Judas went to his own place. Nobody sent him. Wherever we are to-day we have come. Wherever we are to-morrow we shall go. Honey draws bees. So hearts draw hearts. Carrion attracts vultures. So characters attract characters. Water will find its level. So will men. Souls ought to seek God as rivers do the sea.

Separations.

If similarities exist there must be unions. If differences exist there must be separations.

Light and darkness cannot live together. They can only exist apart. Heat and cold repel each other. When fire comes frost flies.

There could be no cities if there were no people willing to separate themselves from the country. The necessity of separation—material, mental, moral—is seen on every hand.

Spiritual Separations.

The soul must separate itself from unrighteousness. Right and wrong are as incompatible as light and darkness. One excludes the other. Such a separation implies right feelings, right motives, right thoughts, right desires, right conduct, right character. Righteousness is the keyword of Christianity.

The soul must separate itself from infidelity. That is the soul's nightmare. He must believe the truth who would be true. The Christian must be faithful to principles and to persons.

The soul must separate itself from idolatry. Who offers God the second place, offers him none. He alone is large enough to fill the soul. Let there be no idols of fame, or pleasure, or pelf, or power. God is supreme, or God is not at all.

The soul must separate itself from uncleanness. Sunlight can fall upon slime, and still be unsullied. That ought to symbolize the soul. But only God can make us and keep us so. He is amply able.

A Catalogue of Character.

The Christian must not love the sinful spirit of the world.

He must love the things of the spirit of God.

His life must be kept above lust.

He must put away pride in the sense of vanity.

He must link his life with all that is lovely.

He must separate himself from all unrighteousness.

He must be free from every taint of infidelity.

He must love God supremely, and so escape idolatry.

His body must be clean enough to be God's temple.

He must love and live the will of God.

Trumpet Calls.

1. The most dangerous yielding to wickedness is the inward desire for it.

2. You may discover where your soul is fixed by noting what causes it disappointment.

3. If you have a desire to choose Belial rather than God you may be sure Belial will furnish you a specious excuse.

4. In choosing Christ rather than Belial there are certain things to be given up which at first will look large, but which when left behind will soon dwindle into insignificance.

5. "Come out," is Christ's call to each one of us. He cannot save us in our sins, but he can and will save us from them. The "come out" is our part. Deliverance from the power and love of sin is his part. There can be no possible failure on his side if we will honestly perform what belongs to us.

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for August 3: The Tabernacle.

(Exodus 40: 1-13.)

Golden text.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. (Psa. 100: 4.)

Starting Points for Thought.

Assuming that other helps will give more attention to the details of construction and arrangement, there are set forth on this page some of the simpler teachings which group themselves around the Tabernacle.

"To what purpose was this waste?" The Tabernacle was a temporary and portable structure. Why lavish wealth upon it as though it were a temple, set on the basal granite, to stand for ages? Certainly not for God's comfort or glory. It is the out-working of the law of love, which is not satisfied unless it gives of its best. The Tabernacle treasure was not secured by forced levy. It was a willing gift. Love insists on giving. You cannot repress it. Test your love by this sign.

Why appoint a place for the omnipresent God? The question errs. It was a place for man. For Israel would have a thousand incitements to worship the false gods of their neighbors. The Tabernacle affords them a center and rallying place for the worship of the Lord God Almighty. It stands for the truth that God seeks intimate association with his children.

The temporary nature of the Tabernacle did not justify cheap work. Every part shows exquisite finish. What is "temporary," after all? The delicate tracery of the spider's web, the gorgeous painting of the butterfly's wing, the unmatchable fragrance of the orchard bloom—what waste of skill on temporary things! How God shames this spirit of parsimony all through his creation. Beauty is never wasted, skill is never lost. The tabernacle stands for eternal truths, and so far as man's fashioning can accomplish the task this tent's outer guise must be at one with its inner meaning.

The tabernacle was for the wilderness and for wanderers. Its glories were the more glorious because of the desert. The church of God in the world to-day, temporary in its organization, imperfect as to its materials, is yet the greatest institution in the world. It is working toward the pattern that was shown in the mount, the church that shall be without spot or fault before the throne.

God wanted Israel's inner life to be richer than the tabernacle, more beautiful, more precious. What hideous mockery is a great church, or a small one for that matter, whose architecture is true and beautiful and costly, but whose members live lives that are ugly and deformed and trivial and false!

The center of the camp was the tabernacle, and the tabernacle was made for the ark, and the ark stood for two divine things—law and compassion. Within the chest the tables of stone, bearing the inflexible "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not" of God's unchanging law. But above the law, between the cherubim, was the mercy-seat, and above the mercy-seat the Shekinah, symbol of God's presence. Law is at the heart of all worship. We recognize an infinite rightness at the center of the divine scheme. But since Eden there is no perfect rightness in man. So if he comes to God there must be a mercy-seat. Some plan to bring mercy and truth together must be devised. The tabernacle stands for the beginning of that plan. It has the foregleam of the atonement.

The ark of the testimony is "behind the veil." Not curiosity, but holiness, to be stimulated by that careful concealment. There is no strange god within that curtain. The veil halts even the holiest man of Israel, save once a year, that men may know God is not lightly to be approached. On a day much nearer our own the veil before the holiest place was torn away, for no longer need men go to the temple in search of God's presence and pardon. There was—and is,

thank God—a new and living Way.

The shewbread on its table, a loaf for a tribe, was confession that worship touches all details of life. That table of heaped-up loaves was an object-prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Worship belongs to all details of life. "Labore est orare," to work, in any helpful, constructive way, is to pray.

The candlestick, seven-branched, was a perfect illuminant, since seven is the mystic number of completeness. Not that the light was brilliant, in our sense, but it was sufficient. God will illumine the worshiping soul, sometimes with a flood of light, sometimes with a softened glow as of twilight, but it is God's light. The light in Moses' face was from within—the presence of God in his soul shone in his countenance. When the true worshiper comes to God there is light enough. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

The holy place has its altar of incense, to declare that worship without prayer cannot be. Incense stands for adoration, praise, thanksgiving. These things are symbolized in the fragrance of the rising smoke, "the savour of a sweet smell." Worship which lacks these things is presumption, patronage, or the mere invocation of the panic-stricken, storm-tossed, prayerless life. Petitions in an emergency are potent, if they are real. But unless there has been thankfulness in the life the emergency prayer is a forlorn hope. It is often mere bribery of omnipotence, rather than trustful dependence on a gracious Father.

Nor can there be worship without sacrifice. Not all can be priests, Levites, ministrants about the Tabernacle, but all can bring an offering. To what purpose? Not to enrich God. Not the gift, but the giving. The gift is the sign of our acceptance of God's favor. All highest gain and good come by the road of sacrifice, and God seeks gain and good for us. So he asks of us an offering. Bring it to the altar of burnt offering. Let it be wholly consumed. It will have its higher use, as did the water from Bethlehem's well, which oozed away in the sand instead of slaking David's thirst.

Then, if we would worship, there is the laver to be considered in our coming to God. Let the priest be clean, the people clean. So shall they worship. Christ gives this thought the higher content when he bids the man at odds with his brother go and settle that quarrel before he gives his oblation to the priest. The Pharisee cannot pray, he can but say his prayers, since his heart is not clean. What emptying of churches and prayer-meeting rooms would we see if someone with authority should speak one day, and say: "Leave thy gift. Go undo that wrong thou hast done; get rid of that evil thought thou hast cherished; abandon that unrighteous plan thou hast considered; be reconciled to thy brother!" If someone should say that? Nay, rather, does he not say it continually? And the cleansing that makes clean is from him.

About the tabernacle a court, a fence. Worship is separation, from and to; from the world, unto God. There are lawful occupations outside that wall, but they must stay without. Worship is concentration of soul. Give it opportunity and place, and freedom from distraction.

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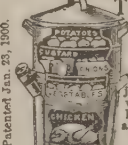
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A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

THE editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD has deep sympathy for newspaper contributors whose carefully-written manuscripts are rejected. We have greater sympathy for them than ever before. A little personal experience accounts for this.

Not many days since this editor was seized with a subtle temptation to dip into fiction. Could we write a readable story? There was only one way to find out. We must try. We wrote a sketch, and liked it much. But the writer of fiction, and of fact, too, for that matter, is never the best judge of its merits. The editor must not, therefore, sit in judgment upon his own production. That was perfectly clear. It was also clear that if we should submit the MS. to the assistant editor and to the MS. reader, they would be loath to reject the contribution even if, in their judgment, it was unworthy of publication. How could we contrive to secure an absolutely impartial verdict? Or, as the question formed itself in our mind: How can we secure the enthusiastic acceptance of our story without the decision being affected in the least by our relation to the office, and to the judges?

The MS. must be submitted in disguise.

Accordingly, when the story was completed it was copied by typewriter, and enclosed in a plain envelope. Accompanying it was a courteous little note, stating that the MS. was submitted at the usual rates, and expressing the hope that it might be found suitable for the columns of THE EPWORTH HERALD.

When the document arrived it came first to the desk of the young lady whose duty it is to open all mail and distribute it to the various departments of the office. This lady glanced through the editor's story, and made a mental comment. That comment, she subsequently confessed, was not at all complimentary.

Then the MS. went with a bundle of other literary offerings to the desk of an editorial assistant, who is also our reader. That functionary has had twenty years' experience in the critical examination of "copy," and is one of the most discriminating and conscientious critics we have ever known. She read the editor's sketch with her usual care, the editor meanwhile watching her face. He fully expected that, in feminine fashion, she would puncture the reading by numerous exclamations—exclamations of delight—and that, at the end, she would pronounce the MS. as perfect a piece of art as had come into the office for many a day. But she did nothing of the kind. Of course, she had no suspicion of the identity of the writer, and did not dream that she sent consternation to the editor's heart when she tossed his story into a pile of unsuitable manuscripts, and proceeded with her work.

But copy must go next to the assistant editor.

Our story took the usual course. We watched the new assistant eagerly, secretly expecting that he would reverse the decision of the misguided MS. reader. Our impression is that he did not read the sketch with as great care as he should have exercised, for he snook his head, and with a sigh exclaimed: "Tragic! I should say so. Too tragic; realism with a vengeance; too pessimistic; too depressing; would never

do in the columns of THE EPWORTH HERALD."

The die was cast! Hope suddenly dashed to the earth! Visions of literary renown quickly passed away! An enchanting dream rudely interrupted. To use an expression not permissible except under extreme provocation, we had been "turned down" in our own office by our own colleagues. Alas! alas! Our name was not, after all, to be engrossed upon the scroll of literary honor beneath those of Hawthorne and Irving. We must henceforth be content to travel the prosy path of fact, writing editorials about men and things that really are, and grinding out columns of "Personals" and "Methodist mention" and "How to make the wheel go."

This experience is a striking illustration of the fact that people in editors' offices do not know a great piece of literature when they see it. It is told for the comfort of newspaper writers whose "pieces" are always coming back. Henceforth we shall never return a contribution without feeling a large-sized pang. That pang will be caused partly by the memory of our own bitter experience in the realm of fiction, and partly by the thought that we are about to be a party to a transaction which will cause another heart to bleed.

"ROOM AT THE TOP."

IS there always room at the top? What do you mean by "the top"? There is room for only six or seven presidents in a generation. Only forty-five men can be governors of states at one time. Some eighteen men may be Methodist Episcopal bishops at the same time. The chief places in literature, finance, legislation, or church affairs are necessarily few. Before you need one colonel you must have a thousand private soldiers, more or less.

Not many get to the top places, because the top places are few. There is not room at the top for everybody. There is not even room at the top for all who are capable of meeting its exacting demands. Does anyone think that bishop timber is confined to a few dozen men? Is it conceivable that only one man in all the land has capacity enough to be our chief magistrate?

There is a good deal of nonsense in the old saying. A truer one, though not so terse, is this: "There is always room, somewhere, for the fit." No man or woman who is fit for any service in the community need fail for want of opportunity of rendering good service somewhere.

Besides, the "top" is a mysterious place. We pay so much attention to the place that sometimes we forget the man. It is significant that most of the one hundred American captains of industry who dined with Prince Henry were men of whom the general public had never heard before. They had not been "in the lime-light." But when a list of men who have brought things to pass was made up, these men could not be ignored.

Not place, but fitness, fixes human values in any final estimate.

OUR LARGE CONVENTIONS.

THE Epworth League Convention of the presiding-elder's district has been more largely attended this year than ever before. It has been a success in every respect. The larger gatherings, however, have not been so successful. The distances which delegates have to travel are great. The expenses are, in many cases, large. The themes put upon the programs of the larger gatherings are substantially the same as those discussed in the smaller meetings. Besides, the magnet of novelty does not now operate as it once did, and it is not surprising that the General Conference district and state conventions have rather declined in interest.

But there is a remedy.

We have always maintained that the convention held in the presiding-elder's district is the vital gathering. This conviction has been deepened since the district meeting has become a training-school. It will always be popular and

useful as a distinctively Epworth League meeting.

The state and General Conference district Conventions should not be dropped. They may be made to serve a most useful purpose. They promote in signal ways inter-conference fraternity. In Michigan there are two great annual English-speaking conferences. In Illinois there are four. In Iowa there are four. New England has six. And so on. These conferences are scattered over a wide territory. The state or General Conference district convention is the only meeting which brings the pastors and active young laymen of the conferences together. In the convention they become acquainted, and the connectional spirit, which is so vital to the success of Methodism, is promoted.

But the scope of these larger gatherings must be broadened. New features must be introduced. They must not longer cover merely the ground covered in the district meeting. We suggest that the program include a "pastors' parliament," something after the order of the itinerants' club. This parliament could have several sessions. It should not discuss theology very much, but could talk informally (hence, most profitably) of the practical phases of a pastor's life and work. Then a session or two could be given to Sunday-school work. That would secure the attendance of superintendents and teachers. It would promote interest in the best methods of Sunday-school work, and tend to tie the league and the school more closely together. Then, it is possible that some time could be given to the officiating of the local church and the problems which confront them. Or, our great benevolences and organized charities might come in for some definite attention.

We believe that such a reconstruction of the programs of our major conventions would greatly popularize them, and attendance and enthusiasm would soon rise mountain high. We respectfully offer the suggestion to program-builders.

TREATING WITH ROME.

IT seems a little odd for a representative of the United States government to spend a month at Rome in a diplomatic contest with the Pope. Under ordinary circumstances the course pursued by the Washington administration would receive general censure. The traditions of this country are against that sort of thing.

But the case is extraordinary. The Pope's friars are a bad lot. The morals of the priests are insufferable. Reliable persons who have spent some time in the islands affirm that the charges of gross immorality can scarcely be made too strong. The native people are cognizant of this state of affairs, and tens of thousands who are still loyal to the Roman Catholic Church abhor and loathe these men. The Spanish friars have not only been guilty of social badness of the most revolting type, but have oppressed and robbed the people in wholesale ways. The masses can never again give them their confidence. The friars can do no possible good.

Besides this, the Romish orders have secured, by fair means and foul means, vast properties in the Philippines. In some places this amounts to a giant land monopoly. It is the opinion of our government that this property should be thrown upon the market and again distributed among the people.

These are the conditions which confront our government. If we did not hope that Mr. Taft would secure the peaceable withdrawal of the friars, and arrange some scheme by which the Pope's lands might pass into the hands of rightful owners, we would feel deeply humiliated over the presence of the American diplomat in Rome. The conditions are most extraordinary, and we are willing, therefore, to have our government do an extraordinary thing.

We are sorry Governor Taft consents to have the offensive friars removed by degrees. They ought to be expelled at the bayonet's point at once. The only twinge of conscience we feel in making that strong assertion is caused by pity

for the unfortunate country to which they may be compelled to emigrate.

DOUBT.

DOUBT is not sin. It is the borderland between knowledge and ignorance. It becomes sin when one refuses to believe conclusive evidence, or when he shuts his eyes to the evidence.

Doubt has large disciplinary value. You cannot dress as elaborately as you could if somebody else paid your bills, but you have a strength and resourcefulness which come from making your own way. A big creed that somebody else has written out has far smaller value than a less comprehensive creed which you have worked out for yourself. The man who never had a doubt is by no means to be envied.

But doubt may easily become dangerous. Our needs are not abolished when we are not able to satisfy them. God and salvation and the life eternal are as certainly the need of the doubter as they are the need of the believer.

Doubt which refuses evidence makes help impossible. The Jews who rejected Christ looked for another, but they had closed all the doors. After their rejection of the Nazarene, any later claimant must overtop him. And so the modern Jew has no longer any hope of a personal Messiah. He has shut the door of hope.

Do you know a religious doubter? Do not ridicule him, or grow angry. Those were not Christ's methods. He loved to get an honest doubter before him. Three of the most marvelous revelations in all his teaching were made to Nicodemus, the Samaritan woman at the well, and Martha of Bethany.

There are some mysteries we shall never fathom in this life. But there is no need that we should. We can be alive without knowing life processes, and think without being metaphysicians, and be Christians without an exhaustive knowledge of any system of doctrine.

But most mysteries of the spiritual life can be resolved into certainties by a very simple method. It is the plain word of Philip to Nathaniel, "Come and see." Christianity proves itself. It furnishes the fit answer to human need, though it does not reveal the process by which the answer is secured. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine." The main army of doubts is routed the moment the doubter says unto Christ, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

BUSINESS TRUTHS.

THE address of Chas. M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, to the graduates of the Pennsylvania State College, was one of the most vigorous of the commencement season. He packed much wisdom into small space. Among other things Mr. Schwab said to the young men: "The worst thing you can do in life is to start with influence. Do not depend upon your diploma. That will amount to nothing unless you have energy and force and persistence. They talk much about trusts; but the great thing in the way of the growth of great business organizations is the lack of first-class men to manage them. Capitalists everywhere are looking for thoroughly competent men. Go to work, young men. You will make mistakes, but never mind. Go at it and you will compel success."

CRITICS OF AN INVENTOR.

NO doubt it was unavoidable. Edison says he has perfected an improved storage battery which will accomplish great things in the application of electrical energy. And straightway two kinds of men begin to assail him. One critic says: "Why, I thought of that long ago. That's not Edison's idea. He borrowed it. I can show you the documents to prove what I say." The other critic is scornful: "Pshaw, that amounts to nothing! Edison is talking for publication. He can't make his claims good.

The improved storage battery is yet to be thought out, much less made workable."

Mr. Edison is doubtless fully able to protect himself against both these classes of critics. But the fact that they have appeared is a new proof of the changelessness of human nature. Whenever a deed is done in the sight of all the world, there are always those who will say, "It has been done before," and those others who say: "It can not be done at all."

Look out for these critics. Keep an eye on yourself, lest the spirit of one of them may gain possession of you. Above all, be sure that the man who is really doing things should have neither time nor inclination to scoff at the attempts of others. That genial occupation may well be left to those who give their strength to the theoretical readjustment of a world which, in their sight, is out of joint.

THE MICHIGAN CONVENTION.

IN another column appears an article descriptive of Ludington-on-the-Lake, the place where our Michigan League hosts will assemble next week. The State Christian Endeavor Convention convenes in the same great auditorium a few days earlier.

We have never seen a stronger program than that sent out by the Michigan Committee. The fact that the General Cabinet meets at Ludington during the progress of the convention enabled the committee to draft these leaders for service. For three days it will be one continual feast of fat things.

Half-fare rates over all Michigan railroads have been secured. Reduced boat rates are also advertised from Chicago, Milwaukee, and other parts on this side the inland sea. Hundreds should go from this side. The date is July 31 to Aug. 4. Secretary Jones shouts: "Come to Ludington-on-the-Lake, but be sure and bring your overcoat."

Rev. A. C. Hirst, D.D., LL.D., pastor of First Methodist Episcopal Church, Omaha, died in Chicago last week just after our paper had been sent to press. His sudden going away was a great shock to his friends. It was such to the editor of this paper, who was absent in New England. The doctor's death was caused by Bright's disease. He had been ailing for several months, but confidently expected to recover. First Church, Omaha, is in deep sorrow. Dr. Hirst was exceedingly popular in that church, and throughout the city. He was accounted an exceptionally fine preacher, as he indeed was. His ministerial career has been long and successful, and he left to his family the heritage of a good name and a great life. We saw our promoted fellow-laborer in Omaha only a few weeks since. He was then full of good cheer, though clearly a very sick man. Our church has suffered a distinct loss.

Here is a story retold for the benefit of whom it may concern, in this season of drowsy Sabbath weather. Said a friend to Henry Ward Beecher: "What measures do you take at your church when people go to sleep while you are preaching?" "Well," answered Bro. Beecher, "we have a definite plan of action in such cases. Our sexton has positive instructions that, whenever he discovers anybody asleep in the congregation, he is to go up into the pulpit and wake up the preacher!" This fable teaches—but perhaps the moral may be omitted.

Rev. Horace A. Crane of the Genesee Conference will resume missionary duty in India. Bishops Thoburn and Warne have requested him to take the presiding-eldership of Bombay District, which was left vacant by the death of Rev. Dennis Osborne. He expects to sail in October. India Methodism is to be congratulated. Crane is worthy and well qualified.

THE EPWORTH HERALD has been fortunate in the absolute loyalty of its constituency. It has enjoyed the support of the league North, South, East, and West. There have been no competing

papers. Therefore, we do not know any favorite section. All parts of the country have equal claims upon us, and we are anxious to serve all with exact impartiality. If each section of the league had started its own newspaper organ, THE EPWORTH HERALD could never have reached its present great circulation.

The Pennsylvania Methodist raises an Epworth League question. The editor is of the opinion that very few of the active members of our chapters have really taken the pledge. He says that this is surely true, so far as Central Pennsylvania is concerned. We are sorry to learn the fact. It is expected that, where the chapter is divided into an active and associate membership, the former will always assume the prescribed pledge. Otherwise, the organization is not normal.

The cross-roads stores complain of the rural free-delivery system, saying that people no longer come in for their mail, and so do not get to the store so often. The cross-roads taverns and town saloons also complain of the free mail delivery. The matter will adjust itself. People may not come to the store so often, but when they do come the money saved from the daily dram will find its way into legitimate trade channels.

The Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society has had a great year. The receipts from conference collections are more than \$10,000 ahead of last year, the debt has been reduced \$25,000, cash gifts, on the annuity plan, to provide for the debt have amounted to \$54,000 in two years, and the cash gifts for special purposes, buildings, endowments, etc., reach a total of more than \$50,000. The secretaries are happy.

A fine building is soon to be erected beside Trinity Methodist Church, Chicago, for the special use of the boys of the Sunday-school and neighborhood. Rev. Clarence Abel, the pastor, is an enthusiastic worker for the mental, social, and spiritual development of boys and young men. The new building will give him splendid facilities for his work.

Mr. Thomas S. Marshall, the retiring president of the Illinois State League, made a most efficient and useful official. He is one of the growing young laymen of the Southern Illinois Conference, and is as true to the church as the needle is to the pole. If his life should be spared he will be heard from in the coming years.

The address of Mr. Robert F. Raymond on "Good citizenship" before the Worcester convention was a great public utterance. It appeared to be extemporaneous. We have never heard an extemporaneous speech excel it in lucid statement or in beauty of rhetoric. The speaker should have had forty instead of twenty minutes.

We ask our Junior workers to send us for publication in the *Junior Worker's Quarterly* an outline of their experience. This call is very important. Do not neglect it. We cannot make bricks without straw. Send along some straw. Tell of what you have done, or are planning to do.

The daily papers that went into hysterics over the report that certain American school teachers in the Philippines were trying to win people from Romanism must feel silly now. The report has been officially denied.

What would our fathers have said if they had been told that some day a President of the United States would send a special representative to treat with the Pope of Rome?

Hurrah for the district secretaries! They are waking up splendidly. An increasing number answer letters sent out from this office in prompt and satisfactory style.

When we all come to pray and vote on the same side the devil will wear a very long face.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION

(From our regular correspondent.)

The tenth convention (third biennial) of the First General Conference District Epworth League was held in Grace Church, Worcester, Mass., June 10-13. The convention was not great in number, though there were 636 registered delegates and visitors, representing 126 cities and towns in the six New England conferences; but it was great in its program (pronounced by Dr. Berry to be worthy an international meeting), great in the spirit of enthusiasm and helpfulness, and great in the measure of hospitality extended by the Worcester Circuit League—the hosts of the occasion.

The convention opened Thursday afternoon with a communion service, conducted by Rev. Willard T. Perrin, Ph.D., presiding-elder of the Boston District, and former president of the First General Conference District League. In connection with this service, Rev. Dr. E. O. Thayer of Maine gave an uplifting address on "The new covenant."

The business session followed, and the officers reported the work of the biennium. From the report of General Secretary George W. Penniman of Clinton, Mass., it was learned that the membership is 51,478 in 1,066 Senior and Junior leagues. The membership by conferences is as follows:

CONFERENCE.	Senior Leagues.	Members.	Juniors.	Members.
New England.....	217	14,504	163	6,849
New England Southern....	155	9,548	87	3,051
New Hampshire.....	84	4,367	40	1,624
Vermont.....	94	3,898	46	1,499
Maine.....	62	3,347	38	1,352
East Maine.....	61	3,495	19	944

The banner district, in point of chapters, is the Boston District. There are sixty-two chapters in this district, with sixty-three Senior and fifty-four Junior organizations reported. The ten largest chapters in the General District are: South-street, Brockton, Mass., 356; Central Brockton, Mass., 348; Melrose, Mass., 340; Center, Malden, Mass., 314; Trinity, Worcester, Mass., 291; First, Lynn, Mass., 250; Trinity-Union, Providence, R. I., 245; New London, Conn., 221; Westfield, Mass., 209; Barre, Vt., 183.

The treasurer, Edward M. Wheeler of Providence, R. I., reported a balance in the treasury of \$461.24.

Rev. Luther Freeman of Portland, Me., president of the district, was in charge of the convention serv-



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH BUILT IN WORCESTER, MASS.

ices. The music, which formed an interesting and important feature, was under the direction of Wilbert C. Henly of Grace Church, Worcester, who was assisted by a chorus choir of sixty voices.

The local committee, of which Rev. Chas. W. Delano was president, and Miss Cora D. E. Robinson secretary, worked enthusiastically during the entire convention, and, with Mrs. C. E. Squier, chairman of entertainment, and the other workers, had a cordial welcome for their many guests. President Freeman voiced the general sentiment when he declared that nowhere had convention arrangements, in the history of the organization, been more generous or complete than in connection with this gathering.

Thursday evening words of greeting came from Mayor Fletcher, Rev. James Boyd Brady, D.D., of Grace Church, and President Delano, to which fitting response was made by Robert C. Parker of Westfield, Mass. The address of the evening was by Rev. E. S. Tipple, D.D., of New York, who reached high levels, and aroused great enthusiasm as he talked on

Reject any soap or washing compound that will cleanse without an expenditure of time and labor. "What is well done is done soon enough," and Ivory Soap will do the work as quickly as it can be done with safety.

"Twentieth century opportunities and ideals." Rev. J. M. Shepler, Everett, Mass., vice president of the New England Conference League, and Rev. D. H. Gerrish, Cliftondale, Mass., conducted the devotions.

A sunrise prayer-meeting at 6 o'clock was the opening service Friday morning, and under the leadership of J. M. Russell of Somersworth, N. H., and Miss S. Josephine Wing, Somerville, Mass., it was a splendid beginning for the new day.

This was followed at 9 o'clock by a quiet hour meditation by Rev. Dr. Perrin.

The morning topic was "The world for Christ—the league field." The addresses were as follows: "The awakening challenge," by Rev. W. S. Bovard, Portland, Me.; "Our young people and missions," Mrs. T. J. Everett, South Manchester, Conn.; "How shall we create a deeper interest in missions?" Miss Alice M. Lord, Portland, Me.; "Missions," Rev. E. M. Taylor, D.D., Cambridge, Mass., field secretary of the Missionary Society. "The best missionary program we ever had," was the sentiment of the delegates at the close of the morning session.

In the afternoon Rev. George R. Locke, Tilton, N. H., president New Hampshire Conference League, and Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell of New York conducted the devotions. "Christian Stewardship—the league obligation," was the great topic. The speakers and their subjects were: Frank M. Strout, Portland, Me., on "Proportionate giving"; Theodore A. Hildreth, assistant to the president of the Bible Normal College, Hartford, Conn., on "Our use of the Master's gifts"; Rev. Fred H. Knight, Ph.D., president of New Orleans (La.) University, on "Methodist benevolences," and Bishop Willard F. Mallaleu, D.D., LL.D., on "Essentials of Christian stewardship."

At Trinity Church a banquet was served from five to seven, with the accompaniment of a dozen bright, breezy, and brainy speeches from visiting delegates. Two hundred and fifty delegates were at the tables. Rev. Charles W. Delano, president, and Rev. A. C. Skinner of Worcester was toastmaster. The list of speakers included President Freeman, Rev. H. D. Deetz, and Miss E. C. Northup of the cabinet; Rev. C. M. Hall of Knoxville, Tenn.; President Knight of New Orleans University, Dr. W. I. Haven of the American Bible Society, Rev. Dr. Pickles and Robert C. Parker of Westfield, Mass., Rev. Harvey W. Ewing of Boston, and others.

The church was filled for the evening "patriotic" service. Senator Alfred S. Roe of Worcester presided, and the addresses—received with much enthusiasm frequently manifested—were by Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr., on "The patriotism of peace," and Rev. Franklin Hamilton of Boston on "The new patriotism." Rev. John E. Blake, Providence, R. I., president of the New England Southern Conference League, and Rev. W. M. Crawford, Spencer, Mass., conducted devotions.

Early Saturday morning the sunrise meeting was led by Miss Bertha E. Dudley of Clinton, Mass., and J. Frank Leonard of Southbridge, Mass.

One of the most helpful hours of the entire meeting

was the quiet-hour service conducted from nine to ten by Rev. John A. Hamilton of North Andover, Mass. A brilliant speaker and a man of rare spiritual gifts.

"The Bible—the league text-book," was the assignment for the morning, with these speakers: Rev. E. V. Studley, New Bedford, Mass., on "Opening blind eyes on Sabbath days"; Clarence S. Tupper, Fitchburg, Mass., on "The living word," and Rev. Dr. W. I. Haven on "The imperial book."

Dr. Berry came in during the morning, and was given the Chautauqua salute. He is a great favorite with New England Epworthians, who are loyal to him and his work. Dr. Berry was easily our chief guest at the convention.

The election of officers was next in order. President Freeman and General Secretary Penniman having served four years in their respective offices, asked the nominating committee not to report their names for reelection, and in making the report of the committee Rev. George B. Spencer referred to the work for the four years and expressed the sentiments of the convention with reference to their services. When the report of names was presented, the persons named were unanimously elected on motion of General Secretary Penniman: Pres., Rev. Franklin Hamilton, Boston, Mass.; V. P's, Rev. Joshua M. Frost, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Rev. Joshua O. Randall, Providence, R. I., Miss Elizabeth C. Northup, Waltham, Mass.; Miss S. Gertrude Mayo, Lynn, Mass.; Gen. Sec., Leon L. Dorr, Woburn, Mass.; Treas., Edward M. Wheeler, Providence, R. I.; Auditor, Frank M. Strout, Portland, Me.; Editor, Rev. M. S. Kaufman, D.D. Fall River, Mass.; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Arthur T. Cass, Tilton, N. H.

The following persons were the unanimously elected delegates to the annual convention of the American Anti-Saloon League to be held in Washington, D. C., December, 1902: George W. Penniman, Clinton, Mass.; Rev. John Galbraith, Boston; Arthur T. Cass, Tilton, N. H.; E. L. Porter, Portland, Me.; Edward M. Wheeler, Providence, R. I.; George W. Penniman was elected a member of the governing board of the league, and the convention voted unanimously to pay his expenses to the great gathering.

Resolutions of thanks to the hosts, the press, and all who took part in the program were adopted. Also some resolutions expressing the convictions of the convention on several general topics.

President Hamilton was then introduced to the convention, and was received with applause. He will make a good leader, and we predict that his administration will be eminently successful. He is a man of power and ability, has a wide and influential acquaintance, is an enthusiastic worker for and among young people, and will win many friends for the Epworth League.

"Personal preparation for service, the league necessity," was discussed at the afternoon service by addresses as follows: "The need of intellectual preparation," Rev. F. C. Rogers, Lawrence, Mass.; "Heart development essential for Christian service," Prof. J. W. V. Rich, Providence, R. I.; "Per-



A Shipment from Ward's

There must be considerable satisfaction to every man when he realizes that he has done something wise and creditable, especially when it directly concerns the welfare of himself and family. Here is a man who is hauling a shipment home, content with the knowledge that all his supplies for several months have been purchased at wholesale prices, or in other words at a saving of about 30 per cent over his home prices.

He has no cause to worry as to what he will find inside the boxes. He has received shipments from us before and knows that everything will be found first-class and exactly as represented. Even if something is wrong, he knows that no firm in the country is more anxious to make it right than we are. We have customers everywhere—in every nook and corner of the United States. Beyond a doubt some of your neighbors deal with us. If you are not a heavy buyer, why not join with a neighbor and get your supplies by freight? It only takes 100 pounds to make a profitable freight shipment.

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The house that tells the truth.

11

sonal contact," George H. Fernald, Jr., Worcester, Mass.

Dr. Berry then, for a half-hour, spoke on "Certain forward movements in Epworth League work."

Our own Mrs. Smiley, the superintendent of Junior League work, gave the closing address of the afternoon, and, like everything else she does, it was thorough and up to date.

The evening was devoted to department conferences. At the board of trade rooms the "Department of administration" was conducted by Edward M. Wheeler, Providence, R. I., with these topics for consideration: "Wanted—a president," Rev. W. A. Wood, Chicopee, Mass.; "The successful business meeting," Miss Harriet A. Hathaway, Providence, R. I.; "A practical cabinet meeting," Jacob W. Powell, Clinton, Mass.; "The ideal secretary," B. M. Copeland, Holyoke, Mass.; "A dual responsibility," Miss Nella R. Hayden, East Weymouth, Mass.

At the mercy and help conference Rev. T. C. Watkins of the deaconess home, Boston, and others were inspiring speakers. The Junior workers heard Mrs. Smiley; Rev. Wm. Bryan Tarbush of Boston, on "The boy problem;" Mrs. Clara Colton Smith of Boston and Mrs. T. J. Everett of South Manchester, Conn., on "What should be emphasized in Junior work." Miss Northup conducted a helpful literary conference; Miss Mayo had the assistance of Rev. Dr. C. E. Davis of Boston and others at the social department meeting, and the conference of the department of spiritual work had Rev. J. M. Frost for leader, and Rev. Fred H. Morgan, Malden, Mass., on "What the league can do for missions," and W. Knowles Cooper general secretary of the Springfield (Mass.) Young Men's Christian Association, on "What is it to be spiritual?" as the speakers.

Sunday morning Rev. S. O. Benton, D.D., of Fall River, Mass., conducted the convention love-feast, assisted by Edward M. Wheeler of Providence in charge of the singing. Dr. Berry was the preacher, and his sermon on "Immortality" will long be remembered.

The platform meeting in the afternoon was in charge of Arthur T. Cass of Tilton, N. H. Rev. C. A. Terhune of Portland, Me., and Rev. J. W. Fulton of Worcester conducted the devotions, and there were four notable addresses on the general topic, "The league outlook." Subjects and speakers were: "The new Epworthian," Rev. M. S. Kaufman, D.D., Fall River, Mass.; "The best investment," Rev. Ora S. Gray, Brookfield, Mass.; "Good citizenship," Hon. Robert F. Raymond, New Bedford, Mass.; "Metho dist young people and their work for the church," Rev. Joseph F. Berry, D.D.

The Epworth League union prayer-meeting, with the topic, "Constant companionships," was led by James M. Gage of Baldwinville, Mass., assisted by Frederick W. Briggs of Boston. Several hundred young people participated in this service.

The closing session was Sunday evening. The church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Luther Freeman presided. George W. Penniman, Clinton, Mass.,

and Rev. O. R. Miller, field secretary of the National Reform Bureau, Washington, D.C., conducted devotional exercises. The convention sermon was preached by Rev. Charles Bruce Pitblado of Yalesville, Conn., on "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." It was an inspiring effort. With prayer and benediction the convention was brought to a close. Its influence will abide.

Indiana State Convention.

Secretary Braman sends us this note, dated July 15:

"Dear Bro. Berry: Below please find a list of the officers elected at the biennial convention of the Indiana State Epworth League, held at Indianapolis July 10-13:

"Pres., James M. Ogden, Indianapolis; V. P's, Miss Mary M. Dennis, Richmond; Miss Florence Kendall, Greensburg; Mrs. W. B. Russell, Seymour; Miss Belle Hanna, Greencastle; Sec., W. H. Braman, South Bend; Treas., A. B. Swartz, Jeffersonville; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Ada A. New, Greenfield; presiding-elders members of the cabinet—Rev. H. N. Herrick, Kokomo; Rev. E. A. Schell, Crawfordsville; Rev. E. B. Rawls, Indianapolis.

"The above cabinet is organized and ready to assist you in every possible way in any work you may wish to push in our state. We are here to work, and not to be figure-heads, and I hope you will not hesitate to call upon us if we can assist you in any way. I will send a short account of our state convention later. We had a great meeting, and the Lord was with us in saving power."

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Indianapolis is working hard to secure the National Prohibition Convention of 1904.

The total number of Prohibition Alliances in the United States has passed the 1,100 mark.

Miss Mary Burkhart is the Prohibition candidate for Congress in the Tenth (Ky.) District.

About fifty county conventions of the Prohibition party will take place in New York this month and next.

The New Voice Washington bureau secured convictions in both cases against the keepers of blind pigs in the national Capitol Building.

In Kansas last December there were over \$87,000,000 in the banks of the state—five times as much as when prohibition went into effect.

Missouri and Kansas will work together to bring the next national Prohibition convention to Kansas City. Thousands could thus take in the convention and the St. Louis Exposition on the same trip.

Sheriff Pearson, the Prohibition party official who has made life such a burden for Portland (Me.) blind piggers, was renominated for sheriff of Cumberland County by acclamation.

Venerable Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler wrote the Presbyterian General Assembly: "Every pulpit is as much bound to antagonize the devil in a decanter or

a dramshop as in a gambling-den or a Hindu temple of idolaters."

In many counties Illinois Prohibitionists are hopeful of capturing some of the county offices, and some legislative candidates will put up a big fight.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

The United Brethren young people had a profitable convention at Canton, O., last week. Several new departures in the connectional work were inaugurated.

STRENGTHENING AND NOURISHING.

Food—Drink—Tonic Combined.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate a Tonic that strengthens and invigorates permanently.

SPECIAL LOW RATE EXCURSIONS

To New York City and Atlantic City.
\$18.00 for the Round Trip.

Via the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. on July 31; also August 7 and 14. Return limit twelve days. Tickets good by boat between Cleveland and Buffalo and Albany and New York, if desired. Stop at Niagara Falls and Chautauqua. Full information on application at City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St., or C. F. Daly, Chief A.G.P.A., Chicago.

CASING A WATCH.

How Ordinary Watch Works May Be Made More Efficient and How Finer Ones May Be Preserved.

Ordinary watch works may generally be made effective timekeepers by careful and strong casing. The finest grades of watch works require very strong casing to protect their delicate mechanism. The best of all cases for either class is the Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Case.

This is a gold case stiffened in the center with a plate of hard metal to prevent it getting thin and weak and bending down on the works, as a gold case does after a few years' wear.

The outside plate of gold is very heavy, much more than is ever worn from a solid gold case and much more than can be worn off in a third of a century's hard service. In fact, the outside plate of gold is a quarter of an inch thick when the process of rolling down commences. At any rate, the Jas. Boss case is guaranteed 25 years, and none was ever known to wear out.

The styles of the Jas. Boss case are very elegant—the same as the finest solid gold cases—beautifully hand carved, superbly finished—very thin or very massive, as any may dictate—and in all sizes, for men and women's wear. The price is much lower than that asked for a solid gold case—the reason is that the Jas. Boss case saves you paying for gold that is never seen and never used.

Jewelers everywhere keep a full stock of these elegant cases—they have sold more than 7,000,000 of them in the last 35 years. Ask your dealer to see them, or for the book showing why a Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Case is better than a solid gold case, write to the Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia.

Various Queries and Answers.

1. If Saturday is the Sabbath that God blessed, why do Christians observe Sunday, the first day of the week?

2. When God commanded a tenth to be brought to Him, why do not the Methodists tithe (like Mormons and Adventists for example)?

3. Is it true the twenty-three hundred days told in Daniel 8: 14 ended in 1844? When did they begin?—*Puzzled Methodist.*

1. For a recent discussion of the Sabbath question see Gamble's "Sunday the True Sabbath of God." But the reasons for Christian observance of Sunday grow out of the New Testament evidence that the first day was substituted for the seventh during the time of the apostles.

2. The tithe law was one of the temporary laws of the first dispensation, which is set aside by the complete law of Christian stewardship, in which the whole of our property is considered as held in trust for God's service. It need scarcely be said that, as a rule, the tithe is still considered a convenient and satisfactory method of devoting part of our possessions to specific religious work.

3. We do not know.

Is it possible for one who has lived in sin to have the love of Christ in his heart, and yet at no definite time to have experienced what is known as conversion? That is, is there not such a thing as a person gradually undergoing the change, and at last really knowing the Lord?

"Conversion" is a complex process. It is not always fully realized at once; but how one can be living in sin at one period, and at another be conscious of peace with God through Jesus Christ, without being personally concerned about the change, we cannot understand. Before one can know the Lord he must seek the Lord, not unconsciously, but with the most intense concentration of purpose. Before sin can be pardoned it must be felt, confessed, forsaken. Suppose a case like the one indicated in the two questions. First, the individual once lived in sin. Second, he now loves the Lord. You cannot get from the first stage to the second without a complete change of thought, purpose, life. If that is not conversion, what is it?

I would like to inquire to what extent the cabinet is justified in discussing matters that would come under the head of one of the several departments. For instance, how to make the devotional meetings more interesting, methods of increasing the membership, ways of raising money for carrying on the work, and so on. Ought these matters to come before the cabinet for general discussion, or should the presiding officer and the head of that particular department discuss these matters privately, and not bring them before the entire cabinet, as they apply to one of the departments?—*C. R.*

The duties of the officers give them large latitude. The final responsibility is theirs; but all matters of importance pertaining to department work or to the conduct of the league should be presented to the cabinet for advice, discussion, and support.

Do you think it is best for a young man who wants to be of good service to his Master to choose a railroad career, where he would have to work on the Sabbath sometimes?—*A Subscriber.*

The railroad is a necessity, and work on it is honorable. Sunday labor is an increasingly difficult question, because of the complexity of modern life, which complexity reaches its highest point in the railroad service. That part of the problem is necessarily personal. We cannot settle it for you. In some respects railroad work presents some very strong temptations to a Christian, and yet it is a most splendid and promising field for Christian activity.

What powers has the cabinet together with the president? What business may be transacted by this body without the sanction of the league?—*R. E. M.*

The cabinet is purely an advisory body. It can make recommendations but its work re-

quires the approval of the chapter. Of course, the chapter may delegate some, but not all, power to the cabinet. For example, applicants for membership must be recommended by the cabinet, but the chapter should in all cases vote on the candidates.

The Discipline gives the Sunday-school the second Sunday in June, or such Sunday as it may choose for the observance of Children's Day. Does that imply that if the Epworth League holds its devotional service one hour previous to the preaching service the Sunday-school can use the hour of the league service without the consent of the league?—*W. P.*

When rights seem to conflict there is room for that courtesy which seeks the greatest good, rather than special privileges. If the Sunday-school and the chapter cannot adjust, by mutual forbearance, the occasional time-conflicts which are unavoidable, neither the Discipline nor any other book of rules will help them.

What constitutes an active member? There seems to be a diversity of opinion on this subject, some contending that one must be a member of some Protestant Church, others that it is only necessary to sign the pledge and constitution to become an active member.—*C. F. R.*

There is no distinction between one kind of members and another, except when the chapter adopts the pledge. In that case, the taking of the pledge makes the distinction. Church membership is not required of any except the officers, but it is implied in the pledge, which would scarcely be taken by anyone not a church member, or willing to be one.

Is there any authority whereby a league chapter can drop one of its members without a different reason than non-attendance?—*B. C.*

Non-attendance without good cause ought to be sufficient reason for dropping a member of any organization whose work is largely done by collective action. "Neglect of duty" is the constitutional phrase which seems to cover the case. But the cabinet must recommend the expulsion by a two-thirds vote after hearing the accused, and the chapter must vote on the matter. It is too serious a business to be done carelessly or in a hurry.

If the young people who attend the devotional services of the Epworth League on Sunday evening show no wish to attend the public worship which follows, but go away from the church as the congregation is assembling, what course would you advise the pastor to pursue?—*B.*

Any course except to scold them. Enlistment of the young people in the work of the evening service, counsel with the chapter officers, a determination to magnify the value and interest of the evening service, a tactful and loving appeal for the cooperation of the young people, and prayer, are some of the possible remedies.

When money is raised by a particular department for the purpose of providing funds for that department's work, must the money be put into the regular treasury of the chapter, or is it sufficient to report the amount at the business meeting?—*M. J. B.*

The law is clear. The treasurer should receive all moneys, disbursing the same as the chapter directs. Usually there will not be any objection to the raising of special funds; but the chapter should have one treasury and one responsible financial officer, for the sake of uniformity, and, also, that the chapter as a whole may have control of all its affairs.

Can a member of one chapter join the chapter of another place without a letter or card of recommendation?—*C. R. Jones.*

The letter or card is a certificate of membership, and its bearer is recognized as a member of the Epworth League. Without it membership must be sought in the way laid down in the constitution. With it, membership is simply transferred from one chapter to an-

other. Of course, one cannot be a member of two chapters at the same time.

Several ask the origin of the league motto, "Look up; Lift up." It was adopted on the suggestion of Bishop Vincent, at the second convention of the Young People's Christian League, held in First Church, Boston, Oct. 26, 1887. That society, and the four other young people's societies of the church, were merged into the Epworth League at Cleveland, O., May 15, 1889, and the motto was adopted for the new organization. We do not think that the motto was originally suggested by any particular scripture incident. It bears at least a family resemblance to the motto of the Lend-a-hand societies organized under the leadership of Rev. E. E. Hale.

What is your opinion of the chain-letter system of raising money?—*A Methodist.*

The chain-letter system of raising anything is an unmitigated nuisance, and it has possibilities of becoming a downright fraud. Our habit—which we recommend to everybody—is to drop every chain-letter into the waste basket, without regard to its source, object, series number, or phraseology. We break the chain without the slightest compunction of conscience.

In reporting to monthly business meetings is it proper for the second department to report all the mercy and help work done by the whole chapter?—*S. O. J.*

Surely. Tell all that has been done, being always careful to indicate who has done it.

A Simple Social.—The social was held at the home of a member of the league. A program had been arranged in two parts, consisting of music, recitations, and readings. At the close of the first part of the program the president announced that candy was on sale in the dining-room. The table was prettily decorated in red and white carnations and heavily laden with sweets for the sweet, all home-made candy. A half-hour was spent eating candy and in a general good time, and any stranger who did not become acquainted must have been incapable of sociability. The second part of the program was then rendered, and a short time in social chat closed a very pleasant evening. Pay socials are not our custom, but we were delinquent in our accounts and adopted this method to assist the treasurer. MISS EDITH HARRIS.

Denver, Col.

Things to Do.—One Junior society keeps a wall-pocket in the depot filled with good papers. One sends books, games, cards, and picture papers to the children's hospital. One committee carries flowers to the jail. Another had a valentine social, and earned \$20. The walls of the church parlors were red with hearts, big and little. The tables were also covered with red hearts.

A Vacation Social.—Two members of the Bethel League, a country chapter, attended the San Francisco Convention, returning by way of Yellowstone Park. After their return the members of the chapter met at the home of one of their number, and the travelers gave a description of the incidents and scenes of their journey. It was an exceedingly interesting narration.

Fletcher Place, Indianapolis, has a calling club composed of the cabinet and social committee. By previous arrangement they spend an evening in the home of some new member of the church or someone who has recently moved into the vicinity of the church. It has been quite a successful feature of that social committee's work.

Metropolitan Chapter, Indianapolis, at the beginning of the league year inaugurated the practice of inviting several leagues to its socials. This will be continued until all have been invited. Hamline Church is also doing this. All of the chapters on the district are not in a position to do this, but invite fellow Epworthians in a general way to attend.

Recent Conventions.

Seymour District.

The annual convention of the Seymour District Epworth League convened at Charlestown, Ind., June 25-27.

The most interesting thing of the first evening was a reminiscent history of the first Methodist church ever built in Indiana, still standing a little distance from Charlestown. The delegates were each given a Maltese cross made of its wood as a souvenir. This exercise was conducted by Prof. J. M. Van Hook. Pres. O. H. Palmer of the State Epworth League lectured on "The Epworth League of Indiana."

Thursday morning was devoted to the spiritual department of the league, conducted by Miss Lena Morgan of Jeffersonville. Miss Williams, from the deaconess hospital at Jeffersonville, talked to the convention of the work they were doing. The literary work of the league was taken up and conducted by Mrs. W. B. Russell of Seymour.

There were three papers bearing on the subject—"Methodist literature for Methodist people," by Mrs. W. B. Grimes of Newbern; "Plans for weak chapters," by Miss Alice Campbell, read by Miss Grace Conner of Seymour, and "Honoring God with our music," written by Miss Fesler of Morgantown, read by Miss Allie Baldwin of Scottsburg.

A street meeting was held at 6:30 p.m., led by Rev. C. E. Asbury of Jeffersonville, after which Rev. G. D. Wolfe of Columbus lectured on "Lights and shadows of Irish life." During the business session on Friday morning it was decided that more attention be paid to Junior work, and that delegates be sent next year to the convention from the Junior Leagues. The following officers were elected for next year.

The last significant work was a symposium: "The Epworth Leaguer—his books," Rev. W. B. Grimes, Newbern; "His associates," Prof. W. C. Weir, Scottsburg; "His amusements," Rev. Mr. Stout, Jeffersonville; "His inner life," Rev. C. E. Asbury, Jeffersonville; "His scriptural habits of giving," A. B. Swartz, Jeffersonville.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. C. C. Bonnell, Brownstown; V. P's, Miss Minnie Jones, Burney; Miss Luna Fesler, Morgantown; Mrs. W. B. Russell, Seymour; G. E. Alverson, Charlestown; Sec., Miss Allie Baldwin, Scottsburg; Treas., A. B. Swartz, Jeffersonville; Jr. Supt., Miss Lena Morgan, Jeffersonville. (Reported by Miss Allie Baldwin.)

Algona District.

The convention of Algona District, this year held at Corwith, Ia., July 2, was one of remarkable power. A splendid program had been arranged on league work as suggested by the board of control. Missions, Bible study, stewardship, and personal work were all specially dealt with. The Junior League work had a prominent place, and was emphasized in a manner calculated to give a splendid impetus to Junior work over the district. The evening addresses were given by Drs. Troy of Hampton and Trimble of Sioux City. Dr. Troy's address was on the subject, "The boy and girl problem," and Dr. Trimble's on "God's financial plan." Both the addresses were in beautiful harmony with the spirit of the convention, and thoroughly won the large audiences which listened to them. In the case of Dr. Trimble such an interest had been aroused during the day's discussion on tithing that a large bunch of questions were presented to be answered in the evening. Dr. Trimble wisely laid aside his prepared address, and answered the questions. His answers were direct, satisfactory, and convincing, and doubtless will greatly increase the number of tithers on the district.

The reports of the retiring officers showed a moderate advance on all lines of work. There was an increase in the number of classes for Bible study. The Juniors are showing special activity, and in some instances are threatening to eclipse the Seniors.

One specially wise act of the convention was the appointment of a committee on methods of work. This committee outlined special work to be attempted by the chapters over the district, one resolution, which was adopted, directing the league energies toward Morningside College. By means of work outlined by this committee we hope to secure unity of action, and thus secure inspiration and greater power. Pres. S. F. Whitfield retires from the two-years' presidency with the gratitude and best wishes of the district, while his father, Pastor W. Whitfield of Corwith, together with the two chapters of the charge, has earned the reputation of a delightful and efficient convention host.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Pres., Rev. Herbert Clegg, Lake Mills; V. P's, Miss Mabel Jewell, Estherville; Miss M. Stearns, Corwith; Prof. W. J. Jerome, Garner; Mrs. L. S. Johnson, Clear Lake; Treas., B. B. Elliott, Dolliver; Sec., Rev.



H. E. Hutchinson, Thomson; Jr. Supt., Rev. R. Hild, Rowan.

The convention music was under the control of Professor and Mrs. Sinn, the singing evangelists. Their singing helped splendidly to the marked success of the convention. (Reported by Herbert Clegg, retiring secretary.)

Marshalltown District.

The Marshalltown District League held its thirteenth annual conference June 23-25, at Geneva, Ia.

Some of the more important items on the program were: Rev. G. Kennedy, Ackley, on "Legacies of the old century"; Rev. D. McGurk, Gladbrook, on "New problems of the new century"; Rev. J. T. Black, Eldora, on "My church"; Rev. Carl A. Felt, Dike, on "Young people's possibilities"; Rev. S. S. Smith, Reinbeck, on "The dignity of man"; and Dr. Troy, Hampton, on "Temperance." Several practical papers on league topics were very well given, and showed earnest and prayerful preparation. Each was followed by discussions.

The hour spent in the various departments was a great uplift to all who attended.

Rev. Mr. Shoemaker of Iowa Falls had charge of the question-box. About 125 delegates attended the conference, and great interest was shown in all the work. The conference was the best ever held in this district.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., E. D. Haecker, Hampton; V. P's, Miss Jessie Catlow, Albion; Miss Cora Tidd, Geneva; Mrs. Bertha Barnes, Union; Mrs. Chas. Belz, Conrad; Cor. Sec., Miss Emma Roberts, Hampton; Rec. Sec., Mr. John Clark, Grundy Center; Treas., Mrs. A. C. Timm, Steamboat Rock; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Stella Barnes, Whitten. (Reported by Mrs. John Clark, Grundy Center.)

Peoria District.

The annual convention of Peoria District opened June 23, in Hale Memorial Church, Peoria, Ill.

Rev. J. A. Chapman of Pekin gave a fine address on "Christian stewardship," using as a basis for his remarks S. Earl Taylor's booklet on "Scriptural Habits of Giving." Miss Beatrice Pumyea of Fairview gave a paper on "Practical mercy and help work." Following this, Rev. W. E. McLennan of Evanston opened the school of methods on "The spiritual work of the league."

At the evening session Rev. W. E. McLennan preached a most interesting and instructive sermon. After the sermon, the Epworth League of Hale Me-

morial Church tendered the convention a reception in the church parlors.

The school of methods on Tuesday morning discussed "Mercy and help." Rev. C. C. McCown spoke on "The Epworth League and missions." Rev. C. W. Worrell spoke on the work of the Anti-Saloon League; Rev. P. H. McIntosh spoke on Bible study.

The afternoon school of methods was devoted to the work of the third department. Rev. J. A. Chapman was chosen as delegate to the state convention held in Mt. Carmel. It was decided by the convention to use half the money remaining in the treasury after outstanding bills are paid, for the district missionary work. Mr. H. S. Herriff of Eden, Ill., gave an address on "The successful devotional meeting."

The following officers were elected: Pres., Mr. Claude Ewing, Hale Church, Peoria; V. P's, Rev. H. C. Gibson, Kansas City; Miss Katie Wolgamott, Chilli-cothe; Miss Angie Campbell, Monica; H. S. Herriff, Eden; Rec. Sec., Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Saratoga; Cor. Sec., Miss Bertha Frederick, Hale Church; Treas., Chas. Utter, Middle Grove; Jr. Supt., Mrs. R. L. Vivian, Princeville.

Rev. R. L. Vivian addressed the convention on the twentieth-century movement. Mrs. Mattie Miles, state Junior League superintendent, spoke on Junior League work, and Mr. Wm. Hyde of Princeville presented a paper on "The Epworth League and the revival."

At the evening session, Rev. John May of Wyoming, preached a very interesting sermon on "Character building." (Reported by Miss Bertha N. Frederick.)

Puget Sound.

This was the ninth session, meeting in Whatcom, Wash., June 24-26. Rev. J. E. Williams, presiding-elder of Chehalis District, opened with an educational address full of sound counsel and inspiration.

Departmental conferences were conducted by Prof. C. O. Boyer of Puget Sound University, Rev. G. W. Frame of Pt. Angeles, Miss Luella Blanchard of the Seattle General Hospital, Mrs. J. Wesley Glenk of Tacoma, Dr. S. S. Sulliger of Whatcom, and the Junior League work by Rev. F. A. La Violette of Tacoma. All of these were conducted on the "Institute plan." Rev. J. W. Satterthwaite of Hoquiam conducted two Bible-reading services. They were full of plans and instruction for Bible study. The sacramental service, in charge of Dr. W. S. Harrington, presiding-elder of Whatcom District, and the love-feast, in charge of Rev. W. S. Hanlein of Anacortes, were productive of large things in the spiritual life of the delegates. Street meetings were held before the evening serv-

ces and sermons were preached by Presiding-elder B. F. Brooks of Tacoma district in Trinity church. and Rev. F. A. La Violette of Fowler church, Tacoma, in First church.

Dr. Sulliger had charge of the question-box. The missionary ideal was much in evidence. A paper on "Our missionary literature" was presented by E. L. Sower of South Prairie, and throughout the convention frequent reference was made to missionary work.

Bishop Earl Cranston gave an address on missionary work. Inspiring instructive, practical and always intensely earnest, his message will live long in the hearts of his hearers.

The second of the addresses was given by Dr. A. R. Lambert of First Church, Spokane. The subject, "How to get there," had a living example in the speaker himself. The closing services were also in his charge.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Bro. C. O. Boyer of Tacoma; V. P's, Mr. L. S. Williams of Seattle, Miss Anna Falls of Centralia, Miss Minerva Heppenstall of Seattle, Miss Eva Bailey of Everett; Sec., Clarence E. Hill of Tacoma; Treas., V. D. Pratt of Whatcom; Jr. Supt., Miss Pauline Jacobs of Whatcom.

By the unanimous voice of the convention the coming year is to be known as "University Year," in which special effort is to be made in the interest of Puget Sound University.

The next convention will be held in First Church, Seattle. (Reported by Rev. F. A. La Violette.)

Bloomington District.

The eleventh annual convention of the Bloomington District Epworth League was held in Lincoln, Ill., June 30-July 1. Rev. Preston Wood, Jr., of Delavan presided.

A paper on "The defects in our devotional meetings" was read by Miss Dora Reise of Atlanta. Miss Clara R. Brian of San Jose read a carefully prepared paper on "The Epworth Leaguer as a Bible student." Rev. J. C. Nate of Atlanta spoke on "The Epworth League and missions." Mr. Wilbur Barnes of Delavan gave an interesting address on "How to organize and sustain a reading course." Rev. D. F. Howe of Springfield preached in the evening.

A paper on "What constitutes good reading for the leaguer" was read by Charles Way of Clinton on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. F. R. Steadman of Saybrook read an interesting and instructive paper on "How may we make the social life of the chapter more attractive." The social department was the subject of a paper by Mrs. G. D. Sutton of Mason City. Mr. Ralph Smedley of Bloomington spoke on "The power of a handshake."

A paper by Miss Leota Sower of Leroy discussed the question, "Does the social department cultivate or stifle the taste for wholesome amusement?"

Presiding elder C. B. Taylor made a report on the condition of the district. A paper on "The leaguer's ministry to the shut-ins" was read by Mrs. Elizabeth Rhodes of Delavan.

Miss Mary Pegram of the Cunningham Deaconess Home and Orphanage at Urbana gave an interesting address. A paper on "Best things to do," by Miss Jessie Leonard, was read, and the convention closed by each chapter represented reporting "The best thing we have done."

The following officers were elected for next year: Pres., J. L. Loar, Bloomington; V. P's, Rev. F. A. McCarty, San Jose; Mrs. G. D. Sutton, Mason City; Mr. H. C. Alexander, Lincoln; Mrs. F. R. Steadman; Jr. Supt., Mrs. J. C. Nate, Atlanta; Cor. Sec., Mr. R. Benson, Bloomington; Rec. Sec., Miss Winnie Moorhead, Delavan; Treas., Mr. Chas. Way, Clinton; Board of control, Presiding-elder C. B. Taylor, Bloomington; Rev. G. A. Scott, Bloomington; Rev. B. F. Shipp, Bloomington; Rev. Thornton Clark, Leroy. (Reported by Miss Winnie Moorhead.)

Sheldon District.

The Sheldon District Epworth League Convention was held at Hartley, Ia., June 17-19. A very helpful feature was the work of Deaconesses Durham and McNutt, who had charge of two services each day, and presented a new version of the Christ-life to many of the delegates. A number of excellent addresses and papers were given, but perhaps the one that made the strongest impression was an address by F. M. Wishard of Spencer, on "The Epworth League and missions."

Special interest was shown in Junior League work. The report of A. H. Bryan, first vice-president, showed that many of the league members had signed the personal workers' pledge-cards, and were seeking by personal work to win souls for Christ.

The convention of 1903 is to be held at Spirit Lake. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., C. M. Phoenix, Primghar; V. P's, A. L.

Tainter, Everly; Mrs. E. G. Keith, Spirit Lake; F. B. Steece, Everly; Edythe Acheson, Lake Park; Cor. Sec. S. E. Byson, Primghar; Rec. Sec. Treas., Leah Farley, Hartley; Jr. Supt., Ethel Walker, Sioux City. (Reported by A. L. Tainter.)

Muncie District.

The fourteenth annual convention of Muncie District Epworth League was held at Fortville, Ind., June 17-19. The chief characteristic of the convention was its intense spirituality.

Rev. Henry Ostrom of Greencastle, Ind., was present throughout the entire session. His work as an evangelist and Bible teacher was a great help to the convention. Nearly every meeting found the altar filled with Epworthians and others, seeking better preparation for the work of bringing the world to the Master.

The convention opened Tuesday evening, June 17. The presentation of the fresh-air movement among the children of the cities by Mr. Huff of Indianapolis, superintendent of the work, aroused much sympathy and purpose to cooperate. Rev. Henry Ostrom preached on the theme, "Very much alive." The delegates very much enjoyed the reception which followed, given by the Fortville Chapter.

The Junior program, conducted by Miss Emma Mitchell, Muncie, showed that the Junior work is receiving careful and prayerful attention. The suggestions of Miss Anna B. Conrad, Hartford City, Mrs. Fiers, Redkey, and Rev. Mr. Arnold, Jonesboro, were of much benefit. A large number of the officers from the various chapters gathered in the department conferences.

The officers' reports showed that the work in Muncie District is moving forward. Thirty nine chapters, with more than 2,000 members, and twenty-nine Junior Leagues, with more than 1,500 members, were reported. Subscriptions for THE EPWORTH HERALD are on the increase, and the station plan is working well. Reading circles are being formed constantly, the morning watch is being observed, and titling bands are being organized.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., T. M. Judson, Alexandria; V. P's, Miss Mabel Mayberry, Gas City; Mrs. Della Smeltzer, Muncie; Mrs. Lillian St. John Lewis, DeSoto; Mrs. Gertrude Palmer Working, Anderson; Sec., Miss Mary Small, Fortville; Treas., Mr. J. W. Clark, Selma; Jr. Supt., Miss Emma Mitchell, Muncie; Chairman Miss. Com., Mrs. O. M. Pittinger, Anderson. Alexandria was selected as the next place for the convention of 1903.

On Wednesday evening Bishop Joyce of Minneapolis delivered an intensely earnest missionary address. Rev. Mr. Arnold of Jonesboro gave a practical talk on "The social life of an Epworthian." The Epworthians of Muncie District presented Prof. O. M. Pittinger, the retiring president, with a beautiful engraved silver cup, as a token of their appreciation of his service in behalf of the work in Muncie District. (Reported by Miss Emma Mitchell.)

Joliet District.

The twelfth annual convention of the Joliet District was held at Chicago Heights, Ill., June 24 and 25. Over a hundred enthusiastic delegates were in attendance, and with the excellent program and enthusiasm this convention was probably the best the district has ever held.

The first address was given by Miss M. A. Taggart of the Chicago Deaconess Home, and was very interesting as showing how much good is being accomplished in our church through this agency.

The morning session was largely devoted to papers and discussions on the work of the first department, and was conducted by Mrs. Lillian Hoard of Plano, Ill., district vice president.

The district this year is trying to support a student at the Chicago Training-school, by having each sub-district superintendent get the consent of each Junior and Senior chapter to pledge \$2.00 or more for the support of the student. A discussion on which is the better, "Free socials or pay socials," was opened by an address by Miss Emma Alling of Evanston. Great stress was laid on the fact that the Epworth League is a soul-saving organization, and therefore should avoid all schemes for making money. State Treasurer E. L. Davenport gave an instructive address on "The money department," and emphasized the fact that the most spiritual leagues are those which raise all funds by tithes or free will offerings.

The evening service of the last day consisted of a song and praise service, followed by a sermon and consecration service. Both services were inspiring and uplifting.

The district has found the plan of subdistrict work a success. The district is divided into six subdistricts, and a superintendent is appointed in each subdistrict to carry on the work. Workers are secured

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from neighboring chapters to visit chapters and talk on any line of work the chapter wishes. The worker reports the condition of the chapter visited, and the district president reports summaries at the next district convention.

A building has been erected on the district camping grounds at New Lenox under the direction of the deaconesses, where some of the city children are given an outing each summer. Last year about seventy little hearts were made glad at this place, and this year Miss Taggart reported at the convention that they intend to increase the number to 150. The members of the leagues have taken much interest in the work, and the second vice-president in nearly every chapter is soliciting such things as can be used in this new home.

Telegrams of greetings were exchanged with Rock Island, Champaign, Galesburg, and Kankakee District Conventions, and aroused considerable enthusiasm.

The hearty and ample hospitality of Chicago Heights was highly appreciated by the visiting Epworthians, who will ever hold the memories of this convention as precious.

The next convention will be held at Joliet, June 24 and 25, 1903.

The new cabinet is as follows: Pres., Mr. A. W. Otis, Channahon; V. P.'s, Miss Dodge, Crete; Miss Jessie Adair, Chicago Heights; Miss Sophronia McCosky, Joliet; Miss Carrie Fuller, Waterman; Rec. Sec., Mr. Harley J. Moss, Little Rock; Cor. Sec., Mr. W. F. Holt, Aurora; Jr. Supt., Miss Anna Xander, Naperville; Chairman Miss. Com., E. M. Benthien, Millbrook; Treas., Miss Charlotte Russell, Peotone. (Reported by Harley J. Moss, recording secretary.)

Independence District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Independence District League was held at Independence, Kan., June 17-19.

Many interesting and instructive conventions have been held in the district, but it was the universal opinion that this last was the best.

Among the many excellent features of the meeting was the special department work.

On Tuesday evening a delightful reception was given the visiting delegates by the Independence Chapter. On Wednesday, spiritual department and mercy and held departments were presented. Addresses were made by Dr. S. E. Betts of Bethany Hospital, Kansas City, and \$100 raised by the convention to furnish a room in the hospital.

Rev. A. L. Hanby of Coffeyville spoke on "The danger line in amusements." Wednesday evening addresses were made by Rev. J. D. Smith and Rev. D. H. Manley. Both speakers were intensely interesting. Baker University was ably represented by Rev. Messrs. Smith and Manley.

Thursday was devoted to the social and literary departments, Miss Florence L. Snow giving many helpful and suggestive ideas for those departments. Junior work was given due consideration, after which the final business session was held.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Herbert Cavaness, Chanute; V. P.'s, Blanche Wilson, Cedarvale; Hattie Mahar, Mound Valley; Nettie Ronck, Longton; Nettie Underhill, Independence. Cor. Sec., Gertrude Barber, Cherryvale; Rec. Sec., W. E. Preston, Edna; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Dr. J. M. Heller, Coffeyville; Treas., Clinton Whitman, Liberty; musical director, M. E. Fraser, Neodesha.

The closing session of the convention was held Thursday evening. Rev. I. B. Pullian of Chanute conducted an evangelistic service which closed this helpful and harmonious convention. (Reported by Myrtle McCune.)

Galesburg District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Galesburg District League met in Macomb, Ill., June 24-26, with President T. E. Newland of Good Hope in the chair, and 110 delegates in attendance.

An excellent program was prepared, consisting of topical, departmental, Junior, and missionary sessions, early morning meetings and evening addresses.

The morning prayer-meetings were well attended, and much spiritual strength was gained.

The Bushnell cabinet gave a model cabinet meeting, which was indeed a model. The work presented was just such as is done each month in their regular meetings. "The competitors of the league" and "Church manners" were two exceedingly helpful papers. The departmental session was full of good things. Surely no delegate who heard the papers of these two sessions could fail to inspire his home chapter in the months to follow this, the best convention of Galesburg District.

The convention was fortunate in having with them Mrs. Mattie Miles, state superintendent of Junior League, who gave a most instructive address. She is

an able and experienced worker in her line. "Capturing boys," by Rev. J. W. Ferris of Altona, showed what he has been practicing with great success for some time.

The two evenings were occupied with (1) a symposium, "Methodism," and (2) an address by Dr. W. F. Oldham, who always wins his audiences for missions. He has been instrumental in leading ten chapters on the district to give a total of \$354 to the cause in the past year.

A few facts from the secretary may be interesting to the chapters who read the convention notes: Two hundred and fifty-nine were admitted to membership last year; 59 associate members were converted. Galesburg has the largest Senior membership—195; Monmouth has the largest Junior membership—115; Bushnell admitted the largest number—29; Terre Haute gets one half of her members to attend business meetings; 319 EPWORTH HERALDS are taken.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. T. S. Pittinger, Pennington Point; V. P.'s, Rev. Milham L. O'Harra, Stronghurst; Miss Emma Chase, Galesburg; Mrs. J. A. Dorsey, Carthage; Mrs. I. J. O'Harra, Macomb; Sec., Miss May E. Nance, Bushnell; Treas., Miss Helen Norman, Kirkwood; Jr. Supt., Miss Lizzie Goodwin, Macomb; Executive Committee—Dr. Samuel Van Pelt, Monmouth; Rev. J. W. Ferris, Altona; I. J. O'Harra, Macomb. (Reported by Mary E. Nance, district secretary.)

West Jacksonville District.

The leagues of West Jacksonville District met at Barry, Ill., June 17-19.

Excellent papers on vital league topics were presented by Misses Eva Six, Gertrude Foreman, Daisy Black, and Laura Hamilton. Mrs. Kora Babbs presented a timely paper under the title, "The tenth legion."

Rev. Parker Shields, pastor Vermont-street Church, Quincy, Ill., delivered a fine address on "Lions in the way."

Miss Moore and Miss Morris, deaconesses, presented the cause of Chaddock Boys' School, Quincy. Dr. Harker represented the Woman's College of Jacksonville.

Each department of league work was assigned a place on the program, and special workers in the several departments were in charge.

Rev. W. W. Drake conducted the question bureau. The next convention will be held at Perry.

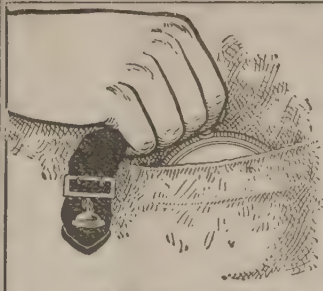
Following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Rev. E. H. Lugg, White Hall; V. P.'s, Rev. W. W. Drake, Perry; Miss Tina Linkins, Naples; Mr. Rollo Six, Perry; Rev. Nathan English, Versailles; Jr. Supt., Mrs. W. G. Evans, Concord; Sec., Lee Capps, Pittsfield; Treas., Mr. L. L. Bradley, Manchester. (Reported by Lee Capps, secretary.)

Keokuk District.

The eleventh annual convention of Keokuk District League was held at Moulton, Ia., July 8-10, with a total enrollment of 106.

It was, in every respect, the best convention held in the district for a number of years. Through the entire session of business, devotional, and social meetings, the best of interest and good-cheer prevailed. The good people of Moulton did much to make the convention a success by their royal treatment of the delegates.

The principal addresses were given by Rev. Dr. Hancher, president Iowa Wesleyan University; Rev.



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John W. Hackley of Burlington, Ia.; Rev. J. E. Corley, Fairfield, Ia.; Rev. J. W. Potter, Bloomfield, Ia.; Mrs. S. J. McKim, state Junior superintendent, and Miss E. Wright, a deaconess from Chicago.

At the close of the convention Presiding-elder C. S. Cooper installed the following officers for the coming year: Pres., H. L. McGrew, Keosauqua; V. P.'s, J. W. Hill, Libertyville; E. L. Stickney, Moulton; Allie Finn, Bonaparte; Ella Lawson, Batavia; Rec. Sec., Stella Barnett, Milton; Cor. Sec., Bessie M. Enyart, Eldon; Treas., Ida Darnall, Centerville; Jr. Supt., Esther Mitchell, Centerville.

After a short devotional service the convention adjourned, to meet in Eldon, Ia., in 1903. (Reported by Miss Bessie Enyart, secretary pro tem.)

Dubuque District.

The eleventh annual convention of the Dubuque District League met at Greeley, Ia., June 24-26.

Three most excellent addresses were given, and, though very different in themselves, they were full of inspiring and helpful thoughts. Rev. E. G. Cattermole of Fayette delivered the convention sermon on Tuesday evening. A soul stirring talk on "Individuality" was given Wednesday evening by Rev. E. T. Gruell of Mt. Vernon, and the missionary address by Thomas Eddy Taylor of Independence on Thursday. The latter was a talk of personal experiences with John R. Mott, a review of "Evangelization of the World in this Generation," and the plans for systematic mission and Bible study.

Interesting papers on "Spiritual work" and "The social department," read by Roy Porter of Hopkinton and Mrs. O. C. DePuy of Strawberry Point, were followed by helpful discussions.

Practical missionary talks were given by Miss Cook, deaconess of Dubuque, and Principal H. R. DeBray of Epworth Seminary.

The officers elected were: Pres., S. B. Sattner, Dubuque; V. P.'s, Roy Porter, Hopkinton; Mary Metcalf, Farley; Maud Humphrey, Oelwein; Anna Oelberg, Lima; Sec. and Treas., Lizzie A. Whitney, Independence; Jr. Supt., Maye Hoag, Strawberry Point.

The district convention will be held at Fayette in 1903. During the session an invitation was extended to the Decorah District Epworthians, then in session, to meet at Fayette in joint convention with the Dubuque District in 1903. It was accepted. (Reported by Miss Lizzie A. Whitney.)

Zanesville District.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Zanesville District Epworth League opened July 2, at Trinity Church, Zanesville, O.

A song-service preceded the address by Miss Tillie Watson of the Chicago Training-School, who took for her subject "An appeal for deaconesses." She vividly described the life of a deaconess, and told of the work accomplished by these unselfish women. Evangelist C. F. English preached a stirring sermon, and conducted a pentecostal service.

The sunrise prayer meeting in Putnam Hill Park, which was held Thursday morning at 5:30 o'clock, was one of the most enjoyable services held during the convention. After this service the Dug Road Spring was visited, and the visitors walked around the gorge route.

At 8 o'clock Rev. A. E. Johnson of Newark conducted a profitable Bible reading. E. P. Grimsley of Fultonham discussed "The use and abuse of topics."

"How shall we create an interest in the business meeting," was asked and answered by Miss Mela Burch of Newark. Mrs. W. E. Boyer of Frazeysburg read a paper on "What literary work is profitable?"

Rev. George H. Creamer of Roseville opened the afternoon session with a devotional service.

Prof. G. W. Delong of Corning considered "The boy problem." F. S. Gates spoke on "The ideal Christian Sabbath."

The closing session was opened by a short song service, followed by a lecture by Presiding-elder W. V. Dick of the London District on "To-morrow."

Officers elected are as follows: Pres., I. M. Phillips, Newark; V. P.'s, Homer Wilbur, Zanesville; Janette Reed, White Cottage; Mrs. W. S. Boyer, Frazeysburg; Violetta Hartsough, Frazeysburg; Rec. Sec., T. F. Thompson, Zanesville; Cor. Sec., Mrs. W. H. Bash, Zanesville; Treas., Miss Laura Rhinehart, New Lexington. (Reported by Mrs. W. H. Bash.)

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONS.

Last year the Woman's Home Missionary Society sent supplies to the frontier preachers valued at \$68,-260 74.

The first organized Christian work (Protestant) in Alaska was begun by an Alaskan who was brought to Christ in a Methodist mission in British America.

Since 1820 about 20,000,000 of people have come to America from Europe. Never before has the world seen such a tremendous influx of people in so short a time.

The Porto Ricans, finding themselves unable to pronounce Miss Horton's name, call her "Senorita Isabella." Her laundress calls her "La Rubia," which means "the blond."

The following communication comes from Boaz, Ala.: "A new civilization is coming to this Southland, and we want to be, must be, in the forefront. Our boys and girls must be trained for leaders. We cannot do first-class work with poor equipments."

Mr. Harry C. Johnson of Baltimore, Md., who is district superintendent of missionary work in the Epworth League, has conceived the idea of getting chapters of the district into personal touch with missionaries in service. He sent a circular letter asking for volunteers who would correspond with some missionary whom he should assign to them. A large number of the chapters have responded, and already many letters have been sent out to missionaries in our own and other lands. This is a plan which commends itself to the common-sense of those interested in this line of work.

Leaflets on the Spanish-speaking people of the United States, that will be helpful in preparing programs for young people's missionary meetings, may be ordered from the Chicago office of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. They are as follows: "A whole page of pictures from New Mexico (fourteen inches square), two cents; "A Glimpse at the Work in New Mexico," one cent; "Spanish-speaking People of America" (Porto Rico), one cent; stories on the same subject; "How Domingo Was Converted," one cent; "A Thirsty Land," one cent; "A Home School in Mexico," free for postage; "Open Doors in New Mexico," free for postage. For an extra one cent stamp for postage these free leaflets will be sent with the order for the pay leaflet. Address Miss Sarah M. DeLine, 57 Washington street, Chicago.

Rev. J. L. Leilich says: "Mormonism once taught and believed in the gathering of the saints to Zion. All that is changed now. 'Dispersion' is the order of the day. 'Dispersion' for a specific purpose. Having, through statehood, come into power (and they are in power), they now propose, through colonization (settling upon the fairest lands in this region), to at least secure the 'balance of power' in these intermountain states—Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Washington, and Oregon—and dictate, therefore, to any dominant party the legislation which shall come before it. Be it known and remembered that 'revelations' have gone forth time and again that the 'next president of the United States would be a Mormon, or one acceptable to the Mormons.'"

A very unique May festival was held in the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., by the Young People's Auxiliaries of the Woman's Home Missionary Societies of the district. A very large attendance showed the interest of the young people and their friends, and a fine entertainment, consisting of music and the representation of "Queens and a kingdom" was given. Every person present received a souvenir of the occasion, prepared by Mrs. C. W. Gallagher, consisting of a pasteboard mite-box of the society, furnished with a handle, and decorated with red, white and blue. These represented May baskets, and are to receive the offerings of the recipients. In the autumn these will be

called in, and it is hoped that a generous sum will result. This pretty idea can be adapted to various occasions and result in increased offerings at young people's missionary meetings. "Queens and a kingdom" can be ordered at the Chicago office of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Price, 10 cents. The mite-boxes will be sent for postage.

COLLEGES.

Johns Hopkins is now out of the woods, financially. It has never been in, educationally.

Ablion College occupies large space in a recent issue of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*. Governor Bliss has made a subscription of \$21,000 on the debt, conditioned on the whole amount being raised. It will be.

The chief feature of Mt. Union's commencement this year was the memorial service which commemorated the life and work of Rev. Dr. I. N. Hartshorn, the founder of the college, and for forty years its president. Bishop J. W. Hamilton of the class of '65 gave the principal address.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

July 17-27.—Iowa State Camp-meeting, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 24-Aug.—Iowa State Epworth League Assembly, Epworth Park, Colfax, Ia.
July 25-Aug. 25.—Ludington Assembly.
July 28-Aug. 6.—Northwest League Assembly, Clear Lake, Ia.
July 31-Aug. 8.—Michigan State Convention, Ludington.
Aug. 5-6.—Connerville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 5-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 12-13.—Normal District, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janessville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 18.—Norwich District, Willmaricton Camp Ground, Conn.
Aug. 19-20.—Normal District Convention, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Aug. 26-28.—Milwaukee District, Union Grove, Wis.
Sept. 1.—Chicago Western District, Union-avenue, Chicago.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 26-28.—Northern New York Conference, Sandy Creek.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 14-15.—Wyoming Conference Convention, Simpson Church, Scranton, Pa.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Newark District, East Orange, N. J.

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I must tell you of a young lady in Illinois. She had been in ill health for many years, the vital forces low, with but little pain. I wrote her of the good that Postum did me and advised her to try it. At the end of the year she wrote me that Postum had entirely cured her, and that she had gained 40 pounds in weight and felt like herself again.

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Tenth International Sunday-School Convention.

(Reported by Rev. Charles F. McKown.)

Denver's welcome to the Tenth International Sunday-school Convention, June 23, was most cordial; its care, under H. V. Johnson and the local committee, most complete. Registration headquarters was at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, and the seat of the convention our Trinity Church, the most costly edifice in Methodism, and one of the most perfect architecturally. It was erected during the administration of Dr. Buchtel, now chancellor of Denver University. Dr. Frost Craft, formerly of the Illinois Conference, is now the popular pastor of this great church. J. P. Willard, M.D., formerly of Jacksonville, Ill., is the present superintendent of its school of nearly 1,000 enrollment.

At the splendid new Central Presbyterian Church, hard by, each evening of the five days a joint program was arranged for.

Of the convention people it was estimated there were 5,000 in attendance. The official register showed 1,493, but many failed to register, as requested. Of those registering 1,300 were furnished lodging and breakfast by the local committee, all being left to care for themselves for dinner and supper.

A clean crowd, a happy throng, a fine-looking set they were, with about an equal distribution of the sexes—a credit to American and British civilization. And they came from far and near. From out the states and territories, the Dominion of Canada, and the various British provinces. From across the sea a few; Palestine, the Philippines, and other far-off places having also representatives. Some twenty-five evangelical denominations were represented. Has any one thing done more toward Christian unity?

A word as to the purpose and scope of the International Convention may not be out of order. The international series began with the Indianapolis Convention of 1872, at that time under the leadership of Dr. J. H. Vincent (now bishop), B. F. Jacobs, Drs. H. Clay Trumbull, Edward Eggleston, and others. To the first two named is credited the conception and inception of the idea and its workings—the uniform system of lessons was adopted, the first lesson committee appointed, and a triennial international convention planned. In consecutive order these have since been held, the present session constituting the tenth of the series.

Previous to 1872 national conventions, at intermittent periods, had been held. Namely, New York, 1832; Philadelphia, 1833, and again in 1859; Newark, N. J., 1869. For England: London, 1862 and 1890.

The following World's Conventions have also been held: London, 1889; St. Louis, 1893; London, 1898; The next will occur in 1903—the place, possibly Jerusalem, yet to be fixed. These meet, it will be observed, every five years.

It will be noted that in the work of the International Sunday-school Convention there is little of authoritative character, and nothing legislative or statutory. Its purpose is that of conference and discussion; improvement in methods, and the awakening of enthusiasm in this vital part of church activity.

However, as matters have progressed, certain regulations and appointments have accrued—and rightly—to International Sunday-school work. The appointment, for instance, of the Lesson Committee, and largely a direction of its labors; the appointment of a number of salaried officers, and various important commissions and committees serving without salary, the expense of the whole being met by voluntary pledges secured at the convention sessions. At the present session General Secretary Marlon Lawrence asked for, and easily secured \$42,000 per year for the next three years to carry on the enterprises of international work—the available resources amounting, indeed, to nearly \$50,000 per year. This constitutes a great fund to be wisely and profitably used in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The program was ably and compactly built—too compactly, as is the case usually with convention programs. All manner of topics, methods, needs, and opportunities of Sunday school work was treated. The bill of fare was too voluminous to give in detail. The names given in the subjoined list of officers, commissions and committees, appeared for most part in the set program. In addition may be mentioned the name of Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer of Boston, who was given conspicuous place. The evening sessions were devoted to addresses.

Previous to the convention proper, conferences of pastors and of the field and primary workers were held. Also the meeting of the fifteen members of the Fifth Lesson Committee to select the lessons for 1903, 1904, 1905 met, and were all entertained at Bishop Warren's Denver residence, himself an honored member of the committee, and whose address on "The world's only hope" before the last session of the con-

vention was one of the great deliverances of the occasion.

Great Sunday-school rallies were held Sunday noon in the various schools of the city, where "Decision-day" appeals were made and many hundreds reported as having decided for Christ.

Emphasis was laid upon Rally Day, upon aggressive and missionary work, and additions made to the corps of field workers, with Rev. E. M. Furgusson, president, and vice-president for the western section, W. C. Pearce of Chicago.

One important item was the establishment of a closer relation between the American and British sections of the Lesson Committee.

New bodies of Christian workers, notably the progressive branch of the Dunkard Church, joined the International Lesson system, and provision was made to receive the Salvation Army schools.

A commission for a world-tour of Sunday-school work was created, said tour to be without expense to the convention.

The quarterly temperance lesson was retained and an optional beginners' course authorized, said course not to bear the title of "International."

Strong resolutions on citizenship, temperance, missions, the reading of the Bible without comment in the public schools, advising the adoption of the American Revised Version for the lesson text, and the omission of the text itself in the lesson helps and upon various other matters, were adopted.

The various Sunday-school publications and requisites by denominational publishing houses and by individual enterprise were on exhibition in the basement of the church. Prominent among these was a worthy exhibit by our Book Concern in charge of the energetic W. E. Grose. Present also, and of helpful influence, were the Agents, Dr. Mains of the Eastern and Dr. Jennings of the Western house, together with our editors of Sunday-school literature, Drs. Neely and Doherty, the former of whom made his influence felt in the spirited discussions.

The death of B. F. Jacobs, member of the Lesson Committee since 1872, and chairman of the executive committee, occurring on the eve of the convening of the session, cast a gloom over all hearts. Impressive memorial services were held Thursday afternoon, and strong resolutions of tribute from both committees were adopted by the convention.

A cablegram of sympathy in suffering and hopes for recovery was sent to King Edward VII. Through

Hon. F. F. Belsey of London, a member of the convention, and from the king's secretary, Sir Francis Knollys, a reply message was received.

If other important items are omitted it is for lack of space. It was the greatest of the several conventions this writer has attended.

Toronto was selected as the convention city three years hence. The pleas of Hon. Mr. McLaren and Dr. Potts, who now, it may be noted, is the senior member of the Lesson Committee, and always a commanding influence in these conventions, could not be resisted. International comity dictated also that this was the wise thing to do. Toronto will accord a welcome most royal.

Five busy and crowded days were these, and full fraught for good. A spiritual atmosphere pervaded all sessions of this great convocation. The Great Head of the church seemed in the midst of his militant host. Gone out in renewed strength are these servants of our common and adorable Lord to push the conquest of his kingdom.

A subjoined list of officers, commissions and committees may be found in another column.

Sixth Lesson Committee.—(Six new members): Rev. J. R. Sampey, Baptist, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. O. P. Gifford, Baptist; Rev. Mosheim Rhodes, Lutheran, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. E. I. Rexford, Episcopal, Prince Edwards Island; Rev. John Potts, Canadian Methodist, Toronto, Can., chairman of committee; Rev. F. J. Patrick, Canadian Presbyterian, Canada; Rev. Charles R. Hemphill, Southern Presbyterian, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Henry M. Hopkins, Congregationalist; Rev. John S. Stahr, German Reform, Lancaster, Pa.; Rev. A. F. Schaffner, Presbyterian, New York; Rev. E. L. Shuey, United Brethren, Dayton, Ohio; Rev. B. B. Tyler, Christian, Denver, Col.; Rev. H. W. Warren, Methodist Episcopal, Denver, Col.; Mr. Ira M. Price, Baptist, Chicago University; Mr. J. R. Pepper, Methodist Church, South, Nashville, Tenn.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1902.

NUMBER 9.

The Children's Story.

ALICE IN STUMPLAND.

Myra Goodwin Plantz.

Chapter II.—The Stump Alice Found in the Way.

NOW, mamma, I think oatmeal, bread, and coffee are enough for breakfast, if I have got it," said Alice.

"It is for many people, dear; but I notice if papa is not tempted to eat a good breakfast he does not feel well all day, and I have so little strength that I am about the same way. I think papa pays to make toast or hot muffins, and to have a bit of bacon, or some nicely cooked eggs, since I cannot get oranges up here. But let me get breakfast."

"No," sighed Alice. "You are no better able to get up at half-past five or six, and go to work, than I. I must say that Ben does his part in building the fire, when papa does not get ahead of him; and he keeps the woodbox full. Wood is one thing we have plenty of. But I hate housework, with none of the modern conveniences—hot and cold water, a gas range, and all that. I'm glad that none of our set can see my red hands."

"I wish you liked cooking, for you do it so well," said the mother. Bess is so wild to be out of doors, would soon tire out if you were to such fine help."

"Oh, I'll work, but I hate it. And I am so homesick up here—not a girl I can call a friend." And the pretty brown head went down on the kitchen table, while the under form shook with sobs.

"Alice, discontent is your great bump," said Mrs. Crawford. "You are none too happy in the city, because you could not have things others had. My darling, try and find the good there is up here. Isn't it splendid to know papa eats and sleeps so well, and looks so rested? Besides, there is someone you were sent to help that you will aid."

"I will try and be good," Alice replied, wiping her eyes, and taking up her dish towel. Bess was supposed to wipe the dishes, but she was usually out with papa, who was gathering up a colony of wood people. Now he was trying to make friends with the squirrels. Flossie came to the rescue and offered to help Alice, while Mrs. Crawford went to the big room called "the combine." It was eighteen feet square, and the back part was curtained off for a small dining-room, with a window overlooking the clearing. The front windows were toward the lake and the forest beyond. Only a few luxuries were brought up from the woods; but the piano stood in one corner, and the stand, with the big lamp, was placed nearby. In another corner the writing-desk and a few shelves of books comprised the library, which offset the music-room. The couch, where Mr. Crawford rested when he came in weary from his farm work, was Ben's bed at night. A window-seat box held the boy's longings, and the tin basin on the back porch was his lavatory. There was a place for a baseboard, but now the fireplace was used, and Mrs. Crawford's low rocker and work-basket

stood in the chimney corner. The woods were full of pine knots, so they had beautiful fires in the early morning and in the evening, and had learned how to roast potatoes in the ashes and pop corn over the coals and to toast bread on long, thin sticks. There were two good bedrooms opening from this room, and a tiny, unplastered kitchen in the rear.

"What would we do if we had to keep a girl?" said Mr. Crawford.

"Sleep her in the hammock, on the back porch," said Ben.

"But I am spoiled by having my coffee always good and my eggs soft and the toast not scraped off."

Alice flushed with pleasure. At first she had let the toast burn half of the time.

"If we only had our kind of people," sighed Alice.

"Suppose we clear some stumps and make some," suggested the father.

"Papa," asked Flossie, "will you get every



"I am so homesick up here—not a girl I can call a friend."

stump out before you begin to make a garden?" "Bless you, no. We will soon put our potatoes and corn in, and let them grow round the stumps. I expect to make my fortune on potatoes, if the bugs do not get my address. I hear they look over the books of those who buy seed potatoes and send out agents."

"Oh, papa, what a big one!" cried Ben.

"Oh, that is only a joke. But no one knows where the pests come from when they plant potatoes in a new place. But I mean to get every stump out in time. It makes me think of what Paul says about the roots of bitterness springing up. We have to get them out, or the good things do not grow. Mike will plow our garden to-day. He is afraid I will ruin his plow. I am not used to beating about the bush, and, consequently, hit the stump right in the middle. But I will learn. I am going to invite you to a potato dropping to-morrow. In the big cleared farms, they have a machine that drops them; but we are bringing things up by hand. Mamma, I have to go to the village for seed potatoes. May I have Alice for company?"

"And me? and me? and me?" chimed in the other children.

"You mean 'I.' No, you must all help mamma," was the answer.

Alice was always happy with her father, although she feared a little preaching this morning on contentment, or some other good thing we like to see in other people.

But Mr. Crawford was in his merriest mood, and Alice did not mind the spring wagon and the bumps when her father forgot the stumps in the new road. And he told stories, and made Alice wish the village was ten instead of two miles distant.

"My, what atmosphere!" cried the minister with delight. "It is like mountain air, warm with this perpetual sunshine. I hope you notice how few cloudy days we have up here. Then, it has a touch of Lake Superior in it. Something like mid-ocean air. How beautiful the country is in the early springtime. See the city of Bremen before you."

The village boasted of a saw-mill, a few small stores, six saloons, about twenty scattering homes, and a new schoolhouse. There was no church. A Catholic priest came once a month and gathered his people in one of the homes for mass; and Dr. Gardner, the Methodist presiding-elder, who had a territory as large as a small state, came once a month and preached in the big room over one of the stores, which was a dance hall, but was also used for all kinds of public gatherings.

This morning there was a great stir in the usually quiet place. A woodman ran to the minister, crying: "We was jest startin' fur yez, parson. Bill's dyin', an' there ain't no priest, an' Jim's hurt, an' like to die."

"Have the men come down from the bush?" asked the minister, anxiously.

He had been told that they came home with their pockets full of money, and that some spent it all in a night of revelry. He knew that the work had held on late this spring, as the demand for lumber was great.

The excited group around the wagon tried to explain, in broken English, that Bill Shank kept making Jim Olson drink, and got all his money away with cards. Jim caught Bill with cards up his sleeve, and called the boys to see that he got fair play. Bill was furious at this, and pulled out his pistol and shot his comrade. He pulled the trigger again, but this time someone turned his hand, and he received, near his heart, the bullet he had intended for his fallen companion.

Mr. Crawford forgot his young daughter, and rushed into the saloon. It took only a moment to see that Bill was dying.

"He ort to have a priest. He'll go straight to —"

"Let us pray," interrupted the minister. And none of the rough men had ever heard such a tender pleading for mercy.

"We will have to leave his soul with God," said the minister, covering the face of the dead man with his handkerchief. "What have you done with the other man?"

"It all happened a little while ago," said the

saloon-keeper, hastily. "I have a license, and keep a good place. They didn't go home last night. Slept on the floor, and began their game this mornin', gettin' a bite at my hotel."

"You are responsible for this," said Mr. Crawford, sternly. "Now, men, we must get the other man home, and see if his life can be saved. Where's your doctor?"

"Twenty miles up in the bush," said the foreman of the mill, who had come to the place.

"Olson has a nice wife, and she has no doubt worried over his being here. They have stopped the blood as best they could. Let us carry him to his wife. It's no place for as good a fellow as Jim to die in."

In the meantime Alice had climbed out of the wagon, hitched the horse, and gone to the front of the saloon, not daring to go in. Just then a woman with a shawl over her head came running to her, and said: "You speak English, mees, come to Hettie's home."

Alice soon found herself at the woodman's cottage, where a pretty young woman was sitting in the middle of the floor, screaming with fright. She had just heard that her husband had been killed. Alice understood at once, and put her arms around the struggling woman, and said:

"He is not dead. I heard that in the street. Help me get ready for him."

The young woman got up. She had watched for her husband all night, and was worn out.

"I ought to have taken the baby and gone after him; but I was mad. He never left me before."

"He won't again," said Alice, hopefully.

She hardly knew how she did it, but she got the wife to fix the bed, and forget herself. She remembered enough of her German to ask a motherly old lady to take care of the baby. Mr. Crawford's surprise was great when he came with the men and saw his daughter with her arm around the young wife.

It was not a very serious wound, and the man was soon comfortable.

Then Mr. Crawford looked around for his daughter. He found her in the back room, which was dining-room and kitchen, and sitting-room for that matter, most of the time. The room looked clean and inviting. Coffee was steaming on the stove, and potatoes were drying off in the kettle, while ham was frying in the skillet.

"I can't nurse or pray with people, but I can cook. It is nearly noon, and that little woman must be almost starved. Now the doctor has come, she ought to have something to eat."

"How thoughtful you are, dear. I wonder some of these older women did not think of it. I am very glad that the young fellow will live. He is only twenty, and she eighteen."

"I thought if we sat down and ate dinner with her she might feel more like one of us," explained Alice.

"You've started one of your stumps quickly," her father replied, with a happy smile.

"Only started it," laughed Alice; "but this young American girl needs a friend, even if she has a husband and baby."

"More's the pity at her age; but you can be a blessing to her," said Mr. Crawford.

(To be continued.)

"The Society of the Ox-Eyed Daisy."

Rev. O. W. Scott.

THE Junior League was in session one afternoon in June. The pastor was present, as was his custom. "Our pastor has a notice to give," said the superintendent. "Shall we listen?" That suggestion was not needed, for every Junior was instantly on the alert. The children knew that the pastor was their friend, and was happy in studying their interests.

"How many would like a trolley ride next Tuesday afternoon?" asked the pastor, and every one of the forty pairs of hands went up, with some stretched to their utmost.

"All right, down hands," said Pastor Strong.

"Be on hand, then, at Marshall's corner, at 2 o'clock sharp, and we'll board a special car, and we'll ride five miles to — well, I'll tell you where Tuesday," smilingly said the pastor, as he disappeared amid wild hand-clappings.

On Tuesday, at half after one, every Junior but three was at the corner, impatiently awaiting the "special," which had been engaged. Soon it appeared, and with eagerness the Juniors mounted it.

"Are all the boys and girls here?" asked Mr. Strong.

"Three are away," said the superintendent.

"They are sick, but the mercy and help department will look after them, and report after we return."

"All ready," said Mr. Strong, and he signaled to the conductor.

"Clang, clang!" and the motorman turned on the "power," and they were off. Out into the country they rode, breathing the delicious air, shouting, singing, and taking the greatest delight in the trip.

After nearly an hour's ride, at a signal from the pastor, the car stopped opposite a fine old orchard, full of waving grass, and dotted thickly with white and yellow daisies.

"Here we are!" shouted the pastor, who was a "Junior" among Juniors to-day, "and I'll tell you now why we are here. Do you see these fine daisies? I want you to pick armfuls of them, and we will arrange them in bunches, and send them by to-night's express to the deaconess hospital in B—."

"Good, good! We'll do it," shouted the Juniors. And away they flew to their happy task.

As fast as they gathered them they took them to a little shelter in the edge of the orchard, where they sorted and tied them. How the bunches multiplied, and the great handled baskets began to fill! The Juniors sang and told stories while they worked.

"My Uncle Ben saw a deer in this orchard this summer," said Fred Littlefield. "He said he was real tame. He fed in the grass a long time, while he watched him. Then, when he tried to get nearer him, he jumped over the wall."

"And that's all," said Jennie Marden, remembering the story of "Mother Morey."

"Well, that was about all, for the deer ran away to the woods. But I was going to ask the pastor," continued Fred, "why the deer are so tame about here?"

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Strong; "it is because the state law fines any man who shoots one \$100, so they let them alone, and not being hunted or chased by dogs they become tame."

"I should think they would let them alone," said Walter Moulton, "for it would take quite a number of them to be worth a hundred dollars."

"Oh, the dear little deers!" said timid Mamie Sanborn. "I'm glad they can't kill 'em. They've just as much right to live as we have."

The Juniors just clapped their hands at this long speech of gentle, sympathetic Mamie, while she blushed at her boldness and their applause.

"But they kill them in October in the Maine woods," said the pastor. The law is 'off' then, and I have known of a good many hunters, and some ministers [we are sorry to say] to take their vacation then, that they might shoot a deer, a moose, or caribou." * * *

And so the afternoon passed rapidly, as they chatted and bunched the daisies for the hospital, white and yellow, side by side.

"The yellow daisies," the superintendent said, "were called 'black-eyed Susans,' and she wanted to propose that they organize a 'society,' just to celebrate that afternoon, and call it 'The Society of the Ox-eyed Daisy.' This society should wreath their hats with the white daisies, and pin a 'black-eyed Susan' to the front of coat and dress, for a badge. Everybody agreed, including the pastor.

Again there was a scurrying for more daisies, and hat-bands were soon decorated, and pins held the biggest "Susans" they could find, as the badge of the day's society. And now for the car, and the ride homeward, the biggest boys bringing the loaded baskets.

And away they went, as they came, singing and shouting, till the birds chirped and flew away in fear, and the squirrels scampered up the trees and out of sight. After the Juniors had returned to Marshall's corner, Everett George and his mercy and help comrades did not forget to report to the sick Juniors and carry them huge bouquets of the white and yellow beauties, while the pastor expressed the lovely baskets to the hospital.

The very next Sabbath afternoon, at the Junior service, a nice letter was read from the superintendent of the hospital, telling them how welcome the daisies were, and how all the sick enjoyed them, and especially telling them of one man, who cried as they gave him some, for, he said, they reminded him of his old home in the country. "And," wrote the deaconess, "this man had been very restless; but he went to sleep at once, with tears on his cheeks, with the daisies pressed closed to his face."

And the "Society of the Ox-eyed Daisy" voted to go daisy-ing again!

Lunenburg, Mass.

Vacation Days.

It isn't enough that flowers bloom,

That grasses wave;

That ten whole weeks of happy time,

Our own, we have.

Something else the summer must hold,
Sweeter than honey, and brighter than gold.

It isn't enough that glad birds sing,

That brooklets run;

That lessons are thrown to the careless winds

Every one.

Something else the summer must hold,
Sweeter than honey, and brighter than gold.

It isn't enough that sea-shells gleam

On sandy shore;

That tossing waves on the ocean's breast

Tumble and roar.

Something else the summer must hold,
Sweeter than honey, and brighter than gold.

But it is enough that a loving heart,

In work and play,

Should make all others surrounding it

Happy alway.

This is the charm the summer must hold,
Sweeter than honey, and brighter than gold.

— Congregationalist.

Don't Look at It.

ONCE learned a lesson from a dog we had.

My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog, and say, "No," and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. He seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said: "There is a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face."

Yes, this is the old way; do not look at temptation. "Avoid it, pass away." When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, however small a thing it is, you may be sure it comes from Satan; so do not look at it, but look up at Jesus and ask him to keep you and make you more than conqueror over every temptation, through him that loves you.—
Selected.

What a Boy Did.

JAMIE PETTIGREW was the smartest boy in our class. He was a praying boy, and we all liked him the better for that. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class. Well, examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions, but one by one we all dropped off, till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent; and Willie took

the prize. I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but instead of being cast down at losing the prize he seemed rather to be mighty glad! I couldn't understand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said, "you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could," he said, with a light laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned round, with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

"Look here," he said, "how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been examination day he couldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"—*Sunday school Advocate.*

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for August: The Junior's Vacation.

August 3.—How to have a good time.

(Heb. 13: 5.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Get up early (Psa. 108: 2).

Tuesday.—Enjoy God's out-of-door world (1 Sam. 20: 7).

Wednesday.—Sing with the birds (Psa. 67: 4).

Thursday.—Play fair (Matt. 7: 12).

Friday.—Help mother (Ex. 20: 12).

Saturday.—Remember the shut-ins (Matt. 25: 36).

Sunday.—Go to church (Isa. 2: 3).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Stand up for Jesus."....Responsive reading (Psa. 92)....Roll call with testimonies....Sentence prayers....Lord's prayer chanted....Singing, "Stepping in the light."....Junior topic....Blackboard talk....Singing, "Tis joy to sing his praise."....Guess story....Singing, "I am happy in my Savior."....Closing prayer.

To the Junior Superintendent.

A Junior superintendent in Illinois asks me the following questions in a recent letter: "What would you state was the real and main purpose of the Junior League? Why was it organized? In your mind what are the best results being obtained?"

Those who have read the July number of the *Junior Worker's Quarterly* know that I believe the great work of the Junior League is to bring the children to Christ, and to train them for church membership. The Junior League was organized for the same reason that makes preparatory schools necessary if we would have good high schools and colleges. The best results being obtained are seen in the number of boys and girls who are beginning a Christian life in our Junior League meetings, and who are being trained in works of mercy and help.

Guess Story.

(2 Kings, Chap. 22).

The story I am going to tell is about a boy king. He was only eight years old when he began to reign, and he was killed in battle when he was thirty-nine. He loved God, even as a boy, and when he was sixteen years old 'he began to seek after the God of David his father.' His first work after this was to put out the idol worship that had gained such a foothold in his kingdom. When he was twenty-six years old he sent a messenger to the treasurer of God's house to get the silver that had been given to repair the temple, and to pay it out to workmen who should carry on the work of repairs. A part of the Bible was found by the workmen, who sent it to the king. The king's scribe read the book to the king, who listened with the greatest interest. Who was the boy king?

Blackboard Talk.

I wonder if some of our Junior League girls are learning to cook during vacation. If so, you know that you need a good recipe in order to have a good cake.

Besides the good recipe you need to use care in mixing, and constant watchfulness in baking your cake in order to have it a success.

You must have a good recipe in order to have a

good time. Hit-or-miss rules for cake, and "any old kind of a rule" for a good time rarely produce good results.

Our grandmothers were always sure of "good luck" in making cake when they used the one-two-three-four rule. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, and four eggs, was the meaning of the magic figures, and these proportions govern the mak-



ing of most cake recipes. Let us see if we can find a one-two-three-four rule for having a good time. One cup of kindness, two of helpfulness, three of unselfishness, and four of love. This rule never fails if it is mixed carefully and baked over an even fire.

The boys may not know much about rules for cake, but this rule for a good time will turn out just as well in a boy's hands as if a girl made it. Patience is a good spoon to use in mixing the ingredients of a good time, and religion is the only fire that is warranted to bake it without scorching or burning. It takes all day to bake, and then we leave it in the pan over night and turn it out in the morning. If we are not quite suited with it when we look it over we may be sure that it is not the recipe that is at fault, but we have made some mistake somewhere. "Practice makes perfect" in cake-making, and good time making, too.

SUMMER ADVICE.

By One Who Knows.

Keep cool in hot weather.

"How?"

By eating Grape-Nuts every day.

"Rats!"

No, not rats, but a good, sound fact that thousands make daily use of.

Grape-Nuts is a predigested food which makes digestion easy.

It gives the nourishment without the internal heat caused by heavy, carbonaceous foods.

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Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food giving strength, vitality, and coolness to the body, and energy and clearness to the brain, in place of the heavy, sluggish, draggy feeling caused by meat, potatoes, etc.

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It is thoroughly cooked at the factory by food experts, and saves you the trouble.

You get it from the grocer, and by adding cream, it is ready to serve.

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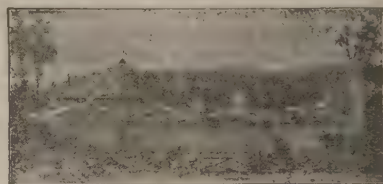
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The most searching, elaborate, and thorough exposition of the fallacies, delusions and follies of the matters dealt with that has yet been made.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

I have read with much interest Dr. Gifford's articles on Christian Science. They are excellent. They will be of great value.—*Bishop Mallatien.*

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Some stewardship questions for young Christians:

What is our relation to the property we hold? Are we proprietors or stewards?

To whom does the "silver and gold" belong?

Where are our "treasures"?

Have you read the scriptures concerning stewardship?

Have you thoughtfully and prayerfully considered why we should give of our means to God?

Will you not take your Bible just now and carefully go over the following points as "reasons why?"

1. He requires it (Deut. 16-17; 2 Cor., chapters 7, 8 and 9).

2. He has given exceeding precious promises to those who give (Prov. 3:10; Mal. 3:10; Luke 6:38; Phil. 4:19).

3. It is in the line of common honesty (Mal. 3:8).

4. It is a means of getting (Psa. 37:3; Prov. 11:24-25; Isa. 58:11).

5. Because it is the noblest end of money-getting (Eph. 4:28).

Are we in sentiment or in fact God's stewards? Do you believe in some plan of definite, proportionate, systematic giving?

If you believe in it, why not begin now?

Do you acknowledge Jesus as your example?

If you do, why not follow him. He was the greatest of all givers?

Literature and enrollment cards will be furnished upon application to the Central Office. As soon as a Steward is enrolled, a neat covenant card is issued to the signer, for his individual use. No doubt there are many members of the league who are already Christian Stewards, but are not enrolled in the Central Office. Enrollment cards will be gladly furnished to all such persons.

"I solemnly affirm before God that it is a burning shame to the Christian Church, that we have no right to talk about having done our duty, that we have no ground for indulging in the language of self-gratulation, that we have no right to speak of our fidelities, to dwell on our successes, or to think of the generosity of our gifts. This is all a most contemptible and contemptuous treating of the Lord our God. There is not the slightest practical difficulty in reaching the whole world—the race that now exists on this globe, the very generation of which we are forming a part—with the gospel, if the church would but awake to her duty."—*Pierson.*

"All the money which will yield a larger return of usefulness in the world, of greater good to the kingdom, by being spent on ourselves or families than by being applied otherwise, is used for the glory of God, and is better spent than it would have been if given to missions. And whatever money is spent on self that would have yielded larger returns of usefulness if applied otherwise, is misapplied; and, if it has been done intelligently, it is a case of embezzlement."—*Selected.*

"Thy Kingdom Come."

Property is one of the cardinal facts of our civilization. It is the great object of endeavor,

the great spring of power, the great occasion of discontent, and one of the great sources of danger. For Christians to apprehend their true relations to money, and the relations of money to the kingdom of Christ and its progress in the world, is to find the key to many of the great problems now pressing for solution.—*Strong.*

Items about Mission Work.

A new missionary "Place of Rest" is opened this summer at Goshen, Mass., under the superintendence of Dr. G. D. Dowkontt. Missionary training work will also be undertaken.

That Yale Mission in North China starts out under wise and intelligent leadership. Harlan P. Beach, a thoroughly capable and devoted missionary leader, is at its head.

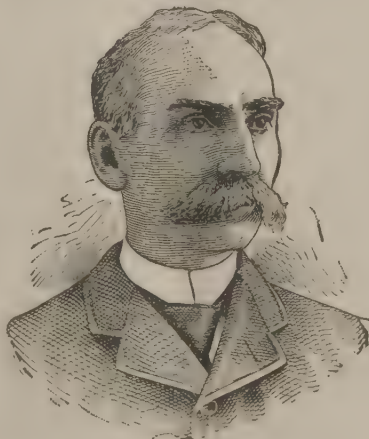
An unusual number of deaths among missionary forces has been reported lately, including Rev. H. G. Appenzeller of Korea, Rev. B. J. Chew of Calcutta, Miss Mary F. Floyd, of Mexico, and Mrs. E. H. Richards of East Africa.

The new edition of Missionary Library No. 1 is now ready. It comprises sixteen volumes, which at publishers' prices would cost \$20, but they are furnished in this library at \$10 cash. Orders should be sent to W. W. Cooper, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

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hout, a noted member of the British Tuberculosis Congress, composed of world-famous men who have made consumption a life study. This cure is something entirely new and is called "Antidotum Tuberculose," or the Copper Cure, and is the only discovery we know of that absolutely kills all tuberculosis germs which cause consumption, as, unless this is done, the disease can not be cured. As the name of the remedy tells, its chief ingredient is copper, which metal has at last been found to be the deadly enemy of the consumption germ, "Antidotum Tuberculose" is the original copper cure.

You can tell if you have consumption by the coughing and hawking, by continually spitting, especially in the morning, when you throw yellow and black matter, by bleeding from the lungs, night sweats, flat chest, fever, weak voice, peculiar flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of the flesh, etc. Find out how the Copper Cure kills the germs, then builds up the lungs, strengthens the heart, puts flesh on the body and muscles on the bones until the consumption is all gone and you are again a strong, healthy, robust man or woman.

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So don't give up hope and don't spend your money in travel. Attend to it right away, for consumption spreads to other members of the family. Write tonight to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 58 Main street, Kalamazoo, Mich. and they will send you books free of charge telling you how the Copper Cure will cure you in your own home in a very short time.

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PURELY PERSONAL.

Bishop Bowman is eighty-five.

Lord Kitchener is the hero of the hour in London.

Dr. Charles A. Crane of Boston stumps Minnesota for prohibition.

Schwab, the steel magnate, is building a \$3,000,000 mansion in New York.

The Right Hon. A. J. B. succeeds Lord Salisbury as premier of Great Britain.

Governor Murphy of New York made a great Fourth of July speech at Albany.

Bishop Warne seems to be covered from the consequences of his recent speech.

President Gobin of DePauw was one of the speakers at the Winona Lake young people's conference.

Dr. E. H. Parkinson delivered the Fourth of July oration at Leecompton, a historic town in Kansas, this year.

Rev. W. A. Brown is hard at work with his new duties as pastor of the English-speaking Church in Manila.

Rev. Edwin M. Randall of Seattle has chosen a place forty miles from a post-office in which to spend his vacation.

Chancellor Day takes the sensible view that life-partners who select each other during their college careers are as likely to be happy as anybody else.

Bishop Vincent's address at the Irish Wesleyan Conference greatly delighted the brethren. It is printed verbatim in the *Belfast Christian Advocate*.

Bishops Joyce and Walden will represent our church at the colored young people's congress at Atlanta, which assumes more importance as its date draws near.

Wu Ting Fang, who has long been the Chinese minister to this country, has been recalled. He is succeeded by Sir Liang Cheng, who is a graduate of Harvard University.

Rev. W. B. Pickard recently preached his sixth anniversary sermon at Epworth Memorial Church, the successor of the church where the Epworth League was born.

Lord Salisbury resigns the premiership of Great Britain. His public life has been long and illustrious. He was fifty years in Parliament, and was four times prime minister.

Leonard Dunkley has been a teacher in the New York City schools for sixty years. He retires from active work with the honor and love of thousands who have been his pupils.

President Diaz of Mexico wants a leave of absence so that he can make a foreign tour. Observers of Mexican history during his long administration think he has well earned a vacation.

Dean Hoffman of the General Theological Seminary, New York, who died recently, was probably the wealthiest clergyman in America. His estate approaches \$15,000,000 in value.

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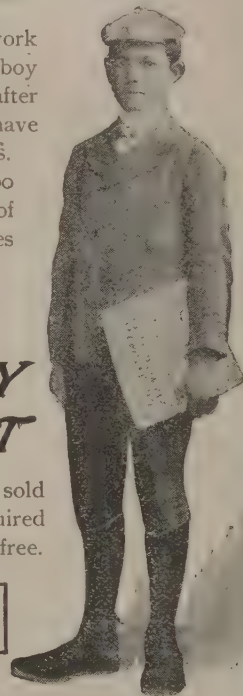
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England and America as the author of a number of popular romances, died recently in London. In private life she was Mrs. Annie Alexander Hector.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

Toledo District plans an excursion to Detroit on Aug. 5.

Sandy Valley, Pa., reports the auspicious close of its first six-months' work. It has done much good service since January.

The Carlville Chapter has been renamed "Lucas Chapter," in honor of Dr. J. A. Lucas, who has been untiring in his devotion to its work.

At the last communion service at First Church, Ballston Spa, N. Y., twenty-six probationers, nearly all of whom had been connected with the Epworth or Junior Leagues, were received into full membership.

Galena, Kan., has an active chapter. The reading course was followed through the year with great interest. On the completion of the course the mission-study class began its work. The mercy and help department is especially efficient.

Dr. G. E. Ackerman, who has just been over to Wheel, Tennessee, to dedicate a church, says that the Epworth League there is a power for good. It had already given \$75, and on dedication day gave \$25 more. The church did not cost quite \$1,000.

The Schoharie Valley League, with delegations from thirteen chapters, met at Cobleskill, N. Y., July 2. A practical program on league themes was carried out admirably. The evening address by Rev.

F. W. Adams of Schenectady was especially inspiring.

A feature of Epworth League Day at Reed City Camp-meeting will be the address of Judge Yaple, who is well known throughout Michigan. Professor Goodrich of Albion College will hold the league "round table" daily. Rev. J. Hathaway of Clare, Mich., is secretary of the association. The meeting is fixed for Aug. 7-17.

The Epworth League Chapter at Santa Clara, Cal., is doing good work. It took charge of the Sunday evening preaching service June 29 and furnished an excellent program on the life of John Wesley. The chapter has given \$50 towards the support of two missionaries, one in India and one in China. Of course, it has a missionary library.

Janesville District (No. 2) Epworth League recently held a very interesting and spiritually profitable rally at Stoughton, Wis. The first day was devoted to papers and discussions on work in the different departments, among them being the "Morning watch," "The missionary movement," and "Systematic giving." The evening's entertainment consisted of music, readings, and a very interesting and instructive lecture by Rev. J. H. Tippet of Janesville, who took for his subject "My personal experiences in Venezuela." On Sunday Rev. J. H. Tippet preached morning and evening. Miss Alice Millar of Milton conducted a spirited Junior League meeting in the afternoon, followed by an address by Miss Clara Musson of Lake Bluff, Ill., who spoke to us of the deaconess and her work. Rev. Mr. Deniston led an inspiring Epworth League meeting. A consecration meeting closed our rally.



CHICAGO AND NEW YORK, AUGUST '2, 1902.

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OLDER PEOPLE
WITH
YOUNG HEARTS

MONTHLY MAGAZINE NUMBER

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NOTES

ON THE

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"I commend this little volume to all who desire to increase the efficiency of the weekly devotional meeting. It will prove an invaluable aid to leaders. The material is practical rather than critical, and through every page there runs a distinct spiritual tone."—Joseph F. Berry.

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This is a new book which has been adopted as the text-book for Mission Study Classes during the years 1902-1903. It is a series of biographies of the great missionaries who have died in Africa. Among them are the stories of David Livingstone, Mackay, Cox, Good, and Vanderkemp. The book not only contains portraits of these men, and pictures of the scenes of their labors, but also accurate maps showing their respective missionary journeys. "The Price of Africa" was written in view of the enormous sacrifice of life and property which has attended the work of the missionary in that field, and shows that the apparent waste is in reality a gain. It is attractive and interesting in style, as well as accurate in its detail.

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THE EPWORTH HERALD.

Joseph F. Berry, Editor.

New York and Chicago, August 2, 1902.

Vol. XIII.—No. 10.

The Rousing of John Hammond.

By W. Bert Foster.



HAD John Hammond not raised his eyes from the payroll ledger just in time to look squarely into the blue orbs of That Girl, it never would have happened. For months he called her "That Girl," for he knew her by no other title; therefore the words should be capitalized. And if anybody desires to criticise the orthodoxy of my first sentence I wish to point out that God is chance though chance be not God. God is likewise opportunity, and had the paymaster of the Round Top Mine not grappled with the duty the Almighty placed in his way, he might still be sitting behind the screen on a high stool and handing out pay-lists and beer-checks to the grimy-faced, toil-calloused men, instead of occupying a much advanced position in the mine offices. And if God used the very human means of That Girl's blue eyes to spur John Hammond to take thought of his duty, it is not the first time in the world's history that he has worked that way!

"What's those, boss?"

"Your checks."

"What checks?"

"Checks on McCullough."

"I ain't asked for any of 'em."

"It's customary to give a few beer checks when the balance in the workman's favor is as much as yours, Erickson. You're a single man," said John Hammond, quietly.

"What if I am? I came here to work for money. If I want beer I'll buy it with that money."

It was then that the paymaster looked up. He wished to see what manner of man this was who had the temerity to question the established rules of the Round Top Mining Company. He had noticed that Erickson had earned more money during the fortnight than most pitmen, and, aside from his bill at the company's boarding-house and his drills, there were no charges against him; yet Erickson objected to the few checks which he had used to "make change" in his pay envelope. But on raising his eyes Hammond found himself staring directly at That Girl who stood across the yard. The expression in her eyes made him look, too, along the straggling line of miners who waited for their settlement. Did they really seem as pitiful as all that to one who was not used to seeing them?

The girl was a stranger. He had never seen her before. Doubtless some visitor in the neighborhood who had come to see the paying-off out of curiosity. Her dainty dress and gloves and hat reminded Hammond of a time when he had been used to seeing such women and such dresses daily. There was a group of miners' wives in sight waiting for their men, and the difference between the appearance of these women and That Girl actually shocked him.

He sighed and came back to the man who stood before the window in the wire screen. Erickson was a hearty, decent-appearing man, much better looking in both person and clothing than the run of Round Top miners. He was a grave man, too, with deep-set eyes which now sparkled a little in their depths.

"I have worked for wages, not checks, boss," he repeated, having gained the paymaster's attention again.

Ordinarily, had objections been made by a miner like this, Hammond would have said: "Take it or leave it; it's the rule." He knew, and the men knew, that the miner who refused to accept part of his wages in this way, or objected to the prices charged at the

company's store, would not have work many weeks. But this fellow was a stranger.

"You'd best take 'em. You can sell them to the other men if you don't drink," he said, mildly.

"At a discount," said Erickson, firmly.

"Well, it's the rule, Erickson."

"And a cursed mean rule it is!" exclaimed the man, letting out suddenly some of that wrath which lay smothered behind his gleaming eyes. He swept the checks and the money into his palm and crammed both into his pocket as he slouched away. Hammond sighed again. He thought the system hard when he first came to Round Top, but he had become calloused now—

But *was* he calloused? He remembered the eyes of the girl and the pity in them during the rest of the afternoon. When he walked

to his boarding-place that evening he saw the groups of half-drunken men on the corners, and heard angry voices from the open doors of almost all the boarding-houses and from some of the tenements. He knew what caused more than half the misery in the town; and the greed of the mine operators was at the bottom of it.

He glanced across the valley to where the lights twinkled in the great villa of President Lomaine. There was some gathering there to-night, for the house was lighted up from garret to cellar. Let's see—he had heard that the President's family was expected home from Europe and the East. Likely they had come.

Pay-night in the town was a horror to John Hammond. He had begun by going directly home and remaining indoors until morning. It had become a fixed habit after a while to do this; but he was spurred to take thought of it to-night. He knew what would go on at McCullough's saloon. All the beer checks bought by the company at a discount, and practically forced upon the miners, would

be redeemed that night, and much of the surplus wages of the men spent before morning. The cages would descend with light loads into the levels the next day. The miners would have to sleep off their carouse.

The suggestion for these thoughts had been in the expression of That Girl's eyes. Of course, she could not know all this. She was not aware that decent men in broadcloth and immaculate linen—some of them church members and all "eminently respectable"—gathered about the mahogany table in President Lomaine's library, had coolly planned to debauch men's souls and ruin their bodies to add one-half of one per cent. to the dividends of the Round Top Mining Company. "The men *would* drink," was the excuse these directors made to their consciences, "and why should not the company derive some profit from the trade?"

Hammond suddenly stopped. Ahead of him on the narrow walk were two men. One was Erickson, the fellow who had objected to the beer checks, and he was about entering one of the neater boarding-houses of the town, the proprietor of which "contracted" with the company to board single men. Erickson was talking with a hard-featured, shrewd-eyed man, who gripped a pipe between his teeth and stood in a listening attitude.

This second individual was not a miner, but Hammond knew him. His name was Calloom, and he was known to be an "agitator"—



"Ahead of him on the narrow walk were two men."

in other words, a representative of the labor union with which some of the miners of Round Top were affiliated. Calloom was roudly hated by the managers of the mine, but he was feared, too. Through his efforts several minor injuries of the miners had been arbitrated with President Lomaine and the directors, for they had given in to the fellow rather than antagonize him on a small point.

John Hammond moved quietly on, watching the earnest face of Erickson. He was the sort of man to tilt with windmills. He would have much influence with the other men, too, when once they knew him. Hammond felt as though he should speak and warn these two what he, in a prophetic flash, saw ahead of them. If a strike grew out of that conference Hammond knew that misery, starvation, and perhaps bloodshed would follow.

All he heard as he passed by was Calloom's words: "You've got the rights of it, Mr. Erickson. The beer-check system is an imposition—a reg'lar steal! I wish you'd come down to the union some Sunday and talk like that to the boys."

The paymaster tried to forget it all when he went home. But now and then the look of That Girl, as she beheld the line of wretched men waiting for their pay, rose unbidden before him and utterly spoiled his self-poise and punctured his callousness. It was weeks before she dawned upon his vision again, yet he could not get rid of thoughts she had suggested.

It was down on the lower ridge one Sunday afternoon. Hammond had been to the woods, for there was no church in the town and only a Bohemian chapel in which he could not even understand the words spoken by the young priest who visited the parish twice a week. He saw That Girl in the road before him just as she stooped to pick up and hush the cries of a little toddler who had wandered from a miner's cottage near by. He saw her, in her bright dress and ribbons and immaculate gloves, raise the child in her arms and kiss its face and carry it to the slatternly woman who ran out of the house.

"Sure, *that's* a lady, Jimmy!" the woman whispered to her husband, who lounged on the doorstone.

The miner rose, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and growled: "It's such ladies as the likes of her that we poor devils air ground down for. Don't talk ter me!"

"Ye I'm that at the union," complained the woman.

"So I do! It's lucky an' we fellers hears the trut' once in a while. What does old Lomaine care for the likes of us?" and he shook his fist at the big house across the vale. "He's marryin' off his daughter, they say, an' likely he'll put the store prices up on us, or scale the wage list, ter pay for the junketings."

"I wish ye didn't go to the union an' hear that Erickson talk."

"Wal, I *do* go, woman, an' I'm goin' now!" and the miner slouched away.

Hammond, who had lingered while this conversation was going on, followed after. He had never been to a meeting of the union, although he knew that the Sunday afternoon sessions were thrown open to the public. He did not approve of these Sabbath meetings; they took the place of the church to the workmen, and unionism became the laborer's religion.

But he went to-day. He slipped into a rear seat in the hall, and nobody appeared to notice him. He heard Calloom stanmer through a half-dozen sentences. Then Erickson talked. Calloom was a boor; but Erickson was what is known among "the better classes" as a dangerous man, *i. e.*, a workingman who knows his wrongs and is able to speak intelligently of them. But he was not speaking of the personal wrongs of those about him in particular.

"We are gradually building up an industrial feudal system in America. Many of us came here to get rid of just such a system in our native lands. It is being established through money, just as the old feudal system of the European states was built on military power. Originally in American industry each rich man was a hard-working, enterprising individual, intimately and personally associated with the industry that gave him his income. He got more from it than anybody else, but he did more than anybody else with his brains and executive ability. He fought competition, kept the factory open, kept men employed.

"Now, there is practically no competition, for the great combinations of capital control the output of most commodities, and there is rapidly growing up a class who sit idly by and watch the gains from these industries—the result of a 'system' and the toil and blood of millions—dropping like a never-ending stream into their coffers. And this is a dangerous thing. It is as dangerous to have a class of wealthy tramps, as it is to have a class of ragged outcasts from society."

John Hammond thought that the man was talking "over the heads" of his audience. He looked about him. There were many intelligent faces, now that they were washed of the smut of weekly toil, and every person in the hall had his eyes fixed upon the speaker.

"The original feudal system of the Old World," pursued Erickson, "was based on necessity. The nobles gathered the people about their castles, and protected them in time of war, for which protection the peasants fought under the banner of their lord, and paid their taxes. But all this gradually changed. Wars ceased. The nobles moved to Versailles and became courtiers. But they still taxed the people, and made them pay bitterly for the glories of the king's court. Therefore came 1790 in French history, when an infuriated, downtrodden populace turned like maddened swine upon the aristocrats. That danger menaces society to-day!"

Hammond listened to a conversation between Calloom and one or two ne'er-do-wells, as they went out. "A few such talks as that will stir 'em up," said the agitator, with a chuckle.

"But I don't see *you* takin' much part in the matter, Mr. Calloom," said one of the fellows.

Calloom winked. "I don't hafter. Erickson is doin' my work. An' then, I might lose my influence with Lomaine and the directors if I was known to be spouting much. Let Erickson alone. He thinks he's educating 'em. But the time's mighty near ripe when we can start the strike-ball rollin'. And I know the lever to use."

"What is it, Calloom?" asked the second man, eagerly.

"The beer checks. Erickson is death on that, you know. He'll pick it up as eager as a hungry dog a bone when it's throwed down to him. We can hang back and let him do it all, while we'll get what there is out of it, eh?"

Hammond moved away in disgust. It was always the way. The man with the pure intentions was usually placed in such a position that his best efforts were misjudged by the world at large, if not by his own associates. He believed Erickson was honest, as well as earnest. He tried to warn him next pay-day. There was great dissatisfaction among the miners, and the paymaster could not help but notice it, for he came in contact with the workmen in more than one way.

"You are running your neck into a noose, Erickson," he said, to the bewhiskered pitman. "If Mr. Lomaine hears of your talks before the union you'll get your time made up in a hurry."

"So you have been spying, have you?" queried the man.

Hammond smiled. "You misconstrue my reason for speaking. I am only warning you for your own good. Other men will make capital out of your talks, and you will suffer alone."

"This is a land of free speech—or so it is said."

"Quite so. That is why so many men speak unwisely."

Nevertheless, Hammond knew that he had not done *all* his duty. That Girl's eyes still bothered him. One day he appeared at the directors' meeting. John Hammond was recognized even by Lomaine to be a valuable member of the clerking force. He was allowed to speak, and he warned the board and the president of the dissatisfaction that the check system was stirring up among the men.

"There's always something," said Lomaine.

"This is serious, gentlemen. And—and—the men have right on their side!" he blurted out.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed Lomaine, much amused. "Are *you* becoming a labor agitator, Hammond? I understand we have one in the mine that will have to be got rid of before long."

"I'm not sure I sympathize with the union men," said Hammond. "But I *know* that the check system is neither just nor right."

"That is pretty strong language," Lomaine said. "But I'll bear it in mind. Perhaps I'll find time to talk it over with you again, Hammond, later. I'm pretty busy these days."

He was busy getting ready for his daughter's wedding. It was going to be a great affair. Even the miners had heard of it. There was a buzzing about the mine as though the entrance to the levels was the door of a great beehive. Hammond listened. It was not hard to learn what was going on.

Calloom and his backers had stirred up the miners to march to the president's house on the night of the wedding and demand justice. The check system must be abolished, and the night of Miss Lomaine's wedding would be just the time to make the demand, because the president would be unprepared for such a maneuver. Of course, the talk was all of peaceful measures; but Hammond knew what would happen if those Poles and Bohemians were marched into the grounds of the wealthy mine owner.

It was the night before the wedding that Hammond learned this. He went over to Lomaine's after supper. It would not do to wait until morning, for every hour was valuable if the plan of the disaffected miners was to be nipped in the bud.

John Hammond walked up to the door of the president of the mining company, which he had never approached before, and there was That Girl sitting upon the veranda! He saw now that, besides her blue eyes, there were many features to commend her appearance;



From a photograph by a British officer.

At an athletic meeting held at Richmond, Cape Colony, much amusement was caused by a novel item in the program. A number of buns, covered with treacle, were suspended by strings from a cross-bar, and the Kaffirs had to try to eat them without using their hands. After they had eaten the buns, their heads were dipped in a flour barrel, and they had then to run around the course. The spectators laughed at the white patches on the woolly heads, but the Kaffirs seemed to appreciate the joke immensely, and laughed more than anyone.

BOBBING FOR BUNS: A NOVEL EVENT IN THE SPORTS IN CAPE COLONY.

but the paymaster was too troubled to think much of the coincidence of this meeting. He thought her one of Miss Lomaine's friends.

"Mr. Lomaine is very busy. I fear he will not see you," she said, yet kindly. "Is it important?"

"Very important—to him," Hammond said.

"About the mine?"

"Yes, miss."

"Come with me, for the footman would never let you in," she said, smiling, and led the way into the library. The president was not pleased to see John Hammond; for, as the girl had said, he was busy.

"This is a bad time for you to reiterate your remarks of the other day, Hammond," Mr. Lomaine said.

"Matters have come to my ears which have made the visit imperative," returned the paymaster; and he told the mine owner of the plans he had, by accident, learned.

Lomaine's brow clouded. "I'll fix that," he declared. "I'll have a guard here, and I'll shut down the mine, if necessary, to stop the business."

"Would it not be better to deal fairly by the men, and stop the check system?" suggested Hammond, boldly.

"Why sir! Do you come here to advise me?" demanded the other, angrily.

"The men are right; you are wrong. If you bring armed guards into the district, it will be like touching a match to a powder-barrel. It will mean a strike, and a bitter one—and that falls hard alike on the innocent and the guilty."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Hammond——"

The girl had stolen quietly to the mine owner's side, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. Not until then did John Hammond guess who she was, and the discovery dazed him for a moment. But he heard her say:

"You were wondering what to give me—what to do to make me perfectly happy in my new life. I will tell you, dear. It has been in my heart for weeks—ever since I came home and saw your peo-

ple who dig out of the ground that which gives me so many pleasures and luxuries. More than money or a house or land, do I want this, father."

"Tut, tut! It's nonsense!" exclaimed Lomaine, but in softer mood.

"There is absolutely nothing you could buy for me or give me—nothing you could plan or think of for me, that would make me as happy. You never were an unjust man to your children. Why should you be unjust to your employees? And it is all I will accept from you as a wedding gift!"

Lomaine's face gradually cleared. "Well, well!" he said, "you've always had your way, Jessie. Lucky you're going away with your husband, for if you've begun to dabble in my business affairs, there's no knowing what would happen. Get the notice printed to-night, Hammond, and I'll sign it. But there'll be trouble in the board meeting—I can see that," and he sighed.

* * * * *

Hammond stood a moment on the step, for Miss Lomaine held his hand. "Thank you for coming here to-night," she said, her eyes glowing softly. "And father will thank you, too, when he comes to think of it."

He made no reply, but when he got outside the grounds he stopped a moment and removed his hat. "Well, it pays me, I s'pose, for thinking so much about a girl I didn't know. And yet, I'm—not—exactly—sorry. I'd never taken an iota of interest in this matter, and the trouble might have gone on until it ended in a strike, if I hadn't seen that look in her eyes that day. I'm—I'm glad I did it. I've got woke up. Guess it won't take a girl to show me where my duty lies next time."

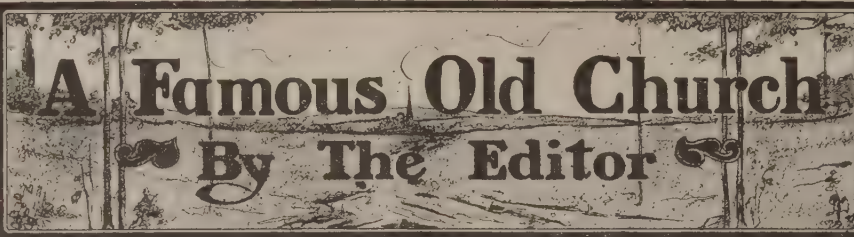
And then he walked on into the valley.

New York City.

The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle.*



JOSEPH PILMORE.



DR. J. S. HUGHES.

CAPTAIN THOMAS WEBB is the father of Philadelphia Methodism. He visited that city in 1768, and was deeply impressed with the moral destitution of the people. Though not a minister, he resolved to do what he could to give to the careless the Word of Life. A small congregation was soon gathered, and he preached in Mr. Croft's sail-loft, near the drawbridge which crossed Dock Creek. Among the first converts was Mr. Croft. Not long afterward the services were removed to Loxley's Court, an alley running from Arch to Cherry Streets, a spot which I inspected with great interest the other day.

A year later Joseph Pilmore and Richard Boardman were sent by Mr. Wesley as missionaries to America. They arrived at Philadelphia on their way to New York. While hurrying along the street they were hailed by an Irishman who had seen Mr. Boardman in Ireland, and were informed of the little Methodist society formed by Captain Webb. This was good news, and they soon had the pleasure of meeting the zealous captain. It was arranged that Boardman should push on to New York, while Pilmore would remain to labor in Philadelphia. Pilmore was, therefore, the first Methodist pastor in a city which subsequently became one of the chief strongholds of Methodism.

Mr. Pilmore was a firebrand. His heart was aflame with zeal. He preached not only on Sunday, but frequently during the week. The room in Loxley Court was soon crowded. Then it became too small to hold the people. Meanwhile the preacher gathered great congregations in the open air at the race-track, and in Potter's Field.

About this time an unfinished church stood on Fourth Street. It had been built by members of the High Dutch Reformed Church.

While the public auction was in progress a feeble-minded youth by the name of Hockley entered the room. He bid £700 for the half-finished structure. This being the highest bid he was declared to be the buyer. His father, unwilling to reflect on his son by taking legal measures to show his irresponsibility, paid the amount for

which it was sold. He began immediately to inquire for a purchaser. Hearing that the Methodists wanted a larger place of worship, he offered to sell them this building, and it was bought for £650, and the very next day the Methodists moved in. Pilmore dedicated the building with simple ceremonies. This was his text: "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying Grace, grace, unto it!"

I have said that the building was but partly finished. In a short time a section of the room was floored and provided with cheap benches. The unfinished condition of the room made it difficult for the congregation to keep comfortable in the winter, and the

women were accustomed to bring little "wooden stoves" for the feet, such as were used in the markets. Notwithstanding all these inconveniences the Lord was with his people in a marvelous manner, and added to their number almost daily such as should be saved.

In 1777, when the British army occupied Philadelphia, after the battle of Brandywine, the Methodist Church was used as a hospital. Afterward it was pressed into service "as a riding school" for the cavalry. During the Revolutionary struggle the little society was greatly distressed, and the building was finally closed. When the

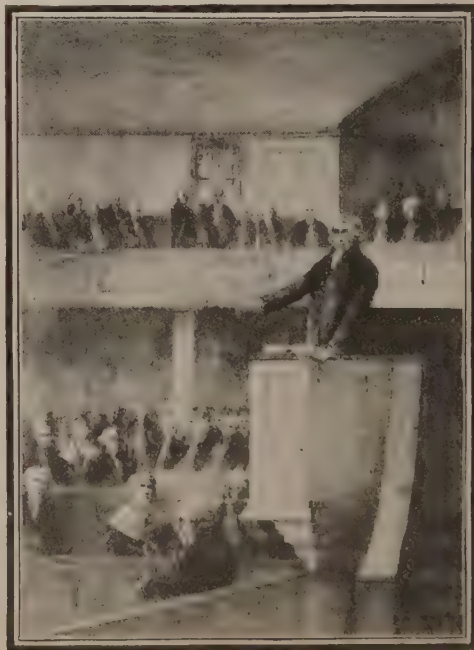


ST. GEORGE'S, PHILADELPHIA.



THE INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S.

Their plans were too ambitious, however, and they ran into debt. For these debts they were cast into prison. It is said that some of their friends, surprised at finding them in prison, asked for an explanation. They were told: "We are in prison for building a church." The building was ordered sold to satisfy the creditors.



ASPEN PREACHING IN ST. GEORGE'S

war was over Freeborn Garrettson was appointed to Philadelphia, and he got the pioneer band together again. Garrettson was a great preacher, and things soon began to move. The building was not plastered until 1784. It was fitted up with galleries in about 1790 or 1791. In 1837, under the pastorate of Charles Pitman, the edifice was again remodeled, and a basement constructed for Sunday-school and other purposes.

For some years this famous old church was not called "St. George's." The original tablet contains the name "George," probably after the reigning king. It has been suggested that the martial spirit of Captain Webb proposed the name "Saint George's."

Francis Asbury, the first Methodist bishop ordained in America, was deeply interested in Saint George's. He attended services in it on the evening of the day he arrived in America, and preached his first sermon in this country within its walls. He was its third pastor. That pastorate lasted four months, which was pretty long for Methodist preachers in those days. At that time St. George's was the cathedral of American Methodism. The first conference ever held in this country convened within its walls in July, 1773. Philadelphians are sure it is the oldest Methodist Episcopal Church edifice in all the world. This church has had 132 pastors, among whom four subsequently became bishops—viz., Asbury, Whatecoat, Roberts, and Scott.

In company with Dr. Robert Watt of Wilmington and Dr. J. S. Hughes, present pastor of St. George's, I spent a couple of hours in and about the old church not many days since. The photographs which accompany this article were taken especially for THE EPWORTH HERALD. The building is in excellent repair. It is the perfection of neatness without and within. The front doors stand open, and the visitor is invited to enter at any hour of the day.

On the left of the entrance is the memorial slab of John Dickins. It reads:

"In memory of John Dickins, the Founder of the Methodist Book Concern, who died in 1798 while pastor of this church, and whose remains are interred in the rear of this building."

On the right of the front doors is a second marble slab which bears this inscription:

"First Methodist Conference in America Consisting of Ten Members was held in this church July 14, 1773."

Entering the vestibule, we ascend to the auditorium by easy stairs. The room is after the conventional type of a century ago—long and narrow and plain—with a gallery on the sides and end. But fresco and paint and carpets have add-

ed a touch of modern elegance and comfort to the place. It is a churchly church. How much more like a temple of God than many modern buildings, with their unchurchly shape and opera chairs and gaudy windows and flashy frescoes! The finish of the woodwork is white and gold. The pulpit and pulpit furniture are simple and chaste.

On either side of the pulpit is a long marble tablet containing the names of the pastors for a hundred years. Mighty names in that list! Other tablets are to be added. The accompanying picture of Asbury in the high pulpit represents the church just after the galleries were added in 1790. The historic etching now hangs upon the wall of the lecture-room, and attracts marked attention from the thousands of visitors who come here every year. I do not remember to have ever seen a reproduction.

In the rear of the main building stands the historic "conference room." Here the fathers held many annual conferences, and here they came for frequent consultations about the work committed to their hands. This room has been preserved as nearly as possible in its original form. It contains some of the most interesting relics of early Methodism which are now in existence. I have had reproduced two pages from Asbury's pulpit Bible. It was used by that intrepid pioneer many a time, as

well as by some of the most heroic of his contemporaries. The old book is handled with veneration by hundreds year by year.

The page from the "old account book" will be scanned with interest. That is the very first financial record of the church. How minute and complete it is! Of course, you will be surprised at some of the items.

I lingered in the old conference room longer than I had planned to stay. A strange fascination held me. Oh, if the walls could speak! What stories they could tell of sermons strong and scriptural and logical and fervent, delivered there! And if they could reproduce the fiery exhortations and agonizing prayers and ringing personal testimonies and solicitous conversations about the work of God in the pioneer churches, how our hearts would be thrilled!

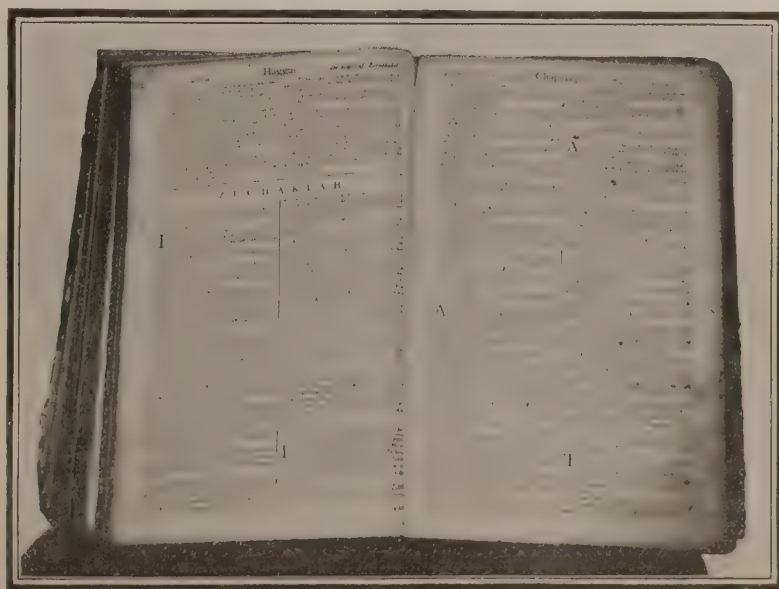
From the beginning St. George's has stood for the best traditions of Methodism. It has been a revival church. What miracles of grace have been witnessed within its walls! Literal thousands have been converted at its altars. They have gone forth to bless the world—gone into the pulpits and pews of every land. Eternity only will reveal the far-reaching results of the evangelizing power of this old-time Methodist center.

But St. George's is now a downtown church. You know what that means.

Contra 6. 1788

1788	Brought forward	4 17 4
30 Oct	for a Lime paper	2 -
2 Nov	for 1 Day. Hire of Horse & Chaise from New York	7 6
	for the Wakefield Weeks Board & Washing for	1 2 8
6 Dec	for Mr. Williams travelling Expenses	1 2 6
	for 2 ^d Horse	3 -
	1 Gall Wine	7 6
	2 ^d Shrub	3 9
	7 Bottles for do	2 8
9 Dec	for the Wakefield Weeks Board for Mr. Dilmore	1 5 9
	for Gun & Gun string for Mr. Williams	-
16 Dec	for the Wakefield Weeks Board for Mr. Dilmore	15 -
23 Dec	for the Wakefield Weeks Board & Washing and	1 7 6
	half a Cost of Wood for Mr. Dilmore	-
	for 3 ^d Hails and 2 Whisks for Dutch Church	3 8
26 Dec	for a Letter for Mr. Dilmore	1 -
30 Dec	for the Wakefield for Mr. Dilmore Board &	18 10
	for Biscuits	1 10 3
1 Dec	for 19 Wine to Mr. Levers	14 -
2 Dec	for 104 th paid 1836 for Mr. Dilmore Night gown	15 -
	for a Gloathes Brush	5 -
	for a pair Quaffers	2 6
1 Dec	for a Lime Double proof paper	3 -
7 Dec	for the Wakefield for Mr. Dilmore Board &	15 -
14 Dec	for Mr. Wakefield for do	15 -

A PAGE FROM THE OLD ACCOUNT BOOK.



ASBURY'S BIBLE.

There rise before you visions of warehouses and shops, tenements and saloons and crowded streets, and the roar of commercialism and poverty and superlative sin. Many of the members have died. Others have moved away. Those who remain are poor. To sustain the old church is now a struggle. The present pastor, Dr. J. S. Hughes, is a most devoted minister. He loves the old church, and is expending his best energies to maintain its usefulness. And he is meeting with much success. But, from the very nature of the case, the field is a difficult one. In view of this fact I was exceedingly glad to learn of the decision of the Philadelphia Conference to provide an adequate endowment for the historic Methodist center. The good work was inaugurated by those princely laymen, Hon. John Field and Gov. R. E. Pattison. I had the pleasure of hearing the addresses of these brethren before the last annual conference at Columbia. And I joined in the tempestuous applause which greeted the announcement of the plan to perpetuate the aggressive life of old St. George's by providing a snug annual income. That thing ought to be done. It is an appeal to denominational pride. Every Philadelphia Methodist ought to feel a special interest in the enterprise. Our young people should promptly enlist. If they should take the old church to their hearts and make it an object of special prayer and gift, its future for all time would be secure. But interest in the effort to endow St. George's should not be confined to Philadelphia. In an important sense the mother-church belongs to the whole denomination. I am sure that the enterprise will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of Methodists in many sections of our land.

The Philadelphia Conference is to hold its next session in the old church. It will be a notable time. How the former days will pass in review! And let us hope that the memory of the sacrifices, struggles, and victories of the fathers may arouse the ministry and laity of the church of to-day to the old order of self-surrender and consuming zeal for the salvation of men.

A Leaf in the Gale.

Lucy Rider Meyer.

HE crept, full of fear, into the warm waiting-room of the railroad station, and tried to hide behind a big radiator. He was seven years old, but not an inch larger than a five-year-old should be. He was very dirty, very cold, very ragged, and very miserable. He carried a bootblackening "kit" over his shoulders, and held five crumpled papers under his arm.

The deaconess on duty at the station spied the little fellow.

"What's your name, little boy?" she asked.

"Tomaso," he replied, with trembling lips.

She drew up a rocking-chair, for they have rocking-chairs in that station, and took the little fellow, rags and all, on her motherly lap.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" she asked, pityingly.

"I—I can't sell my papers, an' I hain't got a single shine, an' de boys out dere beat me, awful!" And the sobs burst out unrestrained.

A glance out the window showed "de boys," still in an angry knot, telling each other how "dat imperdent kid t'ought he c'd git inter business 'round dese 'ere corners. But we jest sent him howlin'!"

The deaconess remembered a big box of lunch that a chance traveler had put into her hands. She produced it now and watched its contents disappearing. It was a prosaic kind of comfort, but very satisfactory to the half-starved little lad.

"Now, Tommy, tell me how you try to get shines and sell papers. Maybe you don't do it right. Suppose I am your customer. How would you ask me?"

"Have a shine?" said Tommy, but in a hopeless, monotonous tone.

"Oh, that's not the way. You must say: 'Please, sir, have a shine?' You must speak up bright, and smile and look right at him. Try it again."

The deaconess drilled him ten minutes. Then she took him into the toilet-room, washed such parts of his little body as she could get at and smoothed his hair. He was really a sweet-looking little fellow.

"Now," she said, "try that man. His boots need shining. Don't forget to smile."

"Please, sir, have a shine?" said Tommy, exactly as his teacher had told him to do.

The gentleman looked down at the eager face and replied: "I don't care if I do."

After that Tommy sold two papers—9 cents in all. Then he wanted to carry the money right away home to his mother. The deaconess put a little towel and a piece of soap into the box with the rest of the lunch, and they went together past the still glowering boys. It was a dreadful home. The father was dead, the mother very sick.

When the deaconess returned she passed by the boys.

"What was the matter with Tommy?" she asked.

"Dat young dago? Ain't nottin' de matter wid him. But der will be if he don't keep away from dese corners."

"But his father's dead and his mother's sick. He must sell papers or starve. Why, he hadn't had anything to eat this morning till I gave him something, and he's such a little fellow?"

The boys looked very much ashamed.

"Sorry we licked him," one of them said, looking steadily down at the ground.

The next morning Tomaso came again to the station, and again a convenient lunch waited for him. But this time his hands and face were quite clean, and his face actually had a smile on it."

"Come, Tommy," said the deaconess, "let's go out on the corner where you'll have a better chance to sell papers and get shines."

"But the boys!" The lad's face grew actually pale.

"I'll stand by you awhile."

So they went out. Sure enough the boys came straight toward them. Tommy shivered away nearly out of sight in the hospitable folds of the black gown of his new friend. But this time he need not have feared.

"Is yer pap dead?" asked one of the biggest of the group.

"Yes," with pathetic brevity.

"Is yer mam sick?"

"Yes."

"Well, Tom, we gin yer dis corner. It's a bully one. Yer can sell papers an' git shines on it all ye want to. Hear?"

Tommy's business prospered exceedingly after that, and the little chap himself prospered yet more under the fostering care of his deaconess friend. His mother got well, his hands and face were always clean, he lost his haggard, unchildlike look, and his face actually took on a sign of baby plumpness. The deaconess told him of God and heaven and enticed him into Sunday-school.

But one day he was not at his corner. A week passed before the deaconess, busy with many duties, could go to his poor home to inquire for him, and then she found him dying with diphtheritic croup. Sorrowfully she stood by the unconscious little form, expecting every hard-drawn breath would be his last. Suddenly the great black eyes opened and, as he recognized his friend, a wonderful smile broke over the little face.

"Yer was so good to me!" he whispered hoarsely, and was gone. Chicago.

Look Out for the Weak Link!

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

I SAW some men not long ago who were moving some very heavy stones. They had three horses hitched to a chain, and the chain, which was a long one, was then fastened around the stone. I noticed that the man who had charge of the work was very careful, in fastening the chain, to hook it so that a certain link, which did not seem as strong as the others, was thrown outside into the slack of the chain, so that the strain did not come on it. But after a while this man was called away to look after something else, and another took charge of the work. He either did not know about this bad link, or else he thought that the other man was too careful, and hooked the chain so that the strain came on the weak link, the same as on the rest. The result was that as soon as the horses straightened themselves down to pull, that link was snapped asunder and the chain was broken. It was a new illustration to me of that old saying which we have all heard repeated so frequently, "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." That proverb is true always when every part of the chain is permitted to take equal chances.

I walked away from the broken chain with my mind on its application to some broken lives I have known—men whom I am sure had been converted to Christ, and yet the weak link in their chain of character was still weak and needed to be specially guarded. I have noticed that if a man has been accustomed to strong drink, and that has been his besetting sin, you may depend upon it that no matter how thorough his conversion, nor how completely he is devoted to Christ, the devil will come again and again to that point, and do his best to get a chance to bring the strain of life on that particular link. A man with such a history needs to be on his guard at that point, and all of us are wise to keep our eyes open concerning the one weak link in the chain, and not only pray, but watch lest we enter into temptation.

New York.

Lord Kelvin, one of the world's most distinguished scientists, was approached by a pompous young would-be scientist, who asked him which one of all his discoveries he considered to be the most valuable. The unexpected reply was: "I think that to me the most valuable of all the discoveries I have ever made was when I discovered my Saviour in Jesus Christ."



THE BOY KING OF SPAIN.

GLIMPSES OF THE GULF COAST

By Samuel H. Pye

NESTLING amid pines, magnolias and live oaks, looking out upon the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and basking in the soft southern breeze and bright sunlight, lies Pass Christian, Miss.—the most famous health and pleasure resort in the South.

It is well to note here that Pass Christi-an—accent on the last syllable—is the proper pronunciation. The pass from the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans was discovered some centuries ago by a Spaniard named Chris-ti-an-o and took his name; but in the course of time the final syllable was lost while the accent remained.

Here the denizen of the north revels in summer sunshine during the months that are fraught with discomfort at home, and when he returns, in the late spring, he is closely succeeded by his Southern neighbor, who comes for a respite from the oppressive heat to enjoy the refreshing breezes from the gulf. The beautiful shell road, winding along the shore in its white unchangedness, brings the Southern quietude of soul which comes upon us when the rush of life has briefly cast us back into a long-remembered harbor.

Here for ages past the natives have lived and lived—and seldom died, for it is one of the traditions of the place that it is necessary to remove to some other clime before the crossing of the Styx can be successfully accomplished. Here the climate is so genial, and the burdens of life rest so lightly that life glides on in an even tenor undreamed of in less idyllic localities.

The greatest peculiarity of Pass Christian is that it is an all-the-year-round resort. The Northern people come trooping down about the 1st of November, and remain until May, when they are closely pressed by the incoming residents of New Orleans and other Southern cities, who find in the alternating currents of the gulf breezes and the gentle winds from the pine regions to the north of the Pass that change and relaxation so desirable and necessary without the wearisome journey to Northern resorts. There are really but two seasons here—summer and winter—and they are chiefly indicated by this semi-annual change of population. Practically the summer covers a period of eight months, but the demands of Northern visitors shorten the season of the Southern tourists until the so-called winter months almost equal those of summer, and the hotel proprietors are embarrassed in their efforts to make proper preparations for the divergent tastes of their patrons. The ownership of the land along the beach is changing rapidly, and the proportion of Northerners who are becoming permanent residents is increasing at the same rate.

Dr. Berry's attractive articles in THE HERALD last winter, from

his California retreat, presented delightful pictures of sunny skies, winter flowers, and balmy breezes; but it requires four days of tire-some travel over dreary deserts to reach those resorts, while the counterpart of all these attractions are here, within twenty-four hours' journey by rail from Chicago. The contrast between the chilling gusts that blow around the Masonic Temple corner in Chicago and the gentle zephyrs at Pass Christian can be experienced within the limits of a single day. The traveler is transported from a land of snow and slush to one of perennial beauty, abounding in the choicest roses, spotless magnolia blossoms, and japonicas of dazzling whiteness.

The delicious fragrance of this flower-perfumed atmosphere, the beneficial effects of its gulf brèezes, and the delightful variety of its verdure-clad coast are not so well known to our Northern tourists as they should be. The winters are short, and the temperature so mild and unvarying that frosts are almost unknown, and artificial heat unnecessary. All the advantages of the Riviera for a winter residence are here within easy reach. The skies are as blue as are those of Southern Italy, the waters of the gulf ideal for bathing, the air as balmy and refreshing as at Nice or Mentone, and the associations and surroundings superior from every point of view. There is no public gambling, and evidently few private vices. The residents are hospitable, as might be expected of these charming Southerners. Their homes are frequently open to visitors, and their lovely lawns and profuse flower gardens are vistas of bewitching color to the true lover of nature.

Yachting and boating can be indulged to the fullest extent, and the beautiful white shell roads, that have exhausted countless myriads of oyster shells to maintain their brilliant surface, invite indulgence in speedy horses and handsome equipages.

Life is a perpetual summer dream, and if handsome old age comes on apace, it partakes of the mellow characteristics of nature, and is beautiful to look upon.

The original darcy is here in all his pristine glory—indolent, indifferent to the demands upon him, and enjoying his *dolce-far-niente* life to the limit. Nature is provident and the means of existence are easily obtainable. A pull of 200 hundred yards into the gulf before breakfast brings a return in the shape of oysters or fish or shrimps sufficient to provide an ordinary family for the entire day.

Occasionally the air is chilly enough to make a little heat desirable, and in the neighboring pine forests the necessary fuel can be obtained with little effort. The rich, sandy soil needs only to be tickled with a hoe to produce a variety of vegetables unexcelled in any climate. So true is it that little effort is required to sustain the natives



A Jolly Time.



House Over 100 Years Old near Little Bayou.



Live Oak, 120 Feet Spread.

that, in response to the inquiry as to how the living was had, came the prompt answer: "We live on sick Yankees in the winter, and on vegetables in the summer."

I have purposely refrained from any reference to the commercial side of the situation; have not mentioned the inexhaustible oyster beds; the endless stream of shrimps that is constantly passing through the canning establishment; of the seemingly limitless supply of crabs, both hard and soft shell; nor of the abundance and variety of the fish simply waiting to be hooked for pleasure or profit.

Only the pleasurable aspects of this charming region have been considered, because it has been written from the point of view of a pleasure-seeker, and of one who has become so fascinated with the scene, and who has derived so much benefit from a few days' surrender to the enticements of this land of flowers and sunshine that he desires, as best he may, to inspire the reader with a wish to do likewise.

Chicago.

Some Japanese Social Features.

Bishop David H. Moore.

IT is hardly due to imitation of their American neighbors that the Japanese are so fond of public and postprandial speaking. They are capable of prolonged sittings, and reach the high tide of interest in the proceedings when we would be exhausted. It is a very usual thing for them to have, besides full opening and closing services, two long sermons in a single evening. The fear that haunts an American speaker of wearing out his audience need never vex him in Japan. If he is reasonably edifying or entertaining, his Japanese auditors will never get enough. They are born orators. Gesticulation is complementary to their speech. They have well-stored memories and vivid imaginations. Poetical conceits are as natural as their mother-tongue. They have a keen sense of humor, and a fairly good command of logical reasoning. In the nature of the case, they must be good speakers.

They are very fond of listening to professional story-tellers. Here, as in China, almost any day you may see hundreds, in some vacant lot, crowding eagerly about a story-teller, who is regaling them with the romantic or tragic adventure of some real or imaginary hero. There is no better school of expression.

They delight in park-parties—a decided improvement on our lawn fetes. These unite the best features of picnic and literary and musical entertainment. More and more the nobles are opening their private grounds to the public, as lungs for the congested cities. And such grounds! Our landscape gardeners are tyros in contrast with the past-masters of Japan. In Sapporo and Kumamoto, respectively, a marquis opened his grounds to our members for a social afternoon. The setting of the recreation in both cases was ideal. At the close of the Japan Conference the native Methodists arranged such a

party on the lovely lawn of the Woman's Bible School in Yokohama. Almost like a May-pole, from the top of a central staff, ropes, gay with Japanese flags, were stretched, and the hedge was lined with bright-colored bunting. A mat-covered platform was erected at one end around, and facing which the happy company was seated. First there was a hymn; then the scriptures, in French; then prayer. Then followed a miscellaneous program of song, recitation, and impersonation, all closing with the capital performance of a professional story-teller, who began by informing us that he was once a scholar in our school on those very grounds, and then went on with a thrilling recital of the career of Taiko, the great hero and patriot—now holding his hearers breathless, and now convulsing them with laughter. The songs were old Samurai songs of love and war, in minor chords, with weird, quavering cadences and abrupt staccato rests. The veins of the singer's neck and forehead would swell up, and his face become livid with ingested blood. Were such the songs and the singing of bards in the olden times?

A converted jirikisha man proved to be a wonderful impersonator. Now it was the peculiarities of some well-known speaker; anon, hiding himself behind a pair of paper-filled screens, it was a train starting, getting under headway, running at full speed, whistling for a station, slowing down to a stop, with the station men crying out

the name of the place; again, behind the same screen, a midnight scene, a most realistic caterwauling, the clack-clack of the watchman's stick, the vicious barking of a dog, and the whining yelp of the same cur when hit by a well-aimed missile from the watchman's hand. The old were entertained and the youngsters wild with delight. Then came bountiful refreshments, to be eaten on the ground, with inimitable Japanese tea, and generous packages of confections, to be taken home.

I never saw a happier melange of worship, music,

literature, and comedy thrown out on a background of Christian fellowship and hospitality.

The Yellow Sea.

The Bright face.

There is nothing that conduces more to the happiness of the home than to find a bright, sunny face looking into ours as we enter the door. If the light of love shines, it lightens the load and brightens up the outlook. The bright, sunny face in the home is a power for good that cannot be estimated. There is nothing like the cheerful, happy frame of mind which it helps to bring about.

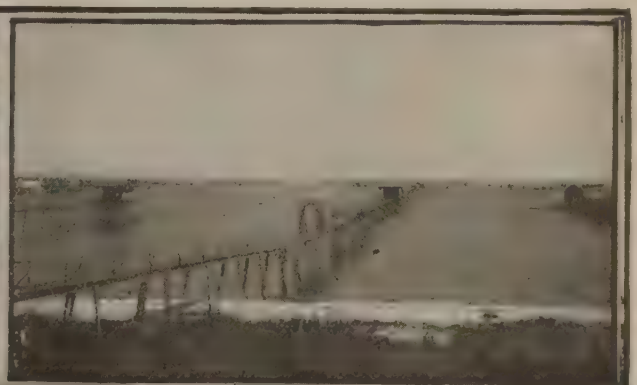
So, dear ones of the household, wear happy, sunny faces, and see what wonders they will work when there are fretting, anxious cares and uncomfortable people about to deal with. Many annoyances come every day; none of us is exempt from them. The vexations of life are necessary to discipline us. Let us be sure that, in the end, they make our faces to shine.—Selected.



A Typical Scene on the Gulf Coast.



Street Scene, Looking toward the Gulf of Mexico.



Fishing Fleet, Water and Wharf Scene.

A Boy's Visit to Washington Irving. By Bishop Mallalieu.

IN 1857 I was a senior in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. We had two weeks' vacation the last week of April and the first of May. From my earliest boyhood I had been greatly interested in the history of the Revolutionary War. This was partly because I loved to read histories, and partly because my great-grandfather, who was a member of the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, died in the service, after passing through the dreary winter at Valley Forge.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

Having other relatives who had campaigned in the Hudson River country, and had fought at White Plains and other places in that section, I concluded to spend my spring vacation in exploring the regions

on both sides of the Hudson, from the Battery in New York City to the Catskill Mountain House.

This trip, of course, took me through Tarrytown, which has been for these many years, as it was then, famous as the residence of Washington Irving, a man whose writings have been to millions a source of culture and pure literary enjoyment, and are now well worth the reading by all persons of good literary taste.

There are many points of great interest in and about Tarrytown connected with the Revolutionary War, and especially connected with Irving's writings. The old bridge, as famous as the Brig o' Doon; the old stone church, and the contiguous graveyard; the quiet but sequestered valley, known as Sleepy Hollow—all of them made interesting as related to Irving's famous character, Ichabod Crane. But more than I wanted to see these localities, made interesting by Irving's imagination, was the desire to see Irving himself. So, without any note of introduction, I proposed to myself to make him an informal call.

Irving lived about two miles south of the village. Tarrytown was only a village, so many years ago. About 9 o'clock I set out on my undertaking. The trees, apples especially, were in full bloom. All the foliage was fresh and luxuriant. The birds were singing. The

sun was shining. In fact, all nature was in a joyful mood. The walk was a perfect delight and never to be forgotten.

As I turned off the main street an open barouche passed me, containing an elderly gentleman and the driver. I supposed the gentleman to be a well-to-do person, something past seventy years of age, who had been out for a morning drive, for he did not look like a person who was in active business. In a very few minutes I reached the house I was seeking.

It was a lovely two-story stone cottage with several gables, and quite ornate in its style of architecture. A broad stone doorstep, scarcely elevated above the surrounding lawn, was in front of the main entrance. The doorsill was not more than six or eight inches above the stone doorstep, so that when I approached the door, which was swung partly open, I saw the identical gentleman crossing the hall from the room to the left and going towards a room, directly opposite, to the right. Before seeing him I was about to ring



SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME.

the door-bell. I hesitated a little, and the gentleman, observing me, stopped, and came toward the door. I simply said, without waiting for him to inquire as to my business:

"Have I the honor of addressing Washington Irving?"

He replied, "Yes."

I immediately said, "Mr. Irving, I am a student in my senior year in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

As far distant as that is, we have often heard of you, and have read many of your writings. I was visiting points of interest along the Hudson, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of calling on you."

I commenced to tell him that I had no note of introduction, when he interrupted me by swinging the door far back, and in the most cheery tone, said:

"You have no need of an introduction; you have attended to that yourself. Come in, come in," he repeated in the most pleasant way. Accepting the invitation, he led me to his library.

There was little furniture in the room, but the walls were nearly covered with books. A few pictures were hung in vacant places, and I noticed a most excellent portrait of Walter Scott. The windows opened to the south. Irving took his seat back of his desk, with his face toward the windows, while I sat ten feet away from him with my back to the windows. This arrangement gave me the best possible opportunity of seeing his face during the whole interview. He was not a large man, perhaps five feet and eight inches high, might weigh 170, was rotund, with small hands and feet, a smoothly shaven face, kindly eyes, a florid com-



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.



UNCLE SAM, JR., POSING FOR HIS PICTURE.

plexion, a well-proportioned nose, a generous mouth, and plenty of gray hair. Would I had his photograph as I saw him that morning!

At first he asked questions about myself and birthplace. "He talked about the university and the professors. Then he told me several interesting stories about Yankees and Yankee school-masters; about the Yankee custom of putting up guide-posts at all country cross-roads. Finally, he drifted away into a most interesting talk about the scenes in the immediate neighborhood that he had idealized in his various local writings. For more than an hour and a half one of the most interesting of all talkers was listened to by one of the most interested listeners this world ever saw brought together. If I had been the son of Irving's best friend he could not have treated me with more cordial politeness, nor entertained me more profitably or delightfully.

For all these years this hour and a half spent with Irving has been counted on as one of the most enjoyable seasons of all my life. It is a wonderful inspiration for a young man to come in touch, though only for a little while, with such a man as Irving. It expands the heavens above him, and broadens his horizon in all directions. The next best thing to it is to read the writings of Irving and such other men and women as have enriched our literary resources.

When I was about to leave, Irving came out of the house, and showed me a shorter way back than the one I had come—a sort of cross-lots walk, which was a favorite of his. And so, with good wishes and kindly farewells that, falling from his lips, were a real benediction, we parted. It was my first and last meeting with the famous American, as he passed from earth a little more than two years afterwards.

Auburndale, Mass.

Mark Twain's Last River Trip.

Allan Sutherland.

"WHAT Caused Mark Twain to Leave the River; or, Why a Great Humorist Did Not Become a Second Jim Bludso," is one of the books that has never been written by Samuel L. Clemens or anyone else. So far as known, the story has never even appeared in print, although it is vouched for by several of the old river men.

According to these authorities Mark Twain never became a full-fledged pilot and never stood a night watch alone. In other words, while he had a pilot's license, his mastery of the great river craft on which he rode was always limited by the understanding that an older and more experienced head was within easy call. This was no discredit to the young pilot.

On the occasion in question, it matters not what the year or boat, the steamer to which young Clemens was attached as "cub" pilot was bound up stream with a heavy cargo of cotton. At the officers' table the first day out from Natchez, Miss., the talk turned upon what

to do in sudden emergencies, and especially in case of fire on a steamer loaded with cotton. The matter was discussed in all its bearings, each of those present giving his ideas upon the subject. Mark Twain, like most of the others, held to the notion that it was the pilot's duty in such an emergency to emulate the now famous Jim Bludso and "hold her nozzle agin' the bank till the last galoot's ashore." Immediately after dinner Clemens went to the pilot house to stand his watch.

Among those at the table was the assistant engineer, a young man whose experience of life had taught him to doubt the ability of human nature to carry out the projects of its more boastful moments. He went below at the same time Mark Twain went aloft, but the two continued to think of the conversation just closed. The more the engineer thought about it the less credit he was disposed to give to the "cub" pilot's scheme, however nice it might appear in poetry or the newspapers.

As everyone knows, the pilot house and engine room of a steamboat are connected, not only with bells for signaling, but with a speaking tube, through which the important functionaries who operate above and below can discuss the weather and politics in their spare moments. The mouth of the tube at the upper end is but little larger than the human mouth, but in the engine room it has the shape of a funnel as big as a half-bushel measure. While the assistant engineer was pondering the emergency question he was also wiping off a portion of the machinery with a bunch of cotton waste, and as he reached the mouth of the speaking tube it was the work of but a moment to touch a match to the inflammable material in his hand and thrust it far into the tube.

No one saw the act, but everybody on board heard from it in about a minute. Mark Twain, alone in the pilot house and still pondering the dire things he had heard from the other hands about the horrors of burning steamboats, especially when they happened to be loaded with cotton, was horrified to see smoke pouring from his end of the speaking tube. There was but one thought in his mind. The boat was on fire. Dropping the wheel, which spun around and around as it left his hand, he grasped the rope by which the big bell was sounded and began pulling like a sexton, at the same time raising his voice in a cry of "Fire! Fire! The boat's afire!" Here the officers of the boat and the passengers are said to have found him, after hurriedly ascertaining that the alarm was false, still valorously determined to "save the ship." The boat, relieved of the rudder's guidance, had in the meanwhile swung around in the current and dashed full speed on a sand bar, from which it required half a day to drag her. And Mark Twain, having lost his nerve, left the river.

Philadelphia.

It is computed that there are about 11,000,000 of Jews in the world, and that during the past century some 224,000 became Christians.

How a Bishop Got His Start. By S. M. Merrill.

EVERY preacher's first sermon has more or less of history connected with it, in some instances the history being full of interest to many besides the preacher himself. In my own case the incidents are so engraven on my mind that they cannot be forgotten, although as I recall them there appears little that can be either instructive or edifying to anyone. Nevertheless, at the editor's suggestion, I will try to state some of them, and possibly some timid soul who stands tremblingly at the threshold of his life-work may find a little encouragement from their perusal.

It was—shall I tell how long ago?—in 1844, while attending a school of little less than college grade, that the official meeting of the church to which I belonged voted me license to exhort. This fact designated me before the public as a candidate for the ministry, and accepting the license, I stood committed to that calling, and was at once recognized as one looking forward to a career in the ministry and preparing for it.

The sense of responsibility that came to me was something not to be described, nor is it necessary to trace the experiences and mental processes through which the conclusion was forced upon me that duty was in that direction. It is enough to say that every step of advancement in reaching that conclusion was noted with conscientious carefulness, and with an earnest desire not to make any mistake.

Following what seemed to me to be the leadings of providence, the way opened marvelously and seemingly with amazing rapidity, so that before I could fully realize the situation I was at the door of entrance upon what has proved a long line of activity in work sufficiently important to tax the energy of any man, and too great for anyone to assume without the clearest conviction that God calls and will aid.

I was yet a student in the spring of 1845. My studies for the preceding two years had been directed to the most rapid preparation for beginning the work of the ministry—directed not by myself, but by my pastor and presiding-elder, whose judgment I accepted implicitly, and who were intelligent and sincere, although it has long been my conviction that they erred in hurrying me into the work before completing a college course. All this, however, does not reach the subject of this article—the first sermon preached or attempted, with its incidents. In the first place let me say that the circumstances cannot be reproduced so as to be appreciated by those who were not present. It was in my home church, in the presence of acquaintances, schoolmates, kindred, my parents and teachers—a combination well calculated to enhance my embarrassment. I had spoken in public a few times as an exhorter, but while that experience was something, it did not reduce the formidableness of the undertaking to produce a formal sermon.

I had been for some months under the personal drill of my pastor, Rev. J. G. Blair—one of the finest teachers, by the way, the church has ever produced—who devoted some hours to my recitations every day and to the supervision of my studies, placing me under obligations which I can never forget. We had thoroughly digested Watson's "Institutes," Paley's "Evidences," Butler's "Analogy," and some other such books, besides regular lessons in Greek and readings in the Greek Testament and in church history, making work but little short of the course in the theological seminary, and yet without practice in sermonizing. While absorbed in this line of things, and not thinking of attempting to preach for some months, the occasion for my first sermon came suddenly and as a real surprise.

The quarterly meeting in those days was the great event in the local church, and the coming of the presiding-elder always brought interest to the congregation of no small degree, especially when he was a preacher of noted ability, as he usually was, and as he was at that time in particular; for he was Rev. J. M. Trimble, D.D., then in the zenith of his power.

On the last Sabbath in March, 1845, the pastor announced the quarterly meeting for the next Saturday and Sunday, and a series of preparatory evening services, commencing with the Wednesday night prayer-meeting, which was to be preceded by a sermon, and a similar service for each night till the regular beginning of the quarterly meeting on Saturday at 11 o'clock. There was nothing unusual in the announcement, and it made no distinct impression on me till I was subsequently made aware of some of its significance. The next day I recited as usual, and at the close of our Greek Testament exercises, my pastor looked at me somewhat quizzically and said:

"Did you notice the announcements I made yesterday?"

I answered affirmatively, and alluded to the special evening services. He said:

"That appointment on Friday night is for you. It is all arranged, and you are to preach a trial sermon; the presiding-elder is to be here to hear it, and you are to be examined in the quarterly conference on Saturday and licensed to preach."

Of course, I was impressed, and showed it. My pastor knew my timidity. And seeing my anxiety began to encourage me. He said:

"You need not be embarrassed. The matter is only known to the officers, and it will not be made public, so that we will have only our regular evening congregation, and everyone will be in sympathy with you, as they all know you and are all your friends."

This was encouraging, but it did not bring absolute relief.

At his suggestion I began to look up a text and make preparation for the great event. I was so fully committed to the purpose to follow the order of

providence, that no thought of refusing or of asking a postponement crossed my mind. The one thought which controlled me was to get ready and meet the demand as best I could. My regular lessons and recitations went on till Friday. That day they were omitted that I might prepare for the evening. In the meantime the arrangement for the quiet little meeting, with only the ordinary congregation, was broken up.

Somebody let it out, and the news spread. On Thursday everybody knew it, and on Friday it was certain that everybody would be there. A full house was assured, and there was no help. The burden seemed unbearable. My feeling was that as the hour grew near my courage would utterly fail, and of necessity I would be excused.

Time wore on. The day came. It was a long one, the hours moving tardily, as I wanted the crisis to pass that I might know the worst of it, still feeling that a breakdown was inevitable. The noon hour was exceedingly trying. My fright reached its culmination then, although I was sure it was only beginning and would increase during the afternoon. I looked to be overcome with it, when the bell should ring for the gathering of the people; but to my surprise, when it rang, a mysterious calm came over me instead of the anticipated agitation. Then I fixed upon the moment of entering the church and seeing the congregation as the time for collapse of courage. To that my thoughts turned with dread.

When I approached the door and looked down the long aisle to the far-away pulpit, with every pew crowded, another mysterious calm surprised me. Like a flash the impression came that the overwhelming fright was to come when I looked over the congregation from the pulpit; but I reached the stand, met the presiding-elder and pastor with astonishing composure, and surveyed the large assembly without agitation, but not without misgiving, as my natural timidity could not fail of asserting itself. At that point the feeling came that the formal announcement of the text was to bring the dreaded disaster. I had never done that, and the formality of it appeared for the time too much for my nerves, and the dread of it oppressed me during the opening services.

I had selected a text and prepared for the sermon by making notes on a page of note-paper. My divisions and subdivisions were written down. The paper was in my hands, but what to do with it was not decided. I conducted the preliminary services without special incident. The second hymn was sung with spirit, and while it was being sung I consulted with the pastor about using my notes; whether to put them in the Bible where I could see them or to leave them in my pocket. His advice was:

"Do just as you feel; whichever will be the most helpful and the least embarrassing."

While he was saying these kind words the hymn ended, and the stillness seemed profound. It was the crucial moment, and hesitation would have brought the dreaded failure. But, by some unaccountable impulse, I rose to my feet, broke the unbearable silence, began talking, and gained control of my voice without the expected breakdown. My remarks turned into the line of my intended introduction, running along the context, and giving the setting of my text, which was not announced till I came to it in this way. "By this undesigned turn the embarrassing formality of announcing the text was avoided, and the last anticipated point of danger was passed, and I was launched into the sermon in full possession of my faculties. With surprising self-possession I went through the sermon without missing a point, and with an easy flow of language which was probably a greater astonishment to myself than to any other one in the house.

What about the note paper?

Well, as I arose so suddenly and began talking, the paper in my hand dropped into my hat, which was by me, and no decision of the question in my mind as to what to do with the notes was ever reached. It was an unpremeditated act that disposed of the question in a mechanical way, and it was the last time I ever pondered the question, as from that day to this I have never taken the scratch of pen or pencil into the pulpit in the form of notes for a sermon. It was, perhaps, a happy deliverance, as it is not unlikely that if I had begun with the use of notes I should have felt the need of them, and leaned upon them through all my ministry. As to the sermon itself, that was an incident. The text was Acts 3: 19, and the subject was repentance and conversion, and especially the relation of repentance to conversion. It was delivered in forty minutes—moderate in length for that time—and was kindly received by a large and mixed congregation as not an absolute failure.

At its close Dr. Trimble delivered a powerful exhortation, moving the great audience as audiences are seldom moved, and carrying the wave of religious emotion to a height which proved to be a grand preparation for the services of the quarterly meeting.

Chicago.

Write on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday. He only can enrich me who can recommend to me the space between sun and sun.

"Tis the measure of a man—his apprehension of a day,
Just to fill the hour—that is happiness."—Emerson.

A Day in a Temple.—By the Editor.

I SPENT a Sunday, not long ago, at the Metropolitan Temple, New York. It was a day of surprises and of pleasure. From the opening morning hymn to the benediction at night everything was reverential, warm, and blessed.

Of course, you know some things about the Temple and its work. Perhaps I may add certain other facts to the sum of your knowledge.

Like all churches in the downtown sections of great cities, this church has had a checkered career. The earliest building was erected in Vestry Street in 1833. In 1857 the society moved to the present location in Seventh Avenue, and built the Central Church. The forward movement committee took hold of the enterprise in 1895. Under its direction the sanctuary was enlarged and beautified, and plans made to build up here a great people's church. Among the notable men who have served this society I might name Dr. Holdrich, Andrew Longacre, J. S. Chadwick, J. P. Newman, Francis Bottome, Chas. S. Harrower, Alfred Cookman, George Hare, Bidwell Lane, G. H. Gregory, and S. Parkes Cadman. For many years Central was one of the most influential Methodist churches in New York City.

In November, 1895, the Forward Movement was born. Mr. John M. Cornell was the moving spirit in its organization. Associated with him were such splendid laymen as S. W. Bowne, John Huyler, Anderson Fowler, and the late Bowles Colgate. A radical departure from stereotyped methods was adopted. Certain features of institutional church work were decided upon, but chief emphasis was placed upon the evangelistic side. Emphasis has remained there even until this day. The experiment awakened a good deal of curiosity. Also, a good deal of skepticism. Evil prophets there were not a few. It has cost a pile of money. That is almost literally so, when we remember that the annual budget runs up into the neighborhood of \$20,000. But from nearly every angle of vision the experiment has been a success.

It is difficult to figure out definite church results. Particularly so here. The population of the vicinity is a fickle one. People are coming and going all the time. Gains and losses in membership are constant. To keep track of the moving multitude is a task. The present membership is about 1,000. The spirit of evangelism is perennial. People are converted every week. That thing is aimed at right along. What a busy week the Temple people spend! Here is the program:

Monday evening—Public discussion of current questions by all who care to participate.

Tuesday evening—Illustrated free lecture.

Wednesday evening—Class-meetings (of which there are eight), followed by the general prayer-meeting.

Thursday evening—Gospel mass-meeting, in charge of Assistant-Pastor Longacre.

Friday evening—Question-box, conducted by the pastor.

Saturday evening—People's popular concert. No fee.

That plan means that the doors of Metropolitan Temple are wide open every night in the week. The building stands near one of the busiest corners of the city. Thousands pass every hour. The lectures and concerts are always first-class. So is everything else about the place. The audience-room is handsome. The music is of the highest order. The preaching is like unto the music. The ushers



METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, NEW YORK.

are well dressed and gentlemanly. Nothing shoddy anywhere. The Temple reaches down for the lowest of the low, but it does not find it expedient to become frowsy in appearance or spirit.

The Temple has a kindergarten, and literary societies and classes in stenography, bookkeeping, sewing, millinery, etc. These organizations do practical good. Besides, they serve as a bait to some who could be interested in no other way.

The music is great. A large chorus-choir of young men and women, under the direction of Mr. Evans, leads the congregation in the service of song. It is a surprised choir. The simple costume was adopted for two reasons. First, it was thought that a movement of this kind should be as *Wesleyan* as possible. Second, some of the young people in the choir are compelled, because of meager means, to dress with extreme plainness: The surplice covers the threadbare, mended garments of the poor, and eliminates the possibility of social distinctions, based upon differences in dress. Mr. Evans is a glorious leader. His young people sing with all their might. Every note sounds like a shout of joy. The spirit of it becomes contagious. The congregation catches it. Everybody feels it, and everybody sings. That Temple music is ringing in my ears and through my soul to this hour. Away with your screeching quartetists and mumbling duetists and self-conscious soloists, and give me a reverent, well-trained, heartfelt, shoutful chorus to lead the devotions of the saints!

When they sent out to Iowa for a young fellow by the name of Bagnell to become successor to Dr. Cadman in the pastorate of the Metropolitan Temple, people wondered. I did. But the "powers that be" knew what they were doing. The history of this case is another proof that no church is dependent upon any one man for its success. All the interests of the Temple, spiritual and financial, are as prosperous under Robert Bagnell as they were under his distinguished predecessor. Rev. Lindsay B. Longacre and Rev. Howard Ross are the assistant pastors. When the books are opened, and the life-work of men is revealed to assembled millions, it will be seen that the vast contribution in dollars and prayers and anxious thought and unselfish effort put into this great city mission by John M. Cornell brought forth the hundredfold harvest.



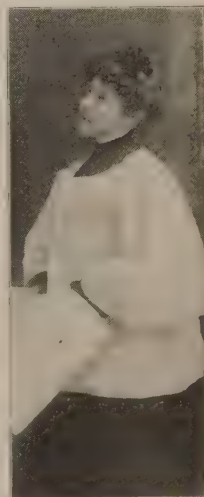
REV. ROBERT BAGNELL.



REV. L. E. LONGACRE.



CHOIRMASTER EVANS.



A CHOIR-GIRL.



EUGENE NOBLE, D.D.,

Pres. Centenary Collegiate Institute.



MR. BENNETT E. TITUS.

Editor of the "Northern."



MR. JOSEPH W. POWELL.

The Church-Debt Extinguisher.



REV. ROBERT FORBES, D.D.

Great Methodist Presiding-Elder.



MR. N. W. HARRIS.

Chicago Banker and Philanthropist.

PEOPLE YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

from My Point of View.

I HAD the pleasure of a visit with the President of the United States the other day. I liked him immensely. Many of my preconceived notions were swept away. Also my prejudices. His manner has not that "rough-rider" aspect which the newspaper correspondents have written so much about. He is a gentleman. His lower jaw is as massive as his photograph shows it to be, but the cartoonists have overdone his teeth. He laughed in his characteristic way two or three times while we talked. It was as jolly a laugh as one ever heard. Mr. Roosevelt's manner is the perfection of cordiality. He is a genuine man. You admit that even if you do not like what he says or does. If the Republicans elect the next president, Roosevelt will do.

* * *

I have sometimes heard persons express surprise that editors can write anything worth reading while riding on a railroad train. But it should occasion no surprise at all. The fact is, the average person does his very best thinking in a railroad coach. That is particularly so if the train is a fast one. There is something about a swiftly-moving express which accelerates thought, and forces the pencil quickly across the page. I know a prominent minister who uses a railroad train as a cure for mental sluggishness. When his mind refuses to work well, he turns the key in his study-door and takes the first fast train that comes along. In a journey of twenty miles and back he experiences a remarkable mental quickening, and when he resumes his work at home he has bright thoughts enough to make his sermon sparkle like a diamond. It is not a misfortune, therefore, that our editors are often compelled to use the railroad coach for a sanctuary.

* * *

Speaking of railroad trains reminds me of an exceedingly silly habit which some travelers have. It is only just to say that the people I speak of have never traveled much. As soon as they enter a railroad coach up goes a window, and clouds of dust and dirt come in. The thing is senseless and selfish. The wind and the dust are more trying to persons sitting behind than to those just opposite the open window. Why do not railroad companies put up huge placards informing ignorant passengers that the modern coach is amply ventilated from the roof, and then bolt the windows so they cannot be raised?

* * *

I heard a young minister preach the other day who, during the whole sermon, quoted but one verse from the Bible beside his text. But he quoted Carlyle and Ruskin and Emerson and Longfellow many times. He recited stanzas from the last named at three different points in the discourse. The stanzas were all right. Indeed, they were beautiful. But I found myself yearning for some of the words of the Lord.

* * *

The young minister mentioned has fallen into a habit of which some older ministers have not been guiltless. Instead of saying plainly, "Emerson says so-and-so," he again and again exclaimed, "I think it was Emerson who said so-and-so," or

"Was it Emerson who said so-and-so?" If there was in the young man's mind any question whether Emerson had written the words quoted, he should have looked them up. But the probabilities are he knew perfectly well that he was quoting from the famous essayist, and wanted to give the impression that he had read so much of first-class literature he was uncertain just what great author he was reproducing. The young man did not realize that he was discounting all he said in the mind of at least one hearer by a little habit of which he can easily break himself.

* * *

I remember saying: "Three cheers for THE EPWORTH HERALD!" some years ago, when the sharp editorial appeared calling upon public speakers to stop using the worn-out phrase "Along this line." I positively know that the article effected a cure in a certain very aggravated case, and was, therefore, not written in vain. But many speakers are still going "along this line." At a convention which I lately attended two speakers (collectively) used the threadbare expression twenty-seven times. I think we all felt that we had heard enough "along that line."

* * *

As I go about the country during these vacation days I meet young fellows hard at work earning money to enable them to return to college next autumn. Some are selling books. Others are working in stores. Others are doing odd jobs in factories. Still others are toiling in the fields. It is as pleasant a sight as ever greets my eyes. I sometimes think that a young person who is compelled to work his way through college is in luck. It toughens his fiber. It promotes courage. It generates a feeling of independence that could be secured in no other way. A young person who works for an education knows what it costs and what it is worth. I state a tremendous fact when I rewrite an old platitude—i. e., a young person who has plenty of money and nothing to do is to be pitied.

* * *

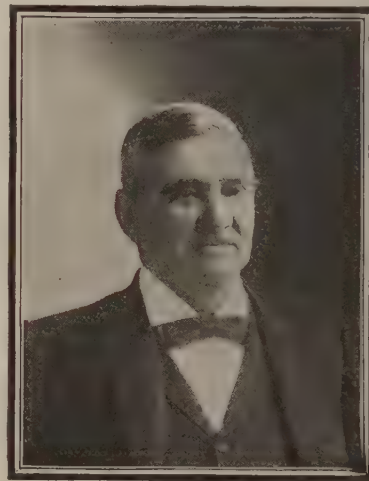
Three of our cities are preparing to invite the General Conference of 1904. Public meetings have been held, committees appointed, and all arrangements made to capture the great Methodist meeting. I am sorry for all of this. My sorrow is not occasioned by any doubt about the ability of each of these cities to entertain the conference in the best possible style. Methodist hospitality is not dead. But it is a pity to make this public agitation about a General Conference which is two years in the future. As soon as the papers begin to discuss the probable place of meeting, they will start a general debate about what the body will probably do and undo. A whole brood of ecclesiastical agitators will be hatched out. The church tinker with saw and hammer and glue-pot will soon be ready for business. Candidates will be mentioned for this office and that in spite of themselves. The slate-makers and the gossips will take liberties with anybody's name, and anybody is helpless. All this sort of thing makes a bad impression. People conclude that our Zion is fairly swarming with politicians, and that politics is the

all-important business of the General Conference. It does not tend toward peace and spirituality.

OLD FOGY.

A METHODIST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE portrait herewith presented is an excellent likeness of Rev. James J. Dolliver of Fort Dodge, Ia. He is the father of Senator J. P. Dolliver, and spends part of each year with his distinguished son at Washington. Father Dolliver is eighty-six years of age, but looks much younger. He was born in Saratoga County, N. Y., and spent some years of his boyhood in New Jersey. When a young man he emigrated to Ohio. Here he was converted, and soon joined the Methodist Church and the old Ohio Conference. His first appointment was in the territory south of the Ohio River, now a part of the West Virginia Conference. Here he went through "brush college." He never got



REV. JAMES J. DOLLIVER.

back across the Ohio River, and he had nothing to come back to. All he possessed in the world was a horse, saddlebags, Fletcher's Checks, Wesley's sermons, a hymn-book, a Bible, and a Discipline.

What a circuit-rider Brother Dolliver was! His circuits were as large as he wanted to make them! And he made them large enough to frighten a Methodist preacher of modern times. He was, from the first, a marvelous camp-meeting preacher. At one time it was said of him that he could speak to twelve acres of people, and make them all hear.

Over the mountains and through the valleys of West Virginia he traveled for forty years. He preached to the people in rude churches, school-houses, private cabins, and in barns. Multitudes were brought to Christ by his fervent appeals. Father Dolliver's heart is still with the mountaineers, whom he helped to build a commonwealth.

Since this "Methodist of the old school" removed to Iowa he has preached, exhorted, and shouted the Lord's hosts on to victory. Oh, there is music in his shout! His chief usefulness in his new home has been as a devoted class-leader. If William Carlos has anywhere a spiritual descendant in this labor of love, it is he. His class-meetings are worthy of the old-time traditions, and are a true realization of "Christianity in earnest."

A Little Jest and Jollity.

A Rose by Any Other Name.

(Illustrations by J. T. McCutcheon.)

The artist has been seeing folks. Their faces struck him. Some of them almost assaulted him. They were full of individuality, expression, and prominent features. He wondered what names these people bore, and set on foot a quiet investigation on the subject.

Here is the counterfeit presentment of an opinionated female who is built "on the square." Her curves are all either angles or straight lines. Her elbows are almost as sharp as her tongue. Her mouth has the fixedness of a steel trap. She has her suspicions of the forward young things who are enamored of their good looks. She is thankful that she is not vain. Her first name is Pearl.



This gentleman is always either mildly surprised, or asleep, or both. The tip of his nose is the apex of an isosceles triangle whose base is the back of his head. His chin is chronically in full retreat. His voice sounds like a fog horn with the asthma. His ears stand out from his head at an angle of sixty-eight degrees. His ancestors were nobody in particular, but his baptismal appellation links him to the family of England's prime minister. His name is Cecil.

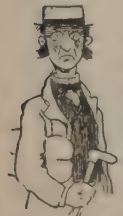


This is a street car conductor on the stock-yards line. His life is a constant conflict against plugged nickels, "spotters," newsboys, teamsters, and women with abnormally large children who "won't be five till November." He eats pie by means of his pocket knife, knows nothing of genealogies, and is supremely indifferent to the revelations of "Burke's Peerage." His mother thought that it would be real nice to start him out in life as "Marmaduke."



In this illustration we have a fine example of the romantically inclined lady whose days are occupied with salt-rising bread and stockings that must be darned. She has the best recipe for home-made soap in the settlement. Her method of making headcheese is the despair of her neighbors. She has a garret full of dried herbs, which are good for anything, from pneumonia to nettle-rash. She never had a beau in her life but once, when the new circuit-rider took her to singing-school. She was named Ramona, which her intimates long ago shortened to a nasal and drawling "Mony."

This individual is undeniably a suburbanite. His spectacles and side-whiskers, his ancient straw hat, and his bundle, all proclaim the early morning train-chaser and the evening pilgrim to Lonesomehurst. To-day he carries home a sugar-cured ham, to-morrow a lawn-mower, and on Saturday he will have a package of candy, two pounds of butter and his wife's new hat. His days are given to the pursuit of figures up and down the columns of a big account-book. His nights are given in turn to vegetable-gardening, ping pong, the study of the *Literary Digest* and choir-practice. His name and he



make a combination like a Knight-Templar in a Chinese laundry, for he answers to "Claude."

Observe this sylph-like form, the fairy grace of these easy curves, the delicate poise of this reduplicated chin; the ethereal, not to say spirituelle expression of those lustrous eyes, the audacious abandon of that poem in millinery, the mockery of this flimsy veil which reveals while artfully pretending to conceal the charm of that more than Grecian nose. What should be her name? What elusive, airy, witching word will best befit her sprightly grace? There is no need to change the name her dotting parents gave her. They call her Lily.



Where Did the Dinner Go?

A prosperous and contented farmer in Pennsylvania consented to take two "fresh airs" the other day, with a very vague notion of what they would be like. The idea of anyone actually not having enough to eat had never gained an entrance to his mind and heart.

Well, the little ones came. A nine-year-old girl, with pale face and thin arms, carrying in one hand a newspaper-wrapped bundle, and tugging along with the other a little brother, thin and pale, too. The *New York Tribune*, which does so much with its "Fresh-air Fund" toward sending children into the country, tells the rest of the story.

When the children sat down to dinner the farmer opened his eyes wide. They had not been at the table a minute before half of each of their portions had vanished into thin air, or somewhere else. The rest, with abundant relishings, went more slowly.

When the large apple pie for dessert was put on the table the farmer's wife dealt out an enormous slice to each of her little guests. At this moment Lun, the shepherd dog, was creating a diversion by pursuing the household cat through the kitchen amid a clatter of pots and pans.

"Come back, you bad dog!" she cried; and as he reluctantly forsook the chase she cast a glance at her guests.

"For mercy's sake!" she exclaimed. One-half of each portion of pie had disappeared as if by magic. The limit of her credulity had been reached.

"John," she said to her husband, "there's something wrong about this. I can't understand where that pie has gone so quick, and I'm going to find out."

"Fresh-air appetites, I guess," answered the husband.

"No, there isn't a child living could eat so fast as that, to say nothing of those two little mites;" and she turned to the little girl.

"Now, Mary," she said, kindly, "I want you to tell me where the rest of your pie is."

"P-please, ma'am," faltered the little girl, "I got it in my lap."

"In your lap! What on earth did you put it there for?"

"I—I wanted ter save it," came the hesitating reply; and the little eyes began to fill. "Jimmy an' me, we always does that at home. We're sure of ter-morrer's breakfast now."

"You bet they are," laughed the farmer, as he pulled up the tablecloth and disclosed two hearty, untouched dinners resting on two little laps.

A Lawyer's Fee.

One morning Charles Bonaparte, the celebrated lawyer of Baltimore, was surprised to learn that the ten-year-old son of one of his friends desired to see him. The *New York Times* tells the boy's errand:

As the boy walked into the private office, Mr. Bonaparte said: "Good morning, Charley! What can I do for you this morning?"

"Well, Mr. Bonaparte," said Charley, "I went out to the country Saturday and caught a tadpole, but as I was coming back I lost him on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and—" But here Charley stopped, satisfied that he had plainly stated his case.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Bonaparte; "and you want me to sue the railroad, do you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Charley.

Mr. Bonaparte smothered a smile, and contin-

ued with his most professional manner: "Well, Charley, do you want return in kind or in value?"

"I want the tadpole!" said Charley, with emphasis.

"All right," said the lawyer; "that's settled. But now look here; what am I to get for my trouble? Suppose I make the railroad give you your tadpole, what will you give me?"

"Well, Mr. Bonaparte," promptly responded the boy, "I thought I would just give you the tadpole."

Wanted an Easy Job.

The immigrant agent with Clancy in tow went to Harlem in search of work for the new arrival. They found a building contractor who was overseeing the construction of a big skeleton of steel. The *New York Tribune* tells the rest:

"What can the man do?" demanded the contractor.

"Anything in the line of unskilled labor," replied the agent, "and he is quick to learn."

The contractor turned to the applicant, and half-jokingly inquired: "Which one of these jobs would you like to have?"

The immigrant swept the field with a contemplative eye. "What's that man doing?" he demanded, pointing with one hand. "I mean the wan sitting down—not the other wid the sledge."

"He is holding the drill."

"Is that all he does?"

"Yes."

"Is he on the pay-roll?"

"Yes."

Clancy drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"Give me that job."

Excessive Modesty.

This conversation is said to have occurred not a thousand miles away from where some of those who read these lines live:

"I am a stranger here, sir; can you direct me to a first-rate church?"

"Oh, yes, right around the corner."

"What sort of a preacher have they?"

"A very good man."

"Interesting?"

"Intensely so."

"Eloquent?"

"Very."

"The best preacher in town, I suppose?"

"I questionably."

"What's the preacher's name?"

"Ah, my friend, that is a question which modesty forbids me to answer."

Nearly Sold Out.

Conversation became reminiscent at the New York Lawyers' Club the other day, the late Judge James T. Brady being the subject. A veteran practitioner who knew him well said:

"Brady's first attempt at practicing law was in very humble quarters, in the rear of a cobbler's shop in Fulton Street, near William. One day an Irishman who called and inquired for the cobbler was told by Brady that he was out. Peering about the room of the newly-fledged lawyer, scantily furnished with two unpainted chairs and deal table, he inquired:

"I say, boss, what do you sell here?"

"Blockheads," promptly replied Brady.

"Humph!" said the Irishman, "must be doing a good business, as I see you have only one left."

A Doubtful Compliment.

This time it was not an Irishman, but a Frenchman:

A cyclist in France overtook a peasant with a donkey-cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, so the benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top. When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, monsieur," he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

He Was Exact.

The *Chicago Tribune* tells of a man who has a brother in every community:

"What are these things?" asked the customer.

"Blackboard erasers," said the shop-girl.

"I don't want anything that will erase a blackboard. I want a chalk-mark eraser."

"That's what I meant. These are chalk-mark erasers. Anything else?"

"Yes, I want some lead pencils."

"We haven't any lead pencils. We have some wooden cylinders with graphite on the inside of them. Will they do as well?"

The Home Life.

Moonlight.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in your ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-e'd cherubins.

—William Shakespeare.

How to Keep Young.

She is one of the most interesting women in the world. Over sixty-five years old, slight built, sensitive, and nervous—and though she has seen more suffering than falls to the lot of most women, she is still young.

Her prescription for youthfulness is interesting and well worth trying.

"How do I stand all this wear and tear? Economy. That's it, economy. I save my strength. When I'm not working at the business which is my very life, I either rest or play. I don't putter. That's what ages women—puttering. When I see a teacher breaking down or a trained nurse giving up with nervous prostration, I wonder when women will learn to stop puttering.

"I wouldn't sew a button on one of my shoes for all the kingdoms of the earth. I can't afford such luxuries. A woman can't be a fine teacher, an excellent dressmaker, an expert cook, a shoe-cleaner, a glove-mender, a nurse, and a domestic economizer all at once. The minute she tries to do it she breaks down, and then someone writes a brilliant article on 'Why American women break down.'

"Sleep is a great thing for women. Half of the women I know don't sleep enough. I've cultivated the accomplishment of napping. I shut my eyes and go to sleep whenever there is a lull in my work.

"It isn't work that wears out; it's fretting and puttering. The way to keep young? Stop worrying and go to work. Throw yourself, heart and soul, brain and nerve, into some one thing; make a fetish of it; throw every bit of energy you've got into it—housekeeping, taking care of children, teaching, writing, nursing—it doesn't make a bit of difference what you do; it's the way you do it that counts. Copy the first young-looking man you see; do the way he does; work when you are working, but when you are not working cultivate the art of being amused."

Cultivate Gracefulness.

The carriage and position of the body, during both the day and the night, have much to do with one's figure, health, and appearance. How quickly one can distinguish an army or navy officer on the street, though he is a stranger!

Always, standing or walking, hold yourself as erect as possible; throw shoulders back and down, elevate the chest a little, and draw the chin in a trifle. When standing, the weight of the body should fall upon the ball of the foot, neither upon the heel nor the toe.

No one can have a good figure without throwing the chest well forward, the shoulders back and down, and carrying the body in an erect position. Follow these simple rules strictly, and you will greatly improve your figure and bearing.

Do not bend the legs too much when walking; and let the weight fall slightly more on the heel first. Swing the arms naturally, but not too much.

Be careful not to bob up and down when walking. A graceful walker seems to glide easily along. Curves are always graceful and an angular, jerky movement is always ungainly. Grace is an acquirable quality, but we must remember that nature abhors angles and spasmodic movement; she always uses curves which are most graceful and delicate.

Most people, when sitting, slouch at the waist; in fact, this fault is nearly universal, except in those who have been trained.

It is impossible to slouch on chairs or on a sofa all day, and then expect to have a good bearing and poise when standing or walking. Again, slouchy positions will very soon react upon the mind, and produce mental shiftlessness and slouchiness in thought.

A habit of reading in bed, or lying down, or in a careless position, slouching down in one's chair with the feet up, will very soon tell upon the quality of the thoughts. It is impossible to do good thinking in these positions. The body must be in an erect and dignified posture without being cramped by position or dress. No one can think well without freedom and ease of body.—*Selected.*

Skimming It.

"If you are going to give a pan of milk don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say; meaning: If you are going to do a favor don't spoil it by an ungracious word or manner. Haven't we noticed how much of this "skimming" goes on in ordinary family intercourse? asks the *Christian Uplook*.

"Another errand? I never can go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Rob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again!" exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something, else." She would be shocked at his going shabby, and distressed if anyone thought her unwilling to render such offices, but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that "it is Tommy's turn." Thus all day long people who love one another, and who at heart are glad to serve one another, skim the sweetness from every service they render.

Dust in the Cozy Corner.

The other day a woman cleaned house, as women are wont to do in vernal days, and she now declares that never again will a cozy corner enhance the picturesqueness of her home.

"Why, I found at least an inch of dust scattered over the canopy top, and quarts of it among the graceful folds of the oriental draperies.

"I could never again find any comfort among this oriental splendor, even with the most entertaining companion. I should be forever thinking of the thousands of microbes that might be floating around promiscuously, for I'm sure I'm as careful a housekeeper as the majority of women, and what is true of our cozy corner is no doubt true of the majority in the city.

"Give me sanitary furniture after this, regardless of fashion or beauty."

What to Do With Sunday Visitors.

The consistent church-goer is often perplexed with the question, what to do with the Sunday visitor. The traction lines make it convenient for the city friends to visit their uncles and cousins in the country, and they would not think of making the visit at any other time than Sunday.

Now the coming of these friends is often the excuse the people offer the pastor for not being at church. The Sunday visit thus robs the town church of possible attendants and the country church misses the people who ought to be there. What shall be done with these visitors? Notify them that they are to have the pleasure of attend-

ing church when they come on their visit. They will thus enjoy the helpful influence of the religious services, increasing the attendance, and, perhaps, the collection.

"But what about dinner?" you ask. They surely are not visiting you for the sake of the dinner; you must not offend them by any such inference. If dinner is an hour late, its abundance will compensate for that.

What Is Home?

Recently a London magazine sent out 1,000 inquiries on the question, "What is home?" In selecting the classes to respond to the question it was particular to see that every one was represented. The poorest and the richest were given an equal opportunity to express their sentiment. Out of eight hundred replies received, seven gems were selected as follows:

Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love, shut in.

Home—The place where the small are great and the great are small.

Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world, and the child's paradise.

Home—The place where we grumble the most and are treated the best.

Home—The centre of our affection, round which our heart's best wishes twine.

Home—The place where our stomachs get three square meals daily and our hearts a thousand.

Home—The only place on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity.

Laziness and Love.

"Oh, yes, I loved her dearly," a young girl said of a former schoolmate, "but somehow we drifted apart. She wrote to me, and I never answered her letter, and I suppose she felt badly about it."

"But could you not explain why you did not answer it?" suggested her friend.

"Well, no," was the reply. "It was simply a little indolence on my part."

"Humph!" ejaculated the other. "You allowed your friend to become estranged from you because you were too lazy to write to her. You never loved her—laziness and love do not grow on the same bush."

Who shall say that this is not true? We may profess to love those who are nearest to us, but if we are not willing to exert ourselves for their happiness and comfort, the affection is of a very cheap sort, indeed. Love for Christ is not compatible with the desire to shirk service for his sake.—*The Outlook.*

Women Should Laugh.

Laughter is a good, healthful, muscle-making, lung-developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as for boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye, and sees its absurdities, its smallnesses, and its fun.

It should be part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants, and the many so-called social duties that become a burden—all are made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with an unflinching sense of the bright side of life. It is a sense that lasts through life, through its many ills, its disillusionings, its tribulations, even its tragedies.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Providence has provided crosses for everyone of us, some little Gethsemanes adapted to our capacities, that we may endure them voluntarily for the good of others, as Christ endured his larger one. Thus we may also bear the image of God.—*A. N. Craft.*

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

A SUGGESTION IN ADDITION.

(2 Pet. 1:4-9.)

REV. CHAS. COKE WOODS, PH.D.

Topic for August 10.

All truth is too great for mathematical measurements. Truth is always greater than the tongue that tells it. Christianity has been the greatest factor in the development of language. Great ideas make great minds. Great minds have great messages. And great messages require great language.

All speech has been taxed to its limit to tell the story of the soul. That story must speak of tragedy, sublimity, time, eternity, divinity, destiny.

Peter's terms are strong because his thoughts are strong. He is no puny poetizer. He is no fancy-monger. His message requires that he call into requisition the strongest nomenclature of the soul. He uses the words "multiply," "add," "precious," "power." And every term is burdened to the brim with meaning.

The greatest linguists and speakers have never dared to overlook the language of the Bible. It has set the standard for all the mightiest speech. Shakespeare and Tennyson, Webster and Lincoln were abundant borrowers of its ideas and matchless imagery.

This lesson is a literary gem. It sparkles with more than stellar splendor. It is a rich storehouse for the soul. It is field and forest, garden and gallery all in one.

It is a temple of truth in which are set many splendid skylights for the soul. Look and see.

Precious Promises.

A real promise is essentially a sacred thing. No slipshod statement can be a promise. It is a solemn form of speech. It is no idle jest. Every promise implies several things on the part of the promiser.

A promise is a sort of guarantee. It is a sending forth in advance the very spirit of the substance promised. That is what the word means. It is a pledge of purpose. It is a kind of prophecy of good things to come.

Every promise must be sincere. Words intended to deceive may have the form of a promise, but, lacking the spirit of sincerity, they are dead. Insincere words are hollow bubbles that will break on the solid rocks of reality. They will not float far before reality rends them. Truth will always tell the last tale about the soul. Sincerity is essential to a promise.

Honor is at the heart of every promise. A promise without an honest effort to fulfill it is no promise, no matter how sincere he might have been who first made it. When the promiser becomes indifferent as to the fulfillment of his promise, that moment the soul slips out of his pledge.

Willingness to serve is stamped on the face of every promise. The real promiser is willing to fulfill his vow. He will do all he can to bring what he promised to pass.

Pillars of Promise.

A promise implies power to perform. A pledge to bestow what one does not possess, nor expects to possess, is a serious sarcasm.

Now, it is clear from the above statements that the value of a promise depends upon the character of the one who makes it. That fact brings the heart to the high point of assurance concerning the promises of God. The flawless Person will perform his perfect promise. Has he made promises concerning me? Then my heart will go bounding and singing over the high hills of hope.

On what do these precious promises rest? See them as they stand, sure and unshaken:

There is the pillar of God's justice. That precludes the possibility of deception.

The goodness of God is another pillar on which his promise rests. It is dastardly to deceive. God never does. He is considerate. He is kind. The feeling of our infirmity touches him.

"His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away."

God's truth is another pillar of promise. His verity is such that he never needs to vary. His course is always so true that he never needs to turn. Like beams of light his love goes always straight to the mark. He would turn aside a world from his track in order to be true. He is true in his purpose. He is true in his plan. I may be as certain that God will never deceive me as I am that people sometimes have.

"Though the false world may deceive me,
My true Lord will never leave me,
At the last he will receive me—
Safe home at eventide."

Look at the pillar of God's power. That is the pillar against which "the gates of hell" can never prevail. The tempests of temptation can never break it. The seas of sorrow can never sweep it away.

God has promised to withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly. Grace he delights to give, and glory. "What he hath promised he is able also to perform." His strength will make my soul secure anywhere in this world, or in any other.

"Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well."

Walls of Promise.

The places where God shuts us in are always sacred. Wherever he puts us there is always plenty of room for the soul. All about us he builds the wide wall of his promise.

Look at the wall of Consolation. Olive boughs and hearts ease lean against it as if in loving caress.

Long ago the Master said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Ah, yes. He has overcome everything that would master us. In that sweet saying I find the solace of his strength. That wall of Consolation he builds up on the side of life's sorrow.

See that other wall—the wall of Wisdom. On the side of my ignorance he puts up that. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." When the soul wonders, and gropes, and staggers, that promise-wall of God shines among the shadows.

On the side of my helplessness towers the high wall of God's help. "Lord, help me." That was a poor pagan woman's cry. But it is also mine. It is a far cry from the depths of my guilt to the heights of his holiness. But his hand reaches down the slopes of the mountains and touches mine. He lifts, and I live. He helps, and I am saved. "What he hath promised he is able to perform."

One more wall rises and shuts me in a room of splendor. It is the presence chamber of the King. It is God's good wall of grace. "By grace are ye saved." "My grace is sufficient for thee." "He is able to make all grace abound toward us." If God is willing and able to give us all, is not that enough? All without him would be eternal want. Having him is eternal wealth.

Now, overcome these four walls of promise with God's love, and you have a dwelling place that is fit for heaven. Thus it is that the precious promises of God meet us at every point of human need.

The Mathematics of Manhood.

Nothing is worth while but duty. Nothing pays but right. Nothing will endure but God and the soul. Clean character on the part of man will make him and God companions forever.

Here are the numbers that count for character:

Number one—Faith.

Number two—Virtue.

Number three—Knowledge.

Number four—Temperance.

Number five—Patience.
Number six—Godliness.
Number seven—Kindness.
Number eight—Charity.

Lesson Messages.

1. All of God's gifts are great (4).
2. The promises of God are all priceless, but he bestows them on the poorest (4).
3. God's promise is the live wire that connects the dynamo of heaven with the machinery of manhood (4).
4. God has provided the only way of escape from corruption (4).
5. Lust is the blood-poisoning of the life (4).
6. Lust is the road by which Satan leads the soul to ruin (4).
7. Great diligence in duty will lead to great glory of destiny (5).
8. Faith is the soul's "feeler," by which it finds God (5).
9. Virtue is the sacred veil that shields the soul from sin (5).
10. Knowledge is the white light that God sheds on the soul (5).
11. Temperance is the golden mean of manhood (6).
12. Patience is the queen whose sceptre is strength (6).
13. Godliness is godlikeness (7).
14. Kindness is love with sleeves rolled up in service (7).
15. Charity is the center without which there can be no circle of life (7).
16. Charity is the golden chain that binds the world about the feet of God (7).

Additions.

1. Brick by brick, stone by stone, magnificent temples rise. Grace added to grace and virtue to virtue will issue in the still more magnificent temple of Christian character. To your faith add courage to dare and to endure. This is the meaning of the word here translated "virtue." It is a noble and ennobling quality. It is often exemplified in the common walks of life.
2. To this "knowledge" must be added. Without information, intelligence, courage may become impulsive and rash. Intelligent virtue is becoming more and more demanded as the race advances in civilization; and it in turn becomes a powerful factor in advancing the best form of civilization.
3. To knowledge, temperance. Not temperance in its restricted sense, but temperance broadened in its meaning till it signifies self-mastery. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," says an old author. It may tend to puff up and unduly inflate. Self-control rises into dominance and reveals to man the grandeur of his being. It is this characteristic that qualifies men for special emergencies.
4. But even this virtue may become intolerant and ascetic. To it must be added patience—one of the sweetest, most vital, and most valuable of all the factors entering into human character. James says: "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."
5. Thus far the additions have been chiefly moral, as relating mostly to our attitude toward man. Now he turns the soul heavenward, and insists upon the necessity of godliness. How wondrously does this elevate man! Truly, we must go to the Bible to learn man's actual and potential greatness. Marvelous is our possible power to become God-like! For godliness is God-likeness.
6. How natural is the adding now of brotherly kindness! This is to preserve the proper balance. Godly and pious people have often been inclined to separate themselves from their fellow-men, and in solitude enjoy communion with Jehovah.
7. And now the crowning virtue is charity in the sense of God's own beautiful love in the human heart. Without this grace we may become narrow and bigoted. With it our love of the great brotherhood will be generous and inclusive. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

The Epworth Herald.

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A Step Forward.

FOR several years we have had in contemplation the publication of a monthly magazine edition of THE EPWORTH HERALD. The time has never seemed just ripe for such a venture, however, until now. A combination of circumstances seems to point an index finger to the present as the "set time" to launch the enterprise. Accordingly we now place in the reader's hand the initial magazine number.

The careful reader will note that the material in this issue is of a more general character than that ordinarily published in THE EPWORTH HERALD. It will be evident, also, that this number has less to do with the technic of the Epworth League. The pages are increased to thirty-two, and the magazine will be still further enlarged if it succeeds, as we hope it may. This is a magazine era, and an effort will be made to satisfy a popular demand among the people of the Methodist Episcopal Church for a monthly magazine distinctively religious in tone and of high grade in artistic and literary make-up.

This departure will involve the publishers in a large additional expense. It would seem to necessitate increasing the price of our paper. But this will probably not be done. A weekly paper of the size and quality of THE EPWORTH HERALD, with a monthly magazine thrown in, at a cost of \$1.00 per year, or at 80 cents per year when taken in clubs of twenty-five or more, is the most remarkable fact in modern religious journalism. We have faith that this departure will popularize the paper still more, and result in rapidly increasing its circulation. That is the only way by which we can escape financial loss.

We appeal to our good friends in all parts of the country to show their appreciation of our efforts. In what way can they do so more effectively than by working zealously for the extension of the subscription list?

The publishers ought to receive ten thousand new subscriptions within sixty days.

We now enter upon a persistent effort to place the circulation of THE EPWORTH HERALD at 150,000 before the close of the quadrennium.

WILL YOU HELP?

Let Us Be Fair.

MOST Methodists who urge the removal of the paragraph from the Discipline which specifically prohibits certain worldly amusements are strongly opposed to these amusements. They believe that Christians should not indulge in them; that they are detrimental to spiritual life, and hinder the progress of the church.

So that those who advocate the retention of the specific prohibitions and those who favor their removal agree that the things which the Discipline prohibits are bad.

Have we who have urged the retention of the prohibition paragraph, always given our opponents credit for sharp hostility to the amusements prohibited?

The chief difference between us is one of method.

We conservatives have thought that, if card-playing and these other things are bad, we should say so with all distinctness. We have held that amusements which hurt the Christian and retard the progress of the church should be specifically and emphatically prohibited. Further, it has

seemed to us that, even if the law is not always rigidly enforced, the existence of the law has a deterrent effect, and prevents thousands of our members from indulging in these things who otherwise would do so. Still further, it has been felt that, if the paragraph should be expunged from the Discipline, it would be interpreted by our own members and by the outside world as a practical abandonment of our position on the whole question of sinful amusements.

Now, what does the other side claim?

1. That the paragraph is obsolete, and is almost never enforced. 2. That the fact of its violation is so often winked at that it tends to break down respect for the Book of Discipline and for the church. 3. That it is better to lay down general principles for Christian conduct, and allow individuals to fashion their lives according to the teachings of the word of God and the dictates of individual conscience. 4. That it would be better to incorporate into the Discipline a general deliverance on the subject of sinful diversions, embodying a fervent exhortation to our people not to indulge in them. 5. That the catalogue of prohibited amusements is of recent origin, and that we would better return to the historical and general rule given to the church by Mr. Wesley; i. e., that we should avoid "such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus."

In future discussions of this issue let us keep these things clearly in mind. Let us not declare that those who urge the removal of the prohibitions are a backslidden lot, and desire to plunge the church into a sea of worldliness. Let us give our friends credit for love of the church, for loyalty to what they conceive to be her highest interests. Let us remember that not all good people see issues from exactly the same angle of vision. Let us be tolerant. Let us be fair.

Out-Door Preaching.

STREET-PREACHING grows in favor again. Many ministers are finding that it meets an urgent need.

For several years this method of evangelism has been practically discarded by ministers. This is because the quality of the street addresses of the Salvation Army people has brought the whole thing into disfavor. But the experience of this summer is showing that a thoughtful, dignified address delivered on a street corner is always listened to with interest and respect. Cleveland, Rochester, New York, and several other cities have had large Sunday afternoon and evening meetings on the public squares and in the parks. Ministers of the various churches have been in charge. The results of such efforts cannot be readily tabulated, but much good is surely done.

The New York Sun gives a glimpse of an effort which is being made by Rev. John Balcom Shaw, pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church, to reach people who will not come into his church on sultry Sunday evenings. For three Sundays he has conducted open-air services from the steps of his church, preaching to large congregations.

"When the opening hymn was sung last Sunday evening," says the Sun, "there were hardly a dozen persons around the steps of the church. But the singing of the choir, whose members were ranged back of Dr. Shaw, drew a small crowd. Several hymns were sung, and then Dr. Shaw read from the Bible to two or three hundred men and women. Fully half of them were passers-by, who would stop out of curiosity and then continue their walk for a few steps, only to return and stand on the outskirts of the crowd. Few left until the service was over. Mothers wheeling children in carriages, corner loungers, fashionably dressed men and women and young boys and girls made up the congregation which filled that part of 105th street which leads from Amsterdam Avenue.

"Standing on the steps with his arms extended, Dr. Shaw said: 'I will ask the men, not only on this side of the street, but also those on the other side of the way, to remove their hats in reverence to Him whose blessing I am about to ask.' Every man within sound of the minister's voice heeded the request.

"Dr. Shaw then preached a short sermon. He

could be heard plainly by all in the crowd, and not until he had finished was there any perceptible scattering of the audience. In closing the minister said that another service would follow inside the church and asked his hearers to go in with him."

(One of the most effective features of the late Illinois League Convention was a sermon delivered by Dr. Horace Reed on the street at Mt. Carmel. No doubt some heard that searching sermon who had not been inside a house of worship for years.

Startling Figures.

"SUPPOSE," said Dr. Munhall at the Indiana State Convention, "that a young person lives to be twenty years of age without conversion. In that event there is one chance in ten that he will be saved. If he lives to be twenty-five without accepting Christ, there is one chance in a hundred for his salvation. If he reaches forty without surrendering to God, there is one chance in a thousand that he will be saved. But if he resists the strivings of the Spirit and the persuasions of the gospel until he is sixty, there is only one chance in ten thousand that he will ever surrender."

The evangelist says he has made a careful study of this question for many years, and he believes his estimates to be substantially correct. We did not conceive the case to be so appalling. If the improbability of conversion is even one-half so great as these figures indicate, how it should arouse us! And how speedily and zealously it should send us out to labor for the rescue of our unsaved friends!

The Real King.

THEY are going to put a crown on the head of an English king. It will be done with as much pomp and circumstance as the king's health will allow. Banners will wave. Bugles will blare. The people will cheer.

But the real king of the British Empire will not be crowned. He has just come into power. His name is Balfour. The prime minister, they call him. Edward VII. will reign. Balfour will govern. Into his hands the reins have fallen. His is a great office and a great responsibility.

The new prime minister is a little past middle life. He has been in the House of Commons for a long time, and he is perfectly familiar with the inside workings of the cabinet. Several years ago we heard Mr. Balfour make a speech in London. It was a poor speech. Its delivery was awkward and limping. But many great men are not orators. Mr. Balfour is level-headed and cautious. And these qualities are more important.

Mr. Baer's New Work.

THE genial secretary of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has resigned, to become one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. Mr. Baer has given twelve years of zealous service to the Endeavor Society, and the officers of that organization part with him regretfully. He has traveled extensively in all parts of the United States, and his influence upon the Christian young people whom he has met at the conventions has always been uplifting. The name of his personal friends is legion.

Mr. Baer's appointment to the important missionary office is a decided compliment. It follows the precedent made when Robert E. Speer, another young layman, was called to the Foreign Missionary Board. The executive management of Presbyterian missions is bound to arise and shine if this is the way the authorities propose to man the offices.

Gracefully Done.

BISHOP VINCENT is always graceful. In his fraternal address to the Irish Wesleyan Conference he devoted some time to the Epworth League, and emphasized the things for which the organization stands. We quote some characteristic sentences:

The very name is full of pleasing and stimulating suggestions. It recalls the home at Epworth, and

thus exalts the family. It enshrines in Susannah Wesley the idea of a strong, cultivated, consecrated, aggressive Christian womanhood and motherhood. It connects home and university, for as one thinks of the Epworth parsonage, he must also think of Oxford University. Oh, that the letters that passed between Susannah and her son John, between Oxford and Epworth, were still extant! Again, the Epworth League revives the memory of the Holy Club, with its fourfold mission of critical Bible-reading, a personal seeking of conformity to the will of God, works of mercy and help among the destitute and neglected people of Oxford, and, incidentally, its recreative readings in classic literature. All these things are revived in the Epworth League of our American Church. It is our church military academy. It appeals to the Methodist enthusiasm and passion for the universals in its departments—educational, social, philanthropic, evangelistic, and missionary. It is training up a generation of earnest, active, many-sided young Methodists as catholic-spirited as they are denominationally loyal.

The interdenominational Sunday-school convention elected I. Garland Penn of the Epworth League a member of the executive committee to represent the colored people of the United States. A decided compliment to a worthy man.

The congress of the Christian young people of the negro race occurs next week in Atlanta. We have seen the program. It provides for the discussion of many momentous issues. A very large attendance is assured. We hope the young people of the Epworth League throughout the South will turn out in great numbers. Our leaders yonder are facing some grave problems. May they have wisdom and grace to lead aright.

'We note with no small degree of pleasure that the past year was one of the most satisfactory in all the history of Albion College. Everybody knew that Dr. Dickie was a successful teacher, a brilliant speaker, and a genial gentleman. But a small fraction of his friends wondered what kind of a president he would make. The interrogation point has been taken down. President Dickie is a success. So the trustees and faculty and students say. And they ought to know.

Said an intelligent layman to us the other day: "Some of our laymen are, perhaps, a little radical in their desire to remodel church machinery, but when it comes to matters of doctrine we are thoroughly conservative. Not one layman in five hundred has any toleration for a theological teacher or preacher who puts in his time in biblical or theological speculations." We believe the layman's statement was not too sweeping.

The young King of Spain, who is presented in a full-page picture elsewhere in this paper, is not to be envied. The road before him is uncertain. If he could only have his way about things as he develops into manhood the outlook would be brighter. But a king is a figurehead. He must often suffer for the follies of his advisors. And Spanish advisors are notoriously fickle and fussy.

"Elijah" Dowie boasts that since an eminent church editor had an interview with him, said eminent editor has ceased to criticize him. The inference is that the editor discovered that Dowie was a better man than he had supposed. But the prophet is mistaken. Before the editor met him he imagined him worthy of some attention. But when he sized him up he concluded that it was not worth while.

Chicago has 129 Methodist Episcopal churches—more than any other denomination. Of these ninety-eight congregations are American, eighteen Swedish, thirteen German, eight Norwegian and Danish, and two Bohemian. In addition, there are some congregations which worship in halls and store buildings.

A copy of this paper will fall into the hands of some persons who are not now subscribers. Will these friends not look it through carefully? We want you as a regular subscriber. Can you invest a dollar in any way that will bring you a larger

amount of good reading within a year? Please send in your name to the publishers.

THE EPWORTH HERALD appears this week in a new typographical dress. The type is a *fac simile* of that used by *The Youth's Companion*, and was manufactured expressly for us by the American Type Foundry of Boston. Our pages will look handsomer after the type-faces have had a few weeks of wear.

Mr. Choate of New York and London is mentioned as a good man for the Democratic party to nominate for president. If the thing comes to be serious we would respectfully suggest to Mr. Choate to go and have a talk with Admiral Dewey. He can tell what a man who wants to be president should *not* do.

The mass-meetings of the various young people's societies at Chautauqua, N. Y., last week, were significant. The leadership was wise and effective. Interest grew from the first. "Young People's Week" will probably be a regular feature of the mother Chautauqua.

The Michigan Conference leads in the work of raising funds for the superannuates under the twentieth-century call. Rev. James Hamilton, the enthusiastic secretary of the conference society, has done a very great work and is worthy of all praise.

Recent articles by Bishop Merrill on theological questions have been widely read. They seem to voice the opinions of a majority of Methodist ministers. A minority, however, think the bishop concedes too much to liberalism.

Rev. W. Knight Chaplin of England has published a biography of Rev. Francis E. Clark of the Christian Endeavor Society. Did not good taste suggest to him to wait until our Boston friend had been translated?

Some of the humane gentlemen who were greatly shocked at the "water cure" in the Philippines have no word of denunciation for the brutal wretches who are still burning negroes in oil.

The half-dozen Chautauqua assemblies which have been born this year are enjoying a liberal patronage. That is a great compliment to the growing intelligence of our people.

Ocean Grove is having a great season, and we are glad to hear it. Bishop Fitzgerald is making a splendid superintendent, as everyone expected he would.

Three cheers for the city of Cleveland for its stand on the Sunday baseball question!

PURELY PERSONAL.

Bishop Merrill is in Montana.
Rev. Sam Jones is well again.
Senator Platt of New York is sixty-nine.
Henry Watterson lectures in California.
Bishop Hartzell will be home this month.
Clara Barton is sixty-five years of age, and looks ten years younger.
Bishop Vincent's address to the Irish Conference won special praise.
Dr. Josiah Strong is doing some Chautauqua lecturing this summer.
Mr. Geo. W. Penniman is engaged in anti-saloon work in Massachusetts.
Mrs. Carrie Catt, the woman suffragist, is developing as a public speaker.
Dr. Palmore of the St. Louis *Advocate* has been taking a peep at Alaska.
Bishop Joyce packs his grip for the Pacific Coast. Will be gone two months.
Capt. Richmond Hobson lectures at numerous Western summer assemblies.
Dr. R. S. Cantine of Los Angeles will make his home in Chicago next autumn.
Rev. W. N. Brewster of China is strongly in favor of a missionary training school.
Bishop Hamilton and Dr. Thomas Filben have been up at Shasta fishing again.
Dr. C. M. Coburn of St. James Church, Chicago, spends his vacation in Colorado.
Dr. C. B. Mitchell of Cleveland preaches and lectures at the Ludington Assembly.

Bishop Fowler will be the episcopal attraction at Ludington-on-the-Lake this week.

Dr. J. R. Day is buried in the dense and restful shades of the California redwoods.

Bishops Hargrove and Fitzgerald, retired Southern bishops, live at Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. S. D. Phelps is getting in some large-sized checks for the Syracuse University.

Mr. Able has gone to Manila as a missionary. He is a pure-blooded American Indian.

Rev. George W. Hough of First Church, Los Angeles, was a visitor in Chicago last week.

Dr. Buckley's question-drawer will be a special attraction at Chautauqua again this year.

Rev. G. F. Arms and family of Concepcion, Chile, will spend next year in the United States.

Governor Stanley was announced to address the Kansas State League at Beloit last week.

Miss Lulu Heacock writes interesting letters of travel for the *California Christian Advocate*.

Mr. W. H. Anderson has been reelected superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Illinois.

Hon. James E. Watson of Indiana is a popular lecturer at some of the Western Chautauquas.

Gen. John B. Gordon is stirring the assembly crowds by his "Last days of the Confederacy."

Rev. Frank Crane will probably leave Chicago for a Congregationalist pulpit at Worcester, Mass.

Rev. W. T. Euster transfers to Oregon after a short pastorate at Wheadon Church, Evanston, Ill.

Bishop Hoss gave the Indiana State Convention a lecture which the young people are talking about yet.

Dr. J. H. Coleman's inauguration as president of Willamette University, Oregon, was an enthusiastic affair.

Dr. John W. Hancher of Iowa Wesleyan has an attractive lecture on "The Haunts of Scott and Burns."

Miss Helen Gould is the most popular American woman. At least, so a recent newspaper symposium decides.

Dr. J. W. Jennings of Omaha participated in the services at the funeral of the late Dr. A. C. Hirst in Chicago.

Rev. Joseph Culshaw, agent of the Methodist Publishing House at Calcutta, has been granted a furlough.

Dr. W. A. Quayle will give to the readers of this paper his impressions of the English Wesleyan Conference.

Senator Hoar misrepresents most of his Massachusetts constituents in his attitude on the Philippine question.

Dr. S. F. Upham is putting in his vacation at some of the camp-meetings. Preaches like a twenty-year-old.

Dr. S. J. Herben's paper in the *Methodist Review* on the late Dr. Arthur Edwards is discriminating and sympathetic.

Rev. Joseph Smith is hard at work at the mid-continent camp-meetings after a brief visit to his home in California.

Mrs. Helen K. Scripps is the new preceptress of Albion College. A graduate of Albion, and an accomplished woman.

Dr. Isaac Jewell has provided for the \$10,000 debt on the church edifice at San Bernardino, Cal., and that is why he smiles.

Mr. Joseph W. Powell was in our sanctum long enough the other day to leave a few cubic yards of his perennial sunshine.

Rev. F. S. Townsend is the literary editor of the *Methodist Episcopal Times* of West Virginia. He keeps his pencil sharp.

Dr. J. W. E. Powen has rendered invaluable service in connection with the Colored Young People's Congress in Atlanta.

Dr. S. P. Long of First Church, Duluth, is in a happy state of mind. Reason: Troublesome debt paid and mortgage burned.

Bishop Warren will preside at his "home conferences" this autumn, and will receive a welcome that will be more abundant!

Congressman Littlefield is exceedingly popular at his Portland home, where old friends refer to him familiarly as "Charley."

Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Goodrich of the American Bible Society in the Philippines have been making a two-months' sojourn in Japan.

Mr. W. A. Sunday, formerly a professional baseball player, has charge of the evangelistic work at Des Plaines (Ill.) Camp-meeting.

Dr. D. L. Rader delivered an address in the Ocean Grove Young People's Temple a few evenings since which was much enjoyed.

Bishop Joyce and Dr. Robert Forbes participated

in the dedication of the new Epworth Assembly Grounds at Minnetonka Lake, Minn.

Dr. C. B. Wilcox of Colorado Springs, Col., was wanted at First Church, Pasadena, Cal., but his church raised such a storm of protest he decides to stick.

Dr. E. T. Hagerman of Norwalk, Ohio, now preaches in one of the finest churches of Methodism. And they say the preaching is like unto the church.

Rev. S. W. Robinson of Lucknow, secretary of the Epworth League in India, will visit the United States next year. He will receive a most cordial welcome.

Dr. W. I. Haven has adopted the "strenuous life" also, and has been cutting down a lot of trees up near his summer home in the New England mountains.

Mr. R. T. Miller is strongly of the opinion that the definite disciplinary prohibition against amusements is not a good way to discourage worldliness in the church.

Rev. Harvey R. Calkins of Bombay, India, has written a story to illustrate the blessings of Christian stewardship, and it will probably be published in this country.

Rev. W. E. Grose of the Western Book Concern, Kansas City, conducted a school of Epworth methods at the Kansas State Convention. He has had much valuable experience.

Rev. S. S. Dease, M.D., and family of Bareilly, India, will rest for a season in this country. Dr. Dease has spent only six months in the United States in twenty-two years.

Dr. Mains of the Methodist Book Concern at New York and Dr. Jennings of the Western House will go to England next autumn upon business connected with our publishing interests.

Prof. H. E. V. Porter, the new president of the Fourth General Conference District League, is a young layman of Jamestown, Pa., and has had large experience in league activities.

Mr. O. H. Palmer, who has just completed his work as president of the Indiana State League, has been a most persistent and successful leader, and many will regret his retirement from the work.

Dr. George B. Smyth, assistant missionary secretary, continues to improve. He is not yet able to leave his room, but the physicians are encouraged with his progress considering the serious nature of his illness.

Dr. Joseph G. Wolfe, the new president of the Illinois State League, is a successful practicing physician in Chicago, a member of the General Board of Control, and the son of a Methodist preacher.

Rev. Frank Hamilton, the new president of the First General Conference League organization, is a younger brother of Bishop Hamilton, and one of the most scholarly and successful men in the New England Conference.

Rev. Harry Gillingham of Atlantic, Mich., preached a sermon the other evening just six sentences long. Several members of his congregation were clapping for a short sermon on account of the warm weather, and he gratified them.

Rev. E. H. Hughes was invited to the pastorate of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, but has yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and will remain at Malden, Mass., for his eighth consecutive year. He is one of the strongest younger men of Methodism.

CREAM OF METHODIST DOINGS.

(By Skimmer.)

Camp-meetings at high tide.

Build up a superannuates' fund!

Good time to pay that church debt.

Cleveland will build still another church.

This is the season of preachers'-meeting outings. Old John-street, New York, talks of a fine new pipe-organ.

Will the Methodisms of Japan unite in one great, effective church?

Desplaines Camp (near Chicago) has had a most profitable season.

Eaton Rapids (Mich.) Camp enjoys a precious series of meetings.

Preston Church, Detroit, will arise and build an ample auditorium.

The new joint hymn-book committee will not convene until autumn.

Magnificent new temple at Colorado Springs. Debt all subscribed.

Handsome new church at Center Point, Ind. Secretary Part, dedicator.

Trinity Church, Indianapolis, celebrated the glo-

To Cleanse and Freshen Ribbons.

Dip the ribbon in a clean suds of Ivory Soap and warm water, smooth it out on a marble slab or pane of glass, and scrub one way only with a nail brush well lathered with Ivory Soap. When thoroughly cleansed rinse in clear water, being careful not to crease. Replace on the slab or pane while wet, passing your hand over it several times to take out all creases; leave until dry. If the ribbon is a long one, after scrubbing and rinsing, wind it tightly about a round bottle with smooth surface. Do not remove until entirely dry.

rious Fourth by burning every document that stood for a church debt.

State-street Church, Trenton, N. J., has cleared off an old debt of \$6,000.

West Virginia Conference has some old-fashioned circuits and old-fashioned religion.

The twentieth-century thanksgiving fund will be closed on January next—with a shout!

Indianapolis Methodists are much pleased over the success of the State Epworth Convention.

Central New York Conference plans a large-sized Epworth anniversary on the evening of Oct. 1.

"Come back for another year." That is what quarterly conferences are now saying to pastors.

They do say that our pulpits in Chattanooga are manned by a particularly effective corps of pastors.

Attendance at uptown Methodist churches in New York City much depleted by summer exodus.

The trustees of First Church, Chicago, again talk of erecting a great office building on their valuable lot.

The next meeting of the General Missionary Committee will be one of the most important in history.

Timber out of which to construct presiding-elders is said to be abundant in the membership of the fall conferences.

Will the fall conferences report their benevolences with a shout? What will be the increase for missions, for instance?

The record which Dr. J. C. Arbuckle has made on the Columbus (O.) District puts him in the class of first-class presiding-elders.

Commission on consolidation of benevolences struck some legal snags, and adjourned to see if they cannot be cleared away.

Epworth Church, Saginaw, Mich., had the most hopeless debt in America. It has none now. Annihilator Powell spent a Sunday there.

Cooper-avenue Church, Johnstown, Pa., reopens after spending \$2,600 in extensive repairs and improvements. All paid for before reopening day.

The Methodist Publishing Agents, East and West, with several departmental superintendents, had a business meeting up at Toronto, Ontario, last week. Nice and cool.

The struggle to build up the Fort Worth University has been severe. But the results justify the effort. President Fisher has singular fitness for his place, and deserves his victory.

A large and handsome church dedicated in Galveston the other day by Bishop Hendrix takes the place of two Southern Methodist churches which were destroyed by the hurricane of Sept. 8, 1900.

No school under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church deserves larger success than the West Virginia Conference Seminary at Buckhannon. Heroism finds a place among faculty and students.

Dr. Albrook of the Marshalltown (Ia.) District says his chief churches do not "call" their pastors, but prefer to put the responsibility upon the bishop

and cabinet, where it belongs. And, the doctor might have added, as a rule they fare better.

The *Weekly Bulletin* of First Church, Omaha, for July 18, is a first memorial number. It contains tributes to the memory of the devoted pastor, Dr. A. C. Hirst, from official members and all the organizations of the church.

Three of the men on whom King Edward conferred the distinction of knighthood are Methodists. Sir H. B. Marshall is sheriff of London, Sir John McDougall is a member of the London County Council, and Sir W. H. Holland is member of Parliament for Rotherham.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

South Portland (Me.) Chapter sends in eleven fine examination papers on the reading course.

Trinity Chapter, Toledo, O., mourns the loss of one of its most active members, Earl F. Munson, who was drowned while on his vacation.

The Chicago Western District Convention, Sept. 1 and 2, promises to be a resultful gathering. Dr. W. P. Thirkield and Dr. J. F. Berry are on the program, which is skillfully constructed.

Connersville District Epworth League Convention, which has been announced for Aug. 5 and 6 at Rushville, Ind., is recalled indefinitely on account of smallpox in that part of the district.

Presidents of districts and chapters in the Missouri Conference are asked to communicate with Rev. B. H. Wilson, Milan, Mo., suggesting subjects and names of people for the program of the Missouri Conference Convention, which is to be held at Burlington Junction, beginning Sept. 2. The Edmonds Fund apportionments should be sent to Miss E. F. Smith, Maryville, Mo.

The mercy and help department of Trinity Chapter, Cincinnati, reports a remarkable year's work. It includes 426 calls, over 1,000 pieces of literature distributed, medicines and delicacies supplied to the sick, nearly 100 needy people provided with clothing or shoes, baskets of flowers and 280 bouquets distributed, besides flowers supplied for pulpit use; two railroad passes secured. The expense of the year was \$91, a remarkably low total in view of the work done. Better yet, six conversions and accessions to the church resulted from calls on the sick and shut-in.

Millions to Test It.

Every reader of THE EPWORTH HERALD is entitled to a free sample bottle of Liquid Veneer by writing to the manufacturers and mentioning this paper. This is a new discovery which renews the finish of all furniture, pianos, and woodwork by cleaning, disinfecting, and veneering it at the same time, and leaving it in the same brilliant, glistening condition of newness as when leaving the factory. Write at once to Buffalo Specialty Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for sample bottle of Liquid Veneer, it will be sent absolutely free and postage prepaid. A child can successfully use it.

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for August 10—Christian Temperance.
(Lev. 10: 1-11.)

Starting Points for Thought.

This particular temperance lesson is not for drunks or worldlings. It is a message to Christians, who, like Nadab and Abihu, have put on the garments of separation, and are called to a holy priesthood. Do you believe in the priesthood of believers? This lesson says, "Let the priest beware!"

The sons of Aaron took strange fire, when God had provided fire from heaven, and they entered unbidden into the Holy Place. It was not in itself an awful crime, but underneath it was the worst of all sins—unbelief. How can a man worship, or lead others in worship, who plays fast and loose with God's law, and presumes to improve providence according to his own whim?

God accepts in worship only the fire he himself has kindled. No worship which says "Behold, here is my censor, and fire from my own hearthstone" is accepted at the mercy seat. They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Inspiration to all real worship is God-provided, not man-made.

The human heart is prone to invent strange fire with which to offer incense before God. We cover sin by sacrifice, instead of forsaking it by confession and contrition. We make worship a thing of the æsthetic faculties, or think it consists in feverishness. We have, as we think, certain personal peculiarities because of which we must worship God just a little differently from others.

The strange fire is quenched by a holy flame. There is terror as well as grace in the Shekinah. The fire which blesses one worshiper consumes another. Moses' face shines with the light of God's presence. These men die under the flaming purity of it. Jesus Christ exerts a centrifugal as well as a centripetal force. Whether he bless or trouble men depends on their attitude toward him. If they come with need, he attracts them. If they come with presumption, he repels them.

The most dangerous of all heresy is that which seems to be almost true. Satan's half truth in the Garden of Eden, Cain with his gardener's offering, Saul sacrificing a part of his plunder, Ananias with his divided gift, all were near the truth, in seeming, but in spirit they were at the antipodes of true worship.

It is required of a priest that he be clear-minded, with his soul's vision unclouded by the fumes of the world's wine. Flattery, love of place, passion for power, are as surely intoxicants as is rum. He who drinks cannot discern between holy and unholy. So does he offer a polluted offering on God's altar.

There are those who cannot see that the punishment of Nadab and Abihu fits the crime. Was not the law—if there was a law which really applied to this case—too narrow, especially since the matter seems to touch the form rather than the essentials of worship? There are several answers to this question. The day was epochal. Formal worship had just been inaugurated. The precept seemed to be only formal, but at bottom it was moral. God says, "I will be sanctified"—counted as holy. Men must not mistake the divine character. A God who could be indifferent to the method of worship could be indifferent to the moral condition of the worshiper. But no. For man's sake, worship must be "in spirit and in truth."

Intoxication was not the crime of Nadab and Abihu. Doubtless they were flushed with wine. But their drunkenness was the occasion of their sin rather than itself the sin. The drinking of intoxicants has come to be in itself a gigantic evil,

but its greatest evil is that it opens the door of the heart to all the sins in the decalogue.

Every form of worship which does not grow out of a holy love for the holy God is strange fire, and mockery. Pride, emulation, the wine of the world's applause, display, all these are an offense in God's house. The mercy-seat, above all places to which men go, is a place for absolute honesty, frankness, and humbleness of soul.

The punishment of Nadab and Abihu was the more prompt because they were priests. Evil at the altar must be stopped at all costs. It comes so unblushingly into the awful presence of God, it uses lightly the name of God, it is able to speak of having "performed" divine service, and God will not tolerate it. There is now no visible and terrible visitation of God's hot indignation, but such worship slays its priests to-day as surely as God's fire did in the day of this lesson.

But this is a temperance lesson, you say. You ask, where is the fervent denunciation of the unspeakable wickedness of the whisky business? Where the statistics of whisky-made crime, pauperism, disease, and death? Where the quotations from the burning resolutions of conferences and conventions? "Patience, my friend. The root of it is all here. The command of God to the priesthood, growing out of the calamity which robbed Aaron of his sons, is plain and clear. "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die!" And are we not all priests, under the new dispensation? Then it is a command to us. Let intoxicants alone! Oppose their use at all costs. But, remember! He who touches no liquor from his youth is sure to avoid one danger. He is not therefore beyond the peril of offering strange fire. There are other intoxicants, no less intoxicating to the soul than alcohol is to the body. And the word of the Lord comes to every child of his, for body and soul, for work and worship. "Pure religion and undefiled * * * is to visit the fatherless and widows * * * and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Good Advice.

We urge parents who have daughters to go to College this year, to send them to the Woman's College at Jacksonville. The school has a strong and healthful influence on its students, their health is better than at home, and the young women enjoy the College life. The steady growth of the school each year shows that both parents and students are pleased. The College offers exceptionally fine advantages in Music, Art, and Elocution. Write to President Harker, Jacksonville, Ill., for catalogue.

Impaired Digestion

May not be all that is meant by *dyspepsia* now, but it will be if neglected.

The uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, sourness of the stomach, and disagreeable belching may not be very bad now, but they will be if the stomach is suffered to grow weaker.

Dyspepsia is such a miserable disease that the tendency to it should be given early attention. This is completely overcome by

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FREE to any one sending me 10c. to cover actual postage, will send a bottle containing sufficient to prove to your satisfaction the claims here made. Pamphlet sent free. Address

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Recent Conventions.

The Second General Conference District.

The auditorium of the Ocean City (N. J.) Association was beautifully decorated to welcome the Epworthians of the Second General Conference District July 10. Delegates were present from as far north as Fort Henry, in the Troy Conference, and from the southern part of the Wilmington Conference. The convention was formally opened by the president, Rev. C. L. Mead of Hoboken, N. J. At the close of the formal exercises an informal reception was tendered the visitors by the local chapter of Ocean City, with ample refreshments.

On Friday morning the convention was well attended, and after the reading of reports of the several officers Rev. C. O. Judkins of Glens Falls, N. Y., delivered an able address on "Personal work for Christ." This was followed by a timely address by Rev. H. G. Budd of Berlin, Md., on "Young men as soul-winners," enforcing the need of securing trained men and arouseurs of men, employing the more spiritual and less mechanical methods. Dr. Marshall thrilled the audience by his speech on "The league in revival work." Very suggestive thoughts were presented by Rev. H. D. Trinkaus of Brooklyn, showing how important it was to make careful and prayerful preparation for the leading of worshippers into an expectant religious attitude in the meeting.

At the afternoon session Miss Sara Lenhart of New Brunswick, N. J., suggested careful discrimination in distributing aid and sympathy with suffering in operating the mercy and help department. Miss Hopkins talked timely and wisely on Junior League work. Rev. C. S. Kemble of Nyack, N. Y., district Junior superintendent, urged a greater emphasis upon Junior League work.

Much interest was manifested in the remarks of Dr. S. J. Herben, assistant editor of *The Christian Advocate*, on "The league and the daily press." He said the daily press was the most potent and efficient human influence of the times. In the hands of unscrupulous men this power was dangerous. Of course, he characterized the two kinds of newspapers, and urged Epworthians to read only the good.

In the evening "The church and the Lord's day" was the theme of Rev. A. Gillies of Troy, N. Y., who earnestly argued that, as to the right observance of the Sabbath, it was not a problem of things, but of men. A forceful address, Rev. J. A. Hensley of Paterson, N. J., urged the Epworthians to forego indifference to the liquor traffic, reminding them of its dangers and cruelties.

If anyone had doubts concerning the religious needs of the metropolis, they would soon be removed by such words of real experience as were given by Rev. E. L. Fox, pastor of People's Church, Manhattan, who told of the sunless, godless, yardless, homeless tenements of the east side of New York City.

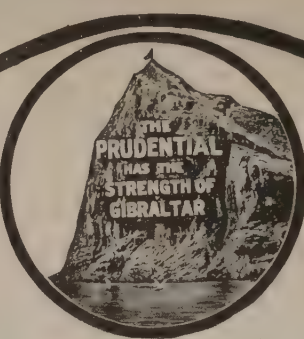
On Saturday morning Dr. C. F. Sitterly, professor of the English Bible in Drew Theological Seminary, told about some of the best books of the year in a critical and discriminating manner.

"Does the literary department pay?" was answered in the affirmative by Rev. S. S. Jolley of Philadelphia. "How to introduce the reading course of the league," with wise suggestions for the need of tact, patience, and persistence, was considered by Rev. J. M. Arters of Odessa, Del. Dr. Robert R. Doherty, always interesting, was never more so than when he spoke of "Methods of self-culture." He showed clearly that man was born to think, and that to accomplish this effectively five things were necessary—attention, comparison, analysis, imagination, and memory.

Saturday afternoon Dr. W. F. Anderson of Ossining, N. Y., discoursed on "The social atmosphere of the church," declaring that the social life of the church rests upon the principle of equality. The gospel is the most democratic influence in the world. "How to reach young men" was enthusiastically discussed by Rev. F. B. Short of Wilmington, Del., who believed in the employment of stratagems, patience, and worldly wisdom. William O. Gantz of New York City told "How to secure and hold members" in a sensible manner. Cooperation of pastor and officials was needed in planning prayer. There should be also wise selection of officers and versatile arrangement for work and recreation.

Saturday evening Dr. F. D. Gamewell vividly described the recent siege of Peking; then followed an eloquent address by Rev. W. G. Waters of Wilmington.

Sunday was, in every respect, a great day. The auditorium was crowded with people to hear Bishop Andrews preach on "Diversities of gifts" in the



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While other physicians have been theorizing, Dr. Slocum has made practical application of his scientific knowledge by sending free to threatened and actual subjects of consumption, catarrh, bronchitis, etc., the perfect products of his immense pharmaceutical laboratories—evolved by him with the definite purpose of arresting the widespread ravages of the greatest foe of the human race—tuberculosis. Thousands of tuberculous and tuberculosis-threatened people have written to the Doctor and obtained his four free disease combatants, the use of which to-day accounts for their escape and freedom from grave pulmonary and other ills that otherwise would have deprived them of their lives.

The great free trial offer of all four famous disease-combative preparations, by Dr. Slocum, is now open to all who find themselves in the grasp of tuberculosis, and to all in whose cases attack from consumption or other wasting malady seems to be impending.

Address all communications to

Those who procure these four free remedies are prepared to forestall the deadly bacillus, to combat it successfully after its actual invasion of the body, to nourish their systems when food digestion becomes impaired, to remedy cough and lighten respiration, to secure the best possible tonic effects, to obtain cure of local catarrhal conditions, and to elude or escape from consumption and other life destroying maladies.

As a prohibitive and curative armament for the fortification of the body and its relief from insidious, tissue-destroying ills, the above free combination is positively unmatched.

The Emulsion, Psychine Tonic, Coltsfoot Epectorant and Ozojell Catarrh Remedy are alone in their respective classes and are potent examples of the pharmaceutical art.

Those who need but one or two of the remedies are at liberty to write for the complete combination, and to give to friends, menaced or afflicted, those of the preparations not needed in their own cases.

Write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, plainly giving post office and express address, and the four free remedies will at once be sent to you with full directions for use in any case.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,

and mention THE EPWORTH HERALD when writing the doctor.

morning, and the afternoon sermon preached by Rev. C. A. Lindly of Philadelphia, and the evening sermon by Rev. Theodore S. Henderson of Brooklyn will be long remembered.

The newly elected members of the district board of control are: Pres., Rev. C. L. Mead, Hoboken, N. J.; V. P's, Rev. E. Comstock, Troy Conference; Rev. G. W. Downs, New York Conference; Rev.

George Adams, New York East Conference; Rev. J. A. Hensley, Newark Conference; Dr. Z. Hand, New Jersey Conference; Rev. P. H. Nutter, Delaware Conference; Rev. A. Green, Wilmington Conference; Sec., Rev. Wm. Stevenson, Wilmington, Del.; Treas., Rev. John J. Youst, Rockville Center, N. Y.; Jr. Supt., Rev. C. S. Kemble, Nyack, N. Y. (Reported by Rev. George Adams.)

Illinois State.

The seventh biennial convention of the Illinois State Epworth League was held at Mt. Carmel, July 8-10.

Very early on the opening day large delegations arrived to avail themselves of the trip to the government locks in the Wabash River.

The Mt. Carmel committee, in charge of Pastor Knight and local Pres. J. M. Mitchell, had its part of the work well in hand. The members were untiring in their efforts to make the visitors' stay a pleasant one.

The first evening was given to a song service by the Mt. Carmel choir, followed by a very impressive sermon by Rev. D. F. Howe, D.D., of Springfield, Ill.

The sunrise prayer service on Wednesday morning, led by Rev. Mr. Imboden of Forrest, was a real spiritual uplift. This service only helped us to appreciate the school of methods as conducted by Dr. Berry later in the morning.

Wm. H. Anderson of Springfield, in his address, "A temperance gospel of self-help," sounded the battle-cry of American young people on the liquor question. Rev. Harlow V. Holt, to whom was assigned the topic, "The young Methodist and his money," was unavoidably absent, but his notes were used by Dr. Berry. Miss Mattie Knight spoke on "Personal evangelism." This service led up to Dr. Oldham's missionary address. Later, Dr. Berry conducted a round-table which brought forth a lively discussion. During these services so many good things were said that the enthusiasm reached a very high point, which was retained throughout the entire convention.

Dr. Oldham's missionary round-table was full of power, for he knows whereof he speaks. He was ably assisted by Rev. J. A. Alford, Kiethsburg, Rev. J. S. Cummins, Enfield, and Rev. E. A. Hedges, Clayton. Dr. Oldham preached the second evening to a large, appreciative audience.

J. F. Harmon conducted the praise service Thursday morning in an impressive manner. The Junior topics, as presented by prominent Junior workers, brought forth quite a valuable discussion. Prof. A. W. Patten of Evanston conducted the Bible hour in a very instructive way.

The committee on resolutions made a lengthy report. It endorsed the principles of Christian stewardship, personal evangelism, the Anti-Saloon League, the Old People's Home at Edgewater. It recommended that Bible-classes be formed; that mission study be encouraged. It urged that papers containing liquor and tobacco advertisements be banished from church homes. It protested against Sabbath desecration. It commended Secretary Shaw for his stand against the opening of the St. Louis Exposition on Sunday. It voted thanks to the local committee, the local press, the railroads, and retiring cabinet for favors and earnest labor.

The following are the state officers elected for ensuing two years: Pres., Jos. G. Wolfe, M.D., Chicago; V. P's, John M. Mitchell, Mt. Carmel; Mrs. Mattie A. Foreman, Thawville; Miss Helen C. Ingram, Chicago; Miss Stella G. Ford, Mahomet; Cor. Sec., Oscar E. Roecker, Chicago; Rec. Sec., Rev. J. A. Chapman, Pekin; Treas., Samuel J. Curlee, Salem; Jr. Supt., Miss Nettie Turnbull, Carlinville.

Rockford was chosen as the convention city for 1904. A committee of five was appointed to confer with a like committee from the Baptist Young People's Union and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in regard to a joint convention of the three societies.

Following the business came the love-feast and sacramental service, which was a real feast.

At night R. W. Ropiequet and Dr. Camden M. Coburn addressed the convention. The convention music was ably led by P. P. Billhorn of Chicago.

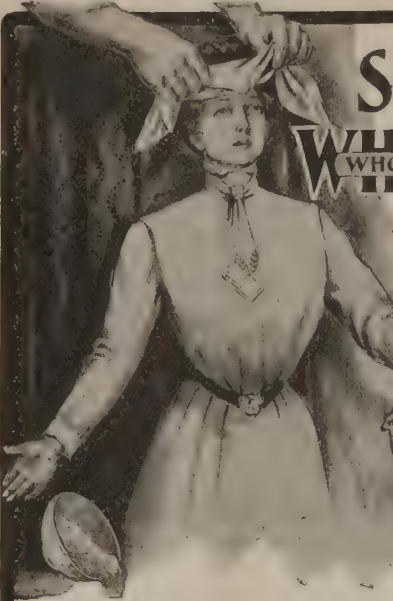
Wednesday evening, while Dr. Oldham preached in the church, Dr. Horace Reed of Deatur held a street service, preaching a powerful sermon.

This convention was not as largely attended as usual, but those present agree that it was the most spiritual convention Illinois has ever known. (Reported by Samuel J. Curlee.)

Mt. Carmel and Olney Districts.

Both the Mt. Carmel and Olney District Leagues held their district conventions this year as contemporaneous adjuncts to the sessions of the state convention, held by the Illinois State Epworth League at Mt. Carmel, July 8-10. Thus the splendid state program practically served the purposes of three conventions. The largest district delegation in attendance from any part of the state was that of Olney District, numbering 104.

On the morning of Thursday, July 10, brief business sessions were held by the delegates of Mt. Carmel District and of the neighboring Olney Dis-



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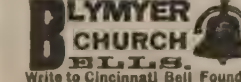
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trict, in the First Presbyterian and Evangelical churches respectively.

First Vice-president Mamie Gould presided over the Mt. Carmel District deliberations. It was decided that hereafter delegated conventions be held instead of mass-conventions, each chapter to be entitled to five delegates.

The officers elected are: Pres., Rev. Robert Morris, McLeansboro; V. P.'s, Mamie Gould, Mt. Carmel; Mrs. A. S. Maxey, Harrisburg; Allie Kimball, Golconda; Fred Mason, Mt. Carmel; Jr. Supt., Mrs. W. G. Hale, New Burnside; Sec.-Treas., Amy Holdrby, Carmi. Next convention due at McLeansboro.

First Vice-president Etta Mae Powell directed the business meeting of Olney District. The official responsibilities for the ensuing year were shifted, partly upon new shoulders, as follows: Pres., J. D. Madding, Lawrenceville; V. P.'s, Etta May Powell, Fairfield; Anna Steinman, Olney; John Milton Sheets, Oblong; Rev. Jacob O. Hawk, Rosehill; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Sadie Moore, Fairfield; Sec., May Eck, Newton; Treas., Chas. Edmonston, Bridgeport. Newton is the place where next year's convention will be held.

Indiana State.

The tenth biennial convention of the Indiana State Epworth League was held at Indianapolis July 10-13, and was a success from first to last. Great enthusiasm and inspiration were derived from the opening session and continued until the closing meeting Sunday evening. The attendance was large, nearly every quarter of the state being represented, and the interest manifested good.

The opening session Thursday evening was largely attended, and Bishop Joyce was at his best. His address will be long remembered for its enthusiasm, inspiration and logic. Friday morning was taken up with addresses by the conference presidents, Rev. W. H. Hickman of DePauw University; Dr. Lee Aultman of Cincinnati, representing the Book Concern; R. E. Diffendorfer of the general secretary's office; and an hour of Bible study, led by Dr. L. W. Munhall of Philadelphia, who also conducted the evangelistic service Sunday afternoon, addressed the convention Saturday morning on "How to study the Bible," and gave his lecture on "The Bible, the Book of books" on Saturday evening. Friday afternoon was given over to departmental and ministerial conferences, the latter being addressed by Bishop Walden, and by Bishop Hoss of the Church South. In the evening Bishop Hoss delivered a paid lecture on "The forces that make character," the proceeds going to the benefit of the Indiana Methodist Hospital at Indianapolis.

Saturday morning the quiet hour was led by Miss Edith Waterman of Chicago, after which the reports of the old officers were read. Rev. W. R. Halsted of Indianapolis then addressed the convention on "Indiana hospitals," and Miss Waterman of Chicago on the "Deaconess work." A pleasant feature of the morning session was the presentation by the state league of an elegant leather upholstered rocking-chair to Mr. O. H. Palmer of Indianapolis.



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dianapolis, who had served the state so faithfully during the past four years as president.

The afternoon session was addressed by Rev. W. S. Sheridan of Louisville, Ky.; Rev. E. G. Saunderson, Rev. E. L. Gilliman, Chas. F. Coffin of Indianapolis, and Rev. W. D. Parr of Kokomo, in the interests of the "Junior work," "Anti-Saloon League," "The negro in the Methodist Church: Why?" "A good conscience," and the "Missionary spirit of the church." A pleasing feature was the singing of the colored choral society of Simpson Chapel, Indianapolis.

Sunday opened with a well-attended six o'clock morning prayer-meeting at the soldiers' monument, led by Mr. Thomas E. Smiley of Indianapolis. It was a great spiritual uplift.

The afternoon evangelistic service conducted by Dr. Munhall, and the evening meeting addressed by Rev. W. S. Sheridan on the subject of "The struggle for the life of others," were held in Tomlinson Hall—a largely attended, deeply spiritual, and fit closing for the best state convention ever held in Indiana.

The secretary reported 1,106 Senior and Junior chapters in the state, with a membership of 53,865, and the treasurer's books showed a balance of \$70.55, after all debts were paid.

The officers elected for the coming two years are: Pres., John M. Ogden of Indianapolis; V. P.'s, Miss Mary M. Dennis of Richmond; Miss Florence Kendall of Greensburg; Mrs. W. B. Russell of Seymour; Miss Belle Hanna, of Greencastle; Sec., W. H. Braman of South Bend; Treas., A. B. Swartz of Jeffersonville. Presiding-elders members of the cabinet: Rev. H. N. Herrick of Kokomo; Rev. E. A. Schell of Crawfordsville; Rev. E. B. Rawls of Indianapolis. (Reported by W. H. Braman.)

Montana State.

The Montana State Convention was held in Butte June 17-19. It was the eighth annual session, and generally pronounced the best ever held. At this convention delegates had come two and three hundred miles to be present.

Rec. W. C. McCurdy gave a fine paper on "Our watchword—the evangelization of the world in this generation." A very helpful paper on "Personal fitness for mercy and help work," by Miss Cora Jenkins of Butte, showed that only the deepest consecration would fit a leader for this responsible position. Rev. Dr. Mills gave a practical and vigorous paper on: "Problems of Christian stewardship." C. E. Ludwig of Great Falls read a paper on: "Right and wrong means of raising money." Professor Tenny of the Montana Wesleyan University spoke on "Christian education." Rev. R. P. Smith gave a good paper on "The Bible in education." The department of social work was ably discussed by Miss De Groat of Livingston and Mrs. Metcalf of Helena. A very helpful paper was "A secretary who is worth while," by Miss Likes of Missoula.

Other themes discussed were: "Relation of Epworth League to the temperance cause," by C. P. Hargraves; "Value of tract distribution," by Mrs. C. L. Bovard; "Qualifications for leadership," by Dr. L. P. Carman; "Secret of success in personal work," by Alma Evans; "Department of finance," by G. W. Craven; "The relation of money to the Kingdom," by Lillie Black; "Social ideas," by Rev. Henry A. James; "Social life of Christ," by Carrie

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Craven; "Value of spiritual correspondence," by Wyatt W. Jones; "Literature as a means of spiritual culture," by Rev. Geo. D. King; "Epworth League and intellectual life," by Mrs. J. A. Martin; "Junior League work," by Mrs. L. H. Mickel; "Relations of Senior to Intermediate and Junior Leagues," by Rella Liles; "How to organize and maintain an Epworth reading course," by Miss Whitesett of Stevensville; "The value of the Junior work," by Miss Harkins of Bozeman.

Two street meetings were held, and were very profitable. Two sunrise prayer-meetings were also well attended and awakened a deeper spiritual interest in the session. Rev. Edward Laird Miller gave a fine address on the closing evening of the session on "Shall the Bible follow the flag?"

The following officers were elected: Pres., D. R. McRea, Anaconda; V.-P's, Miss Clara McDonald, Phillipsburg; Miss Cora Jenkins, Butte; Miss Effie Jacoby, Livingstone; H. B. Avery, Anaconda; Sec., J. A. Metcalf, Helena; Treas.; G. W. Craven, Butte; Jr. Supt., Miss Lilla Harkins, Bozeman. State editor, C. E. Avery, Missoula.

Great Falls was chosen as the next meeting place.

Junction City District.

The Junction City District held its annual convention at Junction City, July 9-11. The convention opened Wednesday evening with a reception to the delegates. Short addresses were made by the presiding-elder, Dr. S. A. Bright, S. W. Stafford, and A. D. Young. Thursday morning Superintendent W. S. Heusner of Junction City delivered the president's address. Miss Maude Bolt of Washington read a paper delightfully clear in its presentation of the theme, "Our pledge." S. A. Betts spoke on "City missions and Bethany Hospital work." "Education" was presented by J. D. Smith and C. B. Zook. Various department roundtables were conducted. Thursday night Dr. H. J. Coker, presiding-elder of Emporia District preached an able sermon.

In the business session recommendations were made touching a series of lectures provided by the district league. The convention closed with a sermon Friday evening by Dr. S. A. Bright.

Only about fifty delegates were present. High water and resulting difficulties of travel prevented a larger attendance. The convention was graciously entertained by Rev. G. W. Stafford and his people. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., W. S. Heusner, Junction City; V. P's, Walter T. Otten, Washington; Mamie Bardwell, Clay Center; A. M. Thoromen, Council

Grove; Lena Keve, Abilene; Jr. Supt., Cora Campbell, Junction City; Sec., Angie Mackey, Junction City; Treas., Helen Jevons, Wakefield. (Reported by Rev. W. A. Keve.)

Evansville District.

The Evansville District Convention was held at Howell, Ind., June 18-20.

Rev. B. A. May of Kinsley Church, Evansville, delivered the opening address on "God, our Father."

The central subject of the convention was "The league and the Twentieth Century Forward Movement." Miss Merle Parker of Petersburg discussed "What has already been accomplished." Miss Nina Montgomery, Cynthia, spoke on "What is expected of us." Mr. C. L. Dorsey discussed the question "How to meet the expectations."

The new district officers are: Pres., Geo. J. Nichols, Petersburg; V. P's, Mrs. Geo. Minton, Evansville; Miss Nina Montgomery, Cynthia; Miss Lilla Powell, Mt. Vernon; Mrs. Barnard, Owensville; Sec., M. F. De Jernett, Howell; Statistical Sec., Miss Elizabeth Erwin, Fort Branch; Treas., John Fisher, Evansville; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Frances Heddin, Fort Branch; Miss. Supt., Miss Clyde Jackson, Petersburg.

The Junior program opened with sentence prayers from a few of the Juniors. The Junior hour was one of the most interesting parts of the convention. The convention will be held at New Harmony next year.

In the evening Rev. M. A. Farr of Trinity Church, Evansville, preached an excellent sermon.

The subject for Friday was "The twentieth-century young person," discussed as follows: "Young women and Christ's life in them," L. E. Spayd, Rockport; "Their life in the world," Mrs. Maude C. Metcalf, Princeton; "Young men, Christ's life in them," Prof. M. H. Hildebrand of Howell; "Young men, their life in the world," John Fisher, Trinity; paper read by Mr. Craig of Evansville. (Reported by Miss Mabel Jenkins).

COMING CONVENTIONS.

Aug. 5-6.—Connorsville District, Rushville, Ind.
Aug. 6-7.—Emporia District, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.
Aug. 11.—League Day, Ossining Camp meeting, Ossining, N. Y.
Aug. 12-13.—Normal District, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 18.—Norwich District, Willimantic Camp Ground, Conn.
Aug. 19-20.—Normal District Convention, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Aug. 23-25.—Milwaukee District, Union Grove, Wis.
Aug. 26-28.—Central District, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Aug. 26-28.—Missouri Conference, Burlington Junction, Mo.
Aug. 28-31.—Oklahoma Conference, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sept. 1.—Chicago Western District, Union-avenue, Chicago.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 26-28.—Northern New York Conference, Sandy Creek.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 14-15.—Wyoming Conference Convention, Simpson Church, Scranton, Pa.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 16.—Bridgeton District, Glassboro, N. J.
Oct. 16-19.—German National Convention, St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Newark District, East Orange, N. J.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1902.

NUMBER 10.

The Children's Story.

ALICE IN STUMPLAND.

Myra Goodwin Plantz

Chapter III.—A New Friend.

"IF Miss Crawford would stop and see my daughter it would be a great favor. I'd send her home this evening before dark," said Mr. Burroughs, the superintendent of the mill. "Libbie has been so lonely since we came from Milwaukee. These German and Swede girls are not much company for our girls."

"You may stay if you are not too tired, daughter," replied Mr. Crawford, turning to Alice. "I sent a note out to mamma, not knowing the doctor would return so soon, and wishing to see him."

Alice was tired, but she had heard her father say he hoped he might be able to win the goodwill of Mr. Burroughs, who was about the only one who could help start the new church. The owner of the mill lived in another place, and the people of the village were those who had come to build their homes by hard and persistent labor.

Alice had never troubled herself much about her father's work in the city, but a new spirit had come to her. After seeing the gratitude of the woodman's wife she felt it was sweet to help others, and she saw another opportunity if she visited the superintendent's home.

"I will go, papa, if you are willing," was her answer.

Mr. Burroughs' home was the only modern house in the place, and it stood in the midst of the stumps Alice hated so. But the inside of the house was prettily furnished, and Alice felt at home again. She had heard that the superintendent had a daughter a little younger than herself, but she knew nothing more about her, and was very much surprised when she saw a girl with a white, pinched face, reclining on a couch.

"Oh, papa, you brought her! How well and pretty you look, Miss Crawford, while I have to lie here in a plaster case." This greeting was in a very sorrowful tone, but the father answered quickly: "Oh, you will some time be as well as Miss Alice. She has come to cheer you up."

"I don't want to be cheered up," said the sick girl, peevishly; "I want to walk."

Alice hardly knew how to begin her effort when it was not wanted. She had always avoided sick people. Not from any selfish purpose, but because she naturally turned to happy, bright things. Not knowing what to do, she stooped and kissed Libbie, and then said:

"It is so nice to find a girl like myself up here. What a good time we will have together!"

This soothed the petted invalid. If she was anything like this radiant creature things were not so bad.

"Oh, then, you won't mind my being on my back half the time?"

"No, indeed! We will read and talk together, and as soon as you get better, you will ride out to Stump Villa. Let me tell you about our palace in Wonderland, and about the animals my little brother has in training, expecting to have a show some day."

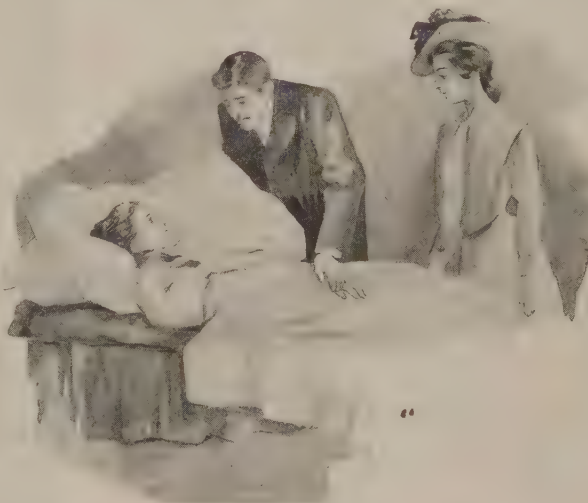
Alice had a keen sense of humor, and she soon

had her companion laughing over the time the family had getting settled—eating off boxes, and one night all sleeping on the floor, and the next being awakened by the prowling of a wild animal around the door.

"At last papa could stand it no longer," said Alice. "You see, he had a fine gun presented to him by Mr. Wrightson, who loves hunting; so papa thought he would use it to kill the bear or wolf or lion, as the case might be. So he shot, and the creature rolled over dead. The next morning at daybreak we went out to see the game, and what do you think it was?"

"It might have been a wolf or a bear, but they are very seldom seen this far south, papa says."

"It was a great big hog that belonged to our hired man, and had roamed away and was enjoying the things I had thrown out after dinner. Papa felt dreadfully bad, and paid Mr. O'Conner for it. Then he let him have the pig, which the little O'Connors are still enjoying. They sent us a generous supply, and papa said he would eat his own game, but he did not want to do any more of that kind of hunting. I find it hard to get things to eat up here, and helping with the cooking is one



"She saw a girl with a white, pinched face reclining on a couch."

of my worst stumps, for I hate to have my hands rough on account of keeping up my music."

"What have stumps to do with music?" asked Libbie.

"Oh, papa is a preacher," laughed Alice, "and he finds sermons in the air. He is working hard to get his stumps out to plant nice things, and he calls our faults and ugly feelings *stumps*, and says we must get them out if we are to have a beautiful heart-garden."

"If he could see my feelings about being laid up he would think I was a stumpy one," said Libbie, smiling.

"He would say as he did the other day to me when I told him my temper had a thousand roots: 'Don't try it alone, dear; let Jesus help.' You see, the children are too young to care where they live. They think it is a perfect picnic up here in the woods, but I felt dreadfully to leave school and my music lessons and so many dear friends, though, of course, that was not as bad as when papa was sick, and the doctor thought he might die, or lose his mind. I heard the doctors say what I never told mamma—that his chances were small even up here—and then what will we do, with nothing in the world but a lot of stumps?"

"Then you have trouble, too," said Libbie. "I thought a weak back the only one."

"It's a good deal worse than having to work. I'm not going to complain again. But I hope you will get well."

"They say I will in time; but it is very slow and painful. But I won't mind it so much with you here. There is an educated French woman who cooks at one of the boarding-houses, who came over to teach, and failed to find pupils in the city. She gives me lessons three times a week. Please come, too. It won't cost you anything, and we could talk together and write French notes to each other."

"That would be fine," said Alice. "I have had some German, but would like French, too. I am sure papa will consent. Especially as I want to make language my special study. What lovely drawnwork you do!" and Alice took up a piece of delicate work that lay near the sick girl.

"I often sit up, and my eyes are strong, and for a year this has been my only comfort. I don't know what to do with it. You shall have this handkerchief when it is done."

"Then I will send it to the city, and sell it for the new church, if you don't care," answered Alice, eagerly. "Mamma was on the board of the woman's exchange, and handkerchiefs with not nearly so much work brought \$5.00."

"I'd like that," said Libbie. "Mamma wants a church, but papa don't care; yet he's just as good as anybody's father. Where is the church?"

"It's only in papa's mind," replied Alice. "He has to get a little stronger before he begins his church work, and he must get his garden started. He hasn't even preached in the hall yet."

"That is a horrid place. I've heard about the dances there. Sometimes they get to quarreling and shooting. But you must see my pretty things," and Libbie rang a bell by her side. "Bring my lace box," she requested when the Swede girl appeared; and soon Alice was admiring the most delicate

and intricate handwork she had ever seen. "Every bit of this shall be sold to start the new church," said Libbie. "It's my very own. There are centerpieces and lunch-cloths and doilies and handkerchiefs."

"I never saw anything so lovely!" cried Alice. "Oh, how happy papa will be, for this is worth a great deal of money. You can buy the foundation stones, I am sure."

"I'm going to ask papa to give the lot next to ours. It is not very near the house, but I could see them work, and could walk there when I first began," said Libbie, with a glowing face.

Just then Mrs. Burroughs came in. She had been out to hunt a washerwoman, and did not know of her daughter's new friend. She greeted Alice very warmly. She saw at a glance that her daughter had not been so taken out of herself for months. "I am delighted over the church you girls are starting. I do water-color pictures, and I will get right to work, for I have a friend with a picture store, and I know I can sell all I can do," Mrs. Burroughs said.

"What can I do?" asked Alice, wanting to work herself now.

"You can pick berries later. There is a great

demand for our huckleberries. I would be glad to pay 25 cents an hour if you would read to Libbie. Then I want someone to give my little boy music lessons. He wants to learn to play."

"I can do that, only—" She happened to remember perhaps she ought to help her father with some of her earnings.

"We need not promise to give all we earn to the church," said Mrs. Burroughs; "but what we can spare."

This made Alice quite comfortable again. When Mr. Burroughs came in he was very happy over his daughter's improvement. They had a merry time talking over the new church. It was not in his line, as Mr. Burroughs freely confessed to the minister later, but if it gave poor Libbie something to think over, he would do his share. A little table was put by Libbie's couch, and covers laid for two. Alice thought it a very fine supper, as Mr. Burroughs sent for every kind of delicacy to tempt his daughter's appetite. The family eating in the next room smiled over their plainer fare as they heard Libbie's laugh ring out as Alice got off some of her bright sayings.

Alice felt tired after her ride home, but, as she told her mother, she did not know when she had been happier in her life.

The first sermon the preacher gave in his new charge was over the coffin of the man who had shot himself trying to kill a comrade. The dingy hall was crowded. The men in their woodman suits, and the wives with their babies in their arms. The men from the sawmill had been given a few hours, and even the saloon-keeper stood outside the door.

"Let me go, papa," pleaded Alice; "I can sing something, and I'm to be your helper now mamma has so much to do in the home."

"She has done enough preacher's-wife work to rest awhile, anyway," said Mr. Crawford. So Alice went with her father, which the children thought strange, as she always avoided any sign of death. Alice wondered why her father chose "There were ninety and nine," but she sang it with such tender feeling that more than one rough man was moved to tears. She understood her father's choice when he preached. He did not refer to the dead man only in a passing hope that even at the last, he might have turned to God for life, as the penitent thief did on the cross. Then he showed very clearly the danger of putting off to the uncertainties of the last moment the subject of where one would spend eternity. It was a searching heart-to-heart talk, very gentle and tender, as the story of the Good Shepherd should be. When the minister closed with a few words of earnest prayer many rough cheeks were stained with tears, and some women were sobbing softly to themselves. Those who had not understood the English language very well had been impressed with the minister's face, glowing with a heavenly joy, in contrast to that of the dead man, who, even in death, showed the traces of a life of sin.

"We are going to build a church where your children will be baptized and married and buried. We will help and comfort one another," said the minister. "All who would like one, stand up."

Almost all of the motley congregation arose, and then, they passed out after the pine coffin of their dead comrade.

(To be continued.)

It Is So Easy to Do Mischief.

A BOY of fourteen or so stopped to buy a banana from a push-cart, and then, as he went leisurely along, he peeled it and threw the skin on the sidewalk. Quick as a flash a tall, broad-shouldered young man just behind him stepped forward, took hold of the boy's coat collar, and, turning him around, exclaimed:

"Do you know what you are doing? You're putting danger in the way of fifty people who will pass this spot in the next five minutes. Kick that banana skin into the gutter, and never be guilty of such a thoughtless act again. Somebody might have broken a leg from your carelessness."

The boy, with a surprised look, stolidly obeyed, and went on his way when the restraining hand was removed, with a new idea, it is to be hoped,



HAPPY JUNIORS IN THE HOME OF THOS. S. MARSHALL, SALEM, ILL.

in his head, and a new resolve in his heart. He "didn't think," of course, when he did the deed; but he ought to have thought, and we ought to think every day whether we are putting stumbling-blocks or danger in our neighbor's way.

And what an improvement might be made in our streets and the cars, omnibuses, and ferry-boats, if everyone tried to keep them clean, instead of adding to their dirt and untidiness.

A gentleman says that he started to tear up a letter and throw the pieces on the floor of the elevated cars one day, when the thought came to him: "What right have I to do this, and cause the expense and trouble of someone to pick up the pieces?"

If we follow the law of Christ in serving one another, "in honor preferring one another," we shall be watchful not to trouble others.—*Child's Paper.*

A Hymn Six Hundred Years Old.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong.
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong;
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise;
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear!
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in,
That may cause the soul to sin.
Wicked words will sear,
Guard, my child, thine ear.

—Selected.

The Story of a Pretty Pink Parachute.

AUNT SARAH fastened the last bit of pink silk thread to the square of pink tissue paper, deftly knotted the four ends together, attached a little weight to keep it steady, and then held it aloft. There was a stiff breeze; and, as she let it go, it floated gaily across the yard. Victor and Festus sprang after it, but, as Victor's legs were the longer, he reached the spot where the parachute fluttered to the ground just an instant before Festus came up.

"It's lovely!" he shouted back to Aunt Sarah, as he held it at arm's length.

His aunt smiled, and went indoors, while Victor let the parachute go on its second voyage.

"I want to fly it next time," said Festus.

"No, you are too little," answered Victor, disentangling the silk threads.

But Festus sent it off; and up, up it went, over the apple tree.

"Oh, dear!" fretted Victor. "Now you've made it go right where it'll be spoiled!"

They watched it breathlessly, for those gnarled branches had proved the ruin of more than one such toy. But it sailed along lazily till it was be-

yond the tree, and on and on, over the adjoining yard. The boys climbed the fence, but the parachute did not come down.

"It is going into that elm!" cried Victor. But no, it skirted the branches safely, and the children drew a breath of relief.

"Don't you s'pose it'll ever come down?" asked Festus, sadly.

"Course 'twill. There, now it's going to catch on that telegraph wire! No, it's got past."

It went on and on, over houses and trees. At last, after several minutes, it seemed to go down far ahead, two streets away.

Victor sighed. "We'll never find it," he said. "That pretty pink parachute!"

"Perhaps we can," was the hopeful rejoinder. "Come, let's ask mamma if we can go over to Salina Street." Having obtained the desired permission, away they sped.

"What'll you do if a boy's found it?" queried Festus.

"Make him give it up, of course! It's ours."

"Yes, if it's a little boy," reasoned Festus. "But what if it's a big boy?"

"You don't suppose I'm afraid of a big boy, do you? If he won't give it to me, I'll fight him! I'm not going to let anybody trample on my rights!"

But the way to the parachute was much farther than they had dreamed. Indeed, they were about to give up the search, when Festus spied something pink between the trees. Then a moment's walk brought them to a plain little house, in front of which was a small girl running up and down. She held a string attached to a pink parachute!

"It's ours!" whispered Festus, excitedly.

When the child saw them she smiled.

"Isn't my new balloon nice?" she asked. It flew right down from the sky a few minutes ago. I think it came from one of the stars! Mamma'll tell me when she gets home. She has gone down town, and I was so lonesome till this pretty balloon came to keep me company. I was afraid it would fly away where I couldn't catch it, so I tied a string to it. I got it out of mamma's workbox. She always lets me have the pink strings, 'cause they're so pretty. Don't you want to fly my balloon?" she asked, her face dimpling with smiles. "You may, if you'll be careful, and not let go of the string."

The boys looked queerly at each other.

"Thank you," Victor said at last; "but we must go home. It is nearly dinner-time."

"Besides," added Festus, "we'd rather see you fly it."

"Isn't it pretty?" asked the child, as the boys eyed the parachute.

"It is the prettiest one I ever saw!" said Victor, gallantly.

"The very prettiest!" said Festus.

"Come again some day," invited the little one, courteously, as her callers moved down the street. Victor glanced at his brother.

"You don't care if I didn't ask her for it, do you?" he questioned.

"Course I don't! I'd care if you had! Wasn't

she happy over it? And isn't she the sweetest little girl? Why, I'm 'most glad it flew away!"

And the surprising answer from Victor was: "So'm I."—Emma C. Dowd, in *Youth's Companion*.

How They Made Up.

Two little children who couldn't agree
Were having a tiff, and were "mad as could be."
They looked at each other in silence awhile,
Then a sudden glad thought made one of them smile.

Said she: "Say, you ain't very mad, are you, Bessie?"

"Well, no," said the other; "nor you, are you, Jessie?"

"Then let us make up," little Jessie suggested.

"Well, you be the one to begin," Bess requested.

But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered still,
While the small-sized disputants were claiming their will:

When, what do you think brought about sunny weather?

Just this—they agreed to begin both together.

—Christian Work.

Two Ways of Helping.

THERE is nothing more beautiful in this world than to observe the tenderness of some girls toward their aged relatives. Dear grandmother cannot thread her needles so easily as she used to do, and is sensitive on the subject, and does not like to be too obviously helped.

Mattie, a kind-hearted girl without much tact, will exclaim: "Oh, Gran! What perfect nonsense for you to fuss over that needle. You know that you cannot find the hole where the thread should go in; your eyes are too old; I'll thread your needles."

The intention is most excellent, but the old lady is hurt, and stifles a sigh.

Edith, in the same circumstances, manages in another fashion. She simply threads a dozen needles and leaves them all ready for grandmother in her needle-book, saying, pleasantly, "It saves so much time in these busy days, to have one's needles all ready and waiting."

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for August: The Junior's Vacation.

August 10.—How to Help the Boys and Girls Who Do Not Have a Good Time.

(Eph. 4: 32.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Do not feel above them (Prov. 16: 5).

Tuesday.—Invite them to your home (Num. 10: 29).

Wednesday.—Give them needed clothes (Matt. 25: 36-38).

Thursday.—Ask them to go with you to church (Psa. 65: 4).

Friday.—Visit them in their homes (James 1: 27).

Saturday.—Help the deaconess work (Phil. 4: 3).

Sunday.—Help the missionary cause (Dan. 12: 3).

PROGRAM.

Praise service....Responsive reading (Psa. 72).
...Singing, "Thou thinkest, Lord, of me."....
Prayer....Response, "More love to thee."....Junior topic....Blackboard talk....Singing, "My Jesus, I love thee."....Missionary items....Junior quartet, "Let us help each other."....Missionary collection....Closing song, "Shall we meet in glory?"

To the Junior Superintendent.

In one of "Pansy's" stories she tells of a Junior Endeavor Society whose members all resolved to do "something perfectly grand" during the following week, and to come prepared to tell their experiences on the following Sunday.

One little girl, whose name was Elinor, promised with the rest, but when she awoke on Monday morning she was sorry she had given her promise.

"There isn't anybody in this world that I can help," she thought, while at that very moment her little brother was fretting because no one could spare time to help him dress for breakfast.

Before the week was over Elinor found that we may do "perfectly grand" things at home, if we watch for opportunities. Then there are the neigh-

bors' children. Some of them do not have good times, because the other children will not play with them. "There are lots of good times in the world, but we're not in them," they say, like the girls in one of Mrs. Whitney's stories. Can we not invite these children to our homes, and share our good times with them?

Every child is interested in "poor children." Can we, as Junior superintendents, not plan a picnic or afternoon outing to which a number of poor children are invited, giving each Junior the task of making the afternoon one of delight to one or more of the little guests?

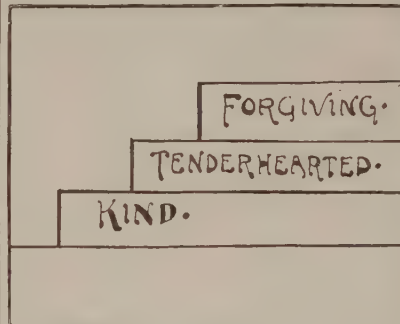
"Heathen children" are also objects of interest to every child, so we can easily enlist the boys and girls to work for the missionary cause.

Blackboard Talk.

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Martin Luther climbed Pilate's staircase in Rome on his knees, when he heard a voice within him saying, "The just shall live by faith."

This staircase of only three steps is so hard to climb that no one ever reaches the top unless he has someone to help him. Perhaps you think it is



easy to be kind, and so it is when people are kind to us, but when we meet those who are cross and unkind we need a helping hand to enable us to mount to the height of kindness. The second step is still steeper, and the third is the highest of all. So hard is it to forgive that we need every day to pray that God may forgive us as we forgive others.

When we reach the top step of our stairway we stand side by side with Jesus, who forgave even the cruel men who murdered him. He knows that we cannot climb alone, so he reaches down his hand to us and lifts us up beside him, if we accept his proffered aid.

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps

To bring the Lord Christ down;

In vain we search the lowest deeps,

For him no depths can drown.

"But warm, 'sweet, tender, even yet

A present help is he,

And faith has still its Olivet,

And love its Galilee."

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ILLINOIS ITEMS.

(From our own correspondent.)

"Mount Carmel, 1902" is now a matter of history. The state convention was a glorious success. The attendance was very gratifying considering the inconvenient location of the city whose guests we were. But it is a beautiful place, and we were royally entertained. And the Methodist church there is a model for conventions. The program satisfied everyone. Dr. Berry's "School of methods" thrilled hundreds of hearts, and inspired them with new thoughts. Even those who came for fun returned with lips touched with a "live coal from off the altar," and lives set on fire for God. The Junior workers gave and received much. The league is especially indebted to the Illinois Central, Big Four, and Southern railroads for courtesies.

The Grayville Epworth League is a model. A large committee met all trains and cordially entertained all Epworthians en route from the state convention. The cave party especially were recipients of their hospitality. No incident of the trip was more touching.

The Mammoth Cave party, after the convention, found the railroad had provided a through car, and made every effort to please. The weather was cool and delightful. Probably no party ever received more inspiration from such a trip than did this one. How the chambers of the cave rang with songs and convention echoes! "Echo River" reverberated with psalms and prayers. Sunday was observed by an open-air service at the hotel, and attendance at a negro church. A song and psalm service was also held by a mountain roadside. Several services were held in the car en route, the last, when nearing Chicago Monday afternoon, being an occasion when all eyes were dimmed with tears. "Surely God has been with us," so said all.

Remittances of delinquent state dues for 1901 and 1902 should hereafter be made to the new treasurer, S. J. Curlee, Salem, Ill. Dr. J. G. Wolfe of Chicago is the new president.

"Rockford, 1904" is the place and date of the next state convention. Begin to plan to go.

Illinois is already anticipating sending an unrivaled delegation to the international gathering at Detroit, 1903.

Deering Chapter, Chicago, had the banner delegation.

Professor Billhorn, and Miss Peake of Salem, carried the convention by storm with their music.

New Lenox Camp-ground was the scene, July 4, of a merry picnic. Miss Taggart, field deaconess, had charge. The occasion was the opening of the new outing home for working girls. Many Epworthians can help in this splendid fresh-air work.



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Write me what your chapter has done or is doing, and so furnish news for this monthly column.

E. L. DAVENPORT, 6420 Eggleston Ave., Chicago.

NEW YORK NOTES.

(From our own correspondent.)

Monday, Aug. 11, will be known as Young People's Day at Ossining Camp-meeting, a special service being held at 2:30 p.m., Mr. William O. Gantz, president of district, presiding. Rev. R. H. Kelley, one of the district officers, will preach, and delegates are expected from many chapters.

Metropolitan Temple young people precede their regular Sunday evening meetings with an open-air service in Abington Square every Sunday at 6:15 p.m. These services are very helpful in bringing strangers to the regular church services.

The Junior League of Kingsbridge recently held a very delightful outing at Bronx Park.

The Interdenominational Missionary Conference at Silver Bay, Lake George, from July 16 to 25 inclusive, was a very helpful and stimulating one. The Methodist young people were largely represented.

The leagues of the city gave a very delightful and enjoyable excursion to West Point on Saturday afternoon, July 12. Over 1,300 representative young people were privileged to enjoy this treat.

The ninth convention of the Second General Conference District Epworth Leagues was held at Ocean City, N. J., July 10-13. The attendance, while not as large as anticipated, was a representative one, and the speakers some of the strongest men in the country. All of the departments of the league were carefully considered, a session being given to each one. Rev. Charles L. Mead, D.D., of Hoboken, was unanimously elected as president for the ensuing year.

Rev. George M. Fowles, associate pastor of Calvary Church, and chairman of the missionary committee of the New York District Epworth Leagues, represented that organization at the Missionary Conference at Silver Bay, New York, and will report to the fall convention regarding the gathering.

The young people's meetings at St. Mark's Methodist Church, West Fifty-eighth Street, are being held at 6 p.m., prominent speakers being secured for every service. This league, under the efficient leadership of Mr. J. E. Robinson, the president, is doing a progressive work among the colored young people of the city.

Many of our young people are spending the summer at Ocean Grove, and it is with pleasure that they welcome Rev. Charles H. Yatman as leader of the young people's meetings. Mr. Yatman is beloved by all of our young people, and the morning meetings, which take place at 9 o'clock, are thronged and full of interest.

Rev. Lindsay B. Longacre, associate pastor of Metropolitan Temple, has recently been elected president of the league of that church.

A number of the New York City Leagues ran excursions to Ocean Grove on Saturday, July 26, many of the members being connected with the choruses of Professor Morgan, who conducted the oratorio of the "Elijah" in the auditorium on that evening.

Mr. Harry Bowers Mingle, president of St. Paul's Chapter, is spending the summer at Allenhurst, N. J.

The board of control of the New York District has arranged for fresh-air work during the summer, raising about \$400 among the various leagues, and will entertain at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, during the last two weeks in August, seventy-five young people who otherwise would not be able to enjoy a vacation. The committee in charge of this work consists of William S. Woods, Union Church, chairman; Mrs. D. A. McLain, Washington Square Church, and Mr. William Ferrer, Thirtieth Street.

It is expected that the New York District Leagues will hold a conference at Ocean Grove sometime during the summer. This is an ideal place for a conference, and would bring together a large number of representative Methodists.

A Baby's Diary.

A unique and handsome publication wherein to record the important events in baby's life has just been issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York. It is not given away, but is sent on receipt of 10 cents.



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THE EPWORTH HERALD.

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, Aug. 9, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 11.

Hazel Cunningham's Denial. By Grace Livingston Hill.

"HAZEL, do you want to pack your Bible?"

"Why, certainly I do. Alice Cunningham, do you suppose I am going to put my religion away on the clothes-press shelf till I get back from my vacation?"

"Well, a good many people do, you'll find," answered her sister, laughing. "I don't believe you'll have much time where you are going to read it—not if it's anything as it was when I was there three years ago. There'll be boating and bathing in the surf, besides sailing on the river when you're not playing golf or tennis. Golf's the great thing down there. And then there'll be walks on the beach in the moonlight. By the way, Jean told me that Burton Channing is coming home from Europe and going to spend his entire summer down there. You'll be sure to meet him; he's a great golf player. They say he's on the links from morning to night. I almost envy you your summer. If I were not going to the mountains I could not resist going with you."

"Hazel!" called a voice from downstairs. "Is your trunk ready? I told the man to be here at twelve, and it's half-past eleven now."

"Almost!" answered Hazel, rising from her seat on the floor by her trunk, and hastily seizing a pile of shirt waists from the bed she crammed the first tray down to make room for the second one. The Bible, in the rush that followed, was left lying under a gingham apron that Alice had thrown off hastily when she ran down to answer the doorbell a little later. And perhaps that was the whole trouble, for when one forgets one's Bible there is no telling what may happen.

Hazel Cunningham had been established almost a week in the wide, low farm-house with its broad piazzas and its many windows looking out upon the green velvet turf of the golf links and on down to the broad silver of the Manasquan River, flecked with many white sails. The little white-walled room with its simple furnishings and muslin curtains, even the high bureau and the tin candlestick, which held the only light the house supplied, seemed charming to her.

She had played golf every day for hours, till her smooth, plump arms and well-rounded cheeks were browned with the sun's rays. And this beautiful Sunday morning she was lying still for a few minutes before arising, drinking in the sounds that came through the open windows; the soft twittering of the birds in the apple trees outside; the distant roar of the waves as they beat upon

the sand at the beach, and the jingle of dishes in the distant kitchen. There was the wafting of a savory smell of breakfast, mingled with the perfume of mignonette in the old rowboat, that served as a flower-bed on the sea of green lawn.

How beautiful it all was! Pretty soon she would get up and read in her Bible to begin this first Sunday aright, for she, poor child, had been so busy and so happy that she had not yet discovered the absence of her Bible. Then there would be church, and she planned which of her pretty gowns she would wear, and wondered how the service would be, there in a new church.

A gentle tap on the door aroused her, and one of the crowd of girls, who made the farm-house ring with merriment, called through the keyhole:

"Hazel, I just slipped up to tell you that Burton Channing arrived late last night. I thought

late train to spend Sunday. No, they had not forgotten. And the worst of it was that they were girls who would not hesitate to laugh at her openly if she refused to play with them. What could she do? Go to church and endure the fire of taunts that would be hers when she returned? Have Louise Blakely and Florence Whittington call her a little saint as they had done with Martha Worthington, who would not go sailing because her mother worried? There were circumstances under which the term "saint" might be a crown of glory to one, but not in the mouths of those two girls. She shuddered and turned over in bed, feeling for the first time how hard the hysk mattress was and how limp and small the pillows. No longer the sweet breeze called her, and no longer did the delicate odor from the kitchen stir her appetite. She was utterly miserable, foreseeing the ordeal through which she was about to pass, and half-conscious of her own miserable failure. Then, there was Burton Channing! She had never met him, but for the last five years since her sister had met him abroad she had heard his praises sounded until now it seemed nothing short of a catastrophe to miss making a good impression upon a young man who had it in his power to make life for her so enjoyable. What should she do? She never could go and play golf. Her upbringing had been very strict about the Sunday. What would her father and mother and sister think? Yes, and the church people at home? Sad to say she had been away from her Bible so many days that she did not stop to ask herself what God



"It was Burton Channing."

you'd want to put on your best golf skirt. He'll be sure to be on the links this morning I should think, he's such an enthusiast. Hurry down, can't you?"

Hazel managed to make some reply, and her informant hurried down the hall to impart her information to another girl. But the girl whom she left was not the happy creature that she had been before her caller came. The astounding fact that these girls meant to play golf on Sunday, and that they expected her to do so also, was a shock to her. She recollected that they had planned their games and frequently spoken of "to-morrow" the night before, but she had supposed, of course, they mis-spoke themselves and intended to say Monday. Indeed, last evening she had almost forgotten what the next was to be, they were all so merry. Could it be that they had all forgotten? No, for now she could remember also how they had spoken of this one and that who would be down on the

would think of her. She lay still, trying to think what to do, and one by one she recognized the voices of the girls on the lawn below. Once she raised up on one elbow and pulled back the curtain just a little. Yes, they were all in full golf costume, just as on week days, only a little more dainty than usual. Fine white shirt waists, some of the sleeves rolled to the elbow, the glimmer of a brilliant red jacket, the poise of a pretty low shoe! They all represented to Hazel the life she had been living during the past week, and which her conscience cried out against for to-day, and yet which she had not the courage to abjure.

They came in search of her after a time, knocking loudly and demanding to come in, and she pleaded sleepiness and a headache and shook them off. The breakfast hour passed, and they clamored for her again, and there was nothing for a coward like Hazel but to take refuge in the headache.

"It isn't like her a bit," they said as they started off reluctantly without her, their bundle of golf-sticks slung over their shoulders. "She never has a headache, and always seems so well and strong. And I never thought she was lazy."

Hazel thought to get up and slip off unseen to church by herself, but the voices below warned her that all were not gone away from the house, and looking down again she saw the two she dreaded most, Louise Blakely and Florence Whittington, lounging in the hammock under the big apple tree with novels and a box of chocolates. Distant bells were chiming with the dashing of the surf, while a group of people were walking down the avenue of oaks to church, and others were climbing into the big omnibus—for the beach perhaps. A fine-looking young man—at least his shoulders were fine—was holding a parasol over an elderly woman. He took her Bible from her and carried it under his arm. They were evidently going to church and must have come in late last night, for they were strangers. How she wished she were on the way to church with them! With a groan she plunged back into the pillow again and cried, so that when the golf-players returned at noon and found her on the piazza in a white muslin dress her heavy eyes made good her morning's story of a headache, and they inquired sympathetically after her.

The visitor of the early morning sat down beside her and essayed to offer comfort:

"Mr. Channing didn't come out this morning after all, Haze, he must have overslept after his journey. But he'll be sure to be there this afternoon. You can walk down after dinner under my big white umbrella, can't you? The playing was fine this morning. You ought to have seen George. He got there in great shape, I tell you."

Poor bewildered Hazel listened to their talk and did not join in. How interesting it would have been to her another day! And here it was Sunday, and not a word from beginning to end was said that would let anyone know the day was recognized. No thought of church or sermon or time—not even a criticism.

After dinner the others would not take no for an answer. They carried Hazel off by storm to the golf links, established her under a tree with cushions and a wide umbrella, and two or three willing young men to keep her company, and she spent a gay afternoon still more miserable than her morning had been.

It was almost supper-time when she was at last on her way back to the house. She felt she would breathe freer when the day was past. Mr. Channing had not come to the links at all. She was savagely glad for that. Her conscience was loudly accusing her. She was remembering that at home it would be almost time to start for the young people's evening meeting at the church. Her thoughts were so preoccupied that she scarcely noticed a group by the piazza until they were close upon them, and then she looked up to recognize the broad shoulders of the young man who took his mother to church that morning, and almost immediately someone introduced them. It was Burton Channing!

A flood of color rushed under the tan, which she could not control. Had he seen her come from the golf links? How thankful she was that she did not wear her short skirt as the others did, for he had not been ashamed to go to church with his mother; no, nor to carry a Bible. How was it that she had judged that just because he had spent several years abroad that he would despise her for keeping the Sabbath? And what was this he was saying—kindly, unostentatiously, but frankly: "No, Miss Whittington, I don't play on Sunday. I was at church this morning. But I think it will be a good day to-morrow for the links."

"Oh, dear me! I didn't know you were so awfully good, Mr. Channing," said Miss Whittington. "We shall all have to go to church now you've come, I suppose, and it's such a bore," and she pouted prettily.

Was it chance that Hazel's eyes met those of the young man as he answered pleasantly:

"I hope you all will. To-night will be a good time to begin. There's to be a beach meeting, and

a friend of mine from China is going to speak. You'll not be bored by him, I know."

Hazel Cunningham felt like a veritable hypocrite for receiving and returning that look of understanding he gave her. She knew she had not been true to her conscience. She felt that he did not take her for one of the rest. She was not sure whether she was most glad or ashamed about it.

She slipped away from the supper table before the rest and dressed to go to the meeting. The other girls would probably say that she was going on account of the young man's presence and invitation; but they were all doing that, and it was just punishment for the cowardly way in which she had acted that morning. Before she left the little white room she knelt beside her bed and asked to be forgiven, and to be allowed to undo the wrong she had done that day. Then she went softly downstairs, while the rest were getting ready to go, changing golf suits for fluffy white and pink and blue draperies.

As Hazel crossed the piazza Burton Channing arose from one of the rockers.

"Are you going to the beach meeting, Miss Cunningham?" he said, "and may I walk with you? Mother does not feel rested enough to go to-night. I have met your sister, you know, and that ought to make us old friends."

They were walking down the arch of oaks now, and Hazel was dimly conscious of jealous eyes upon her from the many-windowed farm-house. But the next words of her companion put all such thoughts to flight.

"I have heard a great deal about you, you know, and the minute I saw you I knew I had found a kindred spirit. Among all these Sabbath-breakers a simple, honest Christian feels a little lonesome now and then. I must confess I was pleased this afternoon to see you did not wear the regulation short skirt and rolled-up sleeves to-day. Isn't it strange how people can be so indifferent about Sunday?"

Hazel's face was fairly burning now, and for the instant she was tempted to cover her first cowardice with a second. She had but to keep still and agree with him and he would be none the wiser as to her weakness, but something in her cried out against herself, and with almost tears in her eyes she told him what a miserable day she had spent.

It was all so humiliating and different from the way she had planned this first meeting with the much-talked-of young man. And yet as she sat on the beach while the wonderful singing rolled all about her, blending with the anthem of the sea, and remembered his quick sympathy and the little story he had told her of his own first testing time and failure, and how easily he had made her see that she had been thinking more of "what others would say than of her Master, she was glad that God in his tenderness had led her just as he had done.

As her heart joined in the prayer and singing, thrilling with the words of the speaker, and feeling God's presence in the sound of wind and wave, she felt she could never meet temptation again quite so much off her guard, for it was as if her Father spoke to her and showed her how she had sinned against his love.

Swarthmore, Pa.

A Thrilling Balloon Voyage.*

Christopher Helgenson, Aerial Navigator.

MR. CETTI and I have had one of the most thrilling balloon voyages of my life.

We ascended at Christiania at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. In an hour we descended on the Swedish boundary, at a distance of ninety-five kilometers. We had thus proceeded at a fine speed. In order to ascertain how long the balloon would retain its carrying capability, we kept it anchored and filled over night. At 8 o'clock we again ascended, taking with us only one and a half bags of ballast. At that time the balloon had not been exposed to the rays of the sun. Hence,

we are indebted to Mr. Evelyn B. Baldwin, the celebrated arctic explorer, for this interesting article.

its good carrying capability. This is the first time in Scandinavia, and, as far as I know, the first time in Europe, that an attempt was made of "making a station" the night over.

We soon got into a stratum of clouds, and just as we were ascending the surface of this, Cetti cried: "Look there! Look there!" I turned around, and at a short distance we saw, in the dense fog, a balloon in which we discerned two persons. I was startled, but the phenomenon became more distinct, and the likeness of the portraits convinced me that it was a *fata morgana* of our own balloon and of ourselves.

How grand it was! I shall never forget it. The stillness, the bright rays of the sun in the beautiful air, and, at some distance, our own *fata morgana* picture.

It was surprising to see how the features, though faint, were reproduced, and the picture seemed as though it were toned. We could, of course, observe our own bodily movements.

By-and-by the picture grew smaller; that is to say, we drifted away from it and its background—the clouds—and as this gradually took place, we noticed that a bright-colored rainbow, like a halo, was formed, first around the gondola, expanding afterwards till it embraced the whole balloon. If I had not beforehand read about Alpine climbers having experienced similar mirrorings surrounded by a rainbow, I should have considered it as a compliment to us from Nature for having made the first "station" in the northern aeronautical waters.

We very much regretted that we had not taken our photographic apparatus with us, but it would, no doubt, as it proved afterwards, have gone to the bottom of the sea if it had been in the gondola.

The sun now commenced to heat the gas, so that we soon ascended to a height of 2,600 metres.

We now found ourselves far above a mighty stratum of clouds extending to the horizon in every direction, so that we had no idea as to what direction we were going, nor what speed we were making.

The mighty stratum of clouds underneath us formed a grand scenery. It resembled a wild, fantastic landscape in the polar regions, formations of clouds resembling a foaming sea that, in a moment, had congealed to ice, with peaks and summits, furrows and fissures. It made a great impression on both of us. Cetti was shouting loud in ecstasy, upbraiding me with "an irritating phlegm," as he called it.

The fact was that, in the face of this wonder of nature, I remained as though I had been paralyzed.

I could not express my ecstasy in words!

The beauty was so wild and so grand that it made me quite speechless.

In the prevailing stillness it acted so overpoweringly on my mind and nerves that, after a while, I felt a drowsy languor, being, as it were, unable to endure the sight any longer, and laid me down, quite exhausted, to rest in the gondola.

The rest was not sleep, but a feeling of drowsy well-being, safety, and happiness.

My companion was quite right in saying that the most hardened heart could not help being tuned to reverence and awe.

Only he can understand it who has seen it.

But alas! from these reflections and reveries there was only a short distance to the dry reality. The mighty scenery was soon to be superseded by an occurrence of a more "mundane" kind.

We suddenly discovered an aperture in the stratum of clouds, and also that we were drifting over some considerable sheet of water, and, when glancing at the barometer, we saw that we were descending rapidly in consequence of the wet vapors having cooled the balloon which had been heated by the sun. We threw overboard the small sand ballast of one and a half bags, and, on seeing that the balloon was still descending at a terrific speed, we threw overboard everything that had any weight. At the last moment we climbed up into the ring, and—splash! we found ourselves in the water, fifteen kilometers from the nearest shore.

I shall not describe how two vessels, strange

enough, left us in the lurch, nor the desperate condition in which we found ourselves, being partly in the water while the sea was high, and partly in the rigging of the balloon, until at last, after struggling for three hours, we were saved by a passing steamer.

Christiania, Norway.

A SONG OF SUMMERTIME.

Oh, the swaying of the branches and the flitting through the trees,
And the ringing of the voices that come to us on the breeze;
Oh, the singing and the swinging of the birds that come and go,
And the frisking of the squirrels as they scamper to and fro;
Oh, the ferns and mossy carpets and the waters dark and cool,
That go stealing through the shadows from some clear, unswilled pool.
Oh, the trilling of the songsters,
From the branches and the grass,
And the glancing of the sunlight
On the waters as we pass!

Oh, the glancing of the sunlight as it strikes the water clear,
And the singing of the thrushes and the other songs we hear;
Oh, the boating and the floating on the waters of the lake,
And the ripples and the shadows that go dancing from our wake;
Oh, the breezy days of pleasure and the pleasant nights to dream,
When the stars look down and twinkle and the winged lanterns gleam.
Oh, the summers in the country,
Where the sparrows nest and sing,
And the pleasure without measure
That the woods and waters bring!

—Frank H. Sweet.

Botzen's Ways.

Caroline K. Herrick.

ALL day long the Chaperone and four merry American maidens had been climbing the steep grades of the Tyrol; crawling along shelf-like ledges of the mountainside; looking down into emerald valleys, up to rugged peaks, with here and there a glittering snow-patch that gleamed whiter than the foam of the torrent dashing in the gorge below.

The Chaperone had learned from Baedeker that Botzen is famed "for its insupportable heat and the severity of its thunderstorms," but concealed from the four merry maidens this unenviable reputation of the little Tyrolean town—for it was at Botzen that she had decided to pass the night.

They suffered little from the "insupportable heat," but before midnight Botzen had justified its reputation for pre-eminence in thunderstorms. The lightning glared incessantly. The thunder burst in rattling, metallic crashes. Every bolt seemed to be falling close at hand. Suddenly—at the height of the storm—the church-bells all clashed out discordantly, adding to the fearful din and confirming the worst fears of a general conflagration. But, looking from the windows, the travelers saw no sign of fire, nor any indication of unusual excitement. Gradually the storm rumbled down the valley, the bells ceased their wild tolling, and the town slept.

In the morning the Chaperone inquired "where the fire had been," and was told that there had been no fire.

"Then why were the church-bells tolling?"

"To keep the lightning away from the standing crops."

No crops had suffered damage. Consequently the churches were soon visited by troops of grateful peasants, bringing offerings of flowers, fruit, or cheese to the saints whose bells had averted the danger.

The Chaperone led her charges out for a stroll about the town. Through the arcades, with their cavern-like little shops—dark and ill-smelling for the most part. Across the market-place—busy and brilliant with color. Along the narrow streets, where they remarked the extreme neatness that hid the gutters under wooden covers. While they were speaking of this, a woman stepped out of one of the houses with a large basket on her head, set

down the basket on the curb, fell on her knees beside the gutter, lifted a section of the cover, and proceeded to wash the linen with which her basket was filled in the clear stream that flowed swiftly past through its stone-lined channel. They are bright, pure mountain brooks which are thus led through the town, and the laundry-work may be done as well in the streets as on the river bank. But we decided that Botzen's linen must enjoy immunity from the bluing-tub, and that the housewife who lives at the foot of the hill would do well to be early at work—unless she is willing to wash in her neighbors' suds.

They walked out upon the bridge that spans the river, and sat down—midway of its length—on one of the recessed seats on the parapet, from which the course of the river may be traced for miles as it comes foaming down between the mountains. But the human interest of the scene soon diverted their attention from the beauties of the landscape.

It was market-day in Botzen, and two streams poured across the bridge in opposite directions. Peasants from the farms and forests across the river, going to or returning from market, the early marketers with empty wagons or barrows, from which they had sold the morning's load; later comers, some on rustic carts drawn by bullocks and heaped with new-mown hay in which the wild flowers were still unfaded and fragrant; some driving donkeys whose backs were piled high with baskets and bundles of cheese, eggs, and farm produce; others leading leek cattle, or driving before them pigs for market. One of these latter fixed the attention of the travelers.

It was "a little pig that went to market" with too evident unwillingness. He seemed an intelligent pig, familiar with the ways of his own world of Botzen, and aware of the fact that the pig who crossed that bridge on his own four little trotters one Saturday would be very likely to return over the bridge the following Saturday in several baskets, in the shape of bacon and sausages. Piggy wore a harness, to which was attached a cord, the other end of which was held by a youth whom Sunshine immediately dubbed "Simple Simon," and whose appearance abundantly justified the title.

He was tall and angular and loose-jointed, with lank, blond hair, dull, staring eyes, and a receding chin below a mouth that never closed. In one hand he held piggy's leash; in the other a huge, bright-green umbrella, with which he poked the little animal's fat sides whenever it seemed disposed to linger and view the scenery.

They had already passed the middle of the bridge when piggy appeared to have a presentiment of his impending doom, and with snorts and squeals protested against going any farther, while "Simple Simon," with vigorous prods of the green umbrella, insisted that he *should* go. Piggy turned and bolted for home, dragging "Simple Simon" half a dozen paces after him. Then Simon brought piggy up with a jerk that raised him on his hind legs, while he strained at the leash, pawing the air and squealing dismally. After a lively tussle piggy was once more headed for the town, and forced, by a judicious use of the green umbrella, to resume his journey. He seemed to have relinquished the struggle, and trotted along meekly enough for a short distance. But it was only seeming; his spirit was undaunted. Suddenly he turned, and, with a defiant snort, dashed between "Simple Simon's" shaky legs, almost upsetting him.

For a full minute after that "Simple Simon" was whirled around and around in the center of a vortex of pig. So swiftly did piggy circle around that he appeared, to the bewildered eye, to be indefinitely multiplied, and poor "Simple Simon" to be holding half a dozen cords attached to as many frantic, flying pigs. Piggy's revolutions, however, were far more rapid than Simon's, with the result that he wound his leash up around that unfortunate youth's spindling legs as if they had been a windlass, and presently was brought to a stop with his snout against Simon's heels, while Simon was reduced to a uniped by the coils that bound his knees tightly together. The merry maidens were convulsed with laughter; the Chap-

erone's cheeks were wet with tears—not tears of sympathy—but never a line of "Simple Simon's" face relaxed, in either anger or amusement, nor even of triumph when, at this critical moment, he snatched victory from apparent defeat.

Without attempting to move from the spot—he could have moved only in a standing jump—he stooped and passed the hooked handle of the umbrella through piggy's harness in such a manner as to control him by strangulation; then, letting go the end of the cord, he uncoiled it from around his feet. Now, like a wise general, taking a hint from his adversary's tactics, whereas piggy had deprived him of the use of his two feet, he now made all four of piggy's feet useless by lifting him in his arms, and carrying him as if he were a baby. And so, with two little hoofs beating a tattoo against his side, and a snout and open mouth appearing above his shoulder, "Simple Simon" bore his vanquished foe away out of sight, but not out of hearing so long as piggy's clamorous squeals resounded above all the varied noises of the Bridge of Botzen.

Orange, N. J.

The Conservation of Energy.

J. B. Whitford.

THE conservation of energy, or, as Herbert Spencer calls it, the persistence of force, is regarded as one of the greatest of scientific discoveries. So economical is nature that nothing is lost; not an atom of matter, not a molecule of organized being, not a minim of water, not a unit of power. Notwithstanding things are in flux, and the mountains in the presence of the eternal are as the baseless fabric of a vision, yet waste is unknown. The world is constantly changing. Even the bony structure of our bodies is forever wearing a changing robe of soft and gleaming flesh. But nothing is lost. Underlying all forces is one force. Light and heat, electricity and magnetism, chemical affinity and mechanical energy can be transmuted into each other. They are but manifestations of one eternal force.

In chemistry we are reducing the number of elements, and it is the dream of advanced thinkers that we shall yet find one central, universal element of which all others are manifestations. We have the same quantity of energy in the world now as when the first year was numbered by the sun's majestic round. Solid matter may change into gases and ethers; but condense the gases, and the amount of matter is undiminished. The annihilation of this world is scientifically unthinkable. Were you to burn it up as though it were a pile of shavings dipped in turpentine, it would be only changing its form. The sum total of the primal force would not be reduced. A boulder can be pulverized to dust. By the application of heat the dust can be converted into liquid, and then into vapor to escape the range of our senses. But the boulder has only assumed other forms. In studying this law one cannot refrain from thinking of the probability it affords in favor of continued existence beyond the grave. If particles of carbon and hydrogen are conserved, what of intellects and souls? It required energy to weave the gorgeous tapestry of the Apocalypse, to compose the splendid and impassioned ode on Babylon's downfall, and to write Paul's seraphic hymn to love. Is that conserved? It required energy to produce the dramas of Shakespeare, the symphonies of Beethoven, and the fugues of Bach. Is that dissipated? If the conservation of energy is a universal law, and not limited to the natural realm, then we have strong presumptive evidence in favor of a conscious personal immortality.

Lake Linden, Pa.

Waiting to Be Aroused.

Many people never get fully awakened. Go into a large store or factory and watch the people work. Many of them look as if they were not fully masters of themselves; they are but partially aroused—mere dwarfs of the possible man or woman. They have never discovered their powers. Having found that they can get along with a moderate degree of activity, they are content to do

so, using the least possible physical and mental effort.

The same thing is true with most of the other people we meet in life—they seem to need a few sharp words from some friend to put them in full motion. They do not know their own capabilities. They have never made a tour of investigation and discovery to see what continents of power they really have, but are content to cultivate their little islands of energy here and there, just enough to

provide for their daily wants. They dwell in the valleys, and never climb to the mountain-tops to take a wide view of themselves and the possibilities around them.

No youth ever amounts to much until he is thoroughly in earnest, until all his powers are brought into play, until he feels that his work counts in the grand total of human effort, and is indispensable to the highest, fullest results.—*Success*.

From Ghetto to Pulpit. By Jacob Finger.

I.—Taking Leave of the Czar.

MENDEL ZALMANS—whose real name is for cause omitted, and a name familiar to his kindred substituted—was a sixteen-year-old Russian Jew, bashful but stoical, and not inclined to show his feelings even when he was moved.

His home was a little Russian town where everybody knows everybody, and where the peculiarities of the Jews of interior Russia are most marked. The Russian Jew is practically an Oriental. The customs and habits that bound his forefathers bind him. He follows blindly the Talmud traditions, and, having been oppressed by many generations of reputed Christians, he still cherishes hope of deliverance, though he has no idea as to its precise nature. The Messianic hope is strong, but who Messiah will be, or what work he will do, the Jew of Russia does not know. Many a mother rocks her babe to sleep singing the song of him who shall deliver them all from the oppressor's hand long before the child on her knee is old enough to enter the Russian army—that army which is the dread of every Jewish mother.

Living thus constantly in mingled fear and hope—fear of new hardships and hope of the long-delayed deliverance—these people are ready to believe anything. They have no idea of the geographical location of the United States, for instance, nor of the life of the West. Some of them associate the modern movement of Jews to America with the return of Jewry to Palestine.

So on a certain Saturday evening the home village of Mendel is unusually stirred. The largest contribution the village has ever made to the great tide of emigration begins its journey to-night. Who knows but the Passover may be eaten in Jerusalem itself next year, and all Israel may be free? Who knows but these very young men who are to-night starting for the New World may soon be found as soldiers under King Messiah, helping to visit vengeance on all Israel's oppressors?

The ninth of Ab is passed. No devout Jew would start on a journey during those nine fateful days, the days when, ages ago, the siege of Jerusalem came to an end, and the Temple was profaned and destroyed. The moon and stars have just appeared, signs that the Sabbath is ended, and ordinary tasks may be resumed. On all sides there is more or less boisterous "*Seid gesund*"—"good health to you"—as the farewells are said. Mendel is not much inclined to noisy demonstration, but quietly shakes hands with his friends, some of whom he expects to see shortly, when he has made his fortune in the new land where Jews are on a level with gentiles.

About midnight the party leaves the town, escorted by a crowd of kinfolk and friends, who follow the stage a mile or so into the country.

It is a strange party. Some are old people going to join their children in the new Land of Promise. They have never been outside the district before, and a strange awakening awaits them. There is a *shophat* (who kills animals for food according to the law); a *melamed* (who teaches Hebrew to the boys); there are young business men, who expect to see the glitter of gold even before they have crossed the ocean. Young men whose ages bring them dangerously near the time for service in the army are among the number, of course—for what Jew will not escape that galling servitude if he can?

Mendel is the most composed of all the travelers.

Small in stature and young in years, he is not likely to attract the attention of any officer, and, if he should, he can show a passport which permits him to travel within Russian territory for a year. Traveling without such a passport is unlawful, and the document must be shown to any police-officer on demand. It was not easy to get such a passport, but Mendel has it.

So Mendel, in his quiet way, is happy. In the company of two such dignitaries as the *shophat* and the *melamed*, with the shrewdest business man in town as a fellow-traveler—a man who wore an eyeglass in the morning, and could afford a white duster for the journey, stirred with the mighty hope of escape from Russian tyranny, what more could one wish?

The long night journey is not unpleasant. The horses are fresh from their Sabbath rest, the merchant beguiles the way with stories, and the *melamed*, as becomes a learned man, looks wise.

Now the company reaches the railroad. For the first time in his life Mendel buys a ticket and boards a train. But, true to his impassive nature, he manifests no surprise, and looks as though he had been accustomed to travel that way from his infancy.

It is a short railway journey, and at its end the party is met by mysterious men, locally called "spirit chasers," whose business it is to help fugitives over the border into Germany. The emigrants are packed into a vehicle which looks like a charcoal wagon. The women go first, then the *melamed* and *shophat* and the other men; after them the boys, who find such places as they can. A jolting trip to the last stop this side freedom brings them to a two-room house where they are to spend the night. A family is already in possession, and the party of fifteen emigrants crowds the accommodations far beyond comfort, though three or four sleep on the porch.

Mendel's lunch-box is drawn upon heavily in the morning. But his mother's care has provided him with enough to last until he reaches the seaport, and as he eats his breakfast his thoughts are busy with the familiar home faces and scenes. Breaking in upon his abstraction in rushes Moses —, a young fellow of twenty-one, pale as the cheese he has been eating, that cheese the housewife had made in the early spring and dried in the sun until it was hard enough to keep through any journey.

"What's the matter, Moses?" Mendel asks.

Stammering with fear, Moses answers, "*Der uradnik* is here, and I have no passport!"

The *uradnik* is a town officer, who may ask uncomfortable questions, seeing that Moses is near the time for army service, and he may send him back home. That would mean expense, a year's delay, and perhaps at the end he would find himself in the Russian army instead of in free America.

"What can I do for you?" asks Mendel, willing to help if he can.

"Get out your knife and shave me," says Moses.

"Shave you!" the boy exclaims, surprised. He does not love the Talmud, but if Moses parts with his beard he commits an unpardonable sin, according to the law, and it will not be seemly to do that in the presence of the *shophat* and the *melamed*. An orthodox Eastern Jew never shaves. Seldom does he ever comb his beard, lest he should pull out a hair. But Moses is insistent,

and Mendel roughly performs the operation which transforms his friend into a beardless boy, beneath the notice of the *uradnik*.

By this time the leader of the "spirit-chasers" is back and announces that all is ready for the final stage of the journey. These "spirit-chasers" are a mysterious folk. They live on the border, and are familiar with the location of the frontier guards. Often they are on friendly terms with the guards, whose eyes become strangely unable to see fugitives when their vision has been affected by the glitter of Russian roubles.

So the charcoal-wagon is loaded again, and driven without incident to a place in the road where an iron chain, lying on the ground, marks the end of Russia and the beginning of Germany. The guard raises the curtain, counts the heads, as though he would see how many people the gleam of gold has hidden from his official view.

Once across the line—freedom! No soldier of Russia dare cross that chain to bring them back. Germany would spring to arms.

Now all are happy. Mendel is even reconciled to the loss of the roubles which before had seemed to him a great price to pay the "spirit-chasers" for their share in his escape from Russia. With varying fortune and no small hardship the little company makes its way to the coast.

Wherever it crosses the main lines of travel it meets other companies from all corners of the old world, until at last there is a great army hastening ever westward, to the land of many dreams, the new objective of Israel's hope.

Madison, N. J.

The Surprise House.

Ernest Gilmore.

IT was down near the shore—not exactly on it—for it was far enough from the beach to have a small yard with something besides shells, stones, and sand in it. But one could always see the ocean from the Surprise House. It was Captain Darius Belden who had arranged the house. This was after his last voyage on the ship Orion. Had he consulted his own inclination, he would have "gone to sea" once more. To have been rocked in the "cradle of the deep" to the very gate of the "Golden City" would have been his choice. But the thought of his good sister held him to the land when Dr. Goss told him frankly that he could not live long at best. It would hurt Betsy to have him die at sea and be buried in the waters. And it would hurt him to grieve Betsy, for there never was a kinder-hearted captain on the sea than Captain Darius Belden. He had never married, neither had Betsy, and yet they were "Uncle" and "Aunt" to a number of young folks.

As far as a house could be the "Surprise House" was an exact imitation of a ship. If Captain Darius could have had it built so as to rock gently, he would have done so. Although not large, its capabilities were great. Every inch of room had been utilized as if it had been a real vessel. There were berths in the small bed-rooms, closets set in walls, all sorts of cozy corners, folding-tables, and hidden places holding pleasant surprises.

The living-room was quite large and altogether delightful. It was patterned after the drawing-room of the ship Orion.

Captain Belden did not tell his sister anything about the "Surprise House" until after it was completed and partly furnished. She did not know what Dr. Goss had told him, and consequently supposed that he was on the ocean. When on land it had always been his custom to spend his time with her. She lived in a flat on a quiet street.

When everything was in readiness the captain went after his sister and the children. Probably you are wondering what children. Before I tell you about them, I must introduce Aunt Betsy. She was sixty years old, but as active as if she were forty. There never was a dearer, kinder soul than Aunt Betsy. As for the children there was not the difference in their ages that there usually is in those of one family.

The oldest was sixteen—the youngest nine, and there were ten of them.

"They're all Betsy's and mine," the captain said to himself joyfully. "I'm proud of them—every one, and the Lord has given them to me."

Each and every one was the child of a sailor who had died at sea. They were all orphans. Two of them had been brought to shore when babies in long dresses.

"Twins, Betsy," Captain Belden had said, in delivering the babies to his sister's care; "but you can bring them up—I'll trust you every time," and he laughed cheerily, a mist coming over his eyes to see Betsy's tender welcome. Some of the others had not been much more than babies—all had come under the head of little children. Miss Belden, with the help of Dinah, a faithful colored woman, had brought up all of the ten. They were indeed a ten to be proud of and to take comfort in.

Marie, the eldest, was sixteen years old. She was a beautiful girl, with a charming manner and a fine voice. Mike and Dennis were twins of fifteen, both bright and jolly and unusually tender-hearted. Alice and Susan were fourteen; they were not related. Jennie was a lovely blue-eyed, golden-haired girl of thirteen. Bessie, a pretty brunette of twelve; and Fannie, a fun-loving girl of ten. Louis, the youngest, a boy of nine years, was, perhaps, the most promising of the ten.

Soon after the family had taken possession of "Surprise House" the captain was suddenly stricken down, and when Mike and Dennis picked him up and laid him gently on the couch, he smiled upon them. Presently he cried out joyfully: "I'm almost there, laddies!"

"Most where?" they questioned, wonderingly, never dreaming that their beloved friend was about to leave them.

The other children all ran to him; Betsy, too, with an aching heart—she only understanding what it meant.

"Most to the holy city," with a smile that held a world of tenderness for his dear ones, "I'll expect you all some day—one—at—a—time—one—at—a—time. Good-bye, good-bye! I'm touching—shore."

The last words were feeble, dying away, and when they were said, dear, faithful Captain Belden was on the other shore.

Ah, but no pen could describe the terrible grief that filled the "Surprise House" then.

Some weeks passed away. One evening there was a beautiful scene in Bethany Chapel. Bethany Church was the nearest one to the "Surprise House." The chapel was brightly lighted and the service was about to begin when the ten children from the "Surprise House" walked in—creating wondering surprise that so many strangers should appear at once. The Young People's Society of Bethany Chapel, being one after Christ's own heart, the visitors received a sweet and gracious welcome, which made them feel at home at once.

Besides there was something in the atmosphere that lifted heavenward. Later, when the leader remarked that if there was anyone who had a tale to tell or a verse to sing, either would be welcome, little Louis arose. His bright young face, serious, yet wondrously sweet, was glowing.

His steadfast blue eyes looked straight into the leader's kindly ones.

"I have a little story to tell—if you're willing?" he said questioningly.

"Willing and glad," was the leader's answer, with a smile of encouragement. There was not a dry eye in the room when Louis finished his little story of Capt. Darius Belden. Brief and yet to the point, it pictured a character so Christlike that every soul was touched and uplifted.

"We've made up our minds," was the concluding remark of little Louis, "that we'll start right off in the way that leads to the Holy City."

"Thank God," said the leader fervently and—walking quickly down the aisle—he greeted the whole party with a warm handshake and words of smiling welcome.

Then—glancing over the audience—he added, "I wish someone would sing the 'Holy City.'"

There was silence for a few moments, and then Marie, hearing no response, lifted her sweet face



LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY GOSPEL TEAM.

like a flower seeking the sun, and sang as she had never sung before.

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair;
I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there.
I heard the children singing,
And even as they sang,
Methought the voice of angels
From heaven in answer sang;
'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna to your King!"

"And then methought my dream was changed,
The streets no longer rang.
Hushed were the glad hosannas
The little children sang.
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The moon was cold and chill
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King."

"And once again the scene was changed,
New earth there seemed to be;
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea;
The light of God was on its streets,
The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night,
Or sun to shine by day;
It was the 'New Jerusalem,'
That would not pass away.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna forevermore."

White Plains, N. Y.

A University Gospel Team.

STIMULATED by the good work of the gospel team of Boston University School of Theology, which visited Lawrence University in February, the students of that institution formed a gospel team in March to do work in such churches in the vicinity of Appleton as should invite them to hold services. They did not give up their school work, but held services only three days, beginning Friday evening and continuing through Sunday. The personnel of the team was as follows: Herbert Peck, Prof. P. W. Jenkins, George P. White, B. W. Marks, R. W. Ketchum, O. D. Witherbee, H. G. Goodsell, F. H. Brigham, L. W. Brooks, and A. S. Bennett. Only two of these young men expect to enter the ministry, the others being inclined to the law, medical, or teaching professions.

The strain of school work being heavy they went out only on alternate weeks. Services were held in the following places: Kaukauna, Oshkosh, Marinette, and Berlin. In the services held, as many as thirty-five seekers were at the altar at a single service. As far as is reported 151 persons joined the churches as a result of the work of the team. In the last three meetings they had

an average of more than fifty conversions at each church.

The influence of the meetings was not, however, confined to the converts. The young people of the chapters in the different places were greatly aroused, and the entire congregation quickened. Two of the pastors reported they had never seen the cities in which they labor so stirred. Considering that the meetings were of only three days' duration the results were quite remarkable.

The team furnished a stirring quartet from its own members. At each service one or more members gave evangelistic addresses, and the others worked in the audience. On Sunday a men's meeting was held in the afternoon, and a decision day in the Sunday-school.

The work of the gospel team should be noted by those who fear that our Methodist colleges are not preserving their religious life. Indeed, it is a great source of encouragement to see the young men of our institutions of learning so earnest and successful in the salvation of men. Lawrence University is to be congratulated that it has such a devout company of students.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears! I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge—
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more!

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square—
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more!

Dear as remembered kisses after death
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love—
Deep as first love and wild with all regret—
Oh, Death in Life, the days that are no more!

—Alfred Tennyson.

Fruits of Religion.

Frederick A. Atkins.

CHEERFULNESS, pleasantness, a bright and sunny temper—these are some of the richest fruits of true religion. If our Christianity is worth anything at all; if it has anything else but the feeble sentimentalism of a selfish and artificial piety, then it will make us "pleasant." It will brighten our spirits, sweeten our manners, and tame our tempers. Almost the first indication of then ew life is the desire to smooth over trivial but ugly difficulties, to promote a general feeling of kindness and simplicity, and thus to rob life of its dullness and bitterness and monotony. And there is a certain kind of Christian effort which no committee can make, no organization can accomplish, no code of rules can help—it requires human touch. It can only be done by a smile, a welcome, a handshake.

The Morning Watch.

"IF THOU KNEWEST."

J. E. RUSSELL.

A man owned a farm in southern Ohio. It was hilly and stony and poor. There were indications of oil, but he gave them little consideration. He sold the farm for a small amount, and bought another elsewhere. Not long after it was discovered that the farm sold was in the heart of one of the best oil-fields in the country, and the man who bought it became immensely wealthy.

A young farm boy in Ohio won a valuable position in a competitive examination a few days ago. He was poor. He was without influential friends. He learned of the demand for those of special qualifications in a certain employment. He gave his days to patient, persistent discipline. He was not content merely to read and dream about success, but toiled for it. And now, while others are whining and talking about luck and chance, he is beginning a richly useful career.

Whittier, as a young man, realizing the fires of inspiration within him, felt the outward circumstances of his life somewhat cramped, apparently with little in them to feed his genius. And then he made the discovery that others had made before him. He need not seek afar. He need not lament. His feet already were placed in a large room. The common life around him was not barren. And he gave the world "The barefoot boy" and "Snowbound" and "Maud Muller" and "The tent on the beach," and the rich legacy of a simple life lived in a great way.

In one of his sermons Burrell tells of a party of Americans who, ascending Mont Blanc, were overtaken by a snowstorm, and lost their way. Their bodies were afterward found within twelve feet of a place of shelter. Five steps would have saved them. Burrell forcefully says: "The salvation of the cross is nearer than that. One step will save us—the step that brings us face to face with Jesus, to put our hand in his, and commit our destiny to him."

Windsor, O.

Your Thoughts and Conduct Make Your Face.

Chicago American.

Leonardo Da Vinci painted his "Last Supper" on the rear wall of a church in Milan. Napoleon stabled his horses in the church. The horses kicked away much of the painting.

People from all lands visit the old church each year, and as they study the beautiful faces, now grown dim, they moralize about Napoleon, about Da Vinci's peasant mother, about time's ravages and other things.

They might well moralize over the story of Da Vinci's great model—if they knew it.

Here is the story; it applies to every human being. You can make it of use to yourself without going to the church in Milan.

The artist sought to express the widest possible range of character study in his great painting. Laboriously, during many years, he sought and sketched types of men.

The eleven good disciples were first painted, and then Da Vinci began eagerly seeking for a face worthy to serve as a foundation for his inspired portrait of Christ.

He found a face that pleased him at last. It was that of a young man singing in the Milan Cathedral.

It was a beautiful face, breathing a spirit of truth and of lofty idealism. The young man gladly accepted the honor offered him, and posed for the face that to-day looks out so calm and gentle among the twelve disciples.

Only one face then remained to be painted—that of Judas, the traitor.

Throughout the jails and through haunts of

crime Da Vinci sought a face that should embody the hideous depravity, the utter baseness of a spirit that could betray the gentlest of men.

He found his model at last in a prison cell in Rome. The face was that of an old man. But vice, evil thoughts, evil living gave it the stamp of sunken humanity which the painter sought.

That face was painted as the face of Judas—and after the work was done Da Vinci learned, through accident, that the young man who had posed for the face of Jesus was the same as he in the prison cell who had posed for the face of Judas.

A few years of evil living had done the work. Such a change had been made in those few years that the painter himself, familiar through long work with the model's face, failed utterly to recognize it.

It Must Be Done.

During the recent war a regiment received orders to plant some heavy guns on the top of a steep hill. The soldiers dragged them to the base of the hill, but were unable to get them farther. An officer, learning the state of affairs, cried: "Men, it must be done! I have the orders in my pocket." So the church has orders to disciple the world.

When we read the last command of our risen Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," and remember that it was given nearly nineteen centuries ago, we realize the unfaithfulness of the church, and that if we are true soldiers of the cross we must not look at difficulties and discouragements, but obey promptly at any cost, and risk the marching-orders of the Captain of our salvation.

Dorcas.

If I might guess, then said I would,
Amid the gathering folk
This gentle Dorcas one day stood
And heard what Jesus spoke.

She saw the woven, seamless coat—
How envious for his sake!
"Oh, happy hands," she said, "that wrought
That honored thing to make!"

Her eyes with longing tears grew dim;
She never can come nigh
To work one service poor for him
For whom she glad would die!

But hark! He speaks a mighty word;
She listens now indeed:
"When did we see thee naked, Lord,
And clothe thee in thy need?"

"The King shall answer: 'Inasmuch
As to my brothers ye
Did it, even to the least of such,
Ye did it unto me.'"

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,
And Jesus' poor arrayed.
She died; they wept about the room,
And showed the coats she made.

—George Mac Donald.

Christ Is Precious.

James Stalker.

A gentleman who was staying with me the other day mentioned an incident from the childhood of a man of eminence he had known. At the house of the man's parents an aged clergyman was an annual visitor, who had won to a remarkable degree the affection and confidence of the children. When he arrived they clambered on his knees, begging for stories; and he availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded to imprint on their minds many a valuable lesson. Once he quoted to them the well-known text, "To you, therefore, which believe he is precious;" and he asked them what "precious" meant.

None had an answer ready till he appealed to the youngest of them all, who, turning around in happy confusion to hide his face in his mother's

clothes, said: "Mother is precious; we cannot do without her."

Could there be a better definition of what Peter wished to teach than: "Christ is precious; we cannot do without him"?"

Praying for the Minister.

A once popular minister gradually lost his influence and congregation. The blame was laid entirely upon him. Some of his church officials went to talk with him on the subject. He replied: "I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true; and the reason of it is, I have lost my prayer-book." He explained: "Once my preaching was acceptable; many were edified by it; and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. Many joined in prayer that my preaching might be blessed to the conversion of sinners, and to the edification of saints. This, by the blessing of God, made us prosper. Prayer was restrained, and the present condition of things followed. Let us return to the same means, and the same results may be expected." They followed the suggestion, and in a short time the minister was as popular as he had ever been, and the church was in a flourishing state.

Let ministers and churches who are getting discouraged and alienated try this divine panacea—"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit."

Christ's Presence.

Young People's Paper.

When Rev. H. F. Lyte found there was no hope of his recovery from consumption he went into his study, looked death straight in the face, and sat down and wrote the brave and beautiful words:

"I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me."

Christ is the master even of death, and he says to every child of his: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Passing Away.

In a single paper recently the death was reported of Admiral Sampson, of Archbishop Corrigan, of Potter Palmer, the multi-millionaire, and of two eminent authors. So they are passing away. The messenger goes to the high places as well as to the low. None are sufficiently successful or useful to escape the common lot. The true life, the life worth living, is not here, but beyond. Little difference will it matter to us a thousand years hence whether we have been conspicuous or obscure on the earth. Our great business is to lay up treasure in heaven, where there will be "no more death."

Helps Heavenward.

The glory is not in the task, but in
The doing it for Him. —Jean Ingelow.

Meditate upon the infinite as the holiest and the best, set forth for our worship not in the stars so clearly as in the heart of Christ. Education is no more certain to bring knowledge than the humble obedience to these conditions is sure to bring the divine life.—Thomas Starr King.

If we would endeavor, like men of courage, to stand in the battle, surely we should feel the favorable assistance of God from heaven. For he who giveth us occasion to fight, to the end we may get the victory, is ready to succor those that fight manfully, and do trust in his grace.—Thomas à Kempis.

Make your common daily work an instructor in divine things. Fill up the measure of your daily life with all that is pure and good and true, and these lowly temporal things shall be as the first rounds of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven. This is clearly the appointed order of development; first, that which is natural; afterward, that which is spiritual.—Selected.

Building the Wiser Life.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands could scarcely earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of tolling hind with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A harder frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs.
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it.
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to be,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well filled past—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

Things That Make Us.

G. H. S.

LOOK into your lives and you will find among the many influences that have gone to make you what you are, not the least potent are those people whom you have met, those teachers, friends, companions you have been thrown in contact with in the walk of life. It is astonishing, when we consider the power which friendship and companionship exercise, that we do not take greater pains than we do, where the selection depends on ourselves, in choosing those who shall share our pursuits, be the companions of our leisure, and to a great extent be the moulders of our character. On what ground are we choosing our friends? Do we merely seek the amusing companion, or one who will just minister to our passing whims and fancies? Do we seek one who dazzles us with his money, and that which money will get, or who fascinates us by a daring which casts reverence to the winds and moves fearlessly amidst the most venerated scenes of our life, and

breaks down hedges and removes barriers and overthrows ideals, with a recklessness which simulates courage? What of the companionship of books, in which men give us of their inner selves, where we may take down and hear at our own pleasure the voices of those whom, in the rich and varied fields of literature, we choose to be our own instructors? Now and then magistrates from the bench fulminate against the cheap literature which popularizes crimes, and sheds a halo round vice, and forms the manual of instruction for the jail-bird. But there are influences which warp our lives coming out of books which come under the lash of no magistrate. Flippant literature which tends to make serious thought impossible; literature which sears and burns, and renders fruitless the opening buds of generous and holy thoughts. Books which do no good, books which do downright harm, which enter into a man's heart because they call themselves clever, and pose as being smart, but which breathe the very atmosphere of hell. Thank God, there are also accessible to us those rich libraries of wise books, elevating books, books which open for us windows in heaven, and breathe into our souls the fragrance of goodness and beauty, like the scent of the heather and the pine across the wind-swept moor, healthy, vigorous, and fresh. The people we meet, the books we read, the company we keep, these things enter largely into what we are, and are potent factors in the formation of character.

Lisbon, Ill.

Bridged from Success by Comfort.

Many a man has bought his comfort at the cost of the achievement of his aims. Few people are willing to be incommoded, or to submit to discomforts, even for the sake of future blessings. They would succeed, if they could do so in an easy and pleasant way, but the moment they have to sacrifice their ease or their comfort they shrink from the effort.

It is astonishing what people will sacrifice in order to get comfort, or even temporary relief from whatever annoys or harasses them. They will let golden opportunities slip by, procrastinating for the sake of their comfort, until the chances have gone. They do not like to get up early in the morning because they are so comfortable in bed. They do not like to go out in a storm or in cold weather, because it is so cozy at home or in their offices—and so they lose many a chance.

Many people can be bought by comfort when hardly anything else will tempt them. They think so much of their ease that they cannot bear to exert themselves. Love of comfort and ease must be classed among the great success-hinderers.

People like to do pleasant, easy things. They cannot bear to take pains, or to put themselves out in any unusual way, if they can possibly avoid it.

Thousands of people are earning small salaries to-day because they cannot bear to exert themselves to win promotion. They prefer to remain on a low rung of life's ladder, for the sake of temporary comfort and ease, rather than to put forth the efforts that would carry them upward.—*Success*.

The Young Man Who Drinks.

The time is coming very fast—indeed, it has already arrived in our commercial life—when a young man who has habits of intemperance is narrowing very rapidly the possible range of openings in which he may make a living.

Fifteen years ago, as the trainmaster on a division of one of our large railroads in America told me, he sat in his office one day and saw a freight train stand for two hours waiting for a number of the train crew to recover from intoxication. When the men were able to handle the train it moved out of the yard. Now, the trainmaster said, if the brakemen or any of the train-crew were found to be under the slightest influence of liquor, or if

they were seen even to enter a saloon, they were instantly discharged. The idea of keeping a whole train waiting for a man to recover from drunkenness would seem perfectly absurd to the railroad corporation now. The time will come when such an idea will seem equally absurd in the army.

A young man who lost his position in an office of this same company came to me last year and begged that I would use my influence to have him taken back by the superintendent of the division. He frankly confessed that he had been drunk, and was unable to report for duty one day, but the next morning he was at his desk. When he appeared he received his dismissal. He acknowledged his fault, and promised the superintendent it would never occur again, offering to let the road take his wages and pay them to his aged father and mother. He pleaded that it was his first offense.

I went with an influential citizen to the head of the department where the young man had been employed, and we stated his case and pleaded for a second trial, but the superintendent simply said: "This railroad is not in the business of reforming drunkards or reclaiming young men. Past experience has taught us that it is useless for us to take young men back in this way."—*Charles M. Sheldon*.

The Man Who Was "Going To."

He was, in the first place, a boy who was always "going to," but who rarely did any of the things he was "going to do." He was for a time a pupil of a school I taught, and I boarded at his father's house a part of one winter. That was nearly twenty-five years ago, so the boy has been a man for some years. When I was staying at his home his mother would say: "Robert, have you filled the woodbox yet?" "No, ma'am; but I'm going to," he would reply. Or his father would ask: "Robert, have you fed the horse yet?" "No, sir; but I'm going to," Robert would reply.

Sometimes I would say to Robert, in school, "Have you got your arithmetic lesson yet?" "No, sir; but I'm going to," he would reply, but when the time came for the class to recite the lesson would still be unlearned. At the last minute Robert would take his arithmetic and slate and try to solve his problem in less time than was possible for even the brightest boy in the class.

It is many years since I saw Robert, but I heard from him the other day. A friend was good enough to write me a long letter, telling me about many of the boys and girls who went to school to me. About Robert S— he said:

"You no doubt remember Robert S—? He is still 'going to do' all sorts of things. I went by his home yesterday. It is a sorry looking place. The front gate has been separated from its hinges for about five years, yet I have heard Robert say many times that he was 'going to fix that gate.' The pump at his well became disabled more than a year ago, and Robert has been 'going to fix it' every day during that time, but it is not done. In the meantime, his family must carry water from the well of a neighbor, a fifth of a mile distant. Two years ago the drainage-pipe on Robert's place became clogged up, and Robert was 'going to fix it' for more than a year. When it rained the water stood a foot deep all over the cellar, and Robert came near losing two of his children because of illness traceable to this cause. The worst of it is that Robert has fallen into the habit of borrowing money that he is 'going to repay,' but somehow he does not pay it. They speak of him as 'The man who is going to.' Poor Robert! His life has been made a dreary failure by the reprehensible habit of procrastination."—*J. L. Harbor in Forward*.

"When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say, 'Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.'

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by Thy right line again."

There is no cure for self but love; you may try everything, but love is the only thing that can compete with self.—*Margaret Bottoms*.

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

GLEANINGS FROM MANY FIELDS.

(John 4:35.)

REV. CHAS. COKE WOODS.

Topic for Aug. 17.

When it comes to doing something good God's time is always now. Unless we have the spirit to do something good to-day, we shall waste the opportunities of to-morrow, if to-morrow's spirit is the spirit of to-day.

There are always heart harvests waiting for ready reapers. The sign-board of delay points to the lands of delusion. If the sickle rest when the grain is ripe it is sure to rust and lose its edge. When harvests are ready the reapers must be.

Uplifted Eyes.

Stars never appear to eyes that look in the dust. All the secrets of astronomy were disclosed to uplifted eyes. New planets never swim into the ken of him whose gaze is downward.

"Lift up your eyes." In that is the clew to many a conquest. Celestial splendors flash in the spaces above us. But it is the skyward look that sees them.

Two travelers journeying on the same night have different experiences. One bemoans the darkness and seems aware of only that. The other is charmed by the stellar glory of the sky. That difference is not fanciful. It is wide-spread.

He seldom sees his opportunity whose look is downward. Every life must keep a sharp lookout for its own opportunities. Therein lies the secret of the most useful ministries among men.

Sharp eyes that ever watched for the apocalypses of beauty tell the story of the great successes of Hogarth, Rembrandt and Landseer. They looked up long and patiently to catch one glimpse of Beauty's face. Many a man stood at the elbows of these artist-seers and let the glory pass without catching a single trace of the trailing splendor. Seeing and following the lead of the vision was the secret of the artist's success.

Lincoln said when he saw a negro mother sold from the auction block in the days of slavery: "If I ever get a chance, I'll hit the institution of slavery, and I'll hit it hard." From that day he lifted up his eyes and watched for the white-ripe field of his opportunity. He found that field. Other eyes had passed it by unnoticed and unheeded. How the great harvester gleaned in that ripe field is now no secret to the world. He lifted up his eyes and saw the harvest. Then no man could stay his sickle till the work was done.

Bismarck lifted up his eyes and saw his opportunity. Germany was scattered into fragments like a broken vase. He saw the high peaks of difficulty as they towered aloft in his fatherland. But across those appalling summits he read the words which others failed to see—these words: "My field of opportunity." And how that "Man of Iron" united the scattered states of Germany is a familiar fact in modern history.

Young Titus saw his opportunity to serve his country. And everybody knows with what courage he scaled that Chinese wall at Peking.

Walls of Wickedness.

There is the wall of social impurity. Ah, the black bats of despair that cling about that slinky wall! The ghost-like mould creeps silently over the places that once were beautiful. The night winds mingle their saddening moans where vipers hiss and sting their victims to madness.

Surely, here is someone's field of opportunity. Who will tear away the poison ivies? Who will rend asunder the rocks which the hands of vice have builded into these walls? Every bad book is a stone in this wall.

Surely the Epworthian is brave enough to burn such books. He is an assassin of souls that makes bad books. Who sells them is the assassin's accomplice. And he who reads them is a moral suicide. Burn the bad books! That is the business of the Epworth League.

There is the wicked wall of gambling. "Play-

ing for keeps." That has to do with marbles. But the principle of it affects men. A marble is not much. But a man is. Boys will be men. Will not the boys that play for marbles now play for money after awhile?

Is not gambling for pins a small thing? Yes, the pins are small, but the principles are not. The eye-worm is little. But it eats away the iris and spoils the sight. The rattlesnake's fang is small, but it poisons.

What is that coming down the hillside yonder? Only a tiny rill. Follow it. Now it is a rivulet. Follow it further. Now it is the Mississippi, or the Amazon; now it plunges and widens into the deep sea. Your forefinger could have turned its course yonder on the hill slope. Bpt is there might enough among the mighty to turn it now?

It is a quiet evening. Two boys in a haymow prick a parlor match with a pin. A tiny spark leaps into the hay. See the fire spread. Flames break from the roof. Other buildings catch the hot contagion. Hear the firebells and the clattering hoofs of hurrying horses. It is too late. The flames are beyond control. The city is consumed. *That is the symbol of sin.*

Another wall of wickedness is the liquor saloon. Who will scale that? Who will raze it to the ground?

Some foolish writer is talking about "lifting up the saloon." The saloon-keeper may be regenerated. But the saloon, as an institution, will never be regenerated. It is too degenerate for that. Sin is sin on the housetop as well as in the basement. Evil itself can never be elevated. The only way to save the sinner is to slay him. When will folks cease talking and writing about making essential indecency respectable?

We forget the method of Jesus in dealing with evil. His method was not license nor regulation, but destruction. "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested: that he might *destroy* the works of the devil."

Let the loyal Epworthian lift up his eyes, and see these ripe fields of opportunity. The battle must be pressed to the gates of the enemy.

Many Fields.

Jesus was always guarding the disciples against narrow views. When one was found casting out devils who did not "follow us," an ardent disciple was wondering if it would not be about the best thing to kill that inconsistent brother. But the Lord set the pious zealot right. "He that is not against us is for us."

Casting out devils is always a good business, whoever does it. It is no easy matter for the partisan to learn that. Sometimes we are wedded to our way. Divorced from that, we are ready to cease working altogether. There are many ways and many fields. That is the lesson the Lord would have us learn.

"Charity begins at home." Yes, and so does selfishness. So does sin. Have we not over-worked that good old phrase? May one not quote that old adage as an excuse for *staying* at home? Love is a laborer who makes the widest excursions of any worker in the world. Love is like the sunlight. It will fly across a continent to lift heavy fogs from night-smitten fields. If sunshine were to stay at home it would soon be shadow. To live it must leap and run and fly. He sits in shadow who idly sits at home.

The raindrop might have floated on with the flying cloud across the blue sky-fields. But far away on the plains was a fading flower, drooped and dying. That raindrop gives its life, to save the dying flower. Let that symbol stand for love. It is most at home when farthest afield in ministries of mercy.

The secret of a circle is that it girdles a sphere. Otherwise it were not complete. Arcs and segments are names for circular lines that stop short.

What the world wants now is an increase in the number of complete circles of service. Let the missionary circles of the Epworth League girdle the globe.

Ships that sail on phosphorescent waters may be traced by trails of flame that follow them.

The flame of love still glows in the tracks of the world's great missionaries. And the holy fire has burned round the rolling sphere.

"The world is my parish." That is a better motto for any disciple of Jesus than the threadbare phrase, "Charity begins at home." These four dear old words have had their day. They are not for this century. Let them rest. Peace to their ashes.

It was Bishop Coke who said to his brethren: "You will break my heart if you do not let me go to India." The heart of love is always breaking itself in fragrant alabasters of service. The limit of sin and sorrow is the only bound it knows.

"Fling down your gold at Jesus' feet." These words of Thomas Eddy have flown around the world on wings of fire. They ought to have fresh emphasis now in these days of prosperity. Our crowded coffers should break in blessings on every land that lives in shadow.

Let the church hear Jesus say: "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." We may be sure that, he means "the field is the world." Sin abounds much. Grace must abound much more.

The Missionary Symphony.

Love God. Love men. Serve God. Serve men. Pray to God. Teach the truth. Preach the gospel. Give money. Give men. Christ has redeemed all men. The church must reach all men. The church must give all glory to Christ.

Various Fields.

1. *There are hillside fields in the moral world.* Fine, high, sloping stretches are these, with an abundance of sunshine, good air, and picturesque landscapes. Here are nurtured well-to-do people. Having little concern about the comforts of life, they indulge a sort of conscious independence which Satan uses to their disadvantage. He induces them to set their affections upon their possessions instead of God. The result is they are joined to their idols. A difficult field is this, but one in which some excellent grain may be harvested.

2. *The field of the average plain.* How inviting is this! How productive! Here we find the common people, so called. The way they go determines the trend of progress. From them comes vast moral and spiritual wealth.

3. *The regular duty field.* We all have certain obligations to meet and certain routine duties to perform. These rounds may seem very monotonous, but they may be productive of rich yields in nobleness and purity. In the commonplace affairs of life we may be led providentially to discover treasures of infinite value. God often bountifully rewards his children in their faithful performance of life's daily duties. The reward may come in the enlarged opportunity for usefulness, or by the unconscious influence of our lives precious souls may be led to Christ.

4. *Mining fields.* One of the largest nuggets of silver ever mined was a lump weighing 1,840 pounds. It was taken from the famous Smuggler Mine in 1894. In many obscure, out-of-the-way places are hidden people who have natures immensely richer than silver or gold. Our Lord calls some of his laborers into spiritual mining. There are productive veins of moral wealth in dark corners of the earth, and some richest nuggets have been found concealed under the sands and rocks of sin.

5. *The submerged field.* From it gleanings of great value have been gathered. In our recent times it seems very difficult to win souls to Christ. The mercy and help energies and other lend-a-hand organizations and institutions do a vast deal for the apparent betterment of society; and yet when people seem completely lost in sin, almost out of sight, their rescue seems left almost entirely with the Rescue Mission and the Salvation Army. Is not the church failing to accomplish her full mission if she does not seek out and save such as these? Is not the "submerged tenth" also in her field?

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for August 17: Journeying toward Canaan.

(Num. 10: 11-13, 29-36.)

Golden Text.—"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me" (Psa. 31: 3).

Lesson Sermons in Small Compass.

Israel tarried a year before the Mount of the Law. That was a long wait, you think? But no; Israel had come out of Egypt a mob, a horde of slaves, freed from their old masters, it is true, but still in bondage to themselves, to the slave's way of looking at life. They needed organization, equipment, self-control. They must have more physical strength, more consciousness of freedom, and, above all, a revelation. So God kept them at Sinai, and began their education.

Sinai was a place of wonders, and of great and terrible things. God spake with men there. It was well that they halted a year under the shadow of the mount. And then, forward! The place of revelation is not always the place of service. The school is for equipment, and presently the command goes forth: "Now, therefore arise!"

The purpose of wilderness experiences is rarely made plain at the time. But, looking back, we can see that, by every expedient he could use, God would so train Israel that the chosen people would justify his choice. A great future was in store for them. But they must be so helped to moral and spiritual vigor that the future would be the natural outgrowth of their character and fitness. God does not waste the afflictions which come upon his children. He makes of them an investment of moral capital for to-morrow's needs.

Like the Hebrews, we are pilgrims. But not, like them, through a wilderness. They wisely spent no time in making the desert a better place to live in. Their sole purpose was to get out of it at the first possible moment. True, the journey required forty years. But the prolonging of the journey was not for the desert's sake, but because of Israel's unfitness for Canaan. We are not to seek escape from the world—only from the evil. God has need of an Israel which will settle down in the world, for the sake of the world, and for the sake of the kingdom of God. Canaan for us shall be in his own good time; but now we belong here. "To every man his work."

The pillar of cloud and fire illustrates the divine use of human devices. Many an army had used the blazing cresset as a rallying point in the darkness, and its smoke by day kept the scattered troops from wandering too far from the line of advance. So Israel's sign of God's presence and guidance was not a new thing in its form. But the meaning and the value of it were altogether new, and divine. Well for us if we can see how the signs of God's nearness gleam in commonplace things, and transfigure them, so that the humdrum days bring, with their duties, the love-glow of the Presence.

The cloud covered the tabernacle. So the sign of God's presence rested above the ark of the covenant—the contract between God and man. The cloud of mercy and guidance would be valueless if it did not rest on law. Only as we purpose obedience to God's law is there promise of protection, leadership, help. "Righteousness and peace"—how fit the union of these two! And, indeed, there is no separating them. No peace without obedience; and, on the other hand, thank God, no obedience without peace.

The darkness was light about the camp of Israel, for there was always the pillar of fire in the midst of the host. The night-journeys were possible because of God's presence. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." How erratically the cloud moved! Now three days' march, now two, now a long halt. Some-

times Israel murmured. Who are we, that we should calmly condemn the Hebrews? God's leadings now are often without any plan that we can understand, and we are not always content.

To the old astronomers the planets were "wanderers," aimlessly traveling the skies. Now we know that they follow an ordered course. The old idea would have been right if the earth were the center of the system, but when the sun was recognized as center, the order of the planetary movements at once became comprehensible. So God says to us: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know."

Every advance means new conflict. Not otherwise could Israel come to Canaan. Not otherwise can any servant of God come to any promised land, in this world or the next. But when one can pray Moses' prayer, "Rise up, O Jehovah, and let thine enemies be scattered," the issue of all conflict, no matter what the seeming, is certain conquest. If our foes are God's foes, and we fight in God's name, how can we fail? The issue is not changed merely because we do not fight with flesh and blood. Old foes in new guise must be overcome in the old way. If the battle is the Lord's, the victory will be his, and ours.

Moses invited Hobab to go with them for two reasons: First, he loved him. Second, he had need of him. It is easy to scoff and say that the second is the more important reason in the eyes of the modern church, when it invites men to its fellowship. But a plain study of the truth will demonstrate that every Hobab needs Israel more than Israel needs Hobab. No man is indispensable to the kingdom, but no life outside the kingdom is worthy of any man.

Dare you invite men to your life-course? What is the motive which prompts the invitation? Moses said: "We are journeying to the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you." Are you? Only that can justify the invitation. For it is not an easy journey. Battle, disappointment, weariness, and pain are foreshadowed. Only when the journey is seen in the light of the land beyond is it worth while. Then we can say "this light affliction." But be sure of your own destination before you invite company in your journey.

At first Hobab refused. To him desert freedom seemed better than progress under law. What is desert freedom, nowadays? A slavery to whim and impulses rather than obedience to a great purpose. Subjection to the wilderness storms of passion instead of obedience to the power of God's presence.

For Hobab to accept Moses' invitation would mean a break with the old life. But somewhere, sometime the old life must end, the break must come. Why, then, not take life at its best, and cut loose from the wilderness-life when the new start can be made, and the new purpose will count?

Moses was persistent. He promised blessing and sought assistance. Some think Moses was not guided of God in seeking Hobab as a guide for Israel. We think they are wrong. The most potent appeal to men is often made in the direction of sacrifice. "Come and love," "Come and en-

Dragged-Down Feeling

In the loins.

Nervousness, unrefreshing sleep, despondency.

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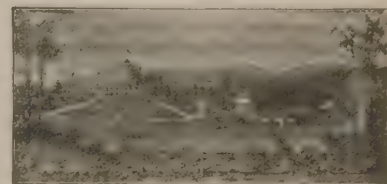
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joy," "Come and possess," do not always move them, and then God says, "Come and suffer!" How rich is the history of the Christian centuries with stories of men and women whose souls leaped at the divine challenge, and counted it all joy to "suffer for his sake!"

Did Hobab go? The record is silent, though there are reasons for thinking he did. If he did not, it made no difference in the progress of the journey. When Esther was the one person who, humanly speaking, could influence Ahasuerus, Mordecai said to her, "Who knoweth whether thou art called to the kingdom for such a time as this?" But he spoke also a warning, which had sublime faith in it: "If thou holdest thy peace at this time, then shall enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." It is for Hobab's sake, and for Esther's sake, that opportunity offers. God is not shut up to one method of helping his people.

The journey-songs of Moses were of two kinds. When the ark set forward he prayed for success and safety. When it halted he asked for communion and peace. These are the morning and evening prayers of life. "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." Each season has its appropriate prayer. Each time has its need of God, and at each time God adapts himself to our need.

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Methodism's Lay Preachers.

THERE are indications here and there that local preachers are to be encouraged. They need and deserve encouragement. From the beginning Methodism has had lay preachers. But in this country of late years the offices of exhorter and local preacher have been very generally neglected. The titles are, for the most part, meaningless. Except in rare cases, a Methodist local preacher of these days is a candidate for the traveling ministry. There are many local preachers, and some of them are associated in an excellent organization; but the office, as a life position, is vastly less thought of than it was in the early days.

We believe there is still a large place for local preachers. In spite of our more settled ministry and the decline of the circuit system, a body of local preachers, such as Methodism has had and could have again, would be a tremendous force for good. Why should there not be twenty-five thousand of them? That would be only an average of one and a half to each "traveling" preacher. If the preachers and the churches could realize what an advantage it would be to have such a body of more or less specially trained and effective men available for special service, the movement for more local preachers would need no urging. It would win everybody to its support.

But we should be sorry to see any large increase in the number of local preachers unless there was, at the same time, a purpose to make the office stand for something more definite, dignified, and workable. There must be provision for the use of the force, or else we should simply have new members of the quarterly conference, with merely nominal duties. That would be no gain.

There are thousands of young men in the church who are not called to the ministry, but who are plainly called to more than ordinary service. They are doing good work now. But they are capable of better work, and more. We should like to see more of our young laymen develop a holy ambition to use their gifts and graces in lay preaching. And we should like to see thoughtful pastors and presiding-elders encourage this ambition, both by systematically using the local preachers we already have, and by inviting others to take up this honorable office and work.

The Evolution of Chautauqua.

THE original Chautauqua was a camp-meeting.

Then it developed into a Sunday-school assembly. Great days were those Sunday-school assembly days!

Soon, however, Chautauqua developed into a popular educational movement, with just enough of the entertainment feature to give proper spice to the summer program.

But Chautauqua is no longer a camp-meeting nor a Sunday-school assembly nor an educational center of a democratic kind. The evolution of the years has made it a veritable university. It has lecture-rooms and laboratories and text-books and examinations and diplomas and all the accessories of a high-grade modern college. Hundreds of school-teachers crowd the avenues of the city in the grove. Other hundreds of young people who are in college or are preparing to enter college are taking special work under some noted teachers. The atmosphere of the place is the atmosphere of the university. Everything about the place has been subordinated to this.

Of this evolution in the Chautauqua idea we do not complain. To build up an educational movement of such proportions and to carry benedictions to so many thousands, is a great work. We rejoice in all the great summer universality has done. We rejoice, also, in its enlarged plans for the future. But we are wondering whether, in the added emphasis which has been placed upon the scholastic, the management has been entirely wise in taking off some of the emphasis which was formerly placed upon the spiritual. A gentleman whom we met soon after reaching the grounds put the case in a nutshell:

"We are all looking for the coming of Bishop Vincent with eagerness," he said. "We who have been on the grounds for many years are hungry for the old days of preaching, addressed to the heart and not to the head, and to the spiritual songs and prayers and personal testimonies which once made our hearts thrill! When the bishop comes it will remind us of the times when Chautauqua furnished a daily feast to the soul as well as to the head."

Dr. George Vincent struck a happy idea when he planned for a special "young people's week" at Chautauqua this year. Three hours of each forenoon were given up to the young people's societies. At nine a workers' conference was held in the Baptist house. This was an informal hour for the study of methods, and the interest was sustained throughout. At 10 o'clock one of our leaders had charge of the devotional meeting in the amphitheater. This meeting drew a large congregation, and the addresses were definitely spiritual in their tone. Then, an hour later, there followed a lecture upon some phase of young people's work in the churches. Mr. John Willis Baer, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. W. H. Geistweit, and others were heard with great profit. We do not know whether the measure of success which attended the experiment of this year will decide the management to make "young people's week" a regular feature of the program. Such a series of meetings cannot but exert a powerful spiritual influence upon regular attendants. And as soon as the plan is well understood we would expect the meetings to attract representatives of the young people's societies from all the region roundabout. It strikes us as an admirable way to aid in holding Chautauqua close to the high spiritual and evangelistic ideals, inspired by which she began her great career.

A Foolish Congress.

THERE is to be a series of "Olympian games" in Chicago in the near future. Plans are far advanced for the bringing of athletes from many lands to compete in a series of events which will include nearly every form of physical exercise. The promoters hope to construct a stadium on the lake front for the occasion.

The athletic glories of two thousand years ago, revived a few years since on the site of their ancient Grecian splendor, are to be outdone in this great city of the newest world.

So far we do not particularly object. The spirit of the old Olympian contests cannot be revived, and there will be abundant manifestation of a new and not specially admirable athleticism. But that is as the promoters prefer, and it is proverbially idle to dispute about tastes.

We do object, however, to a proposition which is tacked on to the scheme as a sort of afterthought, and a very bad one. It is proposed to make this international carnival of sports the occasion for a new and somewhat modified congress of religions. We are not so much concerned that this proposition is secondary to the athletic scheme. It should never have been proposed at all. Having been proposed, it should be allowed to die. Chicago neither needs nor wants another parliament of religions. With all respect to the promoters of and participants in the first one, we hope it will never have a successor. The idea is all wrong in theory, and it is mischievous in practice. In the nature of things, it is impossible for Christians to meet with the adherents of other faiths on a common religious platform. Christianity can be no party to a congress of faiths. If

it is not *the* religion it is nothing. It stakes its whole claim on its exclusive message; not because of any arrogant desire for self-assertion, but because it believes it has the final and sufficient gospel. You can have a congress of fraternal organizations or a federation of women's clubs, for each concedes the equal place of the others. You cannot have a congress of religions without making practically the same concession. And when you do that you cut the nerve of the Christian missionary enterprise; you make the scriptures a literature instead of a revelation; and, in brief, you devitalize the whole Christian scheme.

We hope no Christian leader will be enticed into this affair. It ought to fail, and it will fail. The fact that it is proposed as the tail to an athletic kite is of itself a sufficient indication of its real character. The invitation to participate in such a combination of pastime and piety would insult the religious sensibilities of any self-respecting fetiche-worshiper from the headwaters of the Congo.

A Missionary Leader Gone.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has lost a great missionary leader in the death of Dr. S. L. Baldwin. He was for years a successful missionary in China.



S. L. BALDWIN.

For the last thirteen years he has been in the mission rooms, and the Missionary Society has had the benefit of his large experience and matured judgment. His services as recording secretary of the Missionary Society, and as a writer of missionary literature have been of very great value to the church and to the cause of missions.

War that Makes for Peace.

THE rights—and wrongs—of the United States Army have been fairly well exploited of late. There are some people who seem to think that the army cannot possibly do wrong. There are others who seem to be sure that it never does anything else. Most people, however, wisely avoid these extremes.

It is a good thing for the country that the war spirit is dying out. The instinctive humanity of our people is having opportunity to show itself. We are not willing to shut our eyes to cruelty or revengefulness. "Kill and burn" is not a pleasant phrase in our ears when we are once clear of the din of war.

A recent magazine writer discusses "squeamishness" as a force for peace. We hope it is. There will be no disposition to quarrel over the choice of the word so long as the thing it stands for works in the direction of peace. The past two years have shown that war is no longer a theme to stir the blood of this generation. If a quarrel with another nation should arise to-morrow there would be no lack of American soldiers. But they would not rush into uniform with the thoughtless eagerness with which two hundred thousand men and boys welcomed what seemed a novel summer's holiday four years ago.

The war with Spain was short and decisive. It did not create the distaste for war which is so general throughout the country to-day. The revulsion has come through the long and costly campaign on the other side of the world. Even the most advanced imperialist is sick of the business. There are literal millions of our people who are resigned to the Americanization of the Philippines, because it cannot be helped, not because they really desire the islands as a national possession.

It seems as though each generation must learn for itself the real character of war. Surely this generation, in Great Britain as well as in our own land, has had its lesson. If the thoroughness of the schooling may be any protection, we shall have no war for a good many years.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Newton Hallock, editor and proprietor of *The Christian Work*, has purchased the subscription list and good-will of *The Evangelist*, one of the oldest and ablest of denominational religious newspapers, and the two papers are now consolidated with the title of *The Christian Work and The Evangelist*. Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, who has been editor of *The Evangelist*, will be an associate editor of the consolidated paper.

What a revelation is in store for the world in the library recently discovered by Professor Hilprecht at Nippur! It is a library of clay tablets, in fine preservation, and its history certainly goes back to a time so remote as to be, in the present state of our knowledge, almost prehistoric. The tablets are at least 4,000 years old. Professor Hilprecht thinks it will take twenty years to decipher and translate the inscriptions.

The Rochester Street-car Company and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company are planning fully-equipped rooms for the use of their men. The Young Men's Christian Association has been asked to take charge of the work. Efforts like these are not so spectacular as strikes and lock-outs, but they mean more for both parties, to say nothing of the public.

One of the *Advocates* says that there are pastors in a certain conference who do not know enough about the Epworth League to organize a chapter on their charges. What is worse, it is more than hinted that this ignorance is willful. Surely "it is a source of gratitude that each year finds fewer of these in the conference."

The few successful "people's" churches, independent of denominational supervision, are built on the personality of the preacher. They are the exceptions, which prove the rule that there is no permanent vitality in such ventures.

The people who expected our "shirt-sleeve diplomacy" to succeed in a conflict with the world's shrewdest and most adroit masters of intrigue, now know more about Rome's unchangeableness than they did a month ago.

The campanile of St. Mark's, which recently collapsed much as did the deacon's "one-hoss shay," was built 1,000 years ago. Wonder if our modern skyscrapers of the same height—320 feet—will stand as long?

See here, if you have tried some method of work in your chapter, and found it produces results, why not tell the Epworth world about it through our columns?

Are you as cordial to the young stranger when you meet him on the street as you were when you greeted him at church?

The Canadian Methodists hope to complete all their General Conference business in two weeks. That seems reasonable.

The next great missionary movement will be an effort to Christianize the heathen who live on the boulevards of our cities.

If some people were half as anxious about their character as they are about their reputation, it would be well.

"Have the rules respecting the instruction of children been observed?" Yes, if you have a Junior League.

The Boer prisoners are rapidly getting back to South Africa. They seem to be full of hope for the future.

It will soon not be in order to refer to "the boys in blue." It will be "the boys in olive drab."

The Epworth League is a failure when the literary department overshadows the spiritual.

Our Southern brethren are not anxious to follow our lead on the time-limit. And, on the

other hand, they do not advise us to imitate them in the practical abolition of the probationary system.

The machinery of the church moves without friction when the divine spirit is given room.

Be good to that chapter secretary. No one works harder, and is appreciated so little.

Again we say unto you, O program architects, do not fill your programs so full.

Veto the sociable where eating and sentimental games occupy the chief place.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Prof. J. C. Messick takes the chair of Latin at Mount Union College.

Harry L. Gordon, the new lieutenant-governor of Ohio, is a De Pauw man.

Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., has another notion he can lift the America's cup.

Prof. M. B. Bigelow becomes dean of the school of law of Boston University.

Rev. Thos. Charlesworth of East McKeesport, Pa., takes a vacation in England.

Rev. W. I. Haven, D.D., spent his vacation on Pine Island, Winnepesaukee Lake.

Dr. J. B. Albrook gets a month's vacation by vote of the Marshalltown District Conference.

Dr. N. Luccock of St. Louis is sorely afflicted in the death of a brother and a sister within a week.

Rev. J. O. Denning talks missions on short notice. He's both magnetic and convincing in his talk, too.

General Brooke's retirement the other day leaves General Miles as the only civil war general now on the active list.

Rev. Dr. Clemans of the Anti-saloon League was egged recently. That is the saloon's answer to un-welcome truth.

Rev. R. McElfresh preached on Old Folks' Day at Bluffs, Ill. His theme was "Methodism fifty years ago."

Dr. L. L. Sprague, president of Wyoming Seminary, has been connected with that institution for thirty-five years.

Eugene Ware has been pension commissioner three months, and boasts that he has not had a quarrel. Remarkable man.

Rev. F. C. Bruner's lecture at Barry, Ill., on the occasion of the West Jacksonville District Convention, was greatly appreciated.

Gen. I. H. Duval, who died in Wellsburg, W. Va., recently, was a faithful official member in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. J. L. Vallow preaches at Blair, Neb., a series of Sunday-night sermons on David. Much favorable comment brought out.

President Benton of Miami University believes that the colleges of Methodism can be made the center of a great revival movement.

Dr. Homer C. Stuntz sails on Nov. 25 from San Francisco to Manila direct, without change. His family will accompany him to the Philippines.

Dr. W. S. Hooker, who is approaching the end of his presiding-eldership on the Creston (Ia.) District, is the proud owner of a fine Morris chair, the gift of his preachers.

Rev. George A. Bond is being called out from his regular work at Wayland, N. Y., quite often to deliver his lecture on "The trials and triumphs of the Malaysian Mission."

Dr. W. A. Quayle's address before the British Wesleyan Conference was a Quayle masterpiece. Our English brethren never heard its like before, but they are eager for more.

Rev. Thomas Carter succeeds Rev. Gross Alexander, D.D., as professor of New Testament Greek in Vanderbilt University. He comes from the chair of Greek in Tulane University, New Orleans.

Chaplain O. J. Nave has received most substantial recognition of the value of his "Topical Bible." It is now published by the Oxford University Press in England, and is to be translated into Chinese.

Prof. John S. McIntosh leaves the chair of Greek and Latin at Red River Valley University to take the same chair at Upper Iowa University. He is the son of Rev. A. M. McIntosh, pastor of our church at Epworth, Ia.

Bishop Moore and a number of our missionaries were attacked by Japanese coolies near Seoul, Korea, June 1, and badly bruised. Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, who was one of the party, was afterward drowned in a steamer accident.

Rev. E. M. Furman of Tobias, Neb., and Rev. D. L. Thomas of Centenary Church, Beatrice, Neb., were sent to the Denver International Sunday-school Convention at the expense of their respective churches. It was money well invested.

Thomas B. Reed, ex-speaker of the House of Representatives, is something more than a parliamentarian. His address on "The history of human progress" at the centennial of Bowdoin College, printed in *The Christian Advocate* of June 17, is a notable and lofty utterance. It is well worth careful reading.

METHODIST MENTION.

A new church at Walpole, Ill., was dedicated by Rev. J. W. Van Cleave a few Sundays ago.

The camp-meetings are in the full tide of their power. Great reports come from some of them.

A new church at Clark, S. D., Bishop Joyce dedicated. Money all raised to pay for it, and more.

Salary estimates—and payments—are increasing in some churches of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

A beautiful church has just been dedicated at Goulds, N. Y., where Methodism was planted by John Gould, sixty years ago.

Methodism reënters Schuylkill Haven, Pa., after forty years of absence. The corner-stone of a new church was laid there July 19.

Graham, Mo., has a list of twenty-five *HERALDS* and twenty-three *Centrals*. No wonder the pastor can report that the work on that charge is moving.

On a recent Sunday tourists from nine different states attended the church at Kilbourn City, Wis. They were summering at the Dells of the Wisconsin.

The coal strike has had a depressing effect on all forms of church work in the anthracite region. Many plans for summer activities have been reluctantly abandoned.

Many churches are enjoying the opportunity of hearing the missionary claim presented by the young and eager student volunteers. Their work counts for permanent gains.

Toledo Methodism has been holding a camp-meeting in the heart of the city. A big tent is used for the services, and many of the city churches put up headquarters tents near by.

At a reception of members in Asbury Chapel on Lago Circuit, Ind., Mr. John Fulton, one of the official members, had the joy of seeing five of his grandsons baptized and received into the church.

The Denver preachers recently discussed "The ministerial dead-line and how not to reach it." They decided that one way was to recognize the dead-line when you see it, and then stay this side of it.

That was a great achievement at Asbury Park, N. J., by which the new church and the old debt were provided for as the result of a year's faithful and self-sacrificing work. The total amount raised was \$40,000.

Methodism is paying in the currency of precious lives for the privilege of carrying the gospel to Korea. Dr. Lillian Harris, who died at Pyeng-Yang on May 16 was the first one to fall, and now Dr. Appenzeller is gone.

Two churches on the Archer Circuit, Iowa, were hit by a summer storm, and one of them wholly wrecked. The property was insured, and will be promptly rebuilt, though the people must make sacrifices at a time when their own losses are large.

The church papers are now recording the gatherings which faithful pastors have secured as the result of last winter's revivals. There is a growing tendency to make the reception of converts into full membership the one notable church event of the summer.

At Pownal, Vt., July 27, the pastor, Rev. R. H. Washburne, baptized fourteen candidates. Among those baptized were four generations of one family—Mrs. Francenah Barber, aged eighty-three years; her daughter, Mrs. George Sawins, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

In the *Chicago Record Herald* of July 15, under the title of "Churches in Chicago," the statement is made that the Methodist Church has ninety-two churches, and the Roman Catholic has 126. The facts are: Methodism has 139, or thirteen more than the Roman Church inside the corporate limits of the city.

A missionary party sailing from San Francisco next week will be followed in spirit by a host of college and seminary friends. It will include Mr. and Mrs. Burton St. John, Mr. and Mrs. John Gowdy, and Rev. Arthur D. Berry. All three of the gentlemen are graduates of Drew Theological

The bath can be made an exhilarating pleasure by the use of Ivory Soap. It cleanses the pores of all impurities, leaving the skin soft, smooth, ruddy and healthy. Ivory Soap is made of pure vegetable oils. The lather forms readily and abundantly,

Seminary. Messrs. Gowdy and St. John go to China, and Mr. Berry to Japan, all under appointment of the Missionary Society.

LEAGUE AT LARGE.

The Milford District Institute is postponed until fall.

The chapter at Lytle, O., has just been reorganized and takes on new vigor.

The chapter at Antrim, N. H., will help to build the new church which is to go up shortly.

The chapter just organized at Pyretus, Mont., is already a power for good in the new Methodist class at that place.

The chapter at Wheel, Tenn., provided more than one-tenth of the money for the beautiful country church just dedicated there.

Statistics just at hand for 1901 show that there are in India 250 chapters of the Epworth League, with 9,901 Senior and 6,135 Junior members.

An interesting ceremony took place recently at Asbury Church, St. Paul, Minn. Six infants were baptized, all of them children of members of the Epworth League Chapter.

Albany-street Chapter, Schenectady, N. Y., had a beautiful installation service July 20. Mr. H. S. Kennedy, a business man and a successful lay preacher, delivered a practical and sensible address.

The new officers at Kearney, Neb., are taking hold vigorously. New members are constantly added, and the value of the devotional meetings is increasingly appreciated. All the departments are actively operated.

The chapter at Kern, Cal., is less than four months old, but is a very vigorous infant. The membership has grown from seventeen to sixty. A singing society has been established and equipped with music books. Substantial contributions to the pastor's salary have been made, church requisites have been provided, and there are \$50 in bank for the new church fund.

The chapter at Redwood Falls, Minn., gave its newly-elected president, W. H. Wallace, a rousing initiation recently. The members captured his home in his absence, installed an electrical illumination on the lawn, and had a full-sized celebration in progress when the astonished president returned with his wife from an evening drive. As a matter of course the rest of the reception was in keeping, and was an unqualified delight.

President C. G. Marshall writes: "The eleventh annual convention of Keokuk District Epworth League was held at Moulton, Iowa, July 8-10. A program full of richness and inspiration was given. Mrs. McKinn, state superintendent of Junior work, was with us, also Miss Wright, a deaconess from the Chicago Training School. Dr. Hancher, president of Iowa Wesleyan University, delivered an excellent address on 'Touching the goal.' We had also a brilliant address by John William Hack-

ley of Burlington on 'Mark Tackley, or how to be strong.' It was one of the most interesting conventions held in this district."

The chapter at Sidney is pursuing the second year's work in the Mission-study Course with a class of fifteen members. This chapter has adopted the plan of systematic giving for missions, and this year contributes half the amount necessary to support a native presiding-elder in China. The Methodists of Sidney are erecting a new building toward which the chapter has pledged \$500. Most of the amount has been raised by personal subscriptions among the Epworthians.

Coral-street Chapter, Worcester, Mass., held an "old home" Sunday recently. Invitations were sent to all former members. Carriages were provided for the aged and feeble. The love-feast stirred old memories and strengthened new resolves, and made a profound impression on all. Pastor J. W. Fulton preached a fitting sermon on the text, "Bring these men home." The occasion was such a success that other chapters near by are planning similar days. It will become an annual feature at Coral Street.

The Epworth Leagues of Baltimore are providing summer outings for aged people of the city, and the work is being most heartily commended. A local carriage company has offered twenty-five carriage rides during the summer to those who cannot take the longer trips. On July 15 over 300 old people were taken on a steamboat excursion down the river, with pleasant accompaniments in the form of ice-cream, a band of music, and impromptu addresses. It was a beautiful day of mingled service and gratitude.

The St. Paul District cabinet meets on Saturday, Aug. 9, at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, St. Paul, Minn. The members of new cabinet are: Pres., Carl F. Miller, Hamline; V. P., F. S. Lownam, Red Wing; Sec., W. H. Oliver, St. Paul; Asst. Sec., Miss Abbie Lawton, St. Paul; Treas., Ed. Hoerger, Faribault; Jr. Supt., Miss Pearl Candell, Lake City; Board of directors, Rev. R. N. Avison, Hamline; C. P. Carpenter, Northfield; Rev. W. W. Brown, Stillwater; Presiding-elder, Rev. F. M. Rule, D. D., St. Paul.

The Richmond-avenue Chapter, Buffalo, N. Y., recently gave a warm reception to the returned students who had been away attending school, and to the high-school graduates of our church. The program was composed of college speeches, songs, and college yells. Light refreshments were served, and all had a jolly time. Among the schools represented were Yale, Harvard, Syracuse, Boston Theological, Ohio Wesleyan, University of Buffalo, and many others. Memories of egg roasts and faculty meetings were vividly recalled.

Reports read at the June institute of Toledo District, at Gibsonburg, O., show that the work is increasingly effective. The subscription list of THE EPWORTH HERALD is steadily growing. Twenty-nine chapters report 252. There are twice as many

in the district. The fourth department seems to thrive everywhere; social calls, lawn fetes, picnics, and socials of all kinds were reported. Eleven chapters report seventy-three conversions; nine chapters fifty-four accessions to the church; eleven chapters report thirteen deaths. The second department, Clark-street, Toledo, reports the largest number of calls made—1,151. Bowling Green reported the greatest number of garments given the poor—510 articles of clothing. Sylvania Chapter donated \$34.50. In thirty-seven chapters the average giving for missions was \$35 per chapter.

The mercy and help department of Asbury Chapter, Buffalo, N. Y., has a working committee of six. During the past year ten scholars were secured for the Sunday-school, employment secured for fifteen people, and a permanent home secured for one young girl. Four hundred and thirty-seven articles of clothing were given to those who were in need. One thousand three hundred and nine calls were made upon strangers, new members, shut-ins, and people who were ill or in needy circumstances. Seventy-five sick rooms have been cheered by the beauty and fragrance of plants or flowers, many of which were furnished by the Sunday-school classes. The King's Daughters donated for distribution thirty-two new garments. Provisions and coal were provided for the hungry and cold the past winter. The department has also cared for their district for the Charity Organization Society. This work consists mostly of friendly visiting, encouragement, and advice.

COLLEGES.

There are 900 Methodist students at the University of Michigan.

Wiley University is at work raising the last \$5,000 for its \$22,000 new building, now in course of erection.

Dickinson College is making plans for the securing of \$500,000 during the next three years for additional endowment.

The Yale College Church now takes in a student of any Christian faith. It was formerly limited to Congregationalists.

Iowa Wesleyan University, at Mount Pleasant, Ia., is looking for a first-class man in didactics or pedagogics and oratory.

By the terms of the will of the late J. Frank Robinson of Rock Island, Ill., Northwestern University will get \$200,000.

Yale University has received a valuable gift from F. W. Vanderbilt for the establishment of a dormitory system for the Sheffield Scientific School.

Fort Worth University has enjoyed more than usual prosperity in the year just closed. A new science hall has been built for this institution.

The master appointed by the court of Allegheny County to hear the petition for dissolution of the trustees and stockholders of the Pittsburg Female College has decided that the charter shall be dis-

solved, and the fund of \$27,000 be given to Beaver College and Musical Institute, Beaver, Pa.

There are twenty-two graduates of Northwestern University or Garrett Biblical Institute in various parts of India. They will organize an alumni association.

The head of the new department of physiological chemistry at Syracuse University will be Dr. George A. Hanford, who has just received his Ph.D. from Yale University.

The department of the English Bible and philosophy of religion which Prof. A. C. Knudson has been called to fill in Allegheny College is properly named the J. M. Thoburn professorship.

East Greenwich Academy, at East Greenwich, Conn., has completed 100 years of history. The centennial celebration lasted four days, and brought together a large group of distinguished alumni and friends.

Sept. 2 is the day for work to begin at the Young Woman's School at Aurora, Ill. Everything points to this ensuing year as the crowning one of its interesting history. Nearly \$1,000 has been expended in beautifying the building, and in providing better accommodations for students. The outlook for a full attendance is good.

According to the latest reports there are 266 periodicals published by the students in American universities and colleges. This is exclusive of all fraternity publications. Of the 266, 150 are monthlies, 65 are weeklies, 11 are dailies, 12 are quarterlies, 10 are bi-weeklies, 9 are semi-monthlies, 3 are semi-weeklies, 4 are tri-weeklies, and 2 are bi-monthlies.

Denver University will have 172 professors and 1,400 students next year. It has property worth \$700,000, and the \$35,000 debt is being successfully attacked. Friends in Colorado cities are nobly helping in this work. Leadville having recently pledged \$1,200, and Fort Collins \$1,300. Denver District has pledged in all about \$9,000. Chancellor Buchtel and Bishop Warren are leading in the great enterprise, and are sure to succeed.

Wesleyan University has \$75,000 for a physical laboratory. This sum is the gift of Mr. Charles Scott and Mr. Charles Scott, Jr., of Philadelphia, and the building will be a memorial of John B. Scott, son of Charles Scott and brother of Charles Scott, Jr., who was a member of the class of '81. He died of disease contracted during the war with Spain. Other plans for the coming year at Wesleyan include the building of a new recitation and lecture hall, and an astronomical observatory. All these buildings will be complete or far advanced at the time of the Wesley bi-centennial next June.

THE BURNING ISSUE.

The saloon is the most audacious lawbreaker of the age.

The foes of the saloon must unite against its friends.

If the saloon is to be overthrown, the church must overthrow it.

The saloon can no more maintain respectability than a skunk can act as a salesman for a cologne factory.

The man's hands are red with blood who stands aloof from the temperance cause. So said Chas. G. Finney, years ago.

Everything is not in the temperance reform, but the temperance reform is in everything. So repeatedly said Frances E. Willard.

Prohibitionists do not claim that prohibition is the only issue. They do claim, however, that there is no other issue worthy of the votes of moral and Christian men and patriots so long as the saloon issue is unsettled.

There are men who seem to think that as a Christian or a church member they could not be justified in choosing the least of two evils, but as citizens of the commonwealth they could be justified. When the devil gets the citizen, where will the church member be?

Two hundred rattlesnakes running through the town unmolested, biting everybody they come in contact with—that's free rum. Put the 200 snakes in a box with 200 holes in it—that's low license; plug up 100 of the holes, and the snakes will all go out at the other 100—that's high license; drive the snakes all over into the adjoining county—that's local option; cut off their tails just behind their ears—that's prohibition.

Excursions to Atlantic City, New York City, and Montreal, via the Wabash R. R.

Advertised for July 31, Aug. 7 and 14, have been abandoned.

MISSION NOTES.

The Presbyterians are doing a good work in Alaska. They have there eleven churches with a membership of 1,094, and 1,015 Sunday-school scholars.

There are eighty-five churches and missions of various non-Mormon faiths—seven denominations in all—in Utah, with a membership of 5,300. The gains are slow, only 200 in the last year, all told. The field is not surpassed in difficulty in the densest part of heathenism.

In the missions under the immediate direction of the British Wesleyan Conference there are to-day nearly 400 missionaries, about 64,000 church members fully accredited or on trial, over 100,000 children and young people under instruction, and a total Christian community of about 200,000.

In 1892 there were 125 British medical missionaries; in 1900, 295; in 1901, 312. Female physicians have increased from twelve to ninety-one. Now 115 work in India, 106 in China, thirty-six in Africa, seventeen in Palestine, seven in Persia, seven in Madagascar, seven in the New Hebrides, four in Japan, and four in Egypt.

The Finnish Missionary Society finds that its field of labor, in Ondonga, Southwest Africa, has become too narrow for it. Within two or three years, moreover, some 200 young men, and almost as many young women, have applied for appointments under it, besides several young theologians. It has therefore chosen out the Chinese province of Hunan for a second field of labor.

Rev. John G. Paton has written to Dr. Crafts of the Reform Bureau a letter overflowing with joy and thanksgiving for the passage by Congress of the bill prohibiting the sale of liquor to the natives in the South Seas. He says: "When put in force it will prevent many murders and much sin and misery among our 40,000 to 60,000 cannibals yet in the New Hebrides." Great Britain has joined in this action. As a token of his gratitude Dr. Paton sent \$10 from his own purse for the uses of the bureau.

According to statistics just issued there were, at the end of 1901, 46,634 Protestant Christians in Japan, an increase of 4,183 in the year. The Nippon-Sei-Kok-wai (Church of Japan, including the American Protestant Episcopal Church, the Canadian Board Mission, Church Missionary Society, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and St. Andrew's and St. Hilda's Missions) has a membership of 10,238. The Protestant missionaries of all grades number 782, an increase of 25. The Greek Church has a membership of 26,680, and the Roman Catholic adherents number 55,824.

Berkeley Temple, Boston, has added to its workers Miss Frances J. Dyer, who has become well known through her lectures and classes in "Current events." Her position is defined on the Berkeley Temple calendar as "minister to young women," an office new to the annals of church life, but one for which Miss Dyer is abundantly fitted both by natural gifts and by experience. Already she has the friendship and confidence of a large proportion of the students and working-girls at South End, and last winter she assisted Dr. Loomis in a similar way at Union Church.

Last year the British and Foreign Bible Society issued 5,067,421 copies of scripture, complete or in parts—a total surpassing all earlier records. Since 1804 the society has circulated more than 175,000,000 copies of scripture. The colporteurs abroad, numbering 743, sold over 1,350,000 copies, while 620 native Christian Bible women were supported in the East, in connection with nearly fifty different missionary organizations. Translations or revisions are in progress in over 100 different languages. The list of versions now includes the names of 367 distinct forms of speech. The income from all sources was \$236,292 (\$1,181,460).

In 1901 there belonged to the Union of Deaconess Houses in Europe 75 houses, 14,501 sisters, and 5,211 places of work. Of these Germany had 49 houses and 11,879 sisters. Kaiserswerth had 1,075 stations, Bielefeld 900, Stuttgart 735, Königsberg 658, Dresden 590, Neundettelsau 505. Of the German deaconesses 5,955 were at work in hospitals, 3,697 in parishes, 1,008 in infant schools, 522 in other schools, 217 in establishments for training girls, 240 in work for orphans, fallen women and prisoners, 87 among the weak-minded and the epileptic, 29 among the crippled, the blind, and the deaf, 150 at the care of infants, and the rest at other good works.

The Congo Railway has proved so successful that the Free State authorities decided two years ago to build lines in the eastern part of the Free State that will complete steam communication across the continent. The principal new line is to run

from Stanley Falls, in the far eastern part of the Congo Free State, northwestward to the southern end of Lake Albert. A second line is to fill in the gaps in the upper tributaries of the Congo where cataracts occur, so as to make steam communication complete from Stanley Falls to Lake Tanganyika. As the British government is already projecting an extension for their Uganda Railway westward from Lake Nyanza to the borders of the Congo Free State, it will readily be seen that soon steam communication will be complete across the continent. It will then be possible to go by rail from Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, across to Stanley Falls, the impeding rapids on the great river, and thence by steamer down the Congo to Stanley Pool, and thence by rail to the Atlantic.—*The Missionary.*

The Roman Catholic "Society for the Propagation of the Faith" has recently issued from Baltimore a history of its work. Its aim is "to support missionaries who are chosen, trained, and sent forth on their mission by the usual authorities of the church." The society was organized in Lyons in 1822, and only twelve persons were present at the first meeting. The receipts for the first year amounted to about \$4,000. The report states that the contributions from 1822 to 1900 amounted to the enormous sum of \$65,690,000. The missions now assisted number several hundred. Those in the United States are chiefly among the Indians, and Asia has a greater number than any other continent. There are at least 15,000 priests and religious, 5,000 teaching brothers, and 45,000 sisters laboring as missionaries, not to speak of the priests, brothers, and sisters native to the regions where they work, catechists and others who make up the personnel of a mission, and the laborers among the oriental rites. At the lowest computation, there are, at the opening of the twentieth century, about 65,000 of these Romanist missionaries.

Wise Giving.

Two wealthy men have recently come into unsought prominence because of the wisdom in their methods of helpfulness. John M. Burke of New York has set aside \$4,000,000 for the relief of worthy men and women in temporary need through sickness or other misfortune. He has entered almost an unexplored field, and his beneficence will do immense good. The other philanthropist, Abraham Slinger of Waverly, Ia., is seventy-three, and purposes to devote the rest of his life to giving away his wealth, which is estimated at \$10,000,000, to hospitals and kindred institutions. He is not willing to delegate the task to someone else, but will personally superintend the distribution of his bounty.

SWEET BREATH

When Coffee Is Left Off.

A test was made to find if just the leaving off of coffee alone would produce an equal condition of health as when coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used in its place.

A man from Clinton, Wis., made the experiment. He says: "About a year ago I left off drinking coffee and tea and began to use Postum. For several years previous my system had been in wretched condition. I always had a thickly furred, bilious tongue, and foul breath, often accompanied with severe headaches. I was troubled all the time with chronic constipation, so that I was morose in disposition and almost discouraged.

"At the end of the first week, after making the change from coffee to Postum I witnessed a marvelous change in myself. My once coated tongue cleared off, my appetite increased, breath became sweet, and the headaches ceased entirely. One thing I wish to state emphatically, you have in Postum a virgin remedy for constipation, for I certainly had about the worst case ever known among mortals, and I am completely cured of it. I feel in every way like a new person.

"During the last summer I concluded that I would experiment to see if the Postum kept me in good shape or whether I had gotten well from just leaving off coffee. So I quit Postum for quite a time and drank cocoa and water. I found out before two weeks were past that something was wrong, and I began to get costive as of old. It was evident the liver was not working properly, so I became convinced it was not the avoidance of coffee alone that cured me, but the great value came from the regular use of Postum."

Not Dependent on a Single Train.

The New York Central Lines have whole dyling batteries of trains connecting the centers of population and the gateways of commerce.

The New Study Courses—A foreword.

While the Epworth hosts have been resting and seeking physical strength for the work of the coming fall, the plans for aggressive and fruitful work have gone steadily forward. Within the next four weeks the great Wheel will begin to turn again. A glance at the work laid out for the coming days will show that we are beginning what may easily be the most productive year of Epworth League history.

Bible Study.

The Bible study work will go splendidly with the history of its first year as inspiration and incentive to larger things. Last year nearly 5,000 students were enrolled in 300 classes, and followed the lessons of the league text-book, "Studies in the Life of Christ." Most of these students will go right on, taking the next book of the carefully-planned course. This will give them a year with the second text-book of the series "Studies in Apostolic Church."

Meanwhile a new army is ready to begin the course. The "Studies in the Life of Christ" will be the book for these new students. Classes ought to be organized in thousands of chapters. Last year's record is fine, considered merely as a beginning. But it ought to be outdone tenfold this year. It can be. *It must be.* The charge that young people are not familiar with their Bible ought to be pointless when made against Epworthians.

Our course of study is admirably adapted for our needs. The first text-book, "Studies in the Life of Christ," has been adopted by the Christian Endeavor Society and by the Canadian Methodists, because they have recognized its value and usefulness. The remaining two books which will complete the course are just as valuable, and altogether the course will give a grasp of the Bible which could be secured so pleasantly and profitably by no other method.

Mission Study.

The record of Bible study last year was surpassed by the mission-study classes, which numbered 445, with a membership of 5,312. This is not large when compared with our league membership, but it is a greater enrollment of young people studying missions than can be found in any other organization. Even the College Christian Associations, with their volunteer bands which could provide the material for such a mighty meeting as the Toronto Convention of last February, have not so many students of mission themes. But we could do so much more than we have done. There is room for a mission-study class in nearly every chapter.

For the first time in the history of the young people's movement a special text-book has been prepared for the use of the mission-study classes. This book, which is the first of a series, is called "The Price of Africa," by Mr. S. Earl Taylor. It has been adopted by the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League authorities for the work of the classes during 1902-3. It is illustrated with portraits and maps, and will be sold to classes at 35 cents in paper binding, and 50 cents in cloth.

The Reading Course.

Did you know that last year 9,000 sets of the reading course were purchased by Epworthians? The course was deservedly popular. The present year's course is even better. It will consist of three volumes, uniform in size and style with the books of last year.

First, we have the second volume of "Nature's Miracles," by Prof. Elisha Gray. The great popularity of Professor Gray's first volume throughout our constituency left no alternative but to bring out the second volume. This is a better book than the first.

Then we have a volume from the practiced pen of Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, formerly corresponding secretary of the Sunday-school Union and Tract

Society. It was written especially for us, and is entitled "Our Church: What Methodists Believe and How They Work." The doctrines and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church are discussed in a most entertaining manner. There is not even one tame paragraph.

The third book was written for us by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. It is entitled "The Youth of Famous Americans." The volume takes the place of the usual story. It has thirty stories between its covers—bright stories, too. Much of the material is not available even in the great libraries. The subjects and data have been selected with skill, and we believe the little book will add greatly to the value of the course.

These three books should find at least two purchasers and readers where last year's course found one.

Helps.

The Central Office is doing its utmost to make these courses popular. Every assistance that can be given is freely offered. The classes that are organized and enrolled at the Central Office will be furnished special printed helps to be used by the leaders in preparation for class work. The only requirement is that each class shall be registered at this office, and registration blanks are furnished free on application. If each leader will send for one of these blanks, specifying the work his class is undertaking, the classes will be able to begin under the most favorable conditions.

Correspondence concerning the Bible-study courses should be addressed to the Bureau of Bible Study, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

Correspondence relating to mission-study work should be addressed to Mr. S. Earl Taylor, Chairman General Conference Committee, 57 Washington street, Chicago.

Correspondence on reading course affairs should be addressed to the Central Office of the Epworth League, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

The books in all the courses should be ordered of the Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York; 220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; or 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

M. E. H.

Bessie Moore gave a sigh of disappointment—almost of discouragement—as she opened the door of the association room. It was an attractive place, with the afternoon sun streaming in on the soft rugs, cheerful pictures, and bright cushions; but it was empty. To the substitute leader of a mission-study class which was due to meet in the room at this hour this was an emergency for which she had not prepared. She hastened down the hallway to the elevator, and went up to the "sky-parlor," as the room on the fourth floor which two of the girls had begged to be allowed to use, was called. Their ingenuity had produced a cozy retreat safe from noise and, to a large extent, from interruption. The large windows gave a wide view of the park and town beyond.

Mary Brady, deep in the pages of Homer, gave a reluctant "Come" to Bessie's knock, but arose, smiling, when Bessie came in, and drew her into a seat by the window.

"Now, Bess, I know it's time for your mission-study meeting," she said, with winning frankness, "but I just can't go to-day. You know I told you I could not attend all the meetings, and Professor W— has given us an extra page of Greek for to-morrow (kind man!), and I must get it now, for it will take all the evening for that trig. Mabel had to go to the dressmaker, and Clara has gone skating, so you and Frances will have a good time together."

"But Frances has gone home," said Bessie, when she could interrupt this confession. "She sent me a note that her mother is ill, and asked me to lead the class."

"Oh, I am sorry," said Mary, earnestly.

"That is the second time she has been called home." Then added playfully: "But your conscience will be clear since there's no class to lead. Now, you must sit right here in our retreat and rest this hour, for you are working too hard, and an hour in this 'high life' will build you up," and taking her guest's books and, giving her a footstool and some cushions, Mary returned to her study. Bessie smiled absently, and leaned back in real enjoyment of the view and the "still" of this upper room.

Her thoughts were busy with the study-class. Last term there had been a large class and it had been thought best to divide it. A careful canvass secured only five names at the hall. She smiled again as she recalled a former interview with Mary in this same room.

"Another missionary book, Bess? Let me see, 'Social Evils of the Non-Christian World.' I don't know what that means. It does not sound interesting, like 'Africa.' Do you know, I took that book last term just to please you. I thought I'd be afraid to go to a missionary meeting, but when I began reading the book I could not stay away from the class. And, did I tell you, they asked me to lead a Christian meeting in the league when I went home, and I made it a missionary meeting, and they all enjoyed it, or said they did? They were astonished, too, for there had been just one woman, a real old maid, who would lead a missionary meeting. Yes, I'll take a book, Bess, and I may be able to preach them a sermon next summer."

The two meetings of the class under Frances' enthusiastic leadership had been most interesting, and Bessie was consoled for the lack in numbers. But now, burdened with "extra" work, grieved at her friend's sorrow and the separation from her, her courage wavered. "I'm no leader," she said to herself; "I can follow and help, but I can't lead." But the end of her meditation was: "There's no one else and I'll have to do my best," and after an earnest prayer for help and for renewed interest among the members of the class, she gathered up her books and went slowly down to her own room. Mary assuring her as she left: "I'll come next week, Bess."

But another week found Bessie, too, called home suddenly, and the outlook for the Wesley Hall Study Class was not bright. Upon her return, after a two-weeks' absence, Mary was the first to welcome her.

"No," she said, cheerfully, in response to Bessie's inquiries, "we have not had any meetings. How could we with our two 'pillars' away? But I've read the lessons, and will be sure to come to the meetings."

And so the study-class continued with varying degrees of interest. Several weeks later Bessie wrote to Frances: "We've never all been present at the same meeting, and I'm thankful that we've never all been absent at once. I can't see that the girls seem much interested; but, Frances, I'm ready now to thank you for asking me to lead the class, though it seemed impossible at first. I have learned much, whether the others do or not."

It was to be the last meeting of the term, and Bessie hurried to the association-room with the burden of approaching examinations upon her. Two of the girls greeted her, and they quickly entered upon the study of the lesson.

At the end of the hour Bessie said: "Girls, here is a blank which I must fill out, relating to our study this term. I want you to help me to answer one question: 'What new impressions have you received from the study of this book?'"

There was a pause; but at length Mary said, earnestly: "I know one thought which has come to me over and over as I've read this book, and as we've talked it over here together—'The power of Jesus Christ to save.' I never realized before the awfulness of sin, ignorance, and superstition, and degradation and vice which we cannot know in this country, bad as it is in some places. And wherever Jesus Christ has entered these things have disappeared, and the people are living pure and honest lives. I'm ashamed to say that all this surprised me."

"I had thought of that, too," said Clara, forgetting her timidity, "but did not know how to

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PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT—Our new catalogue No. 71 will be ready about September 1st. Our buyers have scoured the markets of the world for honest, up-to-date goods, to quote in this catalogue, and it will be beyond doubt the finest catalogue ever issued by any mercantile firm. We want every reader of this paper to send for a copy. It will be sent, all charges paid, upon receipt of 15 cents—this amount only half pays the postage, but it is sufficient to show us that you are acting in good faith.

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say it. My own salvation means more to me now."

"And He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world," quoted Bessie softly, and they bowed their heads in a closing prayer.

Bessie Moore will never forget the experience of that twilight hour in the little association room. To her own heart there came anew an alization of the power of Jesus Christ to save, and a solemn joy and gratitude for her own salvation. She was reproved, too, for her lack of faith, and learned that not upon the leader nor even upon the coming together depends the success of a class, but that God may speak directly to hearts through the printed page.

The leadership of the study class was but the beginning of more definite Christian work for Bessie. When she had been led into a service of which she did not dream during those college days she looked back upon those little meetings as the training for an enlarged service for him whose strength is made "perfect in weakness."

Crestland, W. Va.

Magazine Notes.

It would seem that Doubleday, Page & Co. had reached the high-water mark in magazine-making in the August issue of *The World's Work* and *Country Life*. The former is a superb number, the chief topic being "The republic at play," with almost a round dozen of vacation articles most delightfully illustrated by a hundred pictures. Other articles of interest are: "How labor is organized," "West Point after a century," "New York to Chicago—twenty hours," "The nature and field of trust companies." *Country Life* we think the most exquisite number yet published of that beautiful magazine. "The automobile on country roads" and "Indian Harbor," the country home of Mr. E. C. Benedict, Greenwich, Conn., are among the notable articles. "The making of a country home," attractively illustrated, suggests some charming possibilities for the larger class, who are not millionaires. "The water garden and the mosquito problem" possesses special interest for the suburbanite and the country dweller.

A stirring feature of *Ainslee's* for August is the initial article, "Country homes of millionaires." It is profusely illustrated with pictures of the splendid homes of many American millionaires, and gives one a vivid idea of the superlative luxury in which our wealthy people live. Another paper of interest, by way of contrast, is "The reduced gentlewoman," which gives a woman who must make her own living, but who has had no business training, some excellent plans for self-support. Several good stories round out a good number.

A goodly portion of the August *Century* is devoted to a description of the recent appalling catastrophes at St. Pierre and St. Vincent, and to an account of other great natural cataclysms from earliest times. Two other extremely interesting and profusely illustrated articles are "The new New York" and "P. T. Barnum, showman and humorist." The fiction is excellent. A new serial by a new writer begins in this issue—"Chapters from the Biography of a Prairie Girl." It is highly praised by literary critics.

The widespread interest in the capture of Miss Stone by brigands about a year ago, will impart to Mrs. Tsika's story of her baby, "Born among brigands," in *McClure's*, a romantic interest. "Such as walk in darkness" is a profusely illustrated article about the blind people one meets in the streets of a great city. In "How I became an aeronaut" Santos-Dumont, the famous Brazilian aeronaut, gives an account of his perilous experience. The fiction is of the best.

The August number of *Scribner's Magazine* is a remarkable issue in the eminence of its authors, the absorbing interest of their contributions and the richness of the illustrations. To have Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, F. Hopkinson Smith, Richard Harding Davis, Edith Wharton, and Quiller-Couch contributors to a single issue of a magazine is a remarkable accomplishment. J. M. Barrie's new serial story, "A little white bird," begins in this number.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for August presents an attractive array of fiction, by some of the best story-writers in the country. This magazine has adopted the plan of printing the photograph of the author and a short account of his life in connection with the story. Prof. C. E. Borchgrevink, the antarctic explorer who has been nearest to the South Pole, contributes an interesting illustrated paper on those queer birds, the penguins.

M. Bloch's Museum of Peace and War at Lucerne, recently opened to the public, is fully described in the *Review of Reviews* for August. This is a remarkable enterprise of international interest. In this connection the *Review* publishes a description and picture of the great gun recently completed at Watervliet Arsenal, designed for the defense of New York harbor, and having an actual range of twenty-one miles.

In addition to some delightful fiction we note in the August *Atlantic* several articles of exceptional interest, among them "The African pygmies," a graphic description of the "little people," who were long believed to exist only in wonder stories; a delightful and suggestive essay by Martha Baker Dunn, entitled the Browning circle; and a critique on "Bret Harte," by H. C. Merwin.

Harper's midsummer number is packed full of charming fiction and handsome illustrations, including some especially good color work. An unusually attractive article is "France's touring craftsmen," illustrated by Castaigne; as is also

"The primeval North American Indian," by Charles Hallock, M.A.

In his sketch of the quarter's "American politics" in the July-September *Forum* Mr. Henry Litchfield West deals with the questions of the congressional campaign, the Philippine issue, the Isthmian canal, ship subsidies, Chinese exclusion, trusts, reciprocity with Cuba, the election of senators by the people, and the relations between the President and Congress.

The Methodist Magazine and Review (Toronto) for August, in view of the coming coronation of King Edward, gives the place of honor to a handsomely illustrated article entitled "Round about London." An article of special interest is by Dr. Joseph Parker, on "The preacher's relations to the socialistic features of the day."

"The Panama route for a ship canal," by Prof. Wm. H. Burr; "University building," by President David Starr Jordan, and "Field notes of a geologist in Martinique and St. Vincent," are articles of special interest in *The Popular Science Monthly* for August.

IF TIRED, RESTLESS, NERVOUS Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It quiets and strengthens the nerves and brain, restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. Strengthens permanently.

SHOP-MIXED COMBINATIONS.

The best machine-mixed paints are better than the best shop-mixed paints, other things being equal. But many painters have an insuperable objection to using any paint of which they do not know the formula. This objection does not apply, of course, to the many excellent prepared paints now on the market, with formula, analysis, and guarantee printed on the label.

The painter, however, also likes to save the profit of manufacturing for himself, and there is no very great objection to his doing so if he makes the combination with the necessary care. The approved formula is about two-thirds American zinc to one-third lead, tinted to the desired shade. The proper procedure is to procure both the zinc and the lead ground in oil. First break up the zinc in oil or turpentine, according to the nature of the work, then break up the lead in the same manner, and finally stir the latter into the former, always adding the heavier pigment to the lighter. The tinting color is finally incorporated and the whole then run through the painters' sieve or strainer.

This method will insure as close an incorporation of the constituent pigments as is possible without grinding. Such a combination will look better and wear longer than any of the paints ordinarily used, the only precautions being that the surface to which it is applied is perfectly dry, that the work is not done in humid weather, and that each coat is allowed to harden well before the next is applied.

STANTON DUDLEY.

Recent Conventions.

Central Tennessee Conference.

The second annual session of the Central Tennessee Conference Epworth League was held at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., June 24 and 25. The attendance was better than last year. A splendid program was rendered. The league work in this conference is growing, and it is hoped that in the near future there will be strong chapters in all the leading churches. The convention was delightfully entertained by the people of Lawrenceburg. Large congregations attended each service, and there were no dull hours during the two days.

The following are the officers elected for the coming year: Pres., Rev. J. R. Thomas, Dickson; V. P's, Rev. H. M. Torrey, Nashville; Miss Willa Pafford, Lexington; Frank Funk, Wheel; Miss Alberta Scott, Dickson; Sec., Thomas Helton, Lawrenceburg; Treas., Miss Maggie Burnett, Nashville; Jr. Supt., Miss Maggie Drake, Lawrenceburg. (Reported by B. W. Blessing.)

Greeley District.

The seventh annual convention of Greeley District was held at Fort Collins, Col., July 10-13. A reception was tendered the delegates on Thursday evening.

The convention opened Friday morning. Rev. J. S. Rogers of Central City read a paper on "The value of the league to the church from a pastoral standpoint." Miss Katherine McKelvey of New Windsor, Col., read a fine paper on "The mercy and help department."

Friday evening Rev. Mr. Barnes of Denver, chaplain of the penitentiary, gave a good lecture, comparing Christianity to patriotism.

On Saturday morning a paper on "How to make the third and fourth departments educational," by Miss Gill of Longmont, brought out much discussion. A paper on "The value of the league to the community," read by Rev. W. C. Terrill of Lafayette, in the absence of its author, proved that each department of the league had its especial value.

The sunrise prayer-meeting Sunday morning at 6 o'clock was quite well attended. Rev. J. J. Post conducted the service. The sermon in the evening, by Dr. W. D. Phifer, the presiding-elder, on "The Life of John Wesley," was very interesting, and full of enthusiasm. The convention next year is to be held at Idaho Springs.

Following are the officers elected for next year: Pres., Rev. G. W. McCreery, Evans; V. P's, Miss Atta Kern, New Windsor; Miss Nellie Vincent, Central City; Miss Myrtle Blake, Lafayette; Miss Katherine McKelvey, New Windsor; Cor. Sec., Miss Clifflie Hanning, Idaho Springs; Rec. Sec., Miss Lucy Scott, Greeley; Treas., Mr. T. M. Smith, Atwood; Jr. Supt., Mrs. G. W. McCreery, Evans; Miss Sec., Miss Viola Yetter, Ft. Collins; Chorister, Rev. J. J. Post, Kersey. (Reported by Miss Clifflie Hanning.)

Kansas City District.

The Epworthians of Kansas City District met for their fourteenth annual convention in Washington-avenue Church, Kansas City, Kan., July 8-10, under the presidency of C. W. Van Scoyoc.

On Tuesday evening, after a half hour spent in getting acquainted, Rev. Henry E. Wolfe delivered an appropriate address on "League possibilities."

Sunrise prayer-meetings were held on the two mornings of the convention, led by F. H. Smith and Rev. Edward Hislop. Other addresses or papers were: "Bible study on Epistle to Philemon," Rev. George Marvel; "City missionary work," Rev. Wilkie C. Clock; "Missions," C. W. Jaggard; "Bethany Hospital," Rev. S. E. Betts and Miss Lillian Beard, deaconess; "Temperance," Rev. J. D. M. Buckner; "Giving as a means of grace," Ernest Vigour.

Wednesday evening Dr. C. B. Spencer lectured on the three names, "Epworth, Oxford, Madeley." This lecture had a tonic effect on the Epworthians present. On Thursday evening Dr. Homer C. Stuntz lectured on "Missionary work in the Philippine Islands." This lecture, with the other talks given by Dr. Stuntz, aroused much enthusiasm.

The department conferences and quizzes were given due prominence, and furnished suggestions for future work. A delegation of Epworthians was conducted on Wednesday noon to Armour's packing-house by Rev. Wilkie C. Clock, city missionary, and a religious service was held for the benefit of the employees.

A model devotional meeting was held Thursday evening by E. H. Haskins, first vice-president, and the question-box was attended to by Rev. C. F.

Reisner. The Juniors were remembered. Miss Minta Holman brought a delegation from Leavenworth, and one of the number, Master Whitlock, very successfully led a devotional meeting.

The reports showed a good condition over the district, and new leagues were represented for the first time. There were 167 delegates present. The convention resolved to request each league to elect officers in May, and thanked Rev. C. B. Dalton, pastor of the church, and his league for the excellent entertainment provided. A desire was expressed to hold next year's convention at the Loma Vista Camp Ground.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. W. Van Scoyoc, Wellsville; V. P's, E. H. Haskins, Lenexa; Miss Ethel Hastings, Bonner Springs; Rev. H. H. Fowler, Rose-dale; Miss Jessie Forbes, Leavenworth; Sec., Mrs. E. N. Martin, Edgerton; Treas., R. M. McFarland, Lawrence; Miss Sec., C. W. Jaggard, Jaggard; Jr. Supt., Miss Minta Holman, Leavenworth; board of control, Rev. J. D. M. Buckner, Rev. C. B. Dalton, Rev. C. F. Reisner.—E.

Watertown District.

The ninth annual convention of the Watertown District League was held at LaFargeville, N. Y., June 26 and 27. The gathering was favored in having among the speakers Dr. C. E. Hamilton of Rochester, N. Y., Dr. Manley S. Hard of Philadelphia, Pa., and Dr. D. F. Pierce of Watertown, N. Y. The opening address was given Thursday evening by Dr. Chas. E. Hamilton; subject, "Shields of brass or shields of gold."

Friday morning several excellent papers were read, among them one by J. V. Baker of Gouverneur, on "The Christian Stewardship Enrollment." Dr. Manley S. Hard of the Board of Church Extension gave a twenty-minute address, "Concerning that church building."

One hour of the afternoon session was devoted to the Juniors, in charge of Mrs. A. C. Danforth, Watertown, after which Dr. D. F. Pierce of Watertown gave a half-hour address on "The league a training-school."

"The missionary hour was in charge of Miss Martha B. Hixon of Ohio Wesleyan University, a student volunteer campaigner. She gave much useful and interesting detail concerning the work done and to be done in foreign fields.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Rev. C. L. Peck, Gouverneur; V. P's, Rev. J. S. Wilds, LaFargeville; Mrs. Chas. Wilson, Theresa; Rev. J. W. Barrett, Philadelphia;

Mrs. Edith Smith, Antwerp; Sec., Mrs. C. A. Snell, La Fargeville; Treas., Miss Edith Windover, Watertown; Jr. Supt., Mrs. A. C. Danforth, Watertown; Chairman Miss. Com., Rev. W. Sullivan, Alexandria Bay. (Reported by Mrs. C. A. Snell.)

Vandalia District.

The annual convention of Vandalia District League was held at Vandalia, Ill., June 4-5.

The special lines of work that all young people are now considering were given special emphasis. Mrs. Mattie Miles of Maroa, the state Junior superintendent, was present, and took charge of the Junior work. This hour was very helpful.

Rev. C. A. Beckett of Centralia gave a very strong address the first evening on "The spiritual offering to the twentieth century." The second evening Dr. Jos. W. VanCleve of East St. Louis delivered an inspiring address, which was a fitting close to this very successful convention.

The Vandalia people were very hospitable, and left nothing undone to make their part of the convention a success. The next convention will be held at Effingham.

The new officers are: Pres., Wm. M. Fogler, Vandalia; V. P's, Miss Mattie Knight, Salem; Miss Elizabeth Stanfield, Effingham; W. H. Burnett, Central City; Miss Mae Brown, Centralia; Sec. and Treas., Miss Hallie Asherman, Vandalia; Jr. Supt., Miss Lillie Harrison, Moccasin; Dist. Organizer, Rev. W. L. Cunningham, Vernon. (Reported by S. J. Curlee.)

Auburn District.

The annual convention of the Auburn District League assembled in Waterloo Methodist Church, July 1-2. The delegates were met at the train by the Epworth Escort—Junior League boys dressed in uniform, under the command of a Senior. They led the way to the church, marching to the beat of a drum.

The opening devotions were conducted by Rev. A. E. Atwater. Rev. G. B. Gallagher read a paper on "The Epworthian and the Lord's day." Rev. A. W. Rice presented a paper on the subject, "Our leaders," and K. F. Richardson on "Our defeats."

Tuesday evening Bishop C. H. Fowler gave a rare treat by the delivery of his lecture on "William McKinley." He held the attention of everyone for nearly two hours. The church was crowded.

The love-feast Wednesday morning, conducted by Rev. George Britten, was characteristically Methodist. Rev. G. L. Pasche delivered an address, "The all-essential in league work." Rev.

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L. S. Boyd led a conference on "What literary work can an average chapter do?" Rev. R. C. Hebblethwaite read a paper on "The country chapter: Helps and hindrances. A Dutch heretic" was presented by Rev. S. F. Sanford. "Our Waterloo Cadets," under the leadership of Mrs. L. S. Boyd, was an excellent display of Junior work. Miss Mary M. Queal told about "Our missionary heroes."

Rev. H. E. Frohock gave the closing address of the convention on the topic "The Epworth League a prophecy."

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Rev. C. M. Eddy, Auburn; V. P's, A. W. Golder, Seneca Falls; George Lawrence, Waterloo; Miss Lena M. Ellinwood, Clyde; H. H. Norris, Ithaca; Rec. Sec., Miss Lua B. Bryant, Union Spring; Cor. Sec., Miss Mary B. Moore, Weedsport; Treas., Rev. R. C. Hebblethwaite, Cayuga; Jr. Supt., Mrs. S. F. Sanford, Ithaca; Ex. Com., Rev. G. E. Campbell, Rev. Melville Terwilliger, Rev. A. W. Rice, Rev. G. E. Hutchings, Rev. P. H. Riegel. (Reported by Miss Lua B. Bryant.)

Footville Subdistrict.

The sixth subdistrict rally of Janesville District was held at Footville, Wis., July 11-13. The rally opened Friday evening with an address by Rev. James Churn of Janesville, on "Glimpses of Palestine." Saturday's sessions opened with deeply spiritual devotional services. The leading features of the morning program were an address on "Christian Stewardship" and a symposium—"The loyal leaguer," embracing his aim, his faithfulness, his relation to others, his reading, his giving. The afternoon program was taken up by papers on "The aim of the devotional service," "Common roots—how to avoid," "What God expects of an active leaguer," and an address, "The evils of the liquor traffic." These features were followed by a question box which brought about much helpful discussion. The evening of Saturday was given to consideration of missionary topics. Sunday was a day of spiritual uplift, from the love-feast at 9:30 to the closing "surrender" service following the evening service. (Reported by Miss Winifred Edsall.)

Young People's Week at Chautauqua.

REV. WILLIAM J. HART, B.D.

Chautauqua is a great intellectual center. Bishop Vincent and his supporters planned wisely and built grandly in the earlier years to make Chautauqua what it now is. Here in the woods, "where every prospect pleases," where there is much to attract the lover of nature and the seeker of recreation, there come annually leading educators, social reformers, statesmen, and religious workers to represent the progressive features of the present age.

Chautauqua this year has made a slight departure in its program. Several great advance movements are being considered, and their various interests represented and explained by men able to furnish the most definite information. To each of such movements one week is given. For instance, the program provides for a social settlement week, an arts and crafts week, a municipal progress week, a labor movement week, and a modern industrial week. Thus, great economical, social, and industrial questions have had, or will have, free discussion on the Chautauqua platform during the present summer.

It will readily be admitted that no such program would be complete if it failed to consider the increased activity and devotion of our young people at the present time. Hence, Chautauqua, with its characteristic wisdom, made provision in its program for a young people's week. This began July 20. During the week such men as Dr. J. F. Berry, Mr. John Willis Baer, and Rev. W. H. Geistweit were the champions of the great organizations among our young people. These men were evidently much delighted with the new departure at Chautauqua, and Dr. Berry but expressed the feelings of many others when, in a published interview with a representative of *The Assembly Herald*, he said: "These meetings are a capital idea, and I hope the success of this series will be so great that they will become a regular feature at Chautauqua."

The meetings were an unqualified success. Young people's conferences, devotional hours, and Bible readings conducted by the leaders mentioned necessarily aroused enthusiasm and stimulated interest, while their lectures sent young people forth with a deepened desire for noble living.

"Young people and missions" was the subject of a thrilling lecture by Mr. Robert E. Speer, who has been so prominently identified with the Students' Volunteer Movement. Earnestly did he plead for

both workers and money, so that the world might quickly have placed before it the possibility of human salvation through Jesus Christ. The large audience which listened to him most attentively, and in which was a large proportion of young people, was profoundly impressed with the facts so vividly presented. It was the opinion of Mr. Speer "that there is a splendid opportunity at Chautauqua for getting into touch with the lives of young men and young women from all parts of the world, and that it should be utilized." The opportunity has been utilized in 1902. That large results may follow is the hope of all believers in the power of youth.

Earville, N. Y.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

Aug. 11.—League Day, Ossining Camp-Meeting, Ossining, N. Y.
Aug. 12-13.—Normal District, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 12-26.—West Jersey Camp Meeting, Malaga, N. J.
Aug. 13-14.—North District, Jennings, Kan.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 18.—Norwich District, Willimantic Camp Ground, Conn.
Aug. 19-20.—Normal District Convention, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 19-20.—Fort Scott District, Galena, Kan.
Aug. 19-21.—Winfield District, Harper, Kan.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Aug. 26-28.—Milwaukee District, Union Grove, Wis.
Aug. 26-28.—Central District, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Aug. 26-28.—Missouri Conference, Burlington Junction, Mo.
Aug. 28-31.—Oklahoma Conference, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sept. 1.—Chicago Western District, Union-avenue, Chicago.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 25-29.—Alabama Conference, Buaz, Ala.
Sept. 26-28.—Northern New York Conference, Sandy Creek, Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 14-15.—Wyoming Conference Convention, Simpson Church, Scranton, Pa.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 16.—Bridgeton District, Glassboro, N. J.
Oct. 16.—Paterson District, Passaic, N. J.
Oct. 16-19.—German National Convention, St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 19.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Newark District, East Orange, N. J.

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Theological Seminary at Evanston, Ill. YEAR OPENS SEPT. 24, 1902. For rooms in Heck Hall apply to R. E. MARS. For particulars to CHARLES J. LITTLE, President, Evanston, Ill.

The Quizzer's Corner.

Is not the eruption of Mt. Pelee on the Island of Martinique the greatest disaster in the world's history?—*Querist*.

Possibly not. There have been many great natural tragedies in the world's history, some of which, unrecoded, may have exceeded this most recent one. Among others is notable that of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum by Mt. Vesuvius, A. D. 79. How many lost their lives in this disaster was never known. Pompeii had about 20,000 inhabitants, and but few were known to escape. In 1692 Port Royal, on the southern coast of Jamaica, was destroyed by an earthquake and tidal wave. On Nov. 1, 1755, the city of Lisbon, Portugal, was destroyed by earthquake, tidal wave, and fire. It is estimated that over 70,000 people were destroyed. Japan is a land beset with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The most notable of these was the great tragedy that occurred at Yeddo in 1703. Yeddo was a city of a million souls. Of these over 200,000 perished. Here the ground opened and swallowed thousands, closing over them instantly and entombing them. The eruption of Mt. Krakatoa on an island of the same name in the Sunda Straits, is perhaps the most stupendous one recorded in modern times. Between the eruption and the following tidal wave over 50,000 persons lost their lives. More than 40,000 lives were lost in the great disasters of Martinique and St. Vincent. Of the 30,000 inhabitants of St. Pierre not a dozen escaped to tell the tale.

Will you kindly tell me something in the "Quizzer's Corner" about Mayor Low of New York City?—*Albert G.*

Mayor Seth Low, who has been known most widely as the able president of Columbia University, New York, was born in Brooklyn Jan. 18, 1850. He graduated from Columbia in 1870. He has received the degree of LL. D. from the University of the State of New York, Amherst, University of Pennsylvania, Harvard and Trinity, and Princeton. He was for years a partner in his father's tea-



SETH LOW.

importing house. He was mayor of Brooklyn from 1881-5. He was an unsuccessful candidate for mayor of Greater New York in 1897. He was president of Columbia University from 1890 until elected mayor of New York last year.

Will you please answer these questions: 1. What is our Indian population? 2. Where are the Indians located? 3. Have they schools? 4. Are they allowed to vote?—*Mrs. E. C. Casey*.

1. According to the report for 1900 of our commissioner of Indian affairs, there are in the United States 297,905 Indians, of whom 95,679 wear citizens' dress, 42,597 can read, and 59,314 can carry on an ordinary conversation in English. 2. They are scattered about through the different states and territories; on reservations or at school. Under control of Indian office (not taxed or taxable) there are 133,382. Arizona and California about 17,000 each; Montana about 10,000; New Mexico and South Dakota, with about 20,000 each, appear to lead in the number of Indian residents. 3. The government school at Hampton furnishes fine educational opportunities for Indians. There are, we believe, other schools. There are also a number of mission schools. 4. In New Mexico, Nevada, and Washington Indians are not allowed to vote. In Maine and Minnesota, "Indians not taxed or taxable" are excluded from voting. In Michigan and South Dakota, "Indians with tribal relations" are excluded. In the other states the qualifications are the same for the Indian as for the whites.

Will you please tell me through THE HERALD what were the exact provisions of the Platt Amendment respecting Cuba?—*W. C.*

It authorized our President to leave the government of Cuba to its people so soon as a government should be established under constitution or laws that defined the future relations of the two governments substantially thus: The Cuban government shall not make any treaty that shall impair its independence, nor permit a foreign power to obtain control over any part of the island, nor contract any debt whose interest or reasonable sinking fund provision shall be beyond the island's ordinary net revenues; the Cuban government agrees that the

United States may intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, for the maintenance of adequate government, or for discharging obligations imposed on the United States by the treaty of Paris, and transferred to Cuba; all acts of the United States during its military occupation of Cuba to be ratified, sanitation of Cuban cities to be provided for, title to the Isle of Pines to be left for later adjustment, Cuba to sell or lease coaling or naval stations to the United States, and all these provisions to be embodied in a permanent treaty.

Please tell me where is Blennerhassett Island? What is interesting in its history? I see Charles Pidgin has written a novel about it.—*Arno*.

It is in the Ohio River, about two miles below Parkersburg, W. Va., is some three miles long, and so narrow as to contain less than 300 acres. When purchased by Harman Blennerhassett it was practically a bit of remote wilderness. He set to work to convert it into grounds similar to those surrounding country homes in Great Britain, and built a house described as of highly original ugliness. This structure consisted of a fair-sized two-story dwelling with a wing from each end in the shape of a quarter circle, the ends of the half circle thus formed being 104 feet apart. Some describers write contemptuously of his attempts at beautifying the island, though admitting that he spent in the process some \$45,000—a very large sum in those times. The story of Blennerhassett's life is interesting chiefly through his intimate and tragic connection with Aaron Burr in his scheme for establishing a southwestern empire.

Is there a system of stenography that one of ordinary intelligence could master without the aid of a teacher? If so, where can I get a copy of this book? Is it possible to gain a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping through a home correspondence school? If so, will you give me the address of a reliable school?—*Subscriber*.

Yes, we believe it is possible to acquire a working knowledge of shorthand by correspondence. Of course, in this as in everything else, very much depends on the aptitude of the student for the work. Given the aptitude, the chief requirement is a simple system and direction as to mastering it. In the study of stenography a great deal also depends upon the amount of dictation you can command. We can say the same of bookkeeping. There are a number of good correspondence schools in the country. You will find some advertised in the columns of THE HERALD. We cannot give you the name of any book that is a self-teacher of shorthand.

Will you please tell me how old the art of writing is? Could the people write in Moses' time?—*Anna Ray*.

Certainly. The art of writing has been known for so many centuries that it almost bewilders one to think of it. Discoveries in the mounds of ancient ruins and in the tombs of ancient Egypt prove that people wrote books and carried on correspondence at the very least five thousand years ago. The University of Pennsylvania recently came into possession of what is regarded as one of the oldest pieces of writing in the world. It is not a manuscript, but a fragment of a vase which was broken in the raid on the ancient city of Nippur. The inscription is in picture-writing, and indicates that the piece dates back over 3,000 years before our era.

Where can I get the latest facts, statistics, etc., concerning the important questions of the day?—*Sociologist*.

There is an organization in New York specially equipped for just such service as you need. It is the League for Social Service, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The league's facilities are much greater and more available than those of any public library, and practically unlimited information is free to members. Write Secretary Tolman for conditions of membership.

Please tell me, through the "Quizzer's Corner," where I can get information as to the full work of each of the officers of the Epworth League, and also where I can find the constitution and by-laws of the Epworth League?—*A Reader*.

Send your address to the Central Office of the Epworth League, 57 Washington Street, Chicago, and literature will be sent you.

Will you or someone please tell me where I may obtain the book entitled "Sleepy-time Stories," by Maud Ballington Booth?—*Subscriber*.

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is editor. You would doubtless be able to secure any of Mrs. Booth's writings you desire there.

Will you please tell me in your "Quizzer's Corner" where I can write for definite information concerning the conditions for getting the "Oxford scholarships" which Cecil Rhodes bequeathed, and oblige?—*A Reader.*

The current magazines are full of it. We refer you especially to *The World's Work* for June of this year. Also, to the June number of *The World of To-day*, published by the Current Encyclopedia Company, Chicago. The price of each magazine is 25 cents.

Will you please tell me in the "Quizzer's Corner" under what circumstances Kipling's "Recessional" was written?—*A Subscriber.*

This hymn was written on the occasion of the queen's diamond jubilee in 1897, and was first published in the *London Times*, just at the close of the jubilee, hence the name, "Recessional."

A young man in Eastern Nebraska is desirous of entering the ministry. Where would be the best place to go to prepare for this work?—*A Subscriber.*

Go to Nebraska Wesleyan University for your college work first.

The members of our (Illinois) chapter desire to take a number of "Fresh Air" children for a few weeks in the country. To whom should we write?

To the Chicago Bureau of Charities, 79 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Who is Sam Walter Foss?—*Anna M.*

An author of poems written in a quaint style, and the librarian of Somerville, Mass.

Submitted to Readers.

W. G. Gale wishes to know where he can find the poem containing the following lines, and who is the author:

"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was reducing human wrongs."

Mrs. E. J. McKernon writes: "May I inquire in your paper, of Wisconsin Epworthians, if anyone has a copy of any of McGuffey's Readers, used in Wisconsin schools during the forties and fifties. If anyone has a copy of the second, third, or fourth of these old-time books, and will part with it, will he please let me know through THE HERALD? I should be delighted to possess a copy."

Some years ago I heard a minister discourse on the text: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and in his peroration he gave a poem referring to the merriment that is manifest in all parts of creation. Each stanza ended with the words: "And why shouldn't we be as merry as they?" Can you please tell me in your column for queries who the author might be? I have looked in several different poetical works for it, but could not find it.

Please give the rest of quotation. It runs like this: "We beseech thee, O Lord, to go with each of us to our rest, and when the day returns call us with morning faces and morning hearts to earnestly do our duties."—*A Subscriber.*

Answered by Readers.

Wm. N. Mitchell, Marshall, Mo., writes: "'The world wants men, light-hearted, manly men,' are the first words of the poem, 'Wanted.' It is found in Garrett's 'One hundred Choice Selections,' No. 13, Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. Price, 25 cents. 'Charlie Machree' is in No. 11 of the same series."

In response to an inquiry in a recent HERALD as to where the poem, beginning "The world wants men, light-hearted, manly men," will say that the author is J. G. Holland. It can be found, in part at least, in Foster's "Poetical Illustrations"—first series, under the subject, "Men," No. 2277. J. W. Stewart, Painesville, Neb.

The query by "C. S." in regard to the authorship of that familiar quotation, "I expect to pass through this world but once," etc., elicited a number of replies, ascribing several different authorships. One attributes it to William Penn; two or three to Stephen Grellet; one to Henry Drummond; one to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; and three or four concur in saying that it was written by Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. The lines, "I expect to pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do

it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again," are inscribed upon his tomb. To the above quotation, to complete the epitaph, should be added: "Let this be my epitaph: 'What I spent I had; what I saved I left behind; what I gave away I took with me.'"

Letter from Dr. Steel.

Dear Editor: Allow me space to express my regret at not being able to reach Indianapolis during the recent Epworth League Convention. I was especially sorry to miss that occasion; first, because I was honored with a place on its program—and such honors are scarce now—and I desired to show my appreciation of it; and, secondly, because I wanted to tell the Epworthians of Indiana something of my work here in Southern Mississippi. But God ordered it otherwise. I was kept away by the serious illness of two of my children. For some time we hardly hoped the youngest, little Virginia, would live; but God graciously heard our prayers, and, through the skillful services of the physician, her precious life was spared. I desire the Epworthians in Indiana to know that my absence was due entirely to providential causes. I have always put my duty to my family first. Whether I am right or wrong in this, I have the profound happiness of knowing that my plan has not failed. All my children are in the fold. I have never had occasion to blush for one of them yet. The oldest is now married, and, by the way, is an active and useful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with her husband, in Pennsylvania. That is "organic union," is it not? Or is it "absorption?" I am so busy with important work that I am a little rusty on the terms of ecclesiastical partisanship. But the fact that a part of the family are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church creates a very sacred bond between us. I rejoice in the great work the league is doing in your branch of Methodism; and though I no longer have any connection with it, I hear excellent reports of the work done by Dr. Dubose, the Southern secretary. His administration has given general satisfaction, and he seems to possess special fitness for his important position.

I am now at work establishing a school here at Lumberton, Miss., to do for poor white boys and girls exactly what Booker Washington has so successfully done for the negroes at Tuskegee—a manual labor school, where a student can get a good education and pay all expenses with his work. The work is genuine home mission work.

I am delighted with the work and the outlook. We find the climate cool and pleasant in midsummer. Yes, sir, it is just as I tell you. We sleep under cover every night. Had fire to dress by this morning—July 21.

Lumberton, Miss.

S. A. STEEL.

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A remarkable product has been discovered recently, called Liquid Veneer, for renewing almost anything that has a polished, varnished or enameled surface and giving it that rich, brilliant appearance of newness so desirable. Every reader of THE EPWORTH HERALD is entitled to a free sample bottle of it, and by writing the manufacturers and mentioning this paper, a bottle will be mailed, postage prepaid and free of charge. Write at once to Buffalo Specialty Co., Buffalo, N. Y., the sole manufacturers of Liquid Veneer.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

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NUMBER 11.

The Children's Story.

ALICE IN STUMPLAND.

Myra Goodwin Plantz

Chapter IV.—The Wild Man.

"DEAR me," Ben said to Bess one morning. "It was awful jolly here at first. Papa cracked nuts with us and played authors, and stump-tag, and mamma laughed and sang. Of course Alice cried every day, but it was like camping out. But it has been awful solemn since that funeral that started folks to wanting a church. Alice keeps going to town to see that sick girl and hunt up Sunday-school scholars, and papa thinks we ought to be extra good up here. He's only a preacher even if he does dress like a farmer."

"Yes," sighed Bess. "As we dropped potatoes yesterday, three eyes to a hill, papa kept talking about good seed falling where the ugly stumps had been. I had 'Little Women' and a raw turnip hidden in my apron under the potatoes, so I coaxed Flossie to take part of my basketful. She was only planting some broken dolls, their eyes mind you, to see if some new ones would not grow, and papa seemed to think I was lazy."

"I heard papa saying to himself, 'Sermons in stones, or was it stumps, and good in everything.' I guess that is in the Bible or Shakespeare, papa reads so much. He said he had brought up some nature poets he wanted us children to read up in the woods, but live things are good enough for me. I can't bear the sight of a book with our lake full of fish, and worms fairly crawling to your hand."

There was an effort to keep up the regular studies. Alice was expected to recite to her, father at night and teach Flossie an hour or two each morning. Mrs. Crawford had certain hours for Ben and Bessie, but all were so anxious to be out of doors that teachers as well as pupils forgot their appointments. So, when Ben proposed one warm afternoon that he and Bess take their examples out of doors the mother readily consented.

"I will give them each a set of review problems, so they will not help each other; and, Alice, put them up a little lunch so they need not hurry back. I want to finish your shirt waist, and you have those letters to write. It is our first really warm day, and it will not hurt them if they stay till 6 o'clock."

"Let me go," begged Flossie, who was dressing up a family of pine cones for dolls.

"You are too little," said Ben, loftily, leaving Flossie to weep over her extreme youth.

"They must work, and you would talk," said mamma, when the little one wanted to follow, so Flossie comforted herself by going out where her father was working in the new garden. The children found a pleasant place, and each worked two examples, then they decided it was time for recess.

"We will explore this brook," said Ben. "We can't help getting back if we follow the stream. Mike says he has known bears to come down here in the spring; but they shan't hurt you."

"Let's go back," begged Bess.

"Oh, no, this is all our farm. See those blue flowers? We'll take them to mamma," and Ben led his sister deep into the marsh, frightening a family of wild duck.

"Wish I had a gun—but there!" and the boy performed quite a feat—for he threw a dead pine branch at one of the ducks, and it fell with a scream into the water at Ben's feet. Ben caught it up, and was almost knocked over by its struggles.

"Oh, you've killed the beautiful thing!" cried Bess.

"I wrung its neck because it had broken its wing, and I did not want it to suffer. You needn't think I belonged to the Audubon Society for nothing. I want this for papa, because he

"It's our ranch, and I'm going to find out why they don't pay the rent," said Ben, knocking on the skin door.

"Come in and take me. I'd rather go than starve any longer," said a weak voice.

Ben pushed his way in, dragging the unwilling Bess after him. "A bear might come along if I left you out doors," he said tremblingly.

The children saw a strange sight. In the hut, or wigwam, a man lay on a bed of hemlock. The children knew the white face and long hair. This was, indeed, the "wild man." He looked relieved when he saw they were only children, and muttered, "Bread."

"Here's my lunch; I've only eaten the cookies, and I'd love to have you eat the rest," said Bess, holding out two large slices of bread and butter, but not daring to go near the queer-looking creature.

"Bread!" he gasped.

Then Ben plucked up courage and took the bread and laid it in the hand of the sick man. He ate it as if he had been a starved dog.

"Would you like a drink?" asked Bess.

The man nodded, and Bess caught up a tin cup lying on the floor and ran out to the brook, closely followed by Ben, who felt more courageous when someone was near. They need not have feared the sick man, for he was too feeble to rise. When they returned with the water they did not find the man quite alone. The cutest little bear cub, looking like a brown puppy, was by his side eating some of the lunch.

"My baby," said the man with a faint smile. "You can have him after I am dead. Don't let anyone shoot him. He is trained to all kinds of funny tricks."

"We'll send papa," said Ben. "He will know how to help you, 'cause helping folks is

"This was indeed the 'wild man.'"

likes to eat duck," with fine inconsistency.

"Alice will want the beautiful wings for her hat," said Bess, "even if we signed the pledge not to wear feathers. We did not know we would have them fall at our feet."

They had gotten away from the little brook in securing their game, and were now in the heavy timber. While the leaves were still small the branches were so thick they made a pleasant shade from the afternoon sun. In summer anything could be hidden by the dense underbrush, but now they saw clearly a strange little hut, built of branches and covered with deer skins.

"It may be the wild man. Let us run," said Bess.

"No," said Ben, who was very brave in spots. "I've come this far and made a discovery that may go down in history like De Soto's things, and I'm going to know who lives here."

Bess followed him, her heart in her mouth, and as they neared the hut they heard groans that made even Ben's stubby hair stand on end.

"Somebody's kilt," gasped Bess.

his trade. He's a preacher."

"No, no, cried the man. 'I've wandered free in these woods for years. I was safe till the railroad brought so many settlers. I found berries and plenty of game, and raised corn and potatoes away from my hut in the summer. I can't live long. Let me die a free man. Don't tell, and I'll show you what Brownie can do.'"

Then the man said a few words and the little bear danced on his hind legs, made a military salute, and did so many other wonderful tricks that they would have made any promise to own such a pet.

"Come, Bess, it's getting dark. We must go," whispered Ben. The children filled the cup and left the sick man with the little cub crouched down beside him.

In their haste and excitement the children did not notice that they turned the wrong way, and had gone some distance when they discovered the stream was growing smaller. It was getting dark and cold, and an owl was making a mournful hoot over their heads.



"Oh, Bess, we're lost, and that little bear's pa and ma live somewhere near, and will see us, and we'll be awful scared," Ben said, trying not to cry.

"I'm tired to death, and wet, and nearly starved," replied his twin, not trying to conceal her grief. "You hadn't ought to lost me. You claim you are the oldest, and a boy; and, anyway, papa said we must not go beyond those big pines by the woods."

"That's so," said Ben, thinking of all the terrible things he had heard that happened to disobedient children. If the bears came out and ate up children for calling a good man "baldhead," there was no knowing what they would do when they came across children who disobeyed their parents.

"We didn't mean not to mind," said Ben. "We didn't think. That's my stump. I never do think till it's too late. That's why I lost papa's watch, and broke my leg, and once nearly set the house afire, and now lost you." Ben, felt this the worst of all, for he was devoted to his sister.

"Oh, don't worry about me, Ben. My foot hurts so I have to stop. I stumbled over some old roots," said Bess, trying with a woman's instinct to cheer up the man. "Anyway, it was as much my fault, for you couldn't have made me go if I hadn't wanted to. Do you suppose God would listen to us if we prayed, and we told him we did not mean to be naughty?"

"Yes," responded, Ben, eagerly. "Don't you know, papa has a sermon, about two hours long, about 'He came to seek and save those who are lost?'"

"Then we will pray to have someone seek us," said Bess, and the children bowed their heads and prayed a very simple, trustful prayer. Then they decided they must start downstream again, but it was getting dark, and the melted snow had made the banks little more than a marsh, so they only floundered around in the water.

"It's getting so dark we'd better get under this clump of cedar bushes and wait till papa comes," said Ben, seeing that every step caused his little sister pain.

When the children failed to return at supper time there was no anxiety, for they might have found some new wild flower and not noticed the setting sun. The northern twilight is very long. In upper Michigan I have seen it light enough at nine o'clock in summer for strong eyes to make out words in a newspaper. The fact that the children had a generous lunch would keep them longer.

"What troubles me most is their disobedience," said the father. "They have been warned not to go beyond certain bounds where they could hear the big dinner-bell, and now they have wandered off into some danger."

"They don't mean to disobey, and they are generally good children," said the mother, almost beside herself with anxiety but willing to excuse her children.

"I do not know what would have happened if Indian Joe had not come along just then. He often brought fish or game to the minister—things gladly accepted when fresh meat was not always on hand. The Indian had his hunting dog always at his heels.

"Me find papooses," the Indian grunted. "Bring shoes." After the dog had scented two pairs of well-worn shoes he started off with his nose to the ground, his master and Mr. Crawford close after him. He went up the stream, giving a howl when he lost the trail in the water, and a bark of joy when he struck it again, until he stopped before the hut of the sick man.

"If you come in you are dead men," a voice called out of the hut. "You can't take me now."

(To be continued.)

The "Master Clock."

IN the course of an article in *St. Nicholas*, on "How we set our watches by a star," W. S. Harwood tells about the Master Clock at Washington.

The great clock in the naval observatory is called the Master Clock. By means of the repeating-apparatus the time is repeated over eighteen different circuits to the various parts of the country.

New York City automatically repeats the time to all points east and north; Chicago and Cincinnati repeat to all points west and southwest; Richmond, Augusta, and Atlanta to all points south. If you should happen to be in some large telegraph office at the moment the time signal is being sent out, it is likely you would see the operators at their keys take out their watches a few seconds before the time is due, open them, put a tiny piece of tissue-paper twisted into a thread between the spokes of one of the little wheels in their watches, holding back the movement to the instant the signal is given, then releasing the wheel so that the watch shall fall into the exact beat of the Master Clock in Washington.

Of course, the same care must be taken whether the operators are to connect their instruments with a time-ball or a control-clock. The time-ball is an interesting feature of the service. It is a round ball large enough to be seen from the street where, supported by its appliances, it rests on the top of some building. It is attached by wire to the circuit from Washington in such a manner that, at the instant the Master Clock in Washington ticks the stroke of twelve, the delicately poised ball will fall, released by the same beat of the clock that announces the time to the rest of the country. Anyone who watches one of these time-balls just before the stroke of twelve, timepiece in hand, may easily determine whether his watch is slow, fast, or on time.

Throughout the East these time-balls are dropped every day at noon, save on Sundays, at New York City, Boston, Newport (R. I.), Woods Holl (Mass.), Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Hampton Roads, Savannah, and Fortress Monroe. The tick of the Master Clock that drops these time-balls also releases others, some of them many hundreds, indeed thousands, of miles away. For instance, by cable arrangement, a time-ball is dropped every day in the city of Havana, and another in San Francisco, 3,000 miles distant. So incomprehensibly swift is the speed of the electric current that, if the repeating-instruments and the wires are in perfect condition, there is no appreciable difference in the time of the dropping of the ball in New York City and the dropping of the ball in San Francisco, each one released by the same tick of the Master Clock in the naval observatory in Washington.

Sing On, Little Bird.

Sing on, little bird, sing on!

What though the rain may come down,
And the clouds hang heavy and dark,
Or the sky wear its solemnest frown;
'Tis only a passing shower

Which the flowers have needed so long;
The sun will shine bright in an hour;
So go on, little bird, with your song.

Shine on, little star, shine on!

You are not all alone in the sky,
For hundreds and hundreds of stars
Will be sparkling up there by and by.
The children who watch for your light
Will smile when they see your bright eye,
As you twinkle up there all the night.
Then shine on, little star, in the sky.

Fur and Feather Stories.

The Cat and the Parrot.

THAT cats do think and reason no one who has studied them closely can well doubt, and the great French writer, Theophile Gautier, relates a story to illustrate this fact.

A friend of that writer, who was going away for a short time, asked him during his absence to take charge of a favorite green parrot. To this he readily assented; but he was unable to inform the then reigning cat of the expected addition to the household. Consequently, when, after the parrot's arrival, the cat came as usual into his master's den, it was not a little surprised to find the parrot there on its perch.

Surprise, says Gautier, who saw the whole scene, presently gave way to other emotions, since the cat plainly said to itself: "Why, this is a green fowl! This is a delicacy I have never met with before. This is most interesting, and, doubtless, will be most delicious!" Gautier,

ready to come to the rescue if necessary, still observed, while the cat watched the parrot with eager eyes, and the parrot watched the cat with an uneasy expression. Presently the cat made up its mind definitely, crouched, made a spring, and alighted actually on the parrot's perch.

The "green fowl," however, was equal to the occasion. It turned on the cat, saying in a deep bass voice: "Jacquot, have you had breakfast?" The cat jumped backwards as if a pistol had been fired past its ear. All its ideas as to the bird part of creation were upset. The parrot continued: "What did you have? Why, the king's roast." On this the cat clearly said to itself: "I have made a mistake. This is not a bird at all, it is a gentleman. Only hear him talk!"

The parrot, seeing his advantage, proceeded to sing a couplet at the top of his voice. This was the last blow. The cat cast a despairing look at Gautier, and then hid itself for the rest of the day under a bed.

"Those," says Gautier, "who have not lived in intimacy with animals may think that the interpretation of the feelings of the cat and the parrot is an effort of my imagination." He adds that the cat tried once again, with exactly the same result as before, and then gave it up, accepting it as a fact that the parrot was really a human being.—*Chicago Tribune*.

What the Bee Does.

Great indeed is the amount of work which a busy bee will do in a day. Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains a very small quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred different heads of clover before returning to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must therefore thrust their tongues into about 6,000 different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day when the clover patch is convenient to the hive, and thus will draw the sugar from 120,000 different flowers in the course of a single day's work.

Jip and the Telephone.

One morning my sister went to see a friend, and took with her our little dog.

When she left she quite forgot the dog; and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but to no avail.

Some hours passed and he was still there.

So they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts.

"Bring him to the telephone," said my brother.

One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear.

Then my brother whistled, and called, "Come home at once, Jip."

Immediately he rushed out to the door barking to get out, and soon afterwards arrived at home.

A Faithful Horse.

When the Duke of Wellington was fighting in Spain, there were two horses which had always drawn the same gun, side by side, in many battles. At last one was killed, and the other, on having his food brought as usual, refused to eat, but turned his head round to look for his old friend and neighed many times as if to call to him. All care was in vain. There were other horses near him, but he would not notice them, and he soon afterward died, not having tasted food since his former companion was killed.

Junior Jottings.

In San Pedro, Cal., there is a fine chapter of Juniors. About thirty attend the meetings every Sunday. And they are young people who do things, too. Not long ago they held a novel and very successful social. Each child was requested to come representing a song, and to bring a lunch consisting of two sandwiches and two pieces of cake, a tin cup, and 5 or 10 cents. There were many ingenious ways of representing the names of familiar songs. The house was crowded. After luncheon the children passed into the parlor, and ended the delightful evening with the musical romance published in *THE HERALD* of April 26.

We are sure this letter from Mrs. W. B. Hainlin about a struggling, but persevering Junior League

in Milbourne, Fla., will be very interesting to Junior chapters everywhere: "When we read the 'Junior Jottings' we sometimes wish we had an interesting league and something to write about. We have only a few members and no regularly appointed superintendent. Still, we rarely miss a Sunday afternoon service. Now, while larger societies are taking a vacation, there are two young ladies—Misses Horton and Hoke—who are determined, with the help of God, to keep up the meetings. Pray for us that we may be all the help in the work that God intends we should be, and that numbers may be saved through the league."

Sunshine Chapter, Brighton, Ill., gave a very successful social and literary entertainment July 15. The affair interested everybody in the Juniors and their work and put \$15 in their treasury. The day after the entertainment some of the older Juniors visited the sick and shut-in of the town, carrying them flowers and singing and reciting some of their pieces for them. One said she had not had such a treat in a long, long time. They had a little party at the pastor's recently, and helped sew rags for a carpet. They are now planning a picnic and hayride for themselves, and another social for everybody. They are enthusiastic and energetic. Nine new members were taken in last Sunday. Miss Gertrude York, the pastor's daughter, is superintendent.

Kingsley Junior League of Milwaukee, Wis., has had a prosperous year. It has more than doubled its average attendance, and has gained 100 members, having a membership at the present time of 180. The league is divided into eleven classes, the children being from three to fifteen years of age. Several of the members were converted in January, and quite a few joined the church. The league has just contributed \$10 toward the church expenses. Sunday, June 29, a very entertaining program was given by the children. A very interesting missionary object lesson was presented by seven little girls, with chains and lighted colored candles. Miss Ida V. Lindow is superintendent of the league, Miss Mamie Slean assistant superintendent, and Miss Jennie DeMeyer secretary.

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for August: The Junior's Vacation.

Aug. 17.—How to Be True Juniors in Vacation.

(Eccles. 9: 10.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Try always to do right (Eph. 6: 1).

Tuesday.—Pray every day (Matt. 6: 6).

Wednesday.—Read every day in the Word of God (John 5: 39).

Thursday.—Abstain from all evil (Rom. 12: 9).

Friday.—Be constant in church attendance (Psa. 84: 10).

Saturday.—Wear our badge (1 Thess. 5: 8).

Sunday.—Never be ashamed of Jesus (Rom. 1: 16).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Come, thou Almighty King."... Repeat joyful psalm (Psa. 98)... Singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus."... Chain of prayer... Lord's prayer chanted... Roll-call and secretary's report... Junior topic... Blackboard talk... Singing, "Tis joy to sing his praises."... Temperance lesson... Boy's quartet, "Touch it? Not I."... Continued story... Close by repeating Junior pledge.

To the Junior Superintendent.

For talk on the topic tell the Juniors the incident that occurred in Washington last April, when President Roosevelt reproved a boy for carelessness in his appearance when off duty.

The President was coming out of church on Sunday morning and he noticed a boy watching him. The boy wore the military uniform of a high-school cadet, but his blouse was unbuttoned and his clothes dusty. With one stride the President reached him. "Hey," he said, "is that the way you wear your blouse? Why don't you button it up, and look decent?" With a blush the boy pulled his blouse together and stood at attention. "That's better," said the President, and with a smile passed on.

A young girl applied for a position as nursery maid, where she would be expected to keep the children's clothes in order. The lady to whom she applied read the written recommendation the girl offered her, and then looked the girl over carefully. "Where have you been working for the last week?" she said. "I've been loafing at my sister's, wait-

ing for a place," the girl answered. "Then you certainly have had time to sew the missing buttons on your coat and shoes, and mend your dress," the lady said. Thus the girl lost the position she coveted because of her carelessness. We are not off duty in vacation, and a true Junior is true all the year round.

Blackboard Talk.

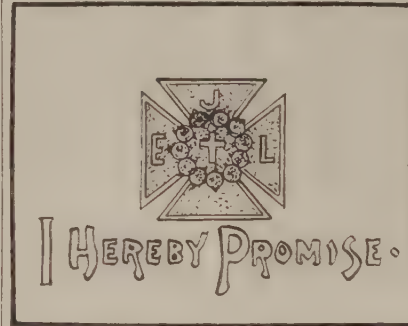
Every true Junior is a temperance boy or girl. In our Junior pledge we promise to do three things, and then we promise not to do three things.

Who can name the three things we promise to do? (Write "Try," "Pray," "Read," on the blackboard.)

What do we promise not to do? for that is what abstain means. (Write "Swear," "Smoke," "Drink," on the blackboard.)

All who will say "Yes" to the first three words raise your hands. (Write "Yes" before the words "Try," "Pray," "Read.")

All who will say "No" to the other three words raise both hands. (Write large "No" in front of



words "Swear," "Smoke," "Drink.") When you boys are men you may have a chance to vote "no." We have said yes, we will read every day in the word of God and, of course, we mean it; but Satan will tempt us to neglect this duty by suggesting to us that we cannot take time to read the Bible. If the postman brought you a letter from your mother, when she was away from home, would you carry the letter around all day in your pocket, because you could not take time to read it?

The Bible is God's letter to us, and if we love him we shall want to know what he has to say to us in his letter.

To say yes to duty makes it easy to say no to temptation.

Florence Nightingale said that the secret of her life of usefulness was that she had never in her life said no to God.

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A grandmother, by studying the proper selection of food, cured herself of stomach trouble and severe headaches. Later on she was able to save her little granddaughter because of her knowledge of food.

She says, "When baby was five months old she was weaned because of the severe illness of her mother. She was put on a prepared baby food, but soon lost flesh and color, became hollow eyed and fretful. 'We changed her food several times but with no permanent benefit. At last her stomach rebelled entirely and threw up nearly everything she took. She would be wet with a cold perspiration after feeding and would cry piteously with pain. That is a dangerous condition for a small baby and in this extremity I remembered how beautifully Grape-Nuts had agreed with me, and suggested we try the food for the baby."

"We began very carefully with it, giving two small teaspoonfuls at a feeding, softened with boiling water and fed in sterilized milk, warmed. The experiment was a perfect success."

"She has been on the food five weeks and can now eat other food, for the change in this brief time is wonderful. She has gained over three pounds in weight, has rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and she has the appearance of a satisfactorily nourished and thriving child."

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Deaconess Fresh-Air Work.

ISABEL C. LEITCH.

During the last two summers the deaconesses have been given the use of a pretty cottage on the New Lenox Camp grounds, belonging to Mrs. McBride. Each season about seventy women, mostly shop girls and factory toilers, were entertained here for a period of two weeks each. The owner of the cottage was so gratified with the work done that at the close of last season she gave the cottage outright to the Chicago Deaconess Home, to be used for this purpose. It has been enlarged, and adjusted to the needs of a big family, at an expense of several hundred dollars, and is now ready to open for our summer guests. We hope this summer to be able to take twice as many, and can easily do so if the friends of the poor will supply the small amount of money needed for traveling and other expenses. Some of the women pay their own expenses; but those who need it most are often the ones who, from sickness or from the burden of little children, are not able to pay even this small amount.

The deaconesses take turns in assuming charge of the cottage and looking after the comfort and well-being of the guests. No pains are spared to make it a time of moral and spiritual uplift, as well as of physical benefit. One poor girl has just gone home to glory who, at the cottage last summer, was brought to the Saviour through the human love and kindness shown her. During her last hours she still talked of those wonderful days in the country; but death had no terrors. She looked forward in happy resignation to the change, confident that for her—

"Sweet fields beyond that swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

Somebody—and God knows who—gave the money last summer that made that poor girl's outing possible.

Each summer there are other opportunities to send children into the country for a few days or weeks, if only the traveling expenses are provided. More and more each year is society seeing the good that comes—aside from the gain in health and strength—from taking the alley child from the grime and ugliness of his surroundings, and placing him, for at least a little while, "near to nature's heart." He is awakened morally and spiritually, as well as helped physically. It is one of

the agencies that is helping to solve the problems of the street waifs.

Last summer the deaconesses gave hundreds of women and children such an outing, at an average expense of \$2.00 each.

Deaconess Home, Chicago.

Cruelty to Dumb Animals.

George Scrugg was walking with his bull terriers. Scrugg is black. The bull terriers are white. They met a cat on the corner of Forty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue. The cat was black and white. Its appearance aroused the enthusiasm of "Black Scrugg and his two white bull terriers. The terriers were urged to attack the cat. After a brief struggle its back was broken, it was helpless; and as the negro urged them the terriers tore it limb from limb. The terriers enjoyed the sport, in spite of scratches on their pink noses. The negro, Scrugg, smiled and enjoyed himself immensely. When the policeman grabbed him he said that he was legitimately exercising the skill of his dogs. What impression does this narrative leave on your mind? Do you despise even a poor, ignorant negro who could enjoy the sufferings of a helpless animal? Do you reject indignantly his statement that his love of sport justified him in torturing a creature that had done him no harm? You do? Then what do you think of the cowardly brutes who murder helpless pigeons for amusement, and not even killing them outright, leave them to suffer hours of torture in hedges and ditches when the sport is done? If you would gladly have assisted in the arrest and punishment of the negro whose dogs tortured only one animal, will you help pass laws restraining the pigeon-shooting cowards, whose sport in a single day involves the torture of thousands of harmless pigeons?—*Exchange*.

Drink in the Philippines.

Miss Annie A. Robbins, national superintendent of the soldiers and sailors' department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, recently gave an address in Nashua, N. H., in which she described conditions in the Philippine Islands as she saw them while in those islands engaged as a nurse in the American army. Miss Robbins first served in Cuba during the war with Spain, and later went to the Philippines. With regard to the conditions there, she said:

"The natives are temperate, although they are not total abstainers. In all the time I was in the islands I never saw but one native drunk, and that case was caused by American whisky. When the troops first landed in Manila there were about 2,000 native saloons; now there are about 600, many of them being prosperous American ones. I have seen life-size pictures of Uncle Sam in front of these places holding a glass of beer in his hand. In other saloons the bar and fixtures are to be seen draped with the Stars and Stripes. I have been passing along a street there, and would

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meet a group of intoxicated soldiers. We were obliged to walk in the street and give them the whole sidewalk.

"It was told me on good authority that, in one company in particular, only one man out of the hundred or more did not drink. In one regiment it was found, on a canvass, that nine-tenths of the men used liquor. Other vices are protected, if not licensed by the government.

"The soldiers are fast teaching the natives to get drunk. They teach the women to drink beer, and tell them it is the proper thing to do so. The women, in their endeavor to imitate the supposed habit of their American sisters, are fast taking to the habit."—*The New Voice*.

Liquor-Selling in the Capitol.

The sale of liquor in the Capitol having been declared illegal by the district court, Senator Spooner, chairman of the Senate committee on rules, has written to Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, that no new rule has been made since he became a member of the committee, and that the long standing rule excludes "spirituous liquors," which it is the duty of the sergeant-at-arms to enforce. Dr. Crafts has replied that the rule does not conform to the act of Congress forbidding the sale of "beer and other intoxicating drinks" in the district without a license, and he has asked that the rule be revised accordingly. It is the policy of the excise board not to license liquor-selling in government buildings, but as that policy might be changed, the law passed by the House is needed. It was not germane to the immigration bill and so has been dropped by the Senate committee, but the McCumber bill, if carried, will forbid liquor-selling in all government buildings. Even liquor-selling in immigrant stations, passed by the House and favorably reported by the Senate, goes over to the December session as a part of the immigration bill. We urge that deputations call on Senators in behalf of all these measures while they are at home.

The Reform Bureau has promptly followed up the Philippines bill by presenting twenty-nine petitions from thirteen states to the new civil government, through the President, asking that the "saloon," a new thing we have introduced, be abolished.—*Union Signal*.

What Authors Ought to Know.

The average man or woman who is about to make his or her debut in the literary world as the writer of a book imagines that when the manuscript is finished and accepted by a publisher all responsibility ceases, and if there is any trouble or delay the publisher is entirely to blame. In some cases, perhaps, this is true, but in many more instances the creator of the composition is the one who is largely responsible. There are no end of little matters that an author never thinks of until he has received the final proofs, and then he never appreciates that it may mean resetting pages of type to make the alterations he wishes.

Now, the thing for the author to do is this: Make a note of every detail regarding the appearance of your composition in book form, and mention each point to your publisher, so that everything may be decided in advance.

First is the size of the type; an author is not supposed to know all about the names of the different sizes, but he can find some book printed in the type he likes and show it to the publisher.

Second is the question of initial letters. In some books they are out of place, but in others a great addition.

Third is the correction of proofs. How many authors realize that the insertion of an extra punctuation mark means the resetting of a line and that the addition or omission of a word may mean the alteration of an entire paragraph, or page? To prevent the necessity of changes, read the manuscript not seven times, but seventy times seven until it is perfect, and no improvement can be made.

Fourth is the question of illustrations. Omit them unless they are very good. If the book is to

be illustrated, be sure that each illustration is marked where it should be inserted, and that the wording under each agrees with the wording in the list of illustrations. Remember that all the illustrations, with the exception of the frontispiece, must be on the right-hand page, facing the same way.

Fifth is the color of the cover, the material, and the design.

Sixth, ask to see the different qualities of paper, so that the author will not be disappointed after it is ordered.

Seventh comes the matter of bastard title-pages. These are the pages inserted between each chapter, and having printed on them only the name and number of the chapter. Few authors appreciate the trouble caused by these bastard titles when inserted after the page-forms are arranged.

Eighth, if the book is to be accompanied by small illustrations, inserted in the text, indicate it on the manuscript so the typesetters may leave space; otherwise, the entire book will have to be reset.

Ninth, make a careful study of dainty volumes from the best houses, so that you may get ideas for your own book.

Tenth is the correct arrangement of chapters and their headings.—*Literary Life*.

♦If any feel their weakness as little children feel it, let them know that the Spirit of God broods over them as a mother over her babe.—*G. A. Smith*.

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John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, Aug. 16, 1902.

Volume XIII—Number 12.

John Wesley and the Newspapers. By Edwin Genge.

"What do the papers say?" is the question often asked in these days, and although some of them are much like the Lystrans, making gods of those they favor to-day and stoning them to the death to-morrow, yet what "the papers say" has much to do with the estimate in which many persons are held.

These are "Wesley" days. We have just kept the anniversary of his death, and next year shall be celebrating the bi-centenary of his birth at Epworth. What did the papers say of John Wesley in his day? They had not much good to say of him while he lived, but after his death they recognized that a notable man had gone to his rest.

The *London Morning Chronicle* of March 4, 1791, said: "Though John Wesley was a thin man, his bones will afford good picking to the biographers, a legion of whom are now brandishing their grey goose quills about his life. Neither eloquence nor accuracy are at all requisite; the whole depends upon expedition, for the first ones will be sure of a silver badge." ("Scoop" seems to have been the reporter's rule then, as now.) But the *Chronicle* says: "Whatever may be the opinion held of Mr. Wesley's divinity, it is impossible to deny him the merit of having done infinite good to the lower class of people; * * * his history, if well written, would certainly be important, for in every respect, as the founder of the most numerous sect in the kingdom, as a man, and as a writer, he must be considered as one of the most extraordinary characters this or any age has produced."

The *Public Advertiser* of March 3, 1791, said: "Yesterday, at 10 o'clock in the morning, died, at his own house in the City Road, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, that well-known and celebrated minister and reformer, the Rev. John Wesley, whose eminent abilities in every branch of polite and sacred literature, being directed by the grace of God to the most important and valuable ends, not only rendered him the ornament of his own age and country, but will also endear his name to the latest posterity." Then the writer adds: "It may likewise be highly pleasing to his many friends to acquaint them that in his last moments he bore the most unshaken testimony to the evangelical truths he had maintained in the long course of his laborious ministry." Wesley sustained the truth of his own famous utterance: "Our people die well." One of the newspaper poets of that day wrote:

"His sand is out! Poor fleeting life's shade.
Howe'er the powers of mind may be displayed,
Talents can't rescue, genius cannot save
The monarch or the preacher from the grave."

John Wesley taught his people to "Get all they could, save all they could, give all they could." The *London Chronicle* of March 5, 1791, says: "Mr. Wesley's income was prodigious, not less than £10,000 (\$50,000) a year, but out of that he appropriated no more to his own use than was sufficient to supply the necessities of life. The money went to build chapels and pay the preachers throughout the kingdom."

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, at the close of a very fair and discriminating article, thus sums up its estimate of John Wesley: "On a review of the character of this extraordinary man, it appears that, though he was endowed with eminent talents, he was more distinguished by their use than even by their possession. Though his taste was classic, and his manners elegant, he sacrificed that society in which he was particularly calculated to shine, gave up those preferences which his abilities must have obtained, and devoted a

long life to practicing and enforcing the plainest duties. Instead of being 'an ornament to literature,' he was a blessing to his fellow-creatures; instead of 'the genius of the age,' he was the servant of God." Of Mr. Wesley's death this same magazine says: "He had a vigor and elevation of mind which nothing but the belief in the Divine Favour and Presence could inspire. This threw a luster round his infirmities, changed his bed of sickness into a triumphal car, and made his exit resemble an apotheosis rather than a dissolution!"

In this manner "the papers" spoke of John Wesley 111 years ago, and they have not lowered their estimate with the coming of the years. The other day the *London Times* said: "The Church of England is what it is because John Wesley lived and taught in the eighteenth century." Again, "John Wesley still remains the greatest and most potent and the most far-reaching spiritual influence which Anglo-Saxon Christianity has felt since the days of the Reformation," and we sincerely hope that the *Times* is correct when it adds: "Methodism has lost nothing of its original and independent vitality." The *Daily Chronicle* calls Wesley "the most illustrious churchman of the eighteenth century." The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an estimate of Wesley and his work, said: "The followers of Wesley who best appreciate his progressive and tolerant spirit will do most to perpetuate and extend his influence and the principles for which he contended." The *London Star* on one occasion advised Methodists to "compose their splits, make up their quarrels," and asserted that "all the characteristic defects of modern Methodism would be cured by an honest return to the spirit and practice of Wesley."

During a Wesley celebration in England the *London Standard* took occasion to say: "If the bishops (of the Church of England) had been as good and as wise as the bishops of to-day, John Wesley would have received very different treatment." Is that statement borne out by their action in connection with the new education bill? The *Morning Post*, persisting in the long ago exploded theory that Wesley had no purpose to form a new church separate from the Church of England, apologetically remarked: "Wesley cannot be held responsible for consequences which he had no hand in bringing about, and which became crystallized into permanence only after he was dead." Well may Hugh Price Hughes answer: "It really is too absurd for the *Morning Post* or anybody else to try and persuade us at this time of day that John Wesley did not know what he was about when he took every deliberate and legal step that was necessary in order to arm the conference with all the authority which it exercises to-day."

So we do well to observe these "Wesley days." John Wesley himself urged his preachers to take advantage of special days of every sort. He understood the opportunity they offered to make truth and the lessons of great lives more vivid and powerful. We may well seize the occasion which the approaching Wesley bi-centennial will give for a more sincere cherishing of his memory and a clearer emphasis on his teaching. No occasion could present more living themes for fruitful treatment. Next year ought to be a great Wesley year in our Methodism, and yet, as one of his most devoted friends and admirers has well advised: "Let it be said once for all, that although no society on earth can boast such a founder, so pure in his character, simple in his motives, so truthful in his utterances, so superior to money and every petty and

ordinary thing—a man who went about doing good the whole of his life—yet we will not glory even in Wesley apart from the grace of God, which made him what he was and enabled him to achieve what he did."

Dalton, Mass.

The Holy Sabbath.

Rev. P. A. Crow.

'Tis the holy Sabbath; day of days, blest of all days and the link of gold which binds the week just gone with the week which has just come. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." How sweet, how earnest and touching is that command. How much it means, how grand its purpose.

The clanging church-bells which ring out the clear Te-Deums of the churches seem to say, "Keep it holy," and the winds themselves to whisper: "Remember, remember the Sabbath day."

'Tis the holy Sabbath, and over yonder is a little home scene which is typical of many another all over this glorious Christian republic of ours. A father, who believes that there is no safeguard for those who look up to him with their bright, inquiring eyes and their quick, impressionable minds, outside of the laws which the Lord himself has laid down as the foundation rock of their being, and who also believes that he has a glorious mission to perform in giving them an example which will make of them good men and Christian women; and in the meantime earn for himself that encomium of praise: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

There is the loving mother also, the sweet, busy, helpful mother, who feels in her true heart the beautiful influence of the day, and who says: "'Tis the holy Sabbath and time for the children to go forth to the Sabbath-school." Then she adjusts the beautiful little bonnets for the golden-haired girls, and helps the ruddy-cheeked boys on with their little coats, gives each a loving pat and a tender kiss, and then with a prayer on her lips for their preservation and well-being, remembers "the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and soon with the husband she loves and who loves her, seeks the house of God a few blocks away and is genuinely happy among God's people. Ah! This is the sweetest life which comes to tired humanity, and wealth nor fame nor power has anything to give in its stead.

'Tis the holy Sabbath, and the great mills and factories which yesterday roared and clanged with a thousand voices, the counting-rooms where the "money changers'" harsh voices rose and fell with monotonous regularity, the great, busy marts of trade—all, all are silent. The laboring men and women linger a little longer in their beds to-day. They are so tired—God pity them!—so very tired, and it is the holy Sabbath and the day of rest, and they desire to make the most of it. They are not slothful nor wicked, but only tired, with a tire which is hard to shake off, and which feels as if it might have been begun before they were born. It is the holy Sabbath—our own Sabbath, with its peace, with its holy associations, with its gentle reminders, with its thoughts of him, with its tender admonitions, with its thousands of beautiful and beneficent things, which pagan never knew, and which the infidel cannot know. Thank God for the holy Sabbath! The integrity and good-sense of the American people will keep inviolate the sacred holy Sabbath, and preserve forever intact this precious legacy, which is of inestimable value to our American life.

Buffalo, N. Y.

From Ghetto to Pulpit. By Jacob Finger.

II.—The New World's Welcome.

Mendel Zalman's does not enjoy talking about the experiences of those first days in the new land. He had neither money nor speech that passed current in the strange, new civilization in which he found himself. He knew just two words of English, and these he had learned long before, in rather queer fashion. A man from his native town had sojourned for some time in the United States. Returning, he was asked to speak some English, and, being an accommodating man, he gave his entire vocabulary at one time, and also told how he had obtained it. One day he entered a store, and not being able to make himself understood, he was told to "go on." He obeyed without understanding, but not without retaining these two words, and they were the extent of his knowledge of English. This incident rather amused Mendel, and the two cabalistic words clung to him for a long time. He had almost forgotten them, however, when during his voyage they were recalled to his memory. One day he ran in haste to the pump for some water, but the British tar on duty there brought back to his mind this comprehensive English vocabulary so forcibly that Mendel never forgot it again. Indeed, he has made it his life's motto.

Mendel had no money when he landed, except a single silver ruble which his father had given him to keep. But the fortunate ignorance of the just-arrived immigrant saved him from discouragement. Was he not in a land of freedom, where everyone may rise as high as his opportunities? And were not opportunities waiting on every hand? Had he not heard of the untold wealth amassed by young men in this opulent, strange land? What if he has no money now? Cannot someone trust him until he has established himself in business?

So, four days after landing, he started out in business with two dollars' worth of matches as the nucleus of his fortune. His first day's profit amounted to about 30 cents. Economical living made this suffice for his needs. But he acquired more than money on that day. He had gone direct to the country, and instead of being able to use his own language constantly, as he could have done in the city, he was hard put to it to make himself understood among people who had an unaccountable ignorance of his mother-tongue. But when the first day had passed, he felt that he was now master of English speech. He could count as far as twenty, he could sell a box of matches, and, having lost his way several times, was able to give the name of the street which he sought, and to find his way back.

Mendel kept this up about six weeks, selling simple things along the country roads, making enough to supply himself with food, and, in the meantime, getting deeper into the mysteries of the language of the people. But as the autumn approached, and the muddy roads made walking a harder task, he began to long for the city. At last he went back to New York, and, as though he desired to teach himself appreciation of country living, he entered a sweatshop. He would learn to make shirts.

The sweatshop chapter of Mendel's career is one concerning which he will say but little. There were many days in which his only meal was a few pennies' worth of bread. Toil was practically unceasing, amid surroundings which no description can adequately portray. Human endurance broke down, and he fled from the noise and weariness and hunger and dirt.

Making picture frames at 40 cents a day is a great step in advance to one just free from a sweatshop, and the glitter of gold which Mendel's eyes had seen but dimly of late now reappeared.

As the winter wore on and spring drew near, Mendel became restless in the city and turned his face to the country again. He would not sell goods this time, but would find a place on a farm. His acquaintances laughed at this idea, and with good reason, for Mendel was never on a farm more than an hour or two at a time in all his life. He did not know how to hitch up a horse or to drive home a cow. Who would care to bother with a farm-hand like that, and one whose mind was still absorbed with the dream of a fortune? No such thought of incongruity disturbed Mendel, however, and one morning at 5 o'clock he found

himself on a country road, looking for work. Thirty-five cents was all the money he had in his pocket, and where he was going he did not know. He had but one hope that morning, and that was to get so completely lost during the day that he would not be tempted to return at night.

How many miles he walked he does not know, but when night overtook him he was far from the city. He had eaten nothing since morning. A kind farmer gave him permission to sleep in the barn that night, but when daylight came he had already been without food for twenty-four hours, and it would not do to spend his last 35 cents for victuals unless forced to it by absolute need. Mendel tried his best to describe to this writer the feeling he had when he started that morning, breakfastless, on his aimless journey. But it cannot be reproduced. Let the reader stretch his imagination just a little until he finds himself in Mendel's place. It was 11 o'clock before he managed to procure some food, but by noon his wanderings were over.

At the noon-hour he lay down on the grass by the roadside, and as he lay the thing he had sought came to him. He had been looking for work, and could not find it. But while he was half-dreaming about the ill fortune of the past and the better fortune of that future which was always in his thought, a man drove up and asked him if he was not looking for work. Mendel thought it a dream, since dreams go by contraries and he had been refused work so often in these two days. But it was not a dream, for the man actually invited him to dinner, and as dreamers never eat such substantial food as was placed before him he became convinced that he was wide awake. After dinner his duties commenced. He had found work and a home. The exile from the Ghetto, transported to the new world, began a new, and, to our accustomed eyes, a prosaic life. To him it was freedom, room to breathe, opportunity, the first step of Fortune's ladder. He had no fear for the next, and thirteen months went by, each day bringing him new knowledge and a new outlook.

Childhood's Spiritual Hunger.

Rev. W. F. Oldham, D.D.

A recent editorial in THE HERALD must have set a great many parents and pastors to thinking. It was regarding the necessity of getting the children of the church into saved relations with Jesus Christ. There is an increasing tendency among us to think that, somehow, childhood knows nothing about guilt, and needs no teaching about the forgiving grace of our Lord and Saviour; that Jesus is to be presented rather as Friend than Saviour. Alas! for the burdens of conscience that many a little one is bearing; for the poignancy of anguish that many a child endures because even godly friends will not make true inquiry into the case. The biography of almost any of God's servants will show that childhood is no stranger to pungency of conviction for sin nor to longings for pardon and reconciliation with God. Alas! for the energy of evil. No one waits for adult years to bring experience of it. Even childhood is stained by sin and burdened with guilt, and childhood needs clear teaching regarding the personal faith in a forgiving God that brings pardon and the assurance of the divine favor.

I happen to be again reading William Taylor's "Story of My Life." Listen to the experience of a very natural being brought up amid most healthful surroundings. This was no child of morbid fancy, raised among the artificial surroundings of some pampered household, but one of a large family of American children, in the early decades of the last century, among the hardy pioneers of Virginia.

He was carefully trained by his godly grandmother. He was accustomed to pray, and was living the life of a happy-hearted child. But he was not clearly taught the justifying grace and saving power of Jesus, and hence the sorrow and perplexity of many of his earliest years.

Two incidents stand out in the child-life of the great evangelist. When he was not six years old he fell into sin. He stole a playmate's penknife.

"Then came on me for the first time that awful sickening sensation of guilt and remorse, which indicated the forfeiture of my infantile justified relation to God." Nor did he come to quiet of conscience until, hearing a colored servant girl tell the

story of a black collier's fall and repentance, the child-hearer said to himself: "Jesus isn't far away after all. If this man found him, why can't I?" And trusting in Jesus "my heart was filled with peace and love." It was clear spiritual preaching conveyed by the lips of an untrained colored girl that helped the child to find his way back to the felt presence of Jesus. It was not long, however, before this earnest-hearted child fell into great religious darkness. Out at work in his father's cornfield he was suddenly seized with the thought that, unlike the early Christians of whom he had read in the Acts, he had not "sold all his possessions and laid down the price at the apostle's feet." All the child had was some skins in his father's tanyard, which could not be moved for weeks or months. But in his inexperience, and with no one to give so young a child the counsel that is supposed to be necessary only for older persons, the little boy fell into deep spiritual gloom. "Instead of bright sunshine in my spirit it was dense darkness; instead of joy and gladness in blessed union with Jesus I had unrest and wretchedness." The lad was not quite eight years old. For five long years he lived his boy's life, but how many troubled hours there were because no one thought a child needed any close personal direction in his religious life. At a camp-meeting in his thirteenth year the boy, who, for five years had been under the sense of alienation from God, came forward to the "mourner's bench," and in course of time, under the clearer teaching that came to him, returned to fellowship and communion with his Lord. What the child William Taylor needed, three-quarters of a century ago, tens of thousands of the children of the church need now; teaching and encouragement to find in the Lord Christ a personal Saviour redeeming them consciously from guilt and sin to peace and goodness.

Chicago.

"The Cloak He Had Worn at Marengo."

Ezra S. Tipple, D.D.

While Tilsit probably marks the summit of Napoleon's power, no victory which he ever achieved on a battlefield gave the Corsican captain such keen satisfaction and unending joy as the triumph at Marengo. Throughout his tempestuous career he never ceased to look back upon that memorable June day of 1800 in Italy as the golden day of his military achievements. When, in 1805, he crossed the Alps with Josephine, together they visited the field of Marengo, and, sitting there upon a throne, they witnessed a spectacular representation of the famous battle by which Italy had been snatched from disaster and Austria overwhelmed, and, with just pride, together they exulted in the memories of that notable victory. Two years later, in 1807, when the Russians were harassing General Lannes at Friedland, and that general had despatched his aide-de-camp to Napoleon for assistance, the messenger found the emperor just leaving Eylau, his face "beaming." "He made me ride up by his side," relates the aide-de-camp, "and as we galloped I had to give him an account of what had taken place on the field of battle before I left. The report finished, the emperor smiled, and asked: 'Have you a good memory?' 'Pretty fair, sire,' 'Well, what anniversary is it to-day, the fourteenth of June?' 'Marengo.' 'Yes,' replied the emperor, 'and I am going to beat the Russians to-day as I beat the Austrians at Marengo.'" And as, a little later, he greeted his troops on the field, it was with the prophetic words, "It is a lucky day, the anniversary of Marengo," and so it proved, for his soldiers signally defeated the Russians that day, and Friedland was added to his list of victories.

For some reason the great warrior always kept the clothes he had worn at Marengo—the hat, the uniform, spurs, and sword. They were as sacred to him as the so-called relics of the saints are to the Catholic devotees. He often put on the old faded uniform, and wore it, as, for instance, on the occasion when he took Josephine to the field; and on St. Helena, when loneliness and desolation laid heavy hands upon him, and the ghastly forms of his former greatness haunted his waking hours and tormented his sleep, the sight of his old Marengo uniform alone brought a gleam to his eye, and the memory of his triumph on that bloody field gave at least a small measure of comfort. And chroniclers of the last days at St. Helena take pains to record that, when the exalted hero of a hundred battles lay dead, they covered his feet with "the cloak he had worn at Marengo."

There is no doubt that Marengo is one of the most famous battles in history. The story of it will never grow old. The attack, the rout of the French, the coming of Desaix, those memorable words late in the afternoon, "The battle is lost, but there is time to gain another," the opportune cavalry charge of Kellermann on the flank of the Austrian column, the swift overthrow of the Austrian standards, and the flight of the Austrian soldiers, the complete triumph of Napoleon—all this is familiar. The real significance of Marengo is that it was a victory on the field of a former defeat.

"The battle is lost, but there is time to gain another." What a message of comfort and hope for many a soul, who, defeated often by some overwhelming passion, has lost hope and given himself up to despair. What a rallying cry this for all who daily walk on old battlefields, covered over with broken pledges, good resolutions, and shattered ambitions.

Who of us has not sometimes felt: "It is no use trying; I can never conquer this bad habit, or that; I shall never get the better of my surly or impatient tongue; I can never master my temper; I may as well give up first as last"? No; remember "the cloak he had worn at Marengo." However strong the habit, however frequent the defeat, though shame and despair cry at us from a thousand inglorious fields, we can overcome temptations which have often worsted us, and master faults which have caused us to lower our colors. Let us join battle on the same old fields. There is time yet for victory before the sun goes down. The day is not yet lost. There is at least the eleventh-hour chance for every man. There is deliverance from every form of slavery, provided our confidence is in God. He is the ground of our hope. When Edward, the Black Prince, saw his enemies for the first time, he said: "God is my help; I must fight them the best I can." Through him, and through him alone, we shall triumph valiantly, and be masters, soon or late, of every field.

New York.

"Some Things We Need."

(From a parsonage study.)

My dear Marlowe: You will expect this letter to begin, "I have just been reading—" and with your love for books that sort of a beginning would scarcely be unpleasant. But it is not of what I have been reading recently, but of what I have been thinking, that I want to write to you to-night.

I remember once getting a letter from a friend, who spoke of a visit with a school friend of his, and how they talked of what was the matter with the world. Perhaps young men just out of school spend too much time in cheap discussion of the problems of life. But, after all, the problem of what is the matter with the world *now*, of the particular needs of the present, is always with us, and ought to have thought, and action born of thought.

So, like my friend, who is so eager to help the world, I shall spin out some of my thoughts about it.

It seems to me—and I wonder how far you will agree with me—that four things are needed just now, particularly.

One is a thing the world at large needs. That is a deepened moral sense—what a professor in one of our schools has called "a great ethical concern." I wonder if our time has a greater fault than moral flabbiness? It is not simply that men get confused in their opinions, but they do not care enough about being right. The man with a passion for righteousness, such as beats in the words of the prophet Amos—he is the man for our time. Then there is a thing the church needs. And I wonder if you will be surprised that I should say this. The church needs to be just bathed in living Christian doctrine—not a dead sea of doctrine, but a living one. Christian living can never be successfully divorced from Christian thinking, and the attempt to do it is a peril to Christianity.

It pleases me to know that there is fresh preaching of Christian doctrine being done to-day. But it would be a far greater pleasure to see the church as a whole—the young people, too—begin to feel deeply the life that throbs in the great Christian doctrines.

Then, there is a third thing, the need of which you, too, have pondered, I know. That is a more intense spiritual ambition. It seems certain that this alone is the way to return to the great days of old and their spiritual power.

What would it not be worth to the church to get the young people hungry for spiritual strength and

power? Would it not be a great note to ring through the church the call to dare to long for the best, and seek the best in the things of God? And it is being done. May it be done more and more!

Then there is one more thing—and it is coming, too—that the church shall feel the throb of conquest.

I like the phrase someone has coined—"the imperialism of Christianity." And it is fine to think of the hosts of Christian young people who are being led to see the vision of world-empire for the Saviour.

Now, is it not true, Marlowe, that we ought to feel to the very center of our being these things—the need of a passion for righteousness, the need of understanding the faith, the need of spiritual ambition, and the need of a world-vision of the future of the faith?

Well, it is getting late now, and I must close. Let me have a letter from you soon. As ever, your friend,

WALTER GILES.

Parsonage Study, Arlington.

Syntony: As We Are, We Hear.

Rev. W. G. Proctor.

We have heard much about Marconi and his wireless telegraphy, especially his feat of telegraphing from England to Newfoundland without wires other than those along the poles at the sending station, and the one running from his receiver to a kite 200 or 300 feet in the air. Telegraphing without wire, regardless of distance, is about an accomplished fact; but before wireless telegraphy can come into general use and be commercially successful, numerous difficulties must be surmounted. Chief among them is that, where numerous senders are projecting their messages into space, how will the receivers for whom the messages are intended receive their respective messages without confusion with other messages—how can each receiver pick out its intended message without being affected by the innumerable other messages vibrating in the air? How can each sender dispatch its message with assurance that it will be received only by the desired receiver?

But Professor Morse and others are experimenting, and believe they already see the solution of that problem. In this way: The electric messages projected into the air from the sending station travel, like sound, in waves, all the way from one-fourth of an inch to 1,000 feet in length, with a corresponding difference in the number of vibrations per second. If you have two tuning-forks of equal amplitude near each other, and strike one, it will set the other going; but it will not affect one of different amplitude. A similar effect will be produced if two pianos are in proximity and a chord is struck; the resultant vibration will affect the chord of corresponding pitch in the other piano, but no other chord. Scientists call this "syntony."

Based on this principle Marconi expects to make wireless telegraphy commercially practicable, and even to insure a considerable amount of secrecy. By having a sender and receiver "tuned up," as it were, to a corresponding pitch, the messages projected by that sender can be taken up only by its own receiver. For outside parties to receive the messages they must know the exact wave-lengths of the messages sent, and make a receiver to correspond. People can receive messages only when sender and receiver syntonize, or when the receiver is "in tune" with the sender.

Now, the principle of syntony is not limited to sound or electricity. It has a place in divine relation and spiritual experience.

God, through his sender—the Word, the preachers of the gospel and the witnesses of his grace—is projecting his messages of salvation, of reconciliation, of life, love, and hope, of noble and useful living, into the world. But so many seem to be insensible of such messages, and fail to respond to them, simply because they are not syntony with those things which are high, spiritual, and that pertain to the kingdom of God. Sinfulness, sordidness, pleasure-seeking, world-love, mammon worship, and animalism prevent men and women from being sensitive to these messages from God.

Christ is sending his messages—calls—to his church to enter his active service, to live a life of consecrated usefulness and helpfulness, to build up his kingdom on earth. Why are so many who are hearing his name unresponsive to such calls? Because their lives are not tuned up spiritually with Christ; they are not in spiritual syntony with him. They are at ease in Zion, care only for

amusement, for the passing pageantry of this world, or are self-centered and self-indulgent. They do not by any positive effort or adequate service contribute to the world's well-being or happiness, or the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth.

In the sorrows and disappointments of life the messages of love and comfort are sent to us from God through his word and the Comforter, but only as we are in syntony with God can we hear and be comforted.

In the perplexities and difficulties of life, when we know not which way to take, or what course to pursue, the still, small voice of his spirit is delivering his messages of direction and guidance, but they avail us only as we are spiritually in tune with God.

Only as we are fully attuned to God, in correct syntony with him, can we hear divine words and receive revelations which to the world are inaudible, and impossible of adequate utterance by those who hear.

Catch the keynote of the Christ-life, the moral and spiritual key to which it is pitched; harmonize your life with his; tune your life up to the same pitch as his when he said, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me," who went about doing good.

Syntonize your conversation with Paul's when he said: "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things," then will you be sensitive to the divine vibration, receive his messages, hear voices intelligible to you but unheard by the world, which shall come as voices of comfort, of direction, of encouragement, and inspiration—constant communication from him who liveth and reigneth for ever.

Metamora, Ind.

Equipoise.

Stiletto.

There have been two ideals before the world which represent two different views of life. Matthew Arnold defines them as "Hellenism and Hebraism"; Hugh Black, as "Culture and Restraint." The two have influenced thought and life for many centuries, and have led their followers in diverging ways. They represent extremes. Each one alone is not sufficient for all the needs of the whole man. Neither culture nor restraint by itself can make for the completeness and symmetry of life. They are the two halves which must be brought together and combined into one beautiful whole. Culture is "self-expression," restraint is "self-repression." How opposed to each other! Yet, if one excludes the other we get only a half-truth, which is more dangerous than a full untruth, because the evil is not seen as clearly.

Culture, as Arnold defines it in "Culture and Anarchy," is "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know on all matters which most concern us the best which has been thought and said in the world." Its basis, its purpose, its goal is knowledge. How attractive and commendable! But its chief concern, more often its only concern, is the growth of oneself. This surely is a form of selfishness, so subtle because it is veiled beneath the guise of a beautiful sentiment. Browning points this out in "A Grammarian's Funeral."

This man decided not to live but to know. The more he studied to know, the more expansive became the fields of knowledge, the more attractive and inviting, till he forgot all else in its pursuit, forgetting even the short expanse of human existence, and that something must be done before he went hence. The result was that his life was a broken column, because it consisted exclusively of desires and ambitions which centered round self.

Restraint is based upon the perverted conviction that the spiritual in life is the only part worth cultivating. So it must be kept uppermost by a systematic and persistent suppression of the physical, the mental, and even the moral. The spiritual is indeed the highest element in life, but it cannot grow strong without the help of the others. In "Saint Simon Stylites" Tennyson deals with this phase of life, which had such a commanding influence in the Middle Ages. In less distorted forms it is still regarded as the only desirable life. Its lessons contain important truths, partially expressed. They are given without clear perception of the essential worth of the whole man, and are

lacking in intelligent sympathy. Sacrifice is necessary for normal growth. Discipline is required for the ripe fruits of life. They are only means to the great end, which is the possession of character in equipoise. If treated as an end in itself, an insidious selfishness will inevitably arise, similar to the product of an exclusive culture.

Culture, as generally understood, is supposed to flower without even the remotest connection with religion. Restraint thrives best in a religious atmosphere, where thoughts of culture are not even distantly hinted at. This has given the wrong impression that religion distorts the individuality by mutilating its impulses.

The religion of Jesus Christ, in its large interpretation, certainly does not do this. Its purpose is not shrinkage, but expansion; it aims not at a surface-covering, but at a growth from within. Hence, it is both broad and deep. As Blackwell says: "The Christian religion is the progressive grasp of the whole content of human life, taking possession of every department of thought and activity, conquering and assimilating all forms of human development."

Jesus Christ takes up the two extremes of culture and restraint, and so welds them together that in him we see the beautiful combination of self-expression and self-repression. Whatsoever things are true and honorable and just and pure and lovely and of good report in art, in science, in literature, in ethics, in religion, are sanctioned by him. They all bear the impress of the image of the incarnate Son of God; they express the contents of his will; they contribute to the formation of character; they lead to the heights of perfection where he is enthroned.

Thrice blessed shall we be if we receive from him the spirit of understanding to discern the relative value of things, and to give every part of our complex being—the body, the mind, the spirit—that place divinely planned for each. There will then be no confusion and contradiction of aims and pursuits. And our lives will steadily mature "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Country Girls in Town.

It was about ten years ago when I first saw Mary Carr. She was a woman of forty, healthy, resolute, keen of eye and sharp of tongue; with a firm belief in herself, and very little belief in any other person or thing. She always had lived in a wide-awake village in Iowa, and now had come to "the East" to make her fortune. She proposed to make it by authorship or journalism, but I soon found that she knew no more of either kind of work than she did of shipbuilding.

People who live outside of the Atlantic seaboard cities can have little idea of the number of women, poor and unprotected, who rush into them yearly from the West and South with the hope of making their fortune, or at least a living. Nobody can blame them for coming. On most western ranches the woman is overworked, and the loneliness of her life is intolerable; while in the smaller southern towns the monotony, the pettiness of events in the slow-going hours and days and years stifle and kill an active brain, just as the creeping gray moss smothers a living plant.

These women break away and fly to "God's country," as they call it, to find companionship and work. At first their ideas are large. They clamor for the best and biggest kinds of work, and for high pay—above everything for high pay.

Mary Carr stopped in Philadelphia—they all stop in Philadelphia—and, finding it dull and cold—they all find it dull and cold—she hurried on to New York.

It has so happened that, in every decade, some woman of unusual power has come up from the South or West, and has conquered a foremost place in New York. Invariably she has been followed by a troop of poor incompetents, who have ended in wretched failure. There were Maggie Mitchell and Mary Anderson. What a horde of would-be Fanchons and Juliets crowded up after them into the cheap theaters, and how soon their little penny lights flickered and went out in darkness!

The success of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" set countless Southern women to writing short dialect stories, which never found their way into print; just as the enormous sales of "To Have and to Hold" have brought from Maine to Texas upon the wretched editors of magazines avalanches of historical novels.

Mary Carr had read in her youth Mrs. Evans Wilson's "Beulah." Now that she needed

money, why, she reasoned, should she not write a popular religious novel? There was no word of wisdom or wit in her that cried for utterance. She wanted work, and pay for it. That was her only qualification for authorship.

She went to New York with \$200 in her pocket, which she regarded as a large provision for the time of waiting until the great triumph should come. "My means," she often would say with complacency, "are ample—ample."

She brought with her manuscript poems and a novel, and she ground out an essay almost every day. She haunted publishers and editors. In the offices of Scribners, Harpers, and the Appletons her face was known to every proofreader and errand boy. But at the end of three months not a line had been accepted.

Then she tried the newspapers. She wrote short stories, verses, and jokes. None were published. The money was fast melting away. She tried reporting, and sometimes her "stuff," as she learned to call it, would go in, after much blue-penciling. Then, how proud and triumphant she was! Not because she had spoken well a word worth hearing, but because there were two stickfuls of her "stuff" in, and she would be paid so much a stick. But at last even these poor little successes ceased. She sank lower and lower; grew limp and bloodless; began to take a little whisky at night instead of dinner.

It was like some live creature lost on a bog, slowly sucked down, inch by inch, to the black death below.

One day she was gone.

Nobody saw her at the last, nor knew how or when the end came.

Now, let me tell you of another woman—Jane Sevier. The names, of course, are fictitious, but the stories are absolutely true.

Jane lived in Iturbide, one of the deader of the dead villages on the Mexican Gulf. There once had been some good orange groves in Iturbide. But the great frost had put a sudden end to that industry, and nobody as yet had found the energy to plant another tree. The pigs rooted unchecked through the hummocks, and their owners sat all day long on the porch of the postoffice smoking and playing dominoes. As long as there were fish in the Gulf and game in the woods nobody was afraid of starvation. Iturbide was content.

Jane Sevier was not content. She was the daughter of the postmaster, a lean, clean-skinned, fair-haired woman of thirty. She made her first protest against the lazy, grimy life around her by a personal cleanliness so marked as to be offensive to her neighbors. She always wore a close-fitting gown of dark blue cotton stuff, with white collar and cuffs, a perpetual reproach to the other women lounging all day in greasy Mother Hubbards of violent hues.

"Jane," her neighbors said, "had been to Orleans too often, and got high notions there." It spoiled a woman for everyday use to travel.

"I'm tired of the dirt and drink and the dead laziness at home," she told a friend who came once to the town.

"Do you mean to leave Iturbide?" he said. "You can easily find work in New Orleans or Mobile."

"No; I can be clean and useful and earn my living at home. I'll stay right here, and pull Iturbide up with me."

She kept her word. She began, with the help of a couple of negroes, by re-grafting the orange trees of her father's grove. She went to Biloxi, and learned how figs there were preserved, and shrimps cooked before they were canned for the New Orleans market. Then she came home and canned figs and shrimps in her own kitchen. She had a keen intelligence and nimble fingers; but her chief strength lay in her ability to make others work. In a year she had the most trusty, handy negroes in the village busy in her grove and canning factory. As her trade increased she opened a shop and added to her canned goods home-made jellies and pickles, and sent her advertisements throughout the gulf states, bringing in a large and steady trade. Iturbide slowly, very slowly, awoke, rose to the situation, and proceeded to clean and bestir itself to greet the strangers who now came to it. The pigs were fenced in, the old orange groves replanted, a brisk trade in fish and game started up, and there had been lately a good deal of talk about a new hotel. Jane does not interfere in this and other vague projects, but when she thinks that the new hotel is needed, the talk will stop and it will be built.

Jane Sevier has not made a great fortune, but

she has conquered a stable, sound prosperity. She has work enough and pleasure enough to keep her healthy and contented. Her neighbors respect her, and her friends who look behind the canning and trading abilities of the woman love her.

Now, why did one woman succeed, and the other make such a shipwreck of body and soul?

Simply because one ventured out into unknown seas with neither knowledge, skill, nor chart, and the other took up work which was familiar to her, among people, whom she knew and could influence.

I wish that *The Independent* could reach every discontented, needy woman outside of the great cities of the United States; that I could urge them to stay outside of them, as they value their souls' health and their bodies' health. They have no money, perhaps; but in the place where they are known they have capital which they cannot take with them in the influence of family and friends, and in the respect and confidence of the community. Or, if they have not, if they have never been able to conquer influence and respect and love at home in all the years that are gone, how will they get them in the seething life of a strange town? Let us throw a little daylight of common-sense onto this thing.

There are other possessions which a woman gives up when she rushes into the town—the sense of stability, of rest, of comfort, which belong to the old familiar places. They know her. They are her dumb, faithful friends. The pigeons cooing in the oaks which shade the homestead have something to say to her which she will never hear again in the roar of Chicago or New York. The sense of stability or repose, in home, in friendly faces, the affection of dumb things, are part of the capital of life which we do not set down in our schedule of property. But how starved the days are without them!

The lives of most women who rush into strange cities to earn their living are not only starved, but are failures. The story of the one woman who succeeds goes back to her home, the others end in silence. Here is one significant fact: The lower classes of employes in the great department stores and factories are recruited from farms and country villages, and the worst places in New York and Philadelphia are recruited from the department stores and factories.

But a woman may debase and hopelessly foul her life and remain as chaste as Diana. Take Mary Carr as an example, which will stand for thousands. If she had had genius or talent, or even that popular knack of hiding common thoughts in uncommon phrasing, she could have made her way with editors and publishers quite as rapidly by writing at home in the old farmhouse as in New York. Being in New York and hungry, she took up the baser work in journalism, work of which the readers of *The Independent* probably never heard. Thousands of sharp, unscrupulous women earn their bread to-day by such work. They prowl into obscure and filthy quarters of life to find a sensational item to sell to the Sunday papers. It is they who fill "Personal" columns with anecdotes of the men and women who are known to the public through their books or official position. It is they who invent stories of Mrs. Roosevelt's dealings with her children or the boyhood of this general, or the love affair of that poet. The poor creatures probably never saw one of the men and women whom they malign. They could not comprehend their political actions, or the books which they have written, or their lives, but they can invent foul personal anecdotes about them, and they know that no "stuff" which they can offer to certain newspapers will be as sure of ready sale as these. It is not the man who sells poisonous toadstools who is to blame, it is the public that relishes and eats toadstools.

The chance of success is in staying at home. In almost every country town there is one clever woman, who, like Jane Sevier, has pushed her way up to comfort and influence. She is a florist, or a milliner, a librarian, or the editor of a paper; she makes jam, or she has nature classes in summer for city children. She does not go into the city to live, but she brings some fad or taste or demand of the city to her country home and earns her living by gratifying it.

The noblest name ever given to the president was that of the Great Father. If we only had a great mother, who could lead the myriads of American women that are struggling for money and fame into the ways of simplicity and common-sense!—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in the Independent.*

A Few Queer Words. By Mary A. Sawyer.

It was very near a battle. Joe's voice was loud. Fanny's eyes were red with crying, and Julia's cheeks were scarlet with anger.

"You needn't deny it, Fanny," she said. "I know you wrote to Sue and told her not to come!" "She didn't, either; she wants her to come!" retorted Joe.

"I didn't, Julia; truly I didn't!" sobbed Fanny.

"Yes, you did! You wrote the letter the very day I wrote mine. I told you I had asked her, and you were determined I shouldn't have her!"

"I'll tell you," said Joe. "It's all 'I' with you, always, but it is never what other people want. And if I were you—jingol! Here's Sue coming up the walk, now!"

A moment later Joe ushered his cousin into the room where his sisters awaited her. ♦♦

"Here she is! I said she got your letter, Julia!"

"Of course I received it," said Sue, glancing at her cousins' disturbed faces.

"Why didn't you answer it?" demanded Julia, as she kissed her.

"Ten minutes more, and you'd have found us at swords'-points with each other!" said Joe.

"About what, pray?"

"The letter Ju sent you.

You didn't answer it yesterday, as she expected, and so, first, she accused me of never mailing it; and then she turned on Fan, and declared she had written you a letter telling you not to come!"

"Why, Julia, how absurd!" said Sue, while Julia bestowed frowning glances upon Joe. "How could you get such an idea into your head?"

"That's the question! She'll win fame and fortune as a romance writer if she keeps on!" said Joe. "But I say, Sue, we haven't any of us told you we're precious glad to see you."

"Sue knows it," said Julia.

"I took it for granted, I think, when I came a day earlier. That's the reason I didn't write, Ju. Aunt Jane needs some things, and so I thought I'd give you another day of my society. Who'll go shopping with me this morning?"

"Both the girls," said Joe, "so good-bye till dinner time."

Sue was to share Julia's room. She watched her cousin while she dressed for the street. Her hands trembled, and her voice was still unnaturally shrill.

"I wish I had written," she said at last.

"I was sure you would. That's why I accused Joe and Fanny."

"I wish I had."

"Oh"—lightly—"you needn't bother about our little fracas—it's all over now."

"Is it over? I didn't hear you tell the others you were sorry."

"I? Well, I guess you didn't! The idea!"

"You are sorry, I know."

"Well, yes, I suppose I am."

"Then, why not tell them so?"

"Oh, they don't expect it. We're used to each other. They don't mind what I say when I am angry."

Sue forbore to press the matter. She might irritate Julia still more, she felt.

"Don't they? Well, I'll tell them I am sorry I didn't write."

"Nonsense! Where do you want to go to church Sunday, Sue?"

"I will leave it to you."

"We'll talk it over at dinner. Fanny knows more about the choirs than I do," said Julia.

At the table, therefore, she presented the question. "In my opinion, we ought to go to several

churches. We might go to two or three in the morning—we could take back seats and go out—and at least two in the afternoon."

"I think I would rather go to just one in the morning," said Sue. "I want the sermon as well as the music."

"We might go to a church where the colored people go. The singing is the best in the city," said Fanny.

After considerable discussion, Fanny's suggestion was approved.

"That's settled, then," said Joe; "but we'll want a first-rate breakfast and a first-rate dinner, Ju, if we're going to be trotting all over the city."

"You shall have both," said Julia.

She had her doubts as to the wisdom of Fanny's plan. Her own idea was much better, she felt. But as she had been so hasty in her accusations, she decided to yield her wishes.

She listened somewhat languidly to the singing when Sunday came, though she acknowledged its power. Nor did she pay any attention to the sermon, until the preacher was more than half-way through his discourse.



"Don't you ever get mad and say hateful things to folks, brother?"

"How are you going to be forgiven by God if you don't forgive the people who injure you? Don't you ever injure anybody, brother? Don't you, sister? Don't you ever get mad and say hateful things to folks, brother? Don't you, sister? I guess you do! I guess we all of us do! Well, that's injuring folks. Of course it is! And you're doing it all the time, ain't you? And folks are doing it to you, ain't they? Well, then, you must forgive the folks that do it to you, and you must stop doing it to them. And you, sisters, up there in the gallery; you jest fall right down on your knees when you get home, and ask the good Lord to forgive you for the ugly things you've said to folks this very last week! And you, too, sisters and brothers downstairs. And then, you ask him to help you to forgive the folks that has said ugly things to you. He'll do it, sisters! He'll do it, brothers! And you ask him to help you to stop saying them to other folks. He'll do it. And that'll be bringing the kingdom of heaven right into this world."

Julia listened intently to these plain words. She spoke of them at dinner. "I wonder if he always preaches in such a peculiar way?" she said.

She turned to her cousin that night when they were alone in her chamber:

"I can't get the queer things he said out of my

mind. I never heard anyone talk so in a pulpit."

"People cannot help listening. Perhaps they cannot help remembering. I hope it makes their daily lives better."

Julia continued to brush her hair. "I wish it would make mine better," she said, at last. "I say things to poor Fanny and poor Joe, when I get angry, you know. I wish I didn't."

"Try his way. Ask God's help," said Sue. Julia made no reply. In a few moments she began to speak of other matters. But later, when Sue was almost asleep, she arose.

"Are you sick?" asked Sue.

"No"—in a stifled voice—"but I can't go to sleep until I have told Joe and Fanny how I feel. Don't get up. Go to sleep. I'll be back soon."

It seemed an hour to Sue, as she lay awake and thought of the sermon and its unexpected result, before Julia returned. She put her arm around her and kissed her. "I am often cross, too," she said. "I say unkind things to people, too. I need God's help, too, my poor Ju."

"Fanny cried. She said I hadn't been any more hateful to her than she had been to me. But

I have been, Sue; I have a worse temper than either Joe or Fanny. I stir them up. Poor mamma has tried her best to help me, but I have kept right on. I suppose I always will."

"I don't," said Sue, "for I don't believe you ever before told Joe or Fanny you were sorry."

"No"—sighing—"I never did. I never cared how they felt. I thought how I felt."

"You have made the beginning; you have taken the first step. The beginning is a great thing. The tree grows from the seed."

Julia kissed her cousin. "You are a real comforter," she said. "Now go to sleep. I mustn't be selfish, and keep you awake all night."

A year later Sue received a letter from Fanny. In it were these words:

You are to choose the churches for Easter. The afternoon and evening will be ours, but in the morning we must, of course, go to our own church with papa and mamma. Do you remember the Sunday—I think you must—when they were both away, and we heard that strange sermon? Poor mamma says it has changed all her children. Fanny, she says, is still more of a help to her; Joe teases his sisters less often, and I—well, I am said to be less inclined to take offense. I hope it is true—I know it is true. I know I can control my temper better than I could a year ago. I did not really try, then, in spite of all poor mamma's efforts to help me. I do try now. And God helps. Well, it is strange that those few queer words should have so clung to me, is it not?

Sue read this portion of Julia's letter a number of times.

"I, too, have remembered that sermon all the year," she remarked. "I have tried to be a better woman, a better neighbor, a better friend. God sent us to that church."

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

"Yes, it has helped me. And how many others, I wonder? For I told Aunt Jane all about it, and we have both repeated it to other people. And if they have repeated it to others, it must have helped some. How many has it already helped? How many will it help?"

Boston.

I can conceive no difference comparable to that between a smooth and rough sea, except that which is between a mind calmed by the love of God, and one torn up by the storms of earthly passions.—John Wesley.

The Morning Watch.

Patient with the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone,
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Past all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all this sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merit over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

GOD'S LOVE FOR THE UNLOVELY.

G. H. S.

It is wonderful to notice how God waits and waits, and follows and lingers, and at last secures the wandering sheep. Perhaps all is severed which bound him to God, but one tiny thread, a memory of the past not quite obliterated, a warning buried beneath the rubbish of frequent falls, a talisman of goodness retained out of the wreckage of a fair life. So that the minister of God must needs be the minister of redeeming love. He finds that more than half the difficulties which he encounters spring from the taint of sin. That proud temper, which scornfully rejects all overtures, and rudely turns you away, which thwarts, opposes, ridicules, and insults, is often merely a display of restlessness, which has its root in irreligion. There is a sore within, a deep-seated prayerlessness. Prayerlessness is "the insomnia of the soul," and the soul which has lost its peace in God is restless and irritable. That young man who looks so wistfully at you is scanning your sincerity; he has been struggling a long time with a desperate sin. Can you help him? Do you know? Do you care? Are you a minister of God, or just another clergyman going his rounds? He soon finds out. "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" You can trust a man who seems to know your case, who will not hurt you by clumsy handling. Oh, my brother, you and I are toiling for the same tender God who followed poor St. Peter out into the night, to drive him in again by his tears; the same patient love which brought Saul, blinded and powerless, to grope his way back into life; the same forbearing patience which restored St. Mark to usefulness and duty. There, where the earthquake has torn up the ground, or the lightning has scarred the cliff, or the torrent has swept over the smiling plain God is gently weaving over it the graceful cloak of verdure or clothing the gash with color or restoring the drenched earth with healing sun; everywhere opposing himself to the awful waste, the wear and tear of sin.

It has been beautifully said: "There is hardly a roadside pond or pool which has not as much landscape in it as above it. It is not the brown, muddy, dull thing we suppose it to be. It has a heart like ourselves; and in the bottom of that there are the boughs of the tall trees and the blades of the shaking grass and all manner of hues of variable pleasant light out of the sky. Nay, that ugly gutter which stagnates over the drain-bars in the heart of the great city is not altogether base. Down in that, if you will look deep enough, you may see the dark serious blue of the far-off sky, and the passing of pure clouds. It

is at your own will that you see in that despised stream the refuse of the streets or the image of the sky."

Have you ever stood on the shore watching the incoming tide, and seen how it surrounds at first a patch of sand here, a heap there, a little there, and gradually spreads with a steady flow all around, until the whole surface is covered with its bright fresh waves? Oh, may we open our hearts to the inflow of divine love, till all the cracked and barren sand shall be covered by the gathering tide, and the sea shall reflect his Sun.

Stale Bread.

W. T. McMichael.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, the other day, offered the following modification of a scriptural injunction: "Cast your bread upon the waters, but do not wait until it is too stale for your own use." The suggestion is a pointed one and strikes at a condition of affairs that is markedly prevalent to-day. In fact, do we not find our charity in every direction too much characterized by the spirit which the *Ledger* here condemns? I believe Solomon would accept this annotation on his original utterance as a proper one. The charity of many extends only to the offering of that which is of little further use to them. What a sordid selfish spirit do we see manifest on the part of many!

Let a church society undertake to send a barrel of clothing to some home or freedmen's mission station and do we not find the offerings of many are no better than stale bread? Closets and cupboards at home, full perhaps of laid-aside clothes, but only old worn-out and thread-bare garments for the needy. And yet these same people want to be considered charitable, and flatter themselves that they are fulfilling the injunction, "Cast your bread upon the waters." Good and useful garments left to the moth and to mould—can those who thus cast their stale bread upon the waters have any hope that it will return in blessing?

May we not apply this same to our offerings for the ministering to the spiritually needy? Is not the same spirit here manifest? We give, yes, but is it not of the pennies that are of little use to us? Is it not bread that has become too stale for our own use rather than a good, wholesome slice of that which is sweet and fresh? Stale bread may have its use, but it does not go far in feeding the hungry. It can little be compared with a nice fresh slice from a mother's loaf. So pennies can be used, but how soon by such means can we hope to feed the famishing multitude? True, the Saviour can bless them, as he did the loaves and fishes, that they may minister to many, but only will he do so when they represent, not simply all that we are willing to give, but, like as with the poor widow, all that we have. Shall we give only that which is of little value to us or for which we can find no other use? While the need is so great and apparent let there be an offering that will be highly efficient in meeting the need. If sacrifice is necessary, make it. If self-denial, then do not hesitate, for greater will be your own blessing.

Who is there that does not admire the spirit of David, who refused as a gift the threshing-floor and oxen of Araunah that he might offer a sacrifice to God? He replies: "I will buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." If this be your spirit, young people, you will never be in danger of offering stale bread.—*Christian Union Herald*.

A "Live Wire."

Raleigh Advocate.

A snap, a roar, and a flash. A broken trolley wire writhing, touching the iron track, making fireworks. There was no one to touch that "live wire." The wire which had hung in mid-air, day after day, performing its useful mission, was now a menace.

We could not help thinking of "live wires" in the shape of humanity. Many a soul stretches its trolley in the mid-air of a godly life. The car of duty runs smoothly, carrying its rich freightage of influence. The termini are safely made, and

transfers of serious responsibilities safely effected. But there is a snap and a fall. Conscience has lost its grip on the higher things. The soul writhes in its ungovernable activities. Connection is made with the lower things of sin, and that soul becomes a "live wire," a dangerous thing to all moral and spiritual life. We hear no cries of warning. We see no warning signs. There it writhes on the highway, on the street, in the social circle, in the home.

To parents, especially, we would say: "Teach your boys and girls to beware of the 'live wires' among their companions." Evil companionship, more than anything else, is filling the homes of our land with sorrow.

Lord, make my heart a place where angels sing!
For surely thoughts low-breathed by thee
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing;
And where a home they see,

Swept clean and garnished, with adoring joy,
They enter in and dwell,
And teach that heart to swell
With heavenly melody, their own untired employ.

—John Keble.

How We Give.

Over a thousand churches in each of the twelve leading denominations give nothing for missions.

The women of America spend far more for artificial flowers or kid gloves than the church does for missions.

Christians "lay up" annually above all their comforts and luxuries one hundred times the amount they give to foreign missions.

Many times as much money is puffed away in tobacco smoke by the men in America in one year as the church gave in a century to evangelize the world.

The church as a whole gives less for the evangelization of the world than is expended in idolatrous worship at a single heathen shrine in India—that of the goddess of cruelty.

The average gift of each church member for foreign missions is about 40 cents a year, or one-ninth of a cent a day. Is this the price we place on the redemption of the world?

One year when \$18,000 was spent for the raising of a crew, \$150,000 in connection with a football game, \$70,000 for a banquet, and \$600,000 for a wedding, our mission boards were left under heavy debt.

One church spends twenty times as much for its choir as for missions; in another the printed programs cost more than they give to this great cause; in another the soprano costs enough to support two missionaries in the field.

A ten-cent piece will buy a cigar, or preach the gospel a whole day through native lips. A dollar will furnish an evening's amusement, or keep a boy in a mission day-school for twelve months. With such possibilities in money, how can we waste even a penny?

Give me that wise content
That is with vigor blent;
Give me, Lord, what is best
Of all that I request;
Keep me while I have breath
And when I sink in death
Reach forth thy hand to me.

We are living out these lives of ours too much apart from God. We toil on dismally, as if the making or the marring of our destinies rested wholly with ourselves. It is not so. We are not the lonely, orphaned creatures we let ourselves suppose ourselves to be. The earth, rolling on its way through space, does not go unattended. The Maker and Controller of it is with it and around it and upon it. He is with us here and now. He knows us infinitely more thoroughly than we know ourselves. He loves us better than we have ever dared to believe could be possible.—*William R. Huntington*.

A little London crossing-sweeper found an apple, and offered a companion "a bite." The companion took a very moderate one, upon which the donor said: "You know you are welcome; bite bigger, Billy." If grown-up people were as generous as that waif, churches, hospitals, and the deserving poor would be welcome to bigger bites.—*The Quiver*.

The busy man may be tempted by one devil, but the loafer is tempted by a dozen.—*Church Standard*.

A Little Jest and Jollity.

What Do You Know?

Here are some questions about things you've seen every day and all your life. If you are a wonder you may possibly answer one or two of the queries offhand. Otherwise not.

What are the exact words on a 2-cent stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned?

In which direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?

Which way does the crescent moon turn? To the right or left?

What color are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

Write down, offhand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen these words a thousand times. Write them out correctly. Few can do this. Also, what is the number on the case of your watch?

How high (in inches) is a silk hat?

How many teeth have you?

What are the words on a policeman's shield?

How many buttons has the vest or shirtwaist you are wearing?

How many stairs are there in the first flight at your house?

How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house or flat?

What is the name, signed in *fac simile*, on any one, two, five, or ten-dollar bill you ever saw? You have read dozens of those names. Can you remember one?

Indecipherable.

Jacob Gould Schurman, the energetic president of Cornell University, has many friends in this city who are busy just now with a story which came down from Ithaca. One of the faculty of the Cornell Medical College tells it this way:

Ever since President Schurman was a member of the Philippine Commission the heavy mail which naturally comes to the head of a university has been largely increased. Hundreds of people who want positions in the islands deluge him with letters, taking it for granted that he can make appointments at will. Then there are many other people who do not believe that a college president should dabble in politics, and who do not hesitate to tell him so. In consequence, President Schurman's mail is varied and interesting. He enjoys reading the mail, and tries to glance over most of the letters which come to him. There was one a few weeks ago, however, which he could not read. It was written in characters utterly beyond his comprehension. He turned it upside down, but could make nothing more of it.

"Send it to Professor Schmit for translation," he said to his secretary at last. "I believe it is written in Persian."

The learned delineator of languages eastern worked over it for hours before he located the characters. They were Arabic beyond a doubt, but he was not quite sure whether they belonged to the thirtieth century B. C. or the third A. D.

"I will send it to Oxford for investigation," he reported.

The office stenographer—a woman—was curious. "Let me see the funny thing," she begged. It was handed to her, and a moment later she began to laugh. "It's in shorthand!" she cried, "Perkins system!" She translated the last line thus:

"Excuse my writing to you in this abbreviated manner, but I've got to catch a train."

The president hopes that he caught the train, but Professor Schmit will never forgive the hasty correspondent.

His Father Would Be Mad.

A certain Milwaukee minister was one day expecting a load of hay which he had ordered from one of his parishioners, a well-to-do farmer living on a large farm near the city. The preacher waited beyond the appointed time for the arrival of the hay, and, finally becoming impatient, decided to call on some of the members of his flock.

In the course of his walk he discovered, upturned

on the road, a load of hay, which proved to be the one he had ordered. A small boy was working with might and main to unload the hay from the wagon, in order that it might be righted.

Returning the same way several hours later, the minister found the lad still pegging away at the mountain of hay, which did not seem to have grown much smaller. It being the noon hour, the boy was invited to the house of the clergyman for dinner. He was disinclined to accept the invitation, and to every inducement offered he would only answer: "Papa would be mad."

Finally, however, he was prevailed upon to accompany the preacher to his home. Here there was spread before the valiant worker a bountiful meal, which, however, he did not seem to relish as much as might be expected from one of his age.

The meal finished, the divine asked the boy if he did not now feel more like working, to which the youngster replied: "Yes, but papa will be mad." Piqued by the constant repetition of this remark, the reverend gentleman asked the lad: "Where is your papa?" To which the little fellow replied: "He is under the hay!"

New Stories of the Law.

A lawyer of some distinction, who began practice in a small New England town, says his first client required a deed covering certain parcels of land sold to a neighbor. The deed was drawn in due form, and after its execution the client demanded his bill. It was \$2.00. This amount was objected to as a most exorbitant sum for the service rendered.

"I told him," says the lawyer, "that to enable me to draw the deed I studied two years in Lancaster Academy, and this cost me \$200; then I spent four years in Dartmouth College, which cost me \$250 a year more, and then I went to the Harvard law school for another year, at a cost of \$500."

"So you see, Mr. Hines, that to get the necessary education to do this work I had to pay out \$1,700, and yet you think my charge of \$2.00 is a large one."

"The man looked at me for a moment in amazement, and then exclaimed: 'Say, what a fool you must have been before they begun on you.'"

From the same source comes the story of a lawyer who was said to have drawn more wills than anyone else in his county. Upon the death of a respected citizen, there was much speculation as to the value of his property. The village gossip undertook to find out the facts. Calling upon Mr. Haywood, the lawyer referred to, he remarked:

"Well, I suppose you made Mr. Blank's will?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, then," continued the gossip, "you probably know about how much he left. Would you mind telling me?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Haywood, in his slow way. "He left every cent that he had."

Johnny Knew.

The class was reciting, and little Johnny Fellows was the last one on the line. Teacher started with the head, and asked what was the feminine of "hero."

Number one shook her head. It passed to two. She missed it; so did three. As it came nearer and nearer to Johnny he became very much excited, apparently knowing the answer, and waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Johnny," said the teacher at last, "everybody has missed now. Can you tell me the feminine of hero?"

"Shero!" shouted Johnny, exultantly.

His Own Horrible Example.

"I heard a story on Representative Bartlett's father which ought to be told in these parts," asserted Representative Roberts of Massachusetts.

"This man was long a judge on the Georgia bench, and highly respected by a wide circle of people. In a murder trial he came to a charge to the jury in which he eloquently and vividly laid down the law as to the folly of carrying pistols. It seems that the defendant had gone out for a walk, became engaged in a fuss with the deceased, drew his pistol, and fired the fatal shot.

"The details of the shooting, as well as the

law bearing thereon, were rehearsed by Judge Bartlett, who told how the defendant's pistol had been in his hip pocket, how he put his hand back there in anger, and how he drew the pistol forth. He was illustrating by vigorous gestures, but right in the midst of the charge, as Judge Bartlett put his hand back to his hip pocket by way of demonstration, a pistol dropped therefrom and fell with a thump on the floor.

"The scene in the court-room can be imagined. There was a stillness, while the judge flushed with embarrassment.

"Mr. Clerk," he exclaimed, as soon as he had recovered, 'put me down on the book as fined \$50 for carrying a weapon.'"

Co-operative Face-Washing.

"I got down in the washroom of a sleeping-car one morning when there were twelve people in the space designed for three. Finally I forced my way to a wash-basin. I soaped up my hands and rubbed soap all over my face. Just then the train rushed round a curve and into a tunnel. The shock almost upset me. My face slipped out of my hands and right into the hands of the man next to me. He kept right on washing my face.

"Here," I said to him, 'you're washing my face.'

"Well, if I am, somebody's got mine then, that's all there is about it."

"I guess I have," said the third man; 'this face I'm washing has been doing a lot of talking and I haven't said a word.'

"After a while the train ran out of the tunnel and I got my face back again.

"Here," I said, 'somebody's gone and stuck his finger in my eye.'

"Well, don't say a word," said the next man to me, 'the face I was washing bit me.'"

Josh Billings' Estimate of a Weak Man.

"A weak man," says Josh Billings, "wants just about as much watching as a bad one, and has done just about as much damage in the world."

"He iz everybuddy's friend, and therefore he iz no one's; and what he iz agoing tew do next iz az unknown tew him as tew others."

"He hain't got enny more backbone than an angleworm haz, and wiggles in and wiggles out ov everything."

"He will talk to-day like a wise man, and to-morrow like a phool, on the same subject."

"He alwuss sez 'yes,' when he should say 'no,' and staggers thru life like a drunken man."

"Heaven save us from the weak man, whoze desepctions hev no fraud in them, and whoze friendships are the wust designs he can hav on us."

Not True this Year.

Here is a drought story told by a traveling man: "I was driving across the country to a little town in Western Kansas one day last year when I met a farmer hauling a wagonload of water."

"Where do you get water?" said I.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?"

"Because it's jest as far one way as the other, stranger."

A Struggling Parson.

Struggling pastor: "Nearly all the congregation have subscribed liberally for the building fund, and I feel sure that I can also have your hearty cooperation. How much will you—"

Mrs. Leader: "Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage and coachman, I think."

"Yes; the rest are poor."

"Well, I will drive around and collect the subscription."

No Time for Lessons.

Jimmy: "I wish I went to school in Russia."

Johnny: "Why?"

Jimmy: "It takes all day to call the roll."

Minster (reading wedding service): "And you, Hans, take this woman for better, for worse?"

Hans Frankfurter (conscientiously): "For better, sir! She haf \$40—I got nottings!"

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

FREEDOM FOR SERVICE.

(2 Tim. 2: 4; Gal. 5: 1; Heb. 12: 1-2.)

Topic for Aug. 24.

Slavery.

Sin is bondage. The scripture emphasis on sin-slavery is a direct appeal to the instinct for freedom, which is every sinner's heritage. We want to be free. It is a great gain in the direction of freedom when we learn that we are slaves.

The sinner is thrice a slave. He is in darkness. There is a light within the range of his vision. But prejudice shuts his eyes, so that he can say: "I do not see it." Error misdirects and confuses him, so that when his eyes are opened he does not see straight. And sin, even when error and prejudice have been overcome, openly disregards the light, and turns away from it.

Often the slave is in bondage without knowing it, and so is the more securely held. To be subject to base masters, and yet to boast of freedom, is a pitiful state. In such cases were the Jews who said: "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." There are innumerable instances—slaves of "freedom most unfree."

Some people who are slaves to sin seek only to please themselves. Some seek to please themselves by pleasing others. But in either case there is real bondage. Self is the hardest of all slave-drivers. The man who is bound to his own selfishness wears shackles more galling than those of the chain-gang.

Life without service is "cribbed, cabin'd, and confined." It has no outlook, no vision, no pleasant roads inviting to holy adventure, no sky with its glint of stars which swing in their ordered courses. It is a starved, blinded, crippled life, hardly life at all; certainly not "the life indeed."

Galilee has its storm and cloud and tossing wave; but it is a living lake, and life dwells on its shores and in its depths, for it receives and gives. The Dead Sea may have cloud and storm and billow; but who knows or cares? It gets more than Galilee, but it has no outlet. It gives nothing, except on compulsion. So there is no life in its depths. Nay, life keeps away from its shores, as though its touch were death. And it is.

False Freedom.

The beasts of the field have a certain superficial liberty of action. The wild things of the forest and jungle have more. Man has most. But it is not real freedom. Freedom is a thing of the soul, not of the limbs.

The foolish prate of "liberty," when in all the world there is no such thing. Star nor sea tide nor the winds of the hills know any freedom. They are in better business. Give the river absolute freedom, and there is desolation. Set the fire free, it licks up a city, and there is ruin. Give the locomotive freedom from the rail's grip on its wheel-flanges, it plunges down the embankment, and there is death.

Ruskin put it in a graphic sentence when he said that this false liberty is interpreted according to the interpreter's whim. It is to the luxurious, license; to the reckless, change; to the thief, plunder; to the proud, anarchy; to the malignant, violence, and to the fool, equality.

Real Freedom.

Take Ruskin's thought again. Real liberty involves the chastisement of passions, the discipline of the intellect, the subjection of the will, so that life will bear fruit in the fear of inflicting pain, in shame of doing wrong, in consideration for dependence, in veneration for the good, in sympathy for the weak. It involves watchfulness in all thought, temperance in all pleasure, perseverance in all toil. That is freedom!

How shall we attain real freedom? Here again is a paradox. The way to all true liberation of life is by surrender of life. Paul uses the figure of the soldier. There is a certain lofty freedom about the soldier's life. He has no care for food or clothes or shelter or equipment. He is relieved of all these things, that he may be effective as a soldier. And he comes to the liberties of his life by enrollment, enlistment, by "swearing away his freedom."

If you would be free from the hard yoke of self and the world, take the easy yoke of Christ. Why is it easy? Because it fits our lives according to

God's intent. Our necks were not made for sin's yoke; it galls and chafes. We were made for God, and Christ Jesus shows us the way to fulfill the high purpose of our creation. There is no other way. The only way to be free from the law is to become the servant of Christ.

The freedom offered through Jesus Christ removes prejudice. "What I once hated now I love." It dispels error. The once blind man becomes a competent witness to the power of Jesus when he can say: "One thing I know." It unmasks sin, and breaks the fascination of it.

The Purpose of Freedom.

Always, and everywhere, the great word is *service*. It was the highest motive of the freest life the earth has ever known. Jesus Christ's life was an uncoerced and perpetual service.

The center of human life is not individual, but social. No man liveth, dieth, to himself. We are members one of another. We cannot save our own lives. The law of our life is ministry, helpfulness, service. It is as certain as gravitation.

Happiness is not an end of life, but a symptom. He who is not "in service," that is, who is not truly living, may pursue happiness for years. He will capture pleasure at one time or another, and will be momentarily deceived into thinking he has happiness. But happiness is the prerogative of noble living. Ignoble living would not understand it, even if it could experience it.

Entanglements.

The enlisted soldier does not trouble himself about anything but the soldier-life. He sees all things from the soldier's point of view. His great word is "duty," and his total attitude is "obedience." Else he is not a good soldier.

The soldier's training and his separation from common life, his drill and his equipment, are not to make him brave, but to make him effective.

We shall have made an epochal advance when we get the soldier's point of view in our religion. Many a Christian is brave enough, but he is *tied*. He has been letting affairs master him, instead of mastering them. He has "lost his grip," and things and interests which do not belong to his calling have him bound hand and foot.

Business is a snare to some. There is more money, apparently, in a deal which is a little bit questionable. The profit is a great entanglement. It ties the tongue, which would otherwise be free to speak for unyielding honesty, and to denounce even the appearance of evil.

Politics lays many a Christian by the heels. The party managers, when they want votes, can utter smooth phrases. They exploit the fair side of things. They put a Methodist on the ticket, for the benefit of the church vote, and when he is elected the guileless voters discover that his ante-election pledges will keep him from taking any decisive stand. But he has the votes, and the discouraged Christian citizen wonders what the politicians will do next. They will "do" him, every time he gets tangled up with them. Some day he will wake up to that. Then he will break loose.

A worldly spirit is a dreadful entanglement. It is required of a soldier that he have an eye single to his duty. But how can he when he is busy with ambition and greed and play and competition? Baseball is good for soldiers in their hours of recreation, but they are not baseball players. They are soldiers. That is first. If the Christian will put first of all the thought of his service and obligation, a thousand temptations will have lost power over him.

Pleasure is good. But it will turn Christ's servant from his way, unless he holds it to its place. Its place is not that of a life-purpose. Such an exaltation of pleasure is unworthy of anyone, most of all unworthy of a Christian.

All these entanglements are but forms of the old yoke. The Galatians had been slaves, and then had become free men in Jesus Christ. But when they were in danger of missing their aim Paul said, "Be not entangled *again* in the yoke of bondage." Rejection of Christ's service is a new choice of Satan's slavery.

Inspiration.

There is something more than numbers in a well-organized army. There is effectiveness,

esprit de corps, oneness of purpose, and loyalty to the leader.

The Christian soldier must hold a supreme and unembarrassed devotion to his Commander. His one purpose is to please Christ. But that purpose is great enough to fill his life. Not devotion for devotion's sake, but devotion which puts soldier's life and Captain's life at the service of the great redemption purpose. We are co-workers.

The things that threaten to entangle may be transformed into opportunities for service. Business, pleasure, politics—all manner of attainment may contribute to the ultimate intent of God.

One mind rules an army. One life rules the Christian. There is no loss of real freedom in that, but a greater freedom. The planets make their own glory permanent by following, in a settled track, the center of their system. The comets which come and go on tracks we cannot trace do not compare with the planets in glory and beauty.

When Mr. Gladstone was in office it was his fixed custom to make everything he did contribute to his work as a minister of the crown. Reading, recreation, social life, home life—all were bent toward making him fit for his great tasks.

The beauty of the Christian's service is that the Gladstone principle is the settled law of his spiritual life. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Drill.

There is no law for law's sake. No drill for drill's sake. When a man is a soldier there is a reason back of every experience his commander provides for him. Its final purpose is fitness. Its real test is not on the parade ground, but on the battlefield.

Watch! The picket-line of a sensitive conscience will save the Christian soldier from many an unforeseen attack.

Pray! Keep in communicating distance of headquarters. Our commander does not need our reports so much as we need his responses. But the order is, always, reports first.

Wear your uniform! The Salvation Army bonnet and the deaconess costume are valuable because they locate the wearers. Affront is rarely offered the gentle women who wear these distinctive marks of their calling. Declare yourself. The world respects that. The Christian who modestly and unaffectedly lets himself be known as such will be kept from unnumbered dangers which beset the man who will not take sides. It is the doubtful voter who is beset by the canvassing committees. It is the non-committal Christian who is most exposed to the temptations of life.

Questions to Provoke Thought.

Let the leader distribute these questions well in advance of the meeting. Urge those who take them to look at them from every viewpoint, to think *through* them, to turn them inside out, to put themselves in the questioning attitude. Do not be satisfied with monosyllabic guess-answers, or with the "some-people" sort of blank-cart-ridge generalizations. Answers should be pointed and personal:

1. Paul's letter to Timothy was addressed to a preacher. How does this lesson, taken from it, apply to laymen?
2. What is more important, freedom or freedom for service? Why?
3. What is the root-idea of slavery?
4. Why is service a greater thing than happiness?
5. Which is the final plan of God for us—perfect service or perfect joy? Is there conflict between the two?
6. What is the difference between asceticism and service?
7. Soldiers are enlisted, equipped, and drilled. What for?
8. How can you harmonize law and liberty?
9. Why have we "regular" soldiers? Why not depend altogether on volunteers?
10. Who are the witnesses of the Christian race?
11. Which is harder—to get freedom or to keep it?
12. Is there not a direct conflict between the ideas of "freedom" and "service"? How do you explain it?
13. It is said: "Service is the highest expression of love." How?
14. If we are compelled to choose between two sorts of service, how is there any freedom in our lives?

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for August 24.—The Report of the Spies.

(Num. 13: 26-14: 4.)

Golden Text.—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust.

Kadesh-barnea.

Kadesh was a natural gateway. Approaching Canaan from the south, the simple and easy entrance to the land was through Kadesh. Never again would Israel have such a strategic position from which to advance to conquest.

Kadesh was opportunity. Two years from Egypt, or less, and Israel found before them an open door. No man could shut it. They had but to go up and possess. More than conquest would come from that advance. It would set the pace for all the future of the chosen people. It was the opportunity of the ages.

Kadesh was a testing place. Every opportunity is a test. Will Israel rise to the occasion? What wonders God can do by Israel's hand if Israel will but be faithful! Every place is a testing-place. For at every place there is a possible advance and a possible retreat. You can master the future at the place of decision. But retreat from that point is always loss, never gain. The ground must be retraced, soon or late.

Kadesh was a tragedy. In the very morning of Hebrew history, the new nation made this monumental failure. Its sinister influence lasted for years. Nay, it almost marked the nation permanently, as a people who would obey their fears rather than their God.

Every life comes, soon or late, to Kadesh. It is a gateway to blessing, an opportunity, a testing-place. Whether it shall be tragedy or no depends, not on God, but on every man for himself.

The Spies.

The plan to send spies was a human device. God allowed it, but he did not approve of it. There had been as much need of spies in the wilderness as in Canaan. The need in either case did not exist.

God had already told them the goodness of the land. So there was no need that they should send scouts to see its harvests and its watercourses. If these could not be taken on God's report, the spies would not avail.

The sending of spies was the putting of God's word under the microscope, not to find truth in it, but to look for flaws in it. It was an unbeliever's test. Of like nature was the "prayer test" proposed by Professor Tyndall years ago—a mechanical and unworthy experiment. No proof of God's word ever comes out of such tests, for they begin by putting God out of the reckoning.

The sending of the spies, and not their unfavorable report, was the real cause of Israel's retreat from Kadesh. Israel had already turned back in heart, and when the majority report confirmed their fears, there were many who said: "I expected something like this all the time."

Even apart from the unbelief of it, what need was there of spies? The more you know of some problems, the less fit you are to face them. Ignorance of the future is one of God's ministries to help us to endure. Who wants his future foretold, even if it could be done? The people who go to astrologers or other mountebanks cut the nerve of effort when they try to anticipate to-morrow's revelations.

The Reports.

Unhappily, the only report that counted with Israel was the report of the ten faint hearts. Two other men made a report, and it was vindicated in due time, but the majority carried the day, then. And Israel, amid its weepings and recriminations, thought the thing was settled!

A good report tells both sides. Caleb and Joshua saw the walled cities and the big men and the unfruitfulness of some parts of the land, but they saw the essential fitness of the land as well. They were not carried away by the accidental nor by the temporary difficulties. They saw things in the light of Providence. They remembered that the land was already theirs by divine bestowal. So they said: "Let us go up and occupy our own. We can." And they could—those two. The "can" man is your real leader. He whose power is "can-ing" is "king" by a diviner right than Edward or Wilhelm.

The eye does not see everything. These ten

men who saw so many things failed to see the signs of God's presence in Canaan. Mr. Worldly Wise can always see the financial difficulty and the social difficulty and the geographical difficulty and the political difficulty. He sees everything but God.

Fear distrust God, and you can see anything your fears suggest. Let a man think grasshopper thoughts, and he will have no trouble in feeling like a grasshopper, and seeming like one. One reason why the church accomplishes so little against great evils like the whisky business is because the church and the whisky folks agree in counting the church at the grasshopper valuation.

Fear exaggerates and distorts truth. The giants were bigger in the eyes of the spies and the fearful Hebrews than they ever were by the test of the cubit.

The fundamental mistake of these two spies was that they thought Canaan was to be "the land of a good time," and the reality disillusioned their minds. They did not rise to the great idea that Israel was to live in Canaan, in the midst of the nations, as a standing witness to the Lord God Almighty. They took a cheap view of their destiny, a lazy and selfish view of the Promised Land. Small wonder that they were disappointed and afraid.

The report of the ten was an unrecognized crisis. It was important enough, even in the thought of the spies, but they never dreamed that their report was dooming a generation to wilderness graves. Most crises are unrecognized. You cannot tell by observation just when you come to the parting of the ways. But you can tell when you leave God's path, because there you part company with God.

Unashamed Leaders.

Caleb and Joshua were "otherwise." They had "another spirit." That set them off from the ten by immeasurable distances. For the spirit in man gives you his location. The twelve traveled together more or less, no doubt, in their journey through Canaan; but these two were in a different world. They did not underrate nor underestimate difficulties, but they were fair with God. They believed him.

Faith is the price of every Canaan. "We are able" is the word that presages victory.

The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is a catalogue of men and women who believed. Their faith was no easy subscription to a creed, nor an intellectual assent to a system of doctrine. They believed God. And so great is this faith in the sight of God that it is counted for righteousness. In truth, it works righteousness.

The catalogue of great believers was not finished when the New Testament was complete. Ever since then the Canaans of God's promise have been entered and possessed by those who believed. Not otherwise can they be taken. There is no inspiration for conquest in a panic or a mob. The greatest walled cities of evil are not so great a hindrance to God's work as distrust in the hearts of those who should be God's servants.

Caleb and Joshua had courage because they believed that God had a plan for them and for Israel. They believed that the plan was worthy of God, that it was in harmony with their own best life. Without stating it, they believed in the unity and integrity of God's purpose. The others believed God would give them Canaan, if he could!

The Bitter End.

The accepted report left God out, and so was hopeless. There is no life in any program that excludes God. That is the reason that agnosticism is a gospel of despair.

When it was too late Israel tried to go toward Canaan alone. But it is as bad to go without God as it is to refuse to go with him. Fear and despair beget a sort of false courage. It is the courage of the coward in a corner, the momentary rally of the timorous after escape is shut off. That courage does not count. It comes too late, and is born of wrong motives.

They wanted to choose a new captain to direct the retreat. But real captains are not chosen by cowards in full flight. Who would be leader of an unreasoning multitude headed for Egypt?

You do not trust God? Then you must trust yourself. But history and your own experience, the testimony of others and your own convictions are all against you. You cannot succeed. You have shut your eyes to the sun, and you can see nothing now but the vagrant shapes that float

dimly across your eyeball. They furnish no guidance.

God will work his purposes through Israel. If not in two years, then in forty. But in the latter case there are graves in the wilderness, graves of men who might have conquered Canaan.

At the last, when Israel did enter Canaan, every foe the spies had seen, and every obstacle they had met, and every difficulty they had discovered, were still there. And Israel had to face them. You can't dodge a duty for four hours or forty years, without finding in the end that there is no progress for you except straight through that duty.

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DOCTRINAL PREACHING.

There are signs of a change in the popular notion about preaching. For a long time there has been a general prejudice against what is called "doctrinal preaching." The phrase is not used quite correctly, however. In most cases what is called "doctrinal preaching" is the preaching of one or two isolated doctrines with persistent monotony of emphasis. A favorite example is that of the preacher who always preached on infant baptism.

Of course that is not doctrinal preaching. Preachers and people are seeing the fact more and more clearly. Real doctrinal preaching is the insistence that Christianity is one, and that it is organic, so that every part contributes to a complete whole, which is something more than a mechanism. For, above all, real doctrinal preaching insists that Christianity is not only an organism, but that it is alive.

With that sort of doctrinal preaching the pew has never had any quarrel. It never will have. More of it is being done nowadays, and there is a consequent decrease of the other sort of preaching, which put all the stress on the doctrines separately. A professor at the Harvard summer school—and Harvard is not a place for the utterance of "old-fogy" notions—declared the other day that religion was more than emotion, worship, and good works. To be complete it must have dogma. That was his concise and scholarly way of saying that religious life needs a vertebral column, and articulated members, clothed with flesh and traversed by nerves and nourished by blood.

He is right. One of the greatest needs of the Christian life of to-day is a strong grip on Christian truth as a vital, inter-related and self-consistent thing. So to preach it requires more brain, as well as more grace, than to preach isolated doctrines, or to avoid doctrine altogether. But you cannot get a hearing for fifty-two sermons on infant baptism, and you cannot get a hearing for fifty-two sermons on newspaper scare-heads. That is because of the good sense and piety of most churchgoers. You can get a hearing and a response with sermons on the Christian life as a life, to which all doctrine contributes, and to secure which is the original purpose of all preaching. That is because such sermons appeal to a real hunger in men's lives, and show how it may be satisfied.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

A great struggle is about to begin in England. The party in power is pushing through Parliament an education bill. It is said to be an entirely one-sided piece of legislation, which will give the Established Church much more than its share of educational privilege and control. With the details of the bill we need not concern ourselves. But it promises to be the occasion of an agitation unparalleled in years.

Roughly speaking, one-half of the English people are connected with the state church. The other half are nonconformists. The Methodists constitute the largest nonconformist group. Then there are Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and some smaller bodies. The education bill which the government is trying to pass, and which its large majority will surely enable it

to pass, is utterly obnoxious to the entire non-conformist population.

Another thing should be noted. By far the largest moral and religious forces of England are outside the state church. The facts that all churches except the Episcopalian have had to make their own way, to build their own success, and to provide for their own future, have strengthened their moral muscle. The "nonconformist conscience" has passed into a proverb.

Already, before the hated bill has become a law, there is a mighty uprising against it. The other day the government lost an important bye-election with this as the main issue. Such a conservative and judicious leader as Robertson Nicoll is advising a resistance which will refuse to pay the taxes imposed by the bill. The result of a wholesale refusal will either crowd the jails of England with some of the very best men of the nation or make the law inoperative.

We refer to this coming struggle between conscience and the state for the single purpose of drawing attention to a very remarkable and encouraging phenomenon. We are likely to see literal millions of high-minded people willing to suffer both in body and in purse, for an ideal! They say a principle is at stake, which is probably true. Let us not despair of this unemotional, matter-of-fact, material age. The most practical section of the population of England is up in arms, for conscience sake. And, in the long run, the victory will be with these modern Protestants.

SIGNS OF NEGRO PROGRESS.

On another page we reprint from *The Southwestern Christian Advocate* a number of items which are eloquent of the substantial progress made by the colored people. These brief paragraphs are typical of thousands of others, straws which show where the wind of self-help blows.

Such indications of practical advancement are of special value just now. The negro has been put on his mettle. He has the spur of personal and racial pride to urge him to his best. The Southern white man is not the only one who is conscious of the negro problem. His brother in black has fully as keen a consciousness of it, and, naturally, a closer relation to it. He is helping to solve it in the best possible way. He is doing the thing nearest him. And he is doing it well.

A SIGNIFICANT GATHERING.

That Lake George Conference was a wisely planned and successful "new departure." It brought together representative young people from sixteen denominations. It discussed practical plans for crystallizing the present admittedly large interest in missions on the part of young people. It sought means to increase this concern for the missionary enterprise. It was a remarkable demonstration of fellowship among Christians of all names. It will have its effect on the missionary boards, on the young people, and on the churches. It will mean better planning for missions, larger attention to missions, and is a step nearer the realization of the Christian ideal—that the propagation of the faith is the greatest work both of individual and associated followers of Jesus Christ.

STATE AID FOR "AUTHORS."

Booth Tarkington is running for the legislature in Indiana. If elected, it is said that he will propose a bill providing for an annual literary prize contest, the state to name the judges and provide the prizes, amounting to \$500 a year.

There are several objections to the scheme, the principal one being that Indiana, of all the states, has small need to encourage hitherto unknown authors. Then, the prizes are too

small to be any inducement to the people who can write, while they will offer entirely too big an inducement to the people who cannot.

Another serious difficulty will confront the proposed civil service competition. What man, or set of men, laying any claim to literary judgment, would consent to serve as arbiters between contending authors-in-the-bud? If no fury of the lower regions may compete with the fury of a woman scorned, who could stand against the cumulative fury of, say, one-quarter of the population of Indiana?

It will not work. There are greater prizes than the state can offer already within reach of Indiana authors whom the world cares to hear. As for those to whom the world declines to attend, it would be simple cruelty to coax them out of a wholly satisfactory obscurity into the momentary prominence of prize-winners. The reaction would be a pitiful thing all around.

Correspondents who have written words of appreciation of the magazine number of *THE EPWORTH HERALD* will please accept our best thanks, all in a bunch. The editor is getting a couple of weeks' rest in the woods over in Michigan, and his ink-well has run dry. That the new feature of our paper has been received with such a demonstration of approval is deeply gratifying to publishers, editors, artists, printers, pressmen, and everybody else at this end.

THE EPWORTH HERALD was in error in stating that Rev. E. H. Hughes had declined an invitation to Calvary Church, New York City. It was St. Andrew's Church to which Brother Hughes was "called." Dr. Odell is in the midst of a great pastorate at Calvary, and his assistant, Rev. George M. Fowles, is sharing in the toil and triumph. The congregations are keeping up in splendid fashion right through the summer weeks.

Centenary Collegiate Institute at Hacketts-town, N. J., is now probably the most superbly equipped preparatory school in Methodism. Dr. E. A. Noble, the new president, takes hold with vigor and directness. The new buildings are a delight, both architecturally and in point of adaptation to their purpose. Every trace of the great fire of 1899 has disappeared, and the institute starts on a new and still more useful career.

At the Bowdoin Centennial the witty chief justice of Maine, John A. Peters, a Yale graduate, described the difference between a large and a small college by saying that in the large university the student goes through more college, but in the small college more college goes through the student.

Many influential Epworth League leaders in and around New York City are anxious to have Mr. Eugene M. Travis assume charge of the excursions from that vicinity to Detroit next year. He would certainly make a most competent manager.

Bishop Fowler and wife have been spending four or five days at Ludington-on-the-Lake, Michigan. The bishop lectured and preached with the fire and force which have made him a bright, particular star in the firmament for thirty years.

The Oklahoma Epworth League Convention will be held at Oklahoma City, Aug. 28-31. The notice is short, but those Western workers do not need a long time for exhortation and preparation. May the session be splendid.

If you get a chance to hear Dr. Stuntz deliver his great address on the Philippines, do not miss it. He captured the Michigan State Convention with that speech as we have seldom seen any crowd captured.

Do not say "Let us sing number 75." Say "Let us sing hymn number 75," or "the 75th hymn." It is better to sing hymns, rather than numbers.

You begin to see buttons marked "Detroit 1903" on the coats of people traveling in the Middle West. Good way to advertise.

We got a peep the other day at the reading

course for 1902-3. Three handsome books crowded with good things!

It's about time to end that league vacation.

GENERAL CABINET MEETING.

The General Cabinet of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church met at Epworth Heights, Ludington, Mich., on July 31, at 9 a.m. In the absence of Bishop Joyce, Willis W. Cooper, first vice-president, occupied the chair at the opening session. Dr. W. F. McDowell, secretary of the Board of Education, opened the session with prayer.

There were present: Dr. R. J. Cooke, Dr. W. H. Jordan, F. W. Tunnell, W. W. Cooper, Dr. R. S. Copeland, and J. F. Berry.

The secretary read a detailed report covering the activities of the Central Office for the past eight months, and presented plans for the new year.

Each of the vice-presidents made a verbal report.

Dr. McDowell was invited to address the meeting. He made several important suggestions for the campaign of next year in behalf of Christian education. Upon motion, a committee was appointed, consisting of Drs. Berry and Cooke, to consult with Dr. McDowell and formulate in outline a plan for the educational year.

The plan of publishing a reading course of three small volumes, at \$1.00 per set, was cordially approved, and the third vice-president and secretary were instructed to proceed upon the same basis in arranging a course for 1903-4.

Bishop Goodsell was invited to write a book for the reading course of 1903-4.

The plan of the general secretary to hold a conference of Junior workers, to discuss matters of special interest to Junior superintendents, was heartily endorsed.

Upon motion of Dr. Jordan the new monthly magazine number of THE EPWORTH HERALD was commended, and the opinion expressed that it would greatly popularize the paper among the young people. Bro. Tunnell expressed his approval of the care at present exercised in the admission of advertisements into the columns of THE EPWORTH HERALD.

Upon motion of Dr. Cooke the suggestion of the secretary regarding the enlarged scope of the major conventions of the Epworth League was approved. It was recommended that at the conventions to be held during the next year special emphasis be placed upon Christian education, and provision made for special discussion of the work of pastors and Sunday-school workers.

Mr. F. D. Fuller, a member of the Board of Control and secretary of the program committee of the last International Convention, made his final report.

Brothers Cooper, Tunnell and Jordan were appointed a committee to nominate members of the committee on arrangements and program for the next International Convention.

At the afternoon session Dr. W. H. Jordan presided. Dr. Cooke conducted devotions. President Plantz of Lawrence University, Dr. J. E. Farmer and several other visiting brethren were introduced.

A general discussion was had about the devotional meeting topics for 1903. These topics have been arranged under the supervision of Brother Cooper, first vice-president. After some amendments had been proposed they were adopted.

Upon motion the cabinet expressed the opinion that the next meeting of the General Board of Control should be held in Philadelphia in May of next year.

A small additional sum was voted to carry on the work of the Junior Superintendent's office.

A communication was presented from Rev. William Quigley suggesting the propriety of holding Junior rallies on Saturday afternoon in connection with annual conference sessions. The suggestion was endorsed, and the attention of committees on program of the annual conferences called to the matter.

A message of remembrance and love was ordered sent to Bishop Joyce, whose absence was greatly regretted.

Informal conversations on various phases of league work filled up the remainder of the session. These conversations were permeated with the spirit of solicitude. Reports of conditions existing in the various parts of the field were pre-

sented, and the facts developed gave occasion for much sincere thanksgiving.

On Friday morning a short session was held with Dr. Cooke in the chair. Dr. Copeland, general treasurer, reported that \$800 had been received from the Anniversary-day offerings of the chapters. This was rather disappointing, inasmuch as the demands upon the treasury are much heavier this year than ever before. It was the feeling of the brethren that this annual collection should yield at least \$3,000 to be used in pushing the enterprises of the league. The hope was expressed that next year that amount might be secured.

The Michigan State Convention was in session on the assembly grounds during the three following days. Several of the members of the cabinet were drafted for service. Dr. Cooke delivered an address on "The spirit of Methodism" which was received with great enthusiasm. Mr. Cooper gave an address on "Christian stewardship." Dr. Jordan preached a magnificent sermon before the convention on Sunday morning on "Tarry ye." The brethren all received a most cordial welcome from Michigan Epworthians.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin is having trouble over his reelection.

Russell Sage is eighty-six. He sticks to his office persistently. Doesn't know anything else.

Dr. T. C. Reed, president of Taylor University, Upland, Ind., is dead at the age of fifty-six.

The Kaiser is not afraid of the Poles. He will take 90,000 troops with him to Posen to prove it.

Archbishop Ireland has shown excellent sense in his discussion of the Philippine friar question.

The crown prince of Siam, who will visit this country, has spent eight years in English schools.

Prof. Geo. A. Coe's lectures at Harvard, on the "Psychology of religion," are very highly praised.

Rev. K. D. Nettleton, the senior member of the Genesee Conference, died July 27 in Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Rice are home from Buenos Ayres, where Mr. Rice has charge of our publishing house.

Senator McLaurin of South Carolina declines the president's offer of a life position as judge of the Court of Claims.

George B. M. Harvey, of Harper's publications, is a "new" editor whose ideas are shocking some of the older journalists.

Dr. W. N. Speckmann, professor of modern languages, has been elected vice-president of the Kansas Wesleyan University at Salina.

Rev. H. J. Hoover of Chetopa, Kan., succeeds Prof. A. C. Knudson in the department of history and philosophy at Baker University.

Rev. B. E. Shawhan has been holding successful revival services at Enid, Okla. He is now conducting the camp-meeting at Neligh, Neb.

Prof. Borden P. Bowne delivers a series of lectures on philosophy, for the sixth year, at the Presbyterian Bible School, Grove City, Pa.

President C. M. Melden of Clark University supplied the Central Church pulpit, Brockton, Mass., during the pastor's six-weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, who has just sold *The Evangelist* to the *Christian Work*, becomes associate editor of the consolidated paper.

Rev. W. S. Jones, D.D., and wife of Woodfords, Me., celebrated their golden wedding July 22. Dr. Jones has been a member of the Maine Conference forty years.

Dr. Samuel Wier of Rock River Conference, who resigned his chair in New York University last year, becomes principal of the State Normal School at Clarion, Pa.

Presiding-elder T. F. Jones of the Rockland (Me.) District suggests that when pastors, with consent of their officiary, grant permission to agents of "independent" institutions to raise funds for their interests, they do so with the stipulation in every case that at least half the collections be applied to our own church benevolences.

METHODIST MENTION.

A new church is planned at Waynesburg, Pa., to cost \$40,000.

The Northwest Iowa Conference will pay its own board this year. It meets at Clear Lake.

The Philadelphia Conference thank-offering now amounts to \$830,000. The conference aims at an even million.

During the great storm of July 20, in Baltimore, three Methodist churches, among others, were badly damaged.

The Kansas Conference presiding-elders and missionary secretaries held a missionary round-table last month in Topeka.

Chehalis District, Puget Sound Conference, uses a large tent in its forward movement in rural places where there are no churches.

A Kansas state missionary convention will be held in October, with Bishop Thornburn, Dr. Oldham, and Dr. Stuntz as the principal speakers.

Benton-avenue Church, Springfield, Mo., is building a new church, but each advance step in the process is taken only when the money is on hand for it.

From a presiding-elder's report: "The lack of ordination of this pastor and some others has sent the presiding-elder to the river several times lately."

The crown prince of Japan recently had occasion to commend a teacher in one of the native schools. The teacher is a product of our Aoyama College, Tokio.

Lindell-avenue Church, St. Louis, is carrying on an important settlement work in the city. It is called the "Niedringhaus Memorial Social Settlement." Its work is varied and highly profitable.

St. Louis, Kansas City, and Manila are the fields of three young preachers who were "raised" in Grand-avenue Church, Kansas City, Mo. Oakley Church, in the same city, will give six young men to the ministry. They are now in college.

On Tuesday, July 15, Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., gave a reception to Prof. C. M. Lacy Sides, now of Japan, but for years a member of Metropolitan. For several terms he occupied the presidency of the district Epworth League.

A monument to Bishop Taylor, to be erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is suggested. No man who ever lived in California better deserves a monument to his memory, though, as a reminder of his labors, it will not be needed for many years. His name is enshrined in the hearts of the people.

Zion's Herald says: "Revs. Arthur H. and Herbert Briggs, brothers, and sons of the late Dr. M. C. Briggs, are joint and coordinate pastors of Central Church, San Francisco, and are meeting with excellent success. It is usual for one to preach on Sunday morning and the other in the evening, changing the order on the following Sunday. If there be another case of the kind in our church, we have not been apprised of the fact."

Robert William Perks, M.P., treasurer of the Methodist Million Guinea Fund, announced July 24 that the Methodists had secured the Royal Aquarium Theater property, facing Westminster Abbey, on which they would build a great hall, which is to be called the Central Headquarters of Universal Methodism. The price paid was \$330,000. The ground comprises two and one-half acres, and on it also stands Mrs. Langtry's Imperial Theater.

LEAGUE AT LARGE.

The chapters in Polk Circuit, Erie Conference, held a profitable rally at East Grove, Pa., July 18.

Howard Memorial Chapter, Kansas City, Mo., lately managed a successful excursion to Fort Leavenworth.

The Big Rapids District publishes a monthly paper, "The Ideal," as a means of communication within the district.

The district cabinet of Canton District, East Ohio Conference, will serve as the missionary committee for the coming year.

Two errors crept into our report of the Indiana State Convention. "John M. Ogden" should be James M. Ogden. Miss Florence Kendall's address is Greensburg, not Greensbury.

Mr. George E. Hemphill has given the use of his country place to the Allegheny Evangelization Association for the summer. The chapters of Allegheny District have taken up the fresh-air work and are sending children out to Mr. Hemphill's home.

Members of the chapter at Redlands, Cal., have had a year's valuable experience in giving to missions. Until April, 1901, nothing special had ever been done by the young people in behalf of missions. Then they began to take up the study of the monthly missionary topics, and to put real meaning into these monthly meetings. In connection with them the young people made their missionary offerings. A native preacher in China is being supported, the general missionary fund is richer by \$25, and almost as much is now on hand for other missionary interests. The simplicity and effectiveness of this movement at Redlands could be duplicated in thousands of communities. What blessing would follow!

A most interesting letter from Rev. George Rexroth of Fürth, Bavaria, reveals something of the progress of the Epworth League in Germany. Bro. Rexroth is one of the secretaries of the Heilbronner District, and has lately made a tour of his district, visiting each *Jugend Bund*, and holding workers' conferences. He reports that the Epworth League work, which began both in north and south Germany in 1897, is growing, not rapidly, but surely. In north Germany there are 180 chapters, with 3,128 members. South Germany has sixty chapters and 2,900 members. The German chapters hold to the pledge, conducting a "pledge meeting" once a

quarter. Bible-classes meet twice a month, and the regular weekly prayer-meeting is maintained. Much mercy and help work is done. The German Epworthians, Bro. Rexroth thinks, would be very much helped by a system of district conventions like ours in America.

COLLEGES.

The Arkansas Conference College, at Siloam Springs, is "coming up." The heroic work of President Mason and his helpers has put the school on a sound foundation.

For the first time in the history of the Southern Interstate Oratorical Association, the annual contest has been won by a Texas man—R. E. Smith of Blanket, a student at Fort Worth University. Mr. Smith was the successful contestant in the state oratorical contest held at Waco, by virtue of which he was made the Texas representative in the southern interstate contest held at Monteagle (Tenn.) Assembly.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONS.

More than 60,000 Jews landed in our country in 1900.

The name given by the poor colored people to our settlement home in Jacksonville, Fla., is "The Pure in Heart Cottage."

"Unga," writes Mrs. Daggett, "is made sacred by the grave of Mrs. Carr, the first missionary martyr in Alaska." It may be said that Mrs. Tuck of the Woman's Home Missionary Society is the second.

The deaconesses of the Woman's Home Missionary Society at Salt Lake City give their entire time to work among the Mormons. They have a strong hold upon the Scandinavians. There are 15,000 Swedish Mormons, and most excellent work is being done among them by a Swedish deaconess, a graduate of the Washington Training-school. We only can reach the Mormon children through industrial schools. All Mormons believe in the principle of polygamy, and celebrate celestial marriage as much as ever, but they claim to have suspended its practice.

Mrs. Potter says of the work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society in Utah: "We are carrying on our work in ten stations in Utah. In seven of these we hold property, and in another a written lease which entitles us to the use of the property as long as we use it for mission work. Our society has maintained its day and industrial schools and missions for over twenty years in this field, and the faithful work of these years is beginning to bear fruit. The young people are rapidly approaching the point where they will permit no man to do their thinking. As these people become convinced of fallacies of their own doctrines we are able to give them a better and more ennobling faith; but we must utilize every avenue that will worthily appeal to them."

The following leaflets, on work among our colored people, contain material suitable for use in preparing programs for young people's missionary meetings:

- "Home Missions"..... 1 cent.
- "A Good Sample"..... 1 cent.
- "Our Teachers and Their Work"..... 1 cent.
- "Work in Our Own Africa"..... 1 cent.
- "In Dixie With the Spelling-Book, the Bible and the Plane"..... 1 cent.
- Catalogue of Pay Leaflets will be sent for. 2 cents.
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For an extra 1-cent stamp for postage, all these free leaflets will be sent with the order for pay leaflets. Address Miss Sarah M. DeLine, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

Kansas Endeavorers held their convention at Leavenworth in a big tent.

The Zion Young People's Alliance at Cedar Falls, Ia., held a home convention in June.

Dr. Clark is writing some interesting travel articles for the *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Portland delegation to the Oregon Endeavor Convention at Ashland had a journey of 341 miles.

The Young People's Alliance of the Evangelical Association is supporting a mission in Kokomo, Ind.

The Baltimore Endeavor Union holds weekly services at Fort McHenry, the city jail, and the almshouse.

"Ralph Connor" was one of the speakers at Pembina Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Union at Cavalier, N. D.

The Primitive Methodist Endeavorers of England took a seven-days' co-operative holiday tour among the Derbyshire hills last month.

The First Church League, Methodist Episcopal

A clean, vigorous shampoo, with an abundant lather of Ivory Soap, is delightful and refreshing. It cleanses the scalp, removes dandruff and leaves the hair glossy.

Church, South, St. Louis, prints a weekly leaflet with a devotional program. The First Church Epworthians have "organized success" in their pastor, Dr. Henderson.

The Canton Convention of the Young People's Christian Union adopted as a program for the coming year these forms of activity: Training for personal evangelism, Bible study, a missionary forward movement, the institute plan, Christian Stewardship. These are increasingly recognized as vital ideals.

The Central Office of the League in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, issued one week twenty-five new league charters—eighteen Seniors and seven Juniors. This nearly breaks the record, says *The Epworth Era*. The organization is taking on new life. A large number of suspended leagues are being revived, in addition to this list.

The Baptist Young People's Union of Jerseyville, Ill., has added this to its pledge: "And I further promise to abstain from promiscuous theater-going; not to attend dancing and card parties; and to abstain from dancing and card-playing." This new departure was made at the suggestion of the young people themselves. It is said to be the first pledge of its kind in the Baptist Young People's Union.

The Baptist young people are jubilant over their great convention at Providence. The new general secretary, Rev. Walter Calley, is enthusiastically welcomed to the work. The *Baptist Union* says: "His election as general secretary is one of the happiest events in our whole history. He brings to his great task a big heart, a strong hand, a steady mind—and a 'big' body,—which will assure success and blessing from the very beginning."

THE NEGRO IN BUSINESS.

N. T. Nelson of Brinton, Pa., owns a general store, the sales of which for 1900 were \$36,000.

Colored men own in the United States 230 rated drugstores, with an investment of something over \$500,000.

Greenfield, O., has a high-grade carriage and buggy factory under the firm name of C. R. Patterson & Sons.

The Jacksonville Business and Professional Men's League, with 553 members, has invested, not including real estate, \$129,000.

The Coleman cotton mill is being operated successfully in Concord, N. C., with a capital stock of \$100,000. It has more orders than it can fill.

Mrs. E. Lewis, now of Chicago, has been in the hairdressing business twenty-six years. Within that time she has taught her trade to fifty persons, and saved \$25,000.

John S. Trower of Philadelphia has a large catering establishment, including bakery, candy and ice-cream factory. A similar establishment is run in Jackson, Miss., by Mr. J. H. Risher.

There are fifteen drugstores owned by colored men in the state of Alabama, and twenty-seven registered pharmacists and an organization known as the Alabama Medical Congress, which represents \$41,000.

The Afro-American Industrial and Benefit Asso-

ciation has a capital stock of \$5,000. This association gives work to eighteen young men and women in Jacksonville, and in other parts of the state of Florida.

Negroes of the state of Virginia have invested in business \$14,426,536; own \$15,000,000 worth of property, which, including their personal property, is assessed at \$17,442,227. The taxes paid amount to \$412,870.60 per annum.

Mrs. A. A. Casneau, a dressmaker in Boston, Mass., has taught hundreds of girls how to sew. She is the author of a book on dressmaking. In the same city Mrs. E. A. Glover has a fine dress-making establishment on one of the main streets. She has a regular force of thirty to forty girls.

The great dry goods store of J. W. Adams, at Montgomery, Ala., was begun thirteen years ago, with a little shop which scarcely supported him. Now he carries a stock of \$18,000, and does an annual business of \$38,000. He employs a book-keeper, two milliners, and from five to ten clerks.

Mound Bayou, a negro town in Mississippi, has a town and rural population of 2,300. This village has several sawmills, four public schools, one normal school, five churches, merchants, blacksmiths, photographers, butchers, druggists, doctors, printers, brick dealers, land agents, log and timber contractors.

Mr. J. E. Wiley is still laboring to establish the New Century cotton factory at Dallas, Tex. J. G. Fish, the superintendent, says: "I have never seen a mill, proportioned to its size, which I thought would do as well as this one will do, under the proper management. We intend to turn 3,000 spindles, employing about 100 people, all of whom will be colored except three." The mill, when complete, will be worth \$100,000, and should do a business of \$40,000 per year.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS Horsford's Acid Phosphate

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For Your Daughter

You seek the best things. Therefore, in looking for a college you want one that seeks to build her up four-square—physically, intellectually socially and spiritually. With its fine new gymnasium, a woman director of physical education, a woman physician, and a cultivated Christian woman as preceptress; with its high ideals of education, its "plain living and high thinking," Baker University at Baldwin, Kan., has conditions equalled by few, surpassed by none, for the best development of the young womanhood committed to its care. For catalog and other valuable educational literature, address President Murlin, Box E, Baldwin, Kan.

This and That.

A Buried City Discovered.

Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer, has discovered, in the Gobi Desert, about 160 miles from Chotan, an ancient city entirely buried in sand of the desert. Sven Hedin was taken to the place by natives, who call the ruins Thakla Moka. About a hundred dwellings are well preserved. They are built of wood, and doors and walls are highly ornamented with fine carvings. Sven Hedin found several Buddha temples, which also were fairly well preserved.

A Thousand Million Suns.

At the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, Lord Kelvin interested a large audience with his calculations of the probable total amount of gravitational matter in the visible universe. He showed that if 25,000,000 years ago 1,000,000,000 masses, each equal to our sun, had been distributed through a sphere of about 18,000,000,000,000 miles in radius, they would now have acquired velocities about equal to those known to be possessed by the stars visible to us. Therefore, it is probable that the total amount of gravitational matter in the visible universe does not differ much from that of 1,000,000,000 suns.

The Pharaohs of the Exodus.

In the Boston museum is a statue of a brother of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, which bears the title, "General of Cavalry." His unfortunate brother, the king, received the title of "General of Infantry." Pharaoh's early training with infantry, not with cavalry, was certainly one reason why he would not rush with the cavalry and charioteers down into the bed of the Red (not Red) Sea close upon the heels of the fugitive Israelites. He was probably as timid on horseback as he was fickle when Moses had his interviews with him. At any rate, if the reputed mummy of that Pharaoh taken last year in Cairo be his, this settles the question of his drowning, so long and often discussed. Just now the mummies and the papyri are settling a good many twentieth-century queries about a far past.

A Gigantic Swindle.

What is perhaps the largest successful swindle of the past century was brought to light recently in Paris by the opening of a safe supposed to contain 100,000,000 francs. The story which went with the safe was to the effect that some twenty years ago this sum had been left to a Mme. Humbert on certain conditions which must be fulfilled before the money could be touched. Court records showed that there had been such a will, and other papers, apparently in regular form, purported to show that in the presence of witnesses securities of that value had been placed in the safe, and the latter officially sealed. On the strength of these papers and seals in the safe Mme. Humbert borrowed large sums of money, and every large bank in England and the continent of Europe is reported to hold paper with her signature for amounts varying from half a million dollars up.

Encyclopedias in Great Britain and the United States.

A recent number of *Nature* contains some curious statistics regarding the sale of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in Great Britain and the United States which are worth notice. The statistics are based on the number of sets of this work sold per 10,000 inhabitants.

Cambridge, England, bought 27 sets per 10,000 inhabitants; Oxford, 20 sets; London, 18 sets; Edinburgh, 13 sets; Glasgow, 10 sets; etc. Great Britain, as a whole, took 40,000 sets, or about 10 sets per 10,000 inhabitants. The United States, as a whole, took more than 400,000 sets, or nearly 63 per 10,000 inhabitants. The numbers of sets per 10,000 of the population in different American towns are: Boston, 74 sets; Chicago, 69 sets; Greater New York, 68 sets; Philadelphia, 67 sets; San Francisco, 67 sets; Cincinnati, 65 sets; New Orleans, 65 sets. These comparisons are extremely suggestive.

Pension for a Horse.

The board of fire commissioners has decided that the big bay horse Jerry, which has faithfully served the city in the fire department for seventeen years, and now is twenty-three years old, shall be given his time for the remainder of his days and be a pensioner on the city. The horse and his mate were purchased by the city in the days of the volunteer fire department to draw ladder truck No. 1, and for several years they did this work, which is now considered a pretty heavy job for the three horses attached to the truck. When the paid department was organized Jerry became a member of it, and he has discharged his duties faithfully ever since. He is now entitled to be considered "aged," having served longer than the usual span of life allotted to horses, and the commissioners do not feel inclined to sell him for a trifle to someone who will

perhaps starve and abuse him, and render the rest of his life uncomfortable, so they have decided that he is to have free hay and oats at the expense of the city as long as he lives.—*Portland Oregonian*.

An Arabic Saying.

"Man is four:
"The man who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool—shun him.
"The man who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—teach him;
"The man who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep—wake him;
"The man who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise—follow him."
Another form of the same bit of Arabic folk-lore is as follows:
The man who knows not that he knows naught—
He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught,
He is but simple; take thou him and teach him.

But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows—
He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.
The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows—
Cleave thou to him and nevermore forsake him.

There are still other forms. We know a presiding elder who likes to repeat one of them and then challenge his hearers to reproduce it. The attempt is worth while, especially if the wisdom of the saying makes an impression on the one who tries it.

King Edward's Family Tree.

The following genealogy of the kings and queens of England was written during the reign of Queen Victoria, and by prefacing it with "Edward VII. who was the son of Victoria," the reader will have the genealogy complete to William the Conqueror: Victoria, who was the niece of William IV., who was the brother of George IV., who was the son of George III., who was the grandson of George II., who was the son of George I., who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William III., who was the son-in-law of James II., who was the brother of Charles II., who was the son of Charles I., who was the son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the half-sister of Mary, who was the half-sister of Edward VI., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Henry VII., who was the cousin of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry VI., who was the son of Henry V., who was the son of Henry IV., who was the cousin of Richard II., who was the grandson of Edward III., who was the son of Edward II., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of Henry III., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I., who was the son of Henry II., who was a cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I., who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror.

The Vanishing Car Horse.

Twelve years ago a horse was cheerfully plodding along a three-mile stretch of track at Fryeburg, Me. It was his business to pull a car from one end of the line to the other and then pull it back again.

But his responsibility did not make him proud or presumptuous. Neither was he lonesome, for, while he had no comrades in the service of the Fryeburg Horse Railway Company, he was one of a noble army of car horses employed by more than 700 street railroads in the United States. There were 7,341 of his associates working in New England alone, and at least ten times as many in the country at large.

That horse, or his successor, is still pulling his car along the Fryeburg track, but in all New England he has not a single surviving mate. The last of his 7,341 companions has disappeared.

People talk about the approaching extinction of the buffalo, but from present indications there will be buffaloes long after the hoofs of the last car horse have gone to the glue factory. Only last year there were five miles of horse car tracks in Massachusetts. Now there is none.

There are two car horses in Grand Junction, Col. These are the only animals of their kind between Kansas and the Sierras in one direction and between Mexico and the North Pole in the other.

There are three car horses in the state of North Carolina, and these are the only specimens of their race from the Alleghenies to the Atlantic, between South Carolina and New Jersey.

There are only 347 horse cars on the whole continent north of the Rio Grande outside of New York, and probably not more than 200 of those have horses. There are as many buffaloes as that.

There are more government reindeer in Alaska than car horses in the whole United States, and Dr. Jackson says he is going to import twice as many more.

The government protects buffaloes and even

bears in the Yellowstone Park. Some people might think it was high time to set apart a little reservation for the surviving remnants of the hundred thousand horses that once hauled us to and from our daily toil. It would seem advisable to do that in the interest of electrical and mechanical science, if nothing else. We are accustomed to describe our motors and engines in terms of horse power. How are we going to understand that if we have forgotten what a horse is?

A Dinosaur's Hind Legs.

The hind legs of a herbivorous dinosaur have just been mounted in the Peabody Museum at Yale. The rest of the prehistoric reptile was omitted because there is not a room large enough in the museum for the entire specimen. Professor Edward Beecher, who has had the restoration of the animal in charge, said to-day: "We have in the cellar of the museum the entire animal, but as he would be over sixty feet long when completely restored we haven't space enough in the building for him, that is, unless we put his head out of the south end of the building and let his tail protrude from the north end of the museum. If restored he would weigh about twenty tons. When alive this huge creature, according to Professor Beecher, must have stood about twenty feet high. On each of his feet he had five toes. Each footprint would measure about a square yard. If he should raise himself on his hind legs he could look with ease over the museum, a five-story building. His neck was long and flexible. The body was short and the abdominal cavity of moderate size.

The head of this specimen is particularly small, in fact, smaller in proportion than in any other vertebrate known. The entire skull is less in diameter and weight than the fourth or fifth cervical vertebra.

The hind legs and pelvis, as they stand in the museum now, are sixteen feet high. The hind legs are larger and heavier than the fore and weigh two tons. Each thigh bone or femur weighs 500 pounds. The measurement across the feet is thirty-four inches and the middle toe is about two feet long. The femur is about five feet in length.

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(An added suggestion.)

W. B. NORTON, PH.D.

IN THE EPWORTH HERALD of Feb. 1 the admirable work of Rev. G. H. Studley in circulating his own well selected and growing library among the people of his charge suggested the idea of giving a page out of my own experience, not as equaling in my case his thorough work, but, nevertheless, as indicating a further extension of his idea and a possible enlargement of literary resources in almost any village or rural neighborhood.

Until removing to the city, where libraries are more abundant than is time to use them, it was my custom for years to take a literary census of my charge. Primarily I did it for my own benefit. Wherever I called, and I could do so without embarrassment, I took out my pen and wrote down all the titles of the books giving promise of any future value, that I found on the table or on the corner shelf or in the more pretentious bookcase. If I could not write down the list in the home itself I made a mental note of all that I saw and made a record at my earliest convenience. In some houses the number of valuable books would be limited to one or two, and in others the list would be considerable, but in the aggregate the book-wealth would surprise one who has not tried the plan. By this practice two points were gained. I knew the character of the reading that found its way into the homes of the people and this reading, whatever it was, became available for my ready use. Primarily for my own benefit, as I said, I nevertheless utilized this knowledge to a degree for the benefit of others. And my conviction that this plan is capable of still wider and more useful application leads me to its emphasis.

A minister or an Epworth League literary superintendent can become a literary clearing-house or an information bureau for the community or perhaps better yet a kind of telephone "central." Being "rung up" for information as to the whereabouts of a certain book in the community, he can give the proper connections, and the parties interested can do the talking. It is, of course, assumed in this plan that the consent of the owners of books will be gained before the liberty of borrowing is proposed, and the more hearty the cooperation the better. The good to be secured is not by one leader forcing an issue on an unwilling constituency, but by the mutual desire of all to get the most out of a common opportunity, assisted by a little skillful diplomacy.

Magazine clubs, I am sure, would be as possible outside as well as inside the city, where they are quite common. A dozen persons, more or less, each subscribe for a single magazine or valuable paper, and circulate them in turn among the members of the club, according to a simple but definite rule. Each one comes into final and permanent possession of the one periodical for which he has subscribed, but all get the benefit of the entire number.

Farmers and villagers are always ready to exchange work or tools or other neighborly courtesies, and why not exchange literary belongings for their own and the common good?

Chicago.

As It Is Done at Algoma.

The literary work of our chapter at Algoma, Wis., has been successful in this much, at least—that we have been able to keep it going for a number of years. Our meetings are held twice a month. For the past year and a half we have been studying some of the standard authors. Our program usually consists of a sketch of the author's life, prepared by one of the members, either read or told, a recitation, and a reading or two of the best selections from the author under notice. Frequently we have roll-call, answered by quotations from the author's works. Of course, we have, if possible, several pieces of special music. After the program we resolve ourselves into a business meeting, and transact what business may need attention. The members take turns in presiding at these programs. We have studied, in this way recently, such authors as Riley, Dickens, Longfellow, Lowell, and Victor Hugo.

Several times this year we have changed the order, and given programs made up entirely of musical numbers. On these occasions we have tried to use all the musical talent we have in the chap-

ter. These programs are always largely attended, and help to sustain the interest in the more taxing literary programs. We have tried to introduce debates into some of our programs, but have not been very successful.

A more recent feature of our program has been the use of the books of the league reading course. The members have taken turns in reading chapters from "Wesley's Life" and "Philip Yoakley"—a chapter from each on an evening, on the "continued-in-our-next" plan. This has helped much to keep up the interest. Our programs are made out and posted beforehand, and announced from the pulpit.

A Hymnal Program.

Below we print a program which was given last spring with very great success by the Strawberry Church Chapter, Baltimore:

Studies in the Methodist Hymnal—"Christian Singers of Germany."

Song from the German of the fifteenth century. Hymn No. 259. Michael Weisse (1470-1534).

"Christ the Lord is risen again." Tune, "Eltham," page 347.

Reading: "The Land of Luther."

Biographical sketch: "Martin Luther" (1483-1546).

Reading: "A preface to all good hymn books," by Martin Luther. Hymn No. 166, "A mighty fortress is our God." Words and music by Luther.

Biographical sketch: "Gustavus Adolphus" (1594-1632). Hymn No. 569, "Fear not, O little flock." Tune, "Ariel," page 276, from "The Magic Flute," Johann C. W. Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791).

Quartet: Hymn No. 694, "Lord Jesus Christ, my life," Martin Behenb (1537-1622). Tune, "Miller," page 17, by Carl Philip Emanuel Bach (1714-1788).

Biographical sketch: "Paul Gerhardt" (1606-1676).

Hymn No. 672, "Commit thou all thy griefs." Tune, "Schumann," page 248, by Robert Schumann (1810-1856). Hymn No. 673, "Give to the winds thy fears." Tune, "St. Thomas," page 186, by George Frederick Handel (1685-1759).

Quartet: Hymn No. 118, "We all believe in one true God," Tobias Clausnitzer (1619-1684). Tune, "Trinity," page 43, from Hiller's "Choralbuch."

Chorus: Hymn No. 492, "Well for him who all things losing," Gottfried Arnold (1666-1714). Tune, "Love Divine," page 182, by John Zundel (1815-).

Paper: "The great German composers."

Chorus: Hymn No. 14, "Lift up your heads," Georg Weisse (1590-1635). Tune, from the oratorio, "The Creation," by Francis Joseph Haydn (1732-1809). Hymn No. 654, "My Jesus, as thou wilt," Benjamin Schmolke (1672-1737). Tune, "Jewett," from "Der Freischütz," by Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826).

Biographical sketch: "Count Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf" (1700-1760). Hymn No. 238, "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness." Tune, "Bartholdy," page 305, by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847).

Double quartet: Hymn No. 461, "I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God," Zinzendorf. Tune, "Overberg," page 30, by Johann Christian Heinrich Rink (1770-1846).

Biographical sketch: "Gerhard Tersteegen" (1697-1769). Hymn No. 332, "God calling yet." Tune, "Germany," by Ludwig von Beethoven (1770-1827).

Chorus: Hymn No. 755, "I know no life divided," Carl Johann Philip Spitta (1801-1859). Tune, "Mendebras," page 28, from the German.

One District's Literary Activities.

The Vandalla (Ill.) District had a well-defined program during the past year, and it has brought results.

The program had four items. First, for the sake of devotional meetings and Bible-classes, all Epworthians have been urged to memorize the books of the Bible, in order. Out of this simple and elementary thing in one place a Bible-class of fifteen has resulted, carefully following the Taylor-Morgan "Studies in the Life of Christ."

Second, THE HERALD has been presented to the chapters definitely, and its practical use pointed out. That has kept up the circulation of the paper, and, consequently, has kept the Vandalla District Epworthians in active sympathy with the whole League movement.

Third, the literary leaders have been encouraged to use the latent talent of their home towns for lectures and practical talks. Business men, physicians, lawyers, and others have gladly responded to such invitations, and an unknown amount of

helpful intellectual energy has been set in motion.

Fourth, the district officers organized a lecture bureau. Eight speakers in different parts of the district offered their services, and any chapter desiring one of them could secure him without cost, except for expenses. Twenty lectures were given under this arrangement.

The beauty of this program is in its simplicity, its adaptability, and its very large gain for very small outlay. Scarcely a district in the church need fear to undertake such a definite and workable program for the coming year.

Program Building.

Here is a hint for third vice-presidents who are wondering how they can plan some connected programs for the fall and winter. Other courses can be arranged on much the same general plan. This course, as will be seen, suggests and requires some study of interesting periods in American history. Of course each topic may be subdivided, and appropriate exercises added at pleasure:

1. Indians and Indian folklore, Reading from "Hiawatha."
2. Invention of the cotton gin and its effects.
3. Our great parks—Yosemite, Yellowstone, Niagara, etc.
4. The voiceless classes of our nation—Indians, Chinese, and women.
5. American forests and their explorers. The great lakes.
6. The Boston tea-party. Samuel Adams.
7. The fugitive-slave law. The underground railroad. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
8. Abraham Lincoln. Emancipation of the slaves.
9. The freedman and his future.
10. Our representatives abroad.
11. The "Ku Klux Klan." The "carpetbagger."
12. Our public schools. The faults and merits of our newspapers.
13. The Pacific railways. The Northwest.
14. The expansion of the republic. States added to the Union since the civil war.
15. War with Spain and its results. Our new possessions.

A Successful Combination.

The chapter at Baldwin, N. Y., combines its third and fourth departments, and calls the combination the "Lasael," which is short for "Literary and Social Associated Epworth League."

The Lasael meets bi-monthly, and last year it spent nine months on the reading course, adding an occasional special feature. For example, on one occasion Rev. J. Wesley Johnston, D.D., author of "Philip Yoakley," was the guest of the evening. Two weeks later the program was called "A Riley Evening." A patriotic program was given on the evening nearest Washington's birthday, an evening with Dickens on March 25, "About some new books" on April 8, a musical evening on May 6, and at the last regular meeting a recognition evening, including the presentation of certificates for the reading course, and a reception.

A Magazine Club.

A magazine club was a successful experiment at one church. Every member was invited to give a brief outline of some article of current interest that he had read during the month. Not all responded, but enough took part each time to make a very entertaining evening. It was interesting to note how different ones would take a topic that particularly claimed their attention. For instance, the art student brought the current art of the day before the club. The musician spoke of a great musician who was very popular in this country. A young man who is at present taking active part in affairs at Manila told of a recent visit to a camp in the West. Several related visits to points of interest. Members were encouraged to take part, if only a few sentences were given.

A Reading-Circle Plan.

Secure names of all who will take the course and order one set of books for every three readers (or as many as there are books in course). Organize into classes composed of as many members as books in course. Appoint leaders and assign one book to each class for study.

At the end of three or four weeks exchange books. When the course is complete each member receives a book.

This plan makes the expense to each reader very slight, while each receives the benefit of the entire course.

Occasionally a social evening might be profitable to the classes, taking turns in providing entertainment.

Recent Conventions.

Davenport District.

Davenport District League held its thirteenth annual convention at Monmouth, Ia., June 10-12. Meeting was opened by President Rev. J. O. Robinson of Clinton.

Rev. Fayette Thompson of Davenport gave an inspiring address on "Key words in the life of the Spirit." This was followed by a few words of welcome from Rev. W. M. Leiser, in behalf of the Monmouth and Baldwin Chapters, and an invitation to feast upon the golden fruits of Monmouth, and join with them in a pleasant social hour.

At the Wednesday morning session Rev. Fayette Thompson of Davenport delivered an address on "Filled with the Spirit."

The remainder of the morning session was occupied by business, the appointment of committees, chapter reports, secretary's report, and secretary's round table.

The literary department conference, led by Professor Mark of Preston, produced an animated discussion on the key word "Think." The Junior hour, in charge of Miss Grace Richardson of Clinton, was helpful.

Rev. R. D. Parsons of Maquoketa spoke on "The discipline of the Spirit." Miss Taylor of Maquoketa led the mercy and help conference. Miss Grace Richardson of Clinton led the discussion in the social conference, whose key-word was "Touch." Miss Jordan, speaking on the key-word "Tell," gave interesting details of the work of the Chicago Deaconess Training-school.

In the evening Dr. W. F. Oldham, assistant missionary secretary, gave a missionary address: "Open doors: Shall we enter them?"

At the Thursday morning session Miss Brown gave an interesting talk on the Aurora school.

The spiritual conference was led by Rev. Geo. F. Sutherland, followed by five-minute talks on the key-word "Trust."

The district secretary was elected district visitor, to visit places where the work had flagged and help to re-invigorate it.

Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Rev. L. L. Lockard, of Anamosa; V. P's, Mrs. Edith Thomas of Wyoming, Miss Luella Sweezy of Maquoketa, Mrs. Chas. Wolf of Low Moor, Miss Rossella Reeder of Clinton; Cor. Sec. and Treas., Miss Mattie Coleman of Davenport; Rec. Sec., Miss Blanche Record of Comanche; Jr. Sect., Miss Grace Richardson of Clinton. (Reported by Miss Mattie Coleman.)

Lewiston District.

The Lewiston District Convention was held July 16 and 17, in the beautiful new Wesley Church, Bath, Me. The most remote parts of the district were well and ably represented. Of course, with Rev. D. B. Holt as host, the hospitality was of the most generous and kindly sort. The church was finely decorated. It is a remarkable fact that out of twenty-three assignments of parts only two failed to respond. The addresses of Dr. Taylor and Bishop Mallalieu were each in their way most excellent and timely, and were listened to by large audiences, and awakened much enthusiasm. At the close of his address the bishop led a most impressive and helpful altar service. The members of the local league, the district Epworth quartet, Rev. F. K. Beem and wife, and others, furnished fine music. On Thursday afternoon many took occasion to visit the Bath Iron Works, where the battleship Georgia is being constructed. The officers of the league have done their work so well that they were re-elected. The next convention will be held in Yarmouth.

THE CHICAGO DISTRICTS.

(From our own correspondent.)

The annual convention of the Chicago Western District, which will be held in Union-avenue Church Monday afternoon and evening, Sept. 1, promises to be a record breaker. The Union-avenue Epworthians have the reputation of being excellent entertainers, and are making elaborate arrangements for the comfort of the visiting delegations. The principal speakers will be Drs. J. F. Berry and Wilbur P. Thirkield. The former will speak in the afternoon on "League methods," and the latter will deliver a rousing address in the evening. Special music will be rendered, and a league emblem presented to the chapter having the largest delegation present in proportion to membership. The district officers are exceedingly anxious that the local officers fill out the report blanks sent them, and return at once.

The annual encampment at Desplaines closed July 28 with the usual union sacramental service. The meetings were marked by the harmonious spirit which prevailed throughout, and the delightful communion which was enjoyed. Many of the meetings scheduled to be held in the Epworth League tent were abandoned or held in the large tent, on account of the superabundance of rain. Epworth League Day, Saturday, July 19, was observed, and the general secretary, Dr. J. F. Berry,

made the principal address. Rev. C. A. Kelley had charge of the evening young people's meetings. On account of the inclement weather several union meetings were held in the Swedish tabernacle.

The Swedish Chapters celebrated Thursday, July 25, as Epworth League Day. Rev. Alfred Anderson preached in the morning. Rev. Eric P. Swan, first vice-president of the Swedish District, took charge of the devotional meeting, and Rev. Joseph Smith spoke in the pentecostal service which followed.

Thos. D. Chadwick, president of the Chicago District, has the sympathy of the Epworthians in his district and many friends throughout Chicago upon the loss of his father, who died July 25.

Chicago Lawn Chapter held a state convention "echo" meeting July 20. Wilbur A. Webber, secretary of the Chicago Western District, and W. M. Dutton, president of Southwest Subdistrict, addressed the evening service, and gave their impressions of the meeting at Mt. Carmel.

The election of Miss Helen C. Ingram as third vice-president of the state league gives universal satisfaction. No one could be better qualified for this responsible position, and we are assured that the work of this department will receive a stimulus throughout Illinois during her term of office.

About 350 Epworthians of the Chicago Northern District enjoyed a boat-ride on the lake Saturday afternoon, July 26. For several hours the steamboat C. H. Hackley, which had been chartered, leisurely coasted near the shore, while the young people enjoyed the perfect weather, and spent the time in pleasurable sociability.

Two new chapters have recently been organized in the Chicago Western District, at Hawthorne and Oak Lawn, and both bid fair to flourish in their respective localities and do good work. At Oak Lawn the chapter is working hard with the church in an effort to provide a new church building for the people.

Interesting services were held in the Forest Glen Swedish Church, Sunday evening, Aug. 3. It was English night. Alfred Dixon led the devotional meeting, and Frank Honeywell, Junior superintendent of the Chicago Northern District, spoke in the church service which followed. About twelve members of the St. Asaph Male Chorus were present, and several inspiring gospel songs were sung.

The lake excursion of the leagues of the Chicago District to Michigan City on July 28 was a decided success. The weather was ideal, and the steamboat Easton, which was chartered for the trip, car-

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What was the immediate cause of this?
Where and how was the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, organized?
Where and when did President Lincoln eulogize the Church?
Where and when was lay representation adopted?
When was the ministerial term extended to five years?
When was the Order of Deaconesses adopted?
What is an Official Board?
What is the origin of prayer-meetings?
What is a love-feast?
What is the origin of the watch-night service?
What was the origin of Children's Day?
Where and when were the various benevolences organized?
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ried a very happy crowd of Epworthians. At Michigan City they were met by a delegation from the Michigan City Chapter, and were conducted to the park on the lake front. After luncheon a short song service was held, and, on behalf of the Chicago Epworthians, Rev. E. B. Crawford thanked the local chapter for its kind reception and good offices in securing the use of the grounds. On motion, it was carried that resolutions of sympathy be extended to President Chadwick in his bereavement. The boat left at 7 o'clock, reaching Chicago at ten. Light refreshments were served by the committee in charge both coming and going, and a very pleasant social time was enjoyed.

Magazine Notes.

The August number of the *Woman's Home Companion* is a hot-weather number, and is chiefly devoted to bright fiction. Robert Barr, Octave Thane, Morgan Robertson, Onoto Watanna, and Louis Pendleton contribute short stories, and Cyrus Townsend Brady's serial, "Woven with the ship," reaches its most dramatic moment. Two of the features of the number are especially worth reading. Hudson Maxim, the well-known scientist and inventor, has an article on "How the world will end." In "A hot day in a great city" Rheta Childe Dorr describes some of the terrors of summer in a metropolis.

The appearance of the August number of *Harper's Bazar*, with its cool green cover and delightful pictures as the setting of its interesting reading matter, is most welcome. The illustrations and contents are of the usual excellence. Ada Sterling gives the first of a series of "One-room papers" for the benefit of the large number of those whose lives are spent in lodging-houses or boarding-houses, and who are confined to the limits of one room. The departments are timely and helpful.

The midsummer number of *The Book Lover* is especially profitable and entertaining. An interesting feature is the frontispiece, which reproduces, in five colors, the first page of the Mazarin Bible. This, and a score of reproductions of handsome bindings, will delight both bibliophile and art student. In the same issue will be found a characteristic sketch of Dickens, several stories, and a vast miscellany of literary information.

The World To-day is a review and current cyclopedia after the order of the *Review of Reviews*. It is a comparatively new candidate for public favor, and possesses genuine value and merit. It contains the very latest information in every department of human progress. History, politics, science, industry, literature, art, education, philosophy, and religion are a few of the departments treated regularly by specialists.

As the population of the great cities expands, the problem of how to secure for everybody the privileges of the coast—which does not expand—has become a more and more vexing one. Mr. Sylvester Baxter, who was intimately concerned with securing Boston's magnificent system of public beaches, contributes to *The Cosmopolitan* for August an illustrated article which cannot fail to attract a great deal of attention.

The August *Success* maintains the splendid standard it has set as an exponent of the strenuous life. Lyman J. Gage, ex-secretary of the treasury, tells the story of his boyhood days, Max Nordau writes of "The stimulus of ambition," and wisely. Edwin Markham and Rev. Dwight Hillis contribute to the editorial page. Articles of interest are: "Scientific forestry" and "Rising values in fruits and flowers."

The August issue of *The Chautauquan* is a "Vacation number," rich in fiction, art, travel, and other seasonal features. The leading story is by the most famous of women writers in Germany, Marie von Ebner Eschenbach. "The barons of Gemperelein," complete, in six chapters, is an inimitable type of humor, comparable in the literary field to the unrivaled productions of German comedies in art.

The bright pages of *Cassell's Little Folks* will help many a restless boy and girl through a sultry afternoon. Those who made the acquaintance of "Bonnie Lesley," Sydney and Archie in "A Castle Fair," will be glad to meet them again in "The Girl at the Grey House," and boys especially will enjoy reading "Stories of the Round Table," begun in the August number.

"Tales of a Mississippi pilot," by H. S. Canfield, is the serial feature at present of that ever-fascinating *Youth's Companion*. The articles are especially interesting since the picturesque mode of travel on the steamboat has been almost entirely superseded by the ubiquitous railroad. That splendid weekly is chock full of just the things boys and girls delight in.

Uncommonly attractive features in the August *Lippincott*, which is essentially a vacation number, are a complete novelette, "New Samaria," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; eleven short stories by popular writers; a humorous department which is humorous—besides seasonal poems.

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Catalogue tells about lots of other things most likely needed for the trip—traveling bags, tourists' needfuls, Outing Suits, Duck Trousers, etc.—right styles lower priced.

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things, several short stories and a seasonable article on "Blade and sheaf," by Martha McCulloch Williams, as well as a finely illustrated bit on the "Day's work of a New England farmer," by Holman F. Day.

The Household (New York) is a delightful magazine for the home. It abounds in bright stories and all sorts of valuable information about household arts—cooking, fancy-work, pyrography, etc. It is an old favorite, and will win its way wherever read.

The American Boy continues to justify its existence. The August number furnishes plenty of stories and historical and educational articles, besides those splendid departments so fascinating to the boys. It is one of the best things going.

Gen. James Grant Wilson is writing a series of papers for *The Criterion*, giving recollections of distinguished Americans. In the August number he gives a delightful and sympathetic paper on Longfellow.

Poems Worth Reading.

FAREWELL TO THE BOYS IN BLUE.

We often sing in joyful strains,
In admiration's loud refrain,
The heroism ever true
Of Uncle Sammy's boys in blue.
That sacred color now must go
And sit back in the has-ben row,
And future praises we must dab
Upon our boys in olive-drab.

The blue that since the nation's birth
Has been the proudest hue on earth,
The color worn by hero sires
In blaze of many battle-fires,
And honored by their loyal sons
Amid the roar of hostile guns,
Now feels the sharp official stab,
And flees before the olive-drab.

The girls who've sworn they will be true
Unto their soldier boys in blue,
Who've gone a foreign foe to face,
Must change their vows to fit the case.
When now their confidences they
Exchange of heroes far away,
They'll center all their loving gab
Upon the boys in olive-drab.

This color fad we pray they'll bar
Before they let it go too far,
And never let it find a place
Upon "Old Glory's" sacred face.
Oh! may it never spread unto
Our glorious red and white and blue;
For who could whoop while keeping tab
Upon red, white, and olive-drab?

—Denver Post.

MEMORY.

O Memory, bind fast with many a coil
The wealth of years which I have given to you;
If to my faith and trust you prove untrue,
What have I left of all a lifetime's spoil?

I gave you pictures of the far-off sea,
Lashed by wild winds, or still as if asleep;
Of rivers poisoning for a downward leap,
Or winding through still valleys, calm and free:

I gave you pictures of great fields of grain,
Rippling like waves beneath the western breeze;
Of forests yet unspoiled, whose giant trees
Have braved, unharmed, a century's wind and rain.

And, more than these, I gave unto your hold
Tones that were sweet and faces that were dear,
The touch of hands that dried each childish tear,
Now hidden deep beneath the churchyard's mould.

Dear words from tongues that speak, alas! no more,
Dear looks from eyes long closed upon earth's strife;

Keep them, I pray, and guard them all my life—
O Memory, hold fast my golden store!

—Ninette M. Lowater.

THE HEROIC AGE.

He speaks not well who doth his time deplore,
Naming it new and little and obscure,
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.
All times were modern in the time of them,
And this no more than others. Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing back to this far-loomg hour,
Say: "Then the time when men were truly men,
Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
Of new conditions; conquering evil wrong;
Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;
Guarding the country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's and their sons';
Defying leagued fraud with single truth:
Not fearing loss, and daring to be pure.
When error through the land raged like a pest,
They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind
By wisdom drawn from old, and counsel sane.
And as the martyrs of the ancient world

Gave Death for man, so nobly gave they life;
Those the great days, and that the heroic age."
—Richard Watson Gilder.

INDEPENDENCE.

Think not that work is but a curse,
The heritage of sin,
Truth must the old belief reverse
To let love enter in.
Work is a blessing from on high,
A privilege to man,
That he whose hope awakes a sigh
May nobler living plan.

The mind, the body, and the soul,
Each has a work to do,
And through the union of the whole
Life's triumphs will ensue;
Strength, reason, will, and dream combine
To make man lord of earth—
And independence doth refine
What, else, has little worth.

The puny hands tall mountains raze,
Thought conquers time and place,
But love, along the unknown ways,
Transcends the law of space;
And thus the soul becomes at last
Guide to where joys await,
And builds from out a fruitful past
Its mastery of fate.

—Charles W. Stevenson.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

God's boundless love and arching sky
Above us when we wake or sleep,
Above us when we smile or weep,
Above us when we live or die.

God's tireless love! Beside the cot
Of her sick child the mother sleeps,
The heavenly father ever keeps
Unweary watch—he slumbers not.

God's patient love! Misunderstood
By hearts that suffer in the night,
Doubted—yet waiting till heaven's light
Shall show how all things work for good.

God's mighty love! On Calvary's height,
Suffering to save us from our sin,
To bring the heavenly kingdom in,
And fill our lives with joy and light.

God's changeless love! The wandering one
Forsakes, forgets, dishonors; yet
Repenting, going home, is met
With no reproach—"Welcome, my son!"

God's endless love! What will it be
When earthly shadows flee away,
For all Eternity's bright day,
The unfolding of that love to see!

—Mattie D. Babcock.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

Aug. 12-26.—West Jersey Camp Meeting, Malaga, N. J.
Aug. 15-17.—Janesville District, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Aug. 18.—Norwich District, Willimantic Camp Ground, Conn.
Aug. 19-20.—Normal District Convention, Colfax, Ill.
Aug. 19-30.—Fort Scott District, Galena, Kan.
Aug. 19-21.—Winfield District, Harper, Kan.
Aug. 21-23.—Dover District, Hedding Camp Ground, N. H.
Aug. 23-28.—Milwaukee District, Union Grove, Wis.
Aug. 26-28.—Central District, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Aug. 26-28.—Missouri Conference, Burlington Junction, Mo.
Aug. 28-31.—Oklahoma Conference, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sept. 1.—Chicago Western District, Union-avenue, Chicago.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 22-29.—Alabama Conference, Boaz, Ala.
Sept. 25-28.—Northern New York Conference, Sandy Creek.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 14-15.—Wyoming Conference Convention, Simpson Church, Scranton, Pa.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeye-town, Md.
Oct. 16.—Bridgeton District, Glassboro, N. J.
Oct. 16.—Paterson District, Passaic, N. J.
Oct. 16-19.—German National Convention, St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 21.—Brooklyn South District, Grace Church, Brooklyn.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—F Newark District, East Orange, N. J.

AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

Liquid air and then Marconi's wireless telegraphy have been agitating the public mind of late, but the latest, and to the general public most useful, invention that is attracting attention, is the discovery by a Buffalo, N. Y., man of "Liquid Veneer," intended for use in the home, and which instantly makes old things new by a simple application with a soft cloth. It will give pianos, furniture and woodwork that superb brilliant appearance of newness so desirable and attractive. Each reader of *THE EPWORTH HERALD* is entitled to a free sample bottle of this Liquid Veneer by writing the manufacturers and mentioning this paper. Write at once to the Buffalo Specialty Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a sample bottle free of charge and postage prepaid.

Character Photography.

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With an Introduction by Bishop J. W. Hamilton.

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After Shadow—Light.

J. A. EDGERTON.

Things are looking brighter,
 Wind is holding true,
 Blowing in among the clouds
 Patches of the blue—
 Little rents in heaven's tent
 That the sun shines through.

Broken clouds go sailing
 Like a fleet of ships—
 Dun and gray and somber-hued,
 Silver on their tips,
 Where, down through the intervals,
 Sunshine sifts and slips.

Gleams of light like phantoms
 O'er the landscape fly;
 On the rain a shining bow
 Spans the eastern sky—
 'Tis God's sign and promise that
 Storms are passing by.

So upon life's heavens
 There are clouds of care,
 Tempests of remorse and pain,
 Bleak days of despair;
 But look up, the shadows lift,
 Morning may be fair.

Things are looking brighter.
 On the future's height,
 From the yet unrisen sun
 Falls a shaft of light.
 'Tis a harbinger of hope
 For the cause of right.

After clouds is sunshine,
 After war is peace;
 After winter with its blight,
 Summer with increase;
 So the curse of tyranny
 Speedily shall cease.

To the better era,
 From the past and gone,
 'Round and 'round a spiral path
 Earth is rolling on,
 Spinning 'neath its shaft of night
 To the younger dawn.

Denver, Col.

Subia.

EMILY L. HARVEY.

Who is Subia? Only one of the thousands and thousands of poor little famine waifs gathered in during the last few years of hardship and distress in India—a mere skeleton, eating twigs, refuse, whatever she could find to keep body and soul together. When they saw her the missionaries' hearts received another stab, added to the unnumbered wounds which were theirs to bear during those awful days of relief and rescue work in Raipur. They brought little Subia into the fold, fed her, and nursed her back to life, and thanked God that another of the "little children" was brought "unto him." Months passed, the famine was ended, but not its results, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilder found themselves left with a large number of widows and orphans on their hands who were bereft of every earthly means of support.

The strain during this terrible famine siege had sorely taxed the strength of these faithful, untiring servants of the Lord, and the time came when help was imperative; hence a missionary was sent to their relief, and the charge of the fold was committed to her care. But what is a fold? The word suggests shelter, protection, a place of safety, perfect security. Yet none of these things characterizes our fold. We have asked the Missionary Society for means to provide for these poor little waifs such protection that they might dwell secure from the "roaring lion" and the "wolf in sheep's clothing" until the principles and teachings of the gospel of Christ should permeate their young hearts and lives. But, alas! the old story—a depleted treasury, the secretaries at home deeply interested and full of sympathy, but they cannot disburse until the stewards of God who are scattered over the land have brought the stores entrusted to them into the treasury. And so our little flock must continue to live in their mud huts, with only a bamboo fence enclosing their yard.

There is nothing to prevent the wolf from poking his nose through to whisper words of allurements which are as poisoned arrows to the hearts of our little ones. And he came. An older sister who had been cared for by these same tender-hearted missionaries until the famine was over, and had then gone back to her old life of sin and shame, watched her every opportunity secretly to persuade the innocent little one that there was something better and sweeter for her out in the world.

The tawdry jewelry, the entire value of which would not support the little life a week, was very attractive to Subia. The wolf whispered: "Are not all these very nice, little sister? Come with me, and you also shall possess such pretty things."

The temptation was too great, and Subia went out to follow in the footsteps of her sister. Some time later one of our native Christian workers found her, and succeeded in getting her back to the mission house. True, she wore finger rings, toe rings, and a necklace, but she had for clothing *only a little rag too filthy to touch!* As we looked at her the heart sank and was as lead with the weight of what we read in that face. For more than three hours that Sabbath day we talked and reasoned and prayed with the child. She told us of the life she was living, and frankly confessed that she wanted to go back to it. Subia had tasted the pleasures of sin; it was a sweet morsel, and she could not realize that the end would be death. All we could say availed nothing. We could not detain her by force, and were obliged to see her walk away from us to eternal ruin.

Before she was out of sight a "home letter" was received. The opening sentence read: "By this time you have begun your new work and have had new heartaches." Heartaches! Dear friends, can you imagine the heartaches? One of whom Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"—one perhaps not yet thirteen years old, walking deliberately from our home and our heart out into a life of sin and shame! At whose door will the Master lay this sin? It might not have been could we have had the proper buildings and walls necessary for the protection of our girls.

We require at least \$7,000 for the mission house, orphanage, widows' dormitories, workers' houses, and schoolhouse. Somebody has it in his possession, and is refusing to put it into the Lord's treasury for this work. Is it you, brother? Is it you, sister? Perhaps little by little, through industry and care, it has come to one who, in youth, was a poor boy or girl, and it is very precious. But how much sweeter, richer, more precious and enduring would be the satisfaction and joy of building a memorial bearing some loved one's name, or your own, as a thank-offering that God has bestowed such wealth upon you, knowing that by so doing you are helping to save, if not your own son or daughter from such a life as Subia lives, yet you are saving these other little ones whose purity and honor are just as precious in God's sight as is that of your own children.

The mud walls, the lack of protection from the scorching rays of an Indian sun, the leaky roofs, and the numberless other trying and perplexing questions and difficulties which constantly confront us and seem at times overwhelming, sink into insignificance when we regard this phase of trouble and danger ever lurking around us.

Subia is not the only lost one just because of selfishness or neglect. We cannot tell you of all the special occasions for heartache. But they come, these heartaches, thick and heavy. No, Subia is not the only victim who may lose both body and soul forever because *somebody, somewhere*, is withholding the Lord's money. We know not how many more may wander away before warm hearts are open; when the heart opens the purse-strings will be loosed, real memorials will be erected, and we shall be prepared, so far as is possible by human means, to protect our children from these outside influences and temptations and sins, and, by the grace of God, will develop them into true, pure, lovely young womanhood, and one day will send them out to win others for Christ.

Methodist Episcopal Mission, Raipur, India.

He Lost His Job.

REV. CHARLES B. DALTON, M. A.

How incredible it seems when we think about it that anybody should lose his job! Yet the antecedent to the pronoun in the above caption, who shall be nameless here, did lose his job. There is no doubt about that. Moreover he lost it just when he would have been most happy to have retained it.

And the wonder grows upon us as we learn of his remarkable ability. In the parable of the talents the man who lost his job was only intrusted with one talent and lacked energy or courage enough to use that. It was not so with our unfortunate friend. Keen of insight, energetic to a degree surpassing his competitors, courteous, affable, he rose through more than a dozen years of faithful service to a position of trust and honor.

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How; then, did he lose his place? Had he grown so old that in the course of nature he had to stand aside for a younger man? No, he is still in the spring time of young manhood. Had his employers taken an unaccountable and unreasonable dislike of him so that for mere spite they discharged him?

That is his account of the matter. But that does not appear to be the true account. First, that is not the way men who are floating great business enterprises do. They are interested most of all in the success of their business. The man who makes himself indispensable to that success they will retain, and, as the interests of the business seem to require, promote. Second, I know this man to have become addicted to the use of liquor. I have seen him during business hours so under the influence of it that his speech was maudlin. A friend of mine found him in his office in condition unfit for business, yet he was transacting business of great importance. *This is why he lost his job.*

Now he wants to go into business for himself. But, though he has for several years received a salary of more than a hundred dollars per month, he has nothing. Appealing to friends to loan him money, he was refused.

This young man began by turning his back upon the church because of the restraints of such a life. He wanted to be free to lead a fast life, which, of course, includes the social glass. If a man were honest, didn't drink to excess, paid close attention to business, nothing more was necessary. Because some fools degraded themselves was no reason why he shouldn't have a good time. So he reasoned. And verily he has his reward. He tells me he has learned a lesson. Let us hope so.

Kansas City, Kan.

Some Electric Wonders.

A Powerful Headlight.

One of the Western railways has adopted a new electric headlight, capable of illuminating the track for a mile in advance of the engine. The apparatus consists of a powerful arc light, and a dynamo and steam motor, which occupy the space in the locomotive usually devoted to the headlight. The light not only permits the engineer to see the track ahead of him for a greater distance, but also on the darkest night casts such expansive rays that persons miles away, who are approaching the railway line, cannot fail to be made aware of the approach of the train.

Electric Energy from the Air.

A Spanish professor, Figueras by name, living in the Canary Islands, of all places in the world, claims to have invented a process by which he can obtain electricity from the air, and make it available as a motive power for machinery. He says that the only astonishing thing about it is that nobody discovered the process before, it is so simple. Naturally he will not explain his method until he has secured his patents; but it is asserted that he has proved his invention a success by working a model of the machine that is to achieve this magical result.

Such an invention would certainly revolutionize the industrial world, as he claims that it will; and though one is naturally inclined to be skeptical when so tremendous a claim is put forth, especially when it comes from an unknown man and a very unlikely place, we know of no reason in nature for the assumption that such a discovery is impossible. On the contrary, we think it is altogether likely to come some time, whether the invention of Professor Figueras shall prove practically useful or not. Many others have tried to do what Figueras claims to have done, but all others have failed so far.

How the "Haut-parleur" Differs from the Ordinary Telephone.

A loud-talking telephone, or *haut-parleur*, has been recently invented in France. It means, briefly, that a man can sit at his ease in his armchair, and talk to another man at a distance as though he were right there in the armchair opposite. This other man, far away at the other end, may be at his ease, too, or he may be footing it up and down his office pulling at a cigar; or, for that matter, he may be in his bed in the next room. But, in any case, these two men are talking to each other with as little effort as though their feet were perched on the same table. The words of the one are caught up by the transmitter on the wall or desk, hurried along the wire through the

streets, and pushed into the room of the other with practically all of their original force. Neither party to the conversation need disturb himself to go to the telephone, and when communication is open between two points it is not even necessary to ring up. You have only to speak out, and ask if your man is there. You may be in the midst of a discussion with some people in your office, when a new voice rises above the many voices in the room, begs your pardon for interrupting, but desires to ask a question, or to communicate some information. You recognize the voice of a friend who lives over in Brooklyn, and the curious part of it is, he is over in Brooklyn at the moment he breaks in upon your office confab. If he wishes to ask you something privately, he has merely to say so. You shove a button of the switchboard on your desk, and the loud-talking 'phone is at once changed back into our ordinary, discreet whispering affair.

Romantic Side of Inventions.

Three remarkable instances are known in which the Yankee boy's trick of whittling led to valuable inventions. According to a writer in the *Stationary Engineer and Machinist*, the elder Cunard, who was apprenticed as a lad to a Scotch ship-builder, is said to have amused himself in whittling the hulls of vessels. Occasionally he would fit one of these, masts, sails and rigging complete. Tired of familiar types he would experiment with new ships, and one of these it was that attracted the attention of his master, because it would not maintain its upright position in the water. Experiments were made to ballast it, in order to give it the proper trim. The clipper-like shape and graceful long lines of the model promised great speed. Such is said to be the origin of the standard model of the Cunard and later ocean greyhounds.

Robert Livingston Stevens had grown to man's estate when he sailed from New York to Liverpool, eighty years ago. But he had not outgrown his love of whittling. In those days the passage took two months and Stevens passed many an hour, jackknife in one hand and a piece of wood in the other, brooding over a problem that had worried him—how to run a railroad without stone stringers for tracks. He wanted to get an iron rail that would "hold," and would take the place of the thin strips fastened to the chair of the roadbed. Just before he reached England his whittling revealed to him the solution of his problem, and that solution took the form of a T-rail with a broad base that could be applied direct to a solid wooden support. That T-rail is still in use on all railways of the world.

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"My sleep was broken and unrefreshing; I suffered intensely, and it seemed only a matter of time till I must lose my reason.

"My mental distress was as great as my physical, when one day a friend brought me a trial of Postum Coffee, and urged me to use it instead of coffee for a few days, saying that Postum had cured her of liver trouble and sick headaches. I replied that I thought I could not give up coffee; I had always used it as a stimulant; however, the Postum Food Coffee proved to be pleasing to the taste, and I used it and was surprised to see that I was resting and getting better.

"My husband bought several packages, and insisted on me using it altogether. Gradually, but not the less surely, I fully recovered. I never used coffee afterward, and when I was left a widow, a year later, I was able to open a dressmaking shop and support myself and little girls." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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THE JUNIOR HERALD

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902.

NUMBER 12.

The Children's Story.

ALICE IN STUMPLAND.

Myra Goodwin Plantz.

Chapter V.—No Longer Wild.

"Wild man, spirit," whispered the Indian. "Me no go there."

"Just then Mr. Crawford's lantern rays fell on a handkerchief, soiled and torn, but with "Elizabeth" written in the corner. The father's heart almost stopped beating at the thought of his little daughter being in this hovel; but he said, as quietly as possible: "I am the minister, and am hunting two lost children. They have been with you, so I shall come in."

"If you are a minister, come in, for I am a dying man, and your children gave me bread and water," said the voice again, as Mr. Crawford pushed his way through the skin door, holding his lantern so he could see the man inside saw him. There was nothing to fear, for the hand that had tried to hold the loaded gun fell helpless with its weight.

"The children went on," said the sick man.

The peculiar bark of the dog confirmed this, and, saying he would come again, Mr. Crawford rushed after the Indian. Ben and Bess were soon found, shivering in each other's arms, frightened by the wind in the pines and the birds over their heads.

"Oh, papa," cried Ben. "I did not mean to disobey. I forgot all about the limits. But punish me double, for it has been so hard for Bess. Any way you like."

"I won't like any punishment, my dear boy; but you must some way learn to remember, for you might have been lost but for this Indian's dog, for I never could have found you," replied the father, sadly.

"Oh, papa, I remembered, but didn't say anything about it. We were having such a good time," sobbed Bess.

"I am glad you told the truth," said the father. "We must stop a moment to see that sick man. He does look like a wild man, sure enough."

Mr. Crawford found there was little to do. The Indian had hard work to manage his dog. Now that the children were off his mind, he had scented the bear, and was in for a fight; but the Indian's club sent him howling on his homeward way. There was great rejoicing in the cabin when the children appeared; but when Mr. Crawford soon after went into a hard chill from the fright and exposure, the children were almost overwhelmed with shame and grief at what they had done.

"If papa dies from this strain you will never forgive yourself," Mrs. Crawford had said. "He was doing splendidly; but you see what care we must take of him."

Fortunately, the father was all right the next day, and Ben and Bess were given a "remembering lesson." They were to keep the weeds out of a certain number of beds in the garden. Their places at the table were not to be occupied if there were weeds in those spots. And never did weeds get up earlier or come oftener than in that soft new soil where onions and cabbages had come to dispute the right of way. Many an outing was

missed because of those weeds in the "remembering beds." No one offered to help, and there was no danger of the Crawford twins being lost again.

"Whenever I feel like not minding, I can feel the hot sun on my head, and the broken place weeding makes in my back," confided Bess.

"Wish father had taken a hickory stick and had it out with me at once, as Mike does with his boys," sighed Ben. "I'm always losing a ride to town or a row on the lake or a tramp with papa over forgetting once."

"We caused so much trouble, we deserve it," said Bess.

And Ben knew this was true, though not man enough to acknowledge it. The family had a new work now in helping restore to better things their "wild man."

He had a strange story to tell. Ten years before he had killed a man in self-defense, in an ad-

They were eating supper out on the porch. They had delicious brook trout, lettuce from their own garden, wild strawberries from the woods, with real cream from their own Holstein cow, which had been bought by the new congregation that met every Sunday in the dance hall.

"Think of it. A woman walked ten miles Sunday, carrying one child and letting another walk by her side, because her children had never seen a minister, and she had not heard a sermon in years! When Mr. Burroughs took me up to his camp, one day I found a man who had never heard of Jesus Christ. He had been brought over here as a little child, and brought up in the woods, and heard the name of God only in blasphemy, not knowing of the story of redemption."

"I don't doubt it," replied Dr. Gardner. "People will not believe me when I tell of things I find up in this frontier country. There are men and women as far removed from church privileges as if

they were in a heathen land, and who soon lose what religion they had because not cared for. I know of one little town that had to call in the young woman teacher to hold a funeral service, no minister being anywhere near. Yet I am sometimes criticised for sending men up here to starve. The brewers see that they are represented by saloons at every station, and in out-of-the-way places where you would not think a man could find whisky; and the gospel is withheld from these settlers. It isn't like going on a self-supporting missionary work, either; though with this good soil any family can raise most of their living. Fuel costs nothing but the work of getting it ready, and a strong man can find work in the woods if money is scarce. If I were a younger man I would take my ax and do missionary work by chopping in these camps among the woodmen. Splendid fellows when they get converted. Big-hearted, and brave. Why, man, these settlers are the most generous people in the world. The right kind of a man can get all they can give, if he tries. Now tell me more about Jones. Fine-looking man. I noticed how eagerly he listened the last time I preached. I believe I'll get him for a camp missionary. A student from Lawrence University came up here a few summers ago. He got a piece of dried beef and a big bag of

crackers, and hid them under a pile of brush, for fear he might come to want. But he didn't have much need of his sack of provisions. The boys were only too glad to see him. They laughed at him, and all that; but he was good-natured, and they let him preach and talk, and a number were converted, and in several camps Sunday-schools were started that did a world of good. You know, there is some cutting in the summer, although most of it is done in the winter, when the snow makes it easy to get the logs to the streams. But where is Jones?"

"That man was the most eager listener I ever had," replied Mr. Crawford. "He fairly glowed over everything he could hear about Jesus. As soon as he felt that he was a Christian he began on Mike's family, until every one of them professed conversion."

"Oh, he will come out all right if he is seeking souls," said Dr. Gardner. "O'Connor's children



"Many an outing was missed because of those weeds."

joining state. He did not stay to have a trial, as he knew circumstantial evidences were against him, but fled to the woods. In one way and another he had lived these years escaping notice. The sight of the children gave him a new longing to go back to the world he had deserted. Better prison walls and companionship than freedom and utter loneliness. The minister and Mike took the spring wagon and carried the sick man to Mr. O'Connor's home. He happened to have a woodshed, which was easily made into a comfortable room, Mrs. Crawford bringing over her whitest linen and easiest rocker, and some bright pictures contributed by the children. Mr. Crawford insisted on paying the board of Mr. Jones until he was able to work.

"I can't tell you how delightful it is to give the gospel story to those to whom it is good news," Mr. Crawford said to the presiding-elder one evening in June.

are bright. They will go to Lawrence University and make their mark by the time this wilderness is full of fine farms and growing towns."

"I thought Jones was all right, but about ten days ago he came and borrowed \$20 from me, and left that night, and has not been heard of since," said the minister.

A horseman was seen making his way toward the cottage as fast as the stumps in the roadway would allow him. It was the man who had been hurt in the saloon. He had been the minister's devoted friend since he had received so much consideration during the illness that followed the wound. He and his wife were workers in the little congregation, and the man kept away from the saloon, in spite of many inducements offered by his companions.

"Good evening, Mr. Olson. Come right in, and have some supper."

"I've got bad news, parson," said Mr. Olson, pulling out a paper. "Mr. Jones has been sent up, and we all feel he couldn't have been to blame."

"Ah!" said the minister. "I might have thought of that. He went away to give himself up to justice; but it was self-defense."

"It was harder to prove with the witnesses gone," said Mr. Olson. "And judges think woodmen a hard lot. It says he let him off light because he came and told."

"It is too bad," said Dr. Gardner. "But better a free man in God's sight in prison walls than in the sunlight with a bound heart."

"You never seed a prison," suggested the woodman.

"Yes, my brother; but—"

The sermon was interrupted by Brown's running up to Mr. Olson. He had been a friend of his master's, and perhaps he wanted to hear from him, too.

"Oh, papa, I'll give the governor Cub if he'll let our dear wild man go free," cried Ben.

"This is a case for pardon. The governor must know the facts, and there is no time to lose," said Mr. Crawford.

"If it were in our state we could bring some political pressure to bear; but there is not much chance of a letter from us unknown men doing good, when this governor has been accused of pardoning too many. Someone ought to go to him personally, and plead for poor Jones," said Dr. Gardner.

(To be continued.)

The Clever Kittens.

"My cat speaks French," said little Jeanne, "As plainly as can be; Says 'S'il vous plait' (that's 'if you please'), And thanks me with 'Merci!' I know, because I understand Each word she says to me."

"And mine speaks German," with a nod, Said Lisa from the Rhine; Says 'Bitte,' when she wants a drink, And 'Ja,' of course, and 'Nein'— I wouldn't have a cat that spoke A different tongue from mine!"

"That's thrue for you!" sweet Nora said, With merry look demure; "We own shpakes Irish! Whin I set A saucer on the flure, An' ask her would she like some milk, The darlint tells me 'Shure!'"

I met those kittens afterward, No matter where nor how; I listened well to what they said— Would you believe it now? They spoke in English, every one, And all they said was "Miaow!"

—Woman's Home Companion.

A Little African Animal.

"Wouldn't you think yours was a long tongue if it was as long as your body?" asks Olive Thorne Miller, who knows so much about animals of all kinds. "Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow that lives in Africa with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. You see, he is a dignified, slow-moving creature, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death if it were not that he can dart out, quick as a flash, a tongue fully as long as his body. The end of the droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches."

"The little animal of which I speak is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out

like big beads on the side of his head; and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways, so as to see all around him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other backward, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small fly which can escape these sharp eyes."

We all know of his ability to change his color; and another writer tells us that the chameleon, when agitated or in a hurry, sometimes breaks or casts off his long tail. This seems to cause no physical pain, but the lizard is evidently ashamed of his awkward appearance afterwards, and hides himself in corners. As he uses his tail as a sort of spring by which to leap, the loss of it makes a good deal of difference to the little creature.

The chameleons make very gentle and interesting pets. They will run over one's hands, and watch eagerly for one to catch flies for them. They love sunshine and fresh air, and will swallow in the latter occasionally in great gulps, expanding a sort of pouch under the neck by the process. Although gentle when kindly treated, they will show anger if teased, opening their mouth in a ludicrous way, and assuming what they evidently think is a threatening attitude.—*Morning Star*.

Rowing to Church.

The Finns are a good people. They are also good Lutherans, and for their faith and mother tongue hundreds are escaping to our land from the tyranny of Russia.

Much of Finland is island and peninsula, and most of the churches are so placed that they can only be reached by boats. The "church boats" will sometimes hold as many as 100 persons, some twenty of whom row at a time.

It is the custom for everyone to take a turn at rowing, and, as the church is often far away, it is no unusual thing for the church boat to start on Saturday night, when the Sabbath is really supposed to begin. It is an interesting sight to see the peasants arriving at the waterside Saturday evening, when they start to their devotions, with their little bundles of best clothes.

They are all very friendly, and as they row to the church they generally sing; for there is no occasion on which a number of Finns meet together that they do not burst into song. Arrived at the church, they put up for the night at the home-steads round about; for the church is often some distance even from the village. If balmy summer, they lie down beneath the trees, and under the stars take their rest.

When morning comes the women don their black frocks, the black or white head scarfs, take their Bibles, neatly folded up in white handkerchiefs, from their pockets, and generally prepare themselves for the great event of the week. When the church service, which lasts some hours, is over, they turn up their skirts, or more often than not take off their best things, and, putting them back into the little bundles, prepare to row home again.—*Lutheran World*.

Some Ancient Toys.

"Within the last forty or fifty years toy-making, as every middle-aged person knows, has been revolutionized. Gone are the simple delights of past generations; even the speaking-doll, which was once a wonder sufficient to attract all the neighbors, is now a mere commonplace. The rich may pay as much as several hundred dollars for dolls for their children, and mechanical toys are built on so vast a scale that the boys of millionaires, should their fathers suddenly become poor, might hang out their signs and go into trade with no other equipment than that of the toy shop," says the *St. Louis Star*.

"Toys may come and toys may go, but a few stay on forever. A girl will have her doll and a boy will have his weapons and his boats, while both cry out for wagons and carriages and animals. These are the staple toys, which have always been and always will be, until children are born grown up.

"Excavations show that the children of ancient Egypt played with them just as do those of to-day. What is more, these toys of three or four thousand years past are just about as good as those of half as many hundred years ago. The children of the Pharaohs were in the matter of toys about as well off as were the little ones of the Puritans. It is recently, indeed, that the art of toy-making has become so elaborate, after remaining for generation after generation almost stationary.

"Dolls and animals were cut out for young

Egypt, and queer boats were fashioned with the greatest care. At least one elaborate Sedan chair, with a lady inside who can be taken out, has been dug up. This, however, is less ancient than the dolls, and dates back only to the Roman invasion of Egypt. It was the custom to bury a child's toys in its grave—thousands of years afterwards to be dug up and put in museums, but not, it is hoped, without a sigh for the little life that went out ages ago, or for the weeping mother whose hands placed her darling's toys beside its tiny body.

"Not only in regard to toys were the children of ancient Egypt like those of to-day, but they were told stories similar to those which help put children to bed nowadays. A papyrus has been found which gives some of these stories. It tells tales of animals and trees that talked with men, and of fairies that foretold evil at the birth of a prince, much as twentieth century children hear them.

"Young Egypt of long ago would open its eyes at the marvel of to-day, but, turned into a toy shop, or with a volume of fairy tales, it would find so many old friends that ancient Egypt and young America would seem to be only a step apart."

While He Whistles He Thinks.

He is not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, and tears his trousers and goes through the toes of his boots and loses his cap and slams the doors and chases the cat, just like any other boy. But he is remarkable, for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand he whistles—an excellent habit on most occasions.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer's performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot-rule and yard-stick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.

"No'm; I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes."

"Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as the things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer?"

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.—*Bright Jewels*.

"I Have Orders Not to Go."

"I have orders—positive orders—not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish; come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No; I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us, if you can. Show us your orders."

John took out a neat wallet from his pocket and pulled out a carefully folded paper.

They looked and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away" (Prov. 4: 14)."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, and, by his help, I do not mean to break them."

"When I Crossed the Ocean."

"When I crossed the ocean in my boyhood to seek my fortune in America all the English I knew was, 'I thank you, sir,'" said a gentleman who is now a highly prosperous and respected American citizen.

"That one sentence served me in good stead. The captain and crew of the vessel were Englishmen, and it was marvelous how my 'I thank you, sir,' won smiles and kindness from them. It was the same when I reached New York. When other words failed me I could always say: 'I thank

you, sir." It was my passport, and it opened many a door and many a heart to me."—*Selected.*

Beautiful Helping.

In one of George MacDonald's books little Gerald is a beautiful invalid boy. One day as he sat in the window delighting himself with the sight of a lovely sunset, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! how I would like to help God paint the sky!"

"My darling," said his mother, as she clasped him to her heart, "you are helping God paint the sky, for you make the sky of my life very bright."

Then was little Gerald glad in his heart.

Every pleasant smile, every gentle word, every cheerful deed, is a stroke of the brush that adds beautiful colors to the home skies, and so make life's every day sweeter. This is helping God.—*Selected.*

Junior Spice-Box.

Two Brave Boys.

Danny Arbuckle and Cliff Chapman of Kokomo, Ind., each aged nine years, found a broken rail on the Wildcat Bridge of the Clover Leaf Railway recently, and averted a wreck by prompt action. They ran in opposite directions. One waved his red cap and stopped the on-coming passenger train, then overdue, and the other reached the Middleton station just in time to stop an out-going freight. A wreck was prevented by the timely discovery and bravery of the children.

A Heroine.

Mr. Frank Howell's house in Coshocton, O., caught fire while he and his wife were out of the house, leaving a sixteen-months-old child inside. Jenny Perry, an eleven-year-old girl, knowing that the child was there, rushed in and saved it after badly burning herself. She is now the heroine of the town.

What the Children Say.

Rev. Mr. Wickersham, in an address before the Sioux City Sunday-school Convention at Sioux City, told the following:

"When I was a small boy my parents lived in Ohio, and among the papers that came to our house was the *Cincinnati Weekly Times*. One day I said to my mother: 'Mamma, I wouldn't like to live in Cincinnati.' 'Why, my child?' she asked. 'Oh, they have such 'weakly times' down there.'"

He had not been attending school very long, and when the teacher said to the pupil standing next to her, "Spell Aaron," he listened attentively as the boy spelled it this way:

"Big A, little a, r-o-n, Aaron."

When the teacher gave the newcomer the word "gallery" to spell he, of course, spelled it: "Big Gal, little gal, e-r-y, gallery."

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for August: The Juniors' Vacation.

Aug. 24.—Getting Ready for Work.

(Psa. 51: 10.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Heart (Psa. 57: 7).
Tuesday.—Hands (1 Tim. 2: 8).
Wednesday.—Head (Psa. 3: 3).
Thursday.—Feet (Eph. 6: 15).
Friday.—Pew (Psa. 45: 1).
Saturday.—Pocketbook (1 Cor. 16: 2).
Sunday.—Consecration (1 Chron. 29: 5).

PROGRAM.

Praise service, led by Junior chorister.... Workers' psalm (Psa. 126).... Volunteer prayers.... Lord's prayer.... Singing, "I've given my heart to Jesus".... Roll-call of workers.... Singing, "Go tell the good news".... Junior topic.... Blackboard talk.... Singing, "Bringing in the sheaves".... Junior testimonies.... Superintendent's talk on work for Jesus.... Closing song, "Take my life and let it be."

To the Junior Superintendent.

Ask the Juniors a week in advance to learn Bible verses about work for the workers' roll-call.

When the children sing, "Bringing in the sheaves," allow them to clap their hands in the chorus. This song is also a good marching song.

For talk on work for Jesus ask the children what mother does when she wants to do a day's sewing on the sewing machine. She takes time to clean it and oil it before she begins to work. It isn't

wasted time, for her work will go all the better for the time spent.

Mary S. is thirteen years old, and one day at school everything went wrong.

"I know what the trouble is, mamma," she said when she came home at night. "What I need is a good long pray, and if Rosie comes home I don't want her to come in my room for a long while." So Mary went into her room and shut the door. At first she prayed silently, but after awhile she got so in earnest that she prayed aloud. Her "long pray" lasted nearly an hour, and when she came out of her room her face was shining.

"I prayed for you, mamma," she said, "and for papa and Aunt Clara and sister Rosie and Aunt Rose, and I prayed for the birds and the flowers, and now I feel better." That hour spent in getting ready to work was not lost time, and so we shall find if we take time to get ready to work for Jesus.

Blackboard Talk.

In the summer of 1904 an international Olympia is to be held in Chicago.

People from all over the world are coming to see the games and races, and to take part in them.

If the apostle Paul were living now it is quite likely he would want to come, for he was greatly interested in the running matches and wrestling and throwing contests that were a part of the Olympian games in his day.

He had a great admiration for strength, for he knew that in order to accomplish anything in this world one must be strong.

In Eph. 6: 10-19 Paul gives a list of the articles needed in order to be ready to work for the Lord,



and these things fit in wonderfully with the key words of four of the departments of the Junior Epworth League:

1. *Heart.* For this we need the breastplate of righteousness, and the shield of faith.

2. *Hands.* In our hands we carry the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

3. *Head.* On our heads we are to wear the helmet of salvation.

4. *Feet.* Our feet are to be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

After putting on this armor of the Christian soldier there are still two things for us to do—watch and pray.

Do we really want to work for Jesus in the weeks and months that are to come? If we do, let us get ready by putting on the whole armor of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand.

LEARN HOW

To Feed Yourself Skillfully.

It is easy to use good food and get well and keep that way, but a person must go about it.

A lady says: "I had a dreadful time of it before I learned how to feed myself properly. I suffered with stomach trouble for about ten years, and finally got so bad that terrible pains would set in, followed by nauseating sickness in the stomach and bowels.

"Sometimes I would bloat up and would have to lie flat on my back. My stomach finally got so bad that it would throw up everything I ate, and, of course, I lost weight and strength very rapidly. I became pale. Blood was out of order, and I looked like a skeleton finally.

"One day neuralgia set in in the stomach and liver and I went right down to death's door. I got so bad that even warm water was thrown off the stomach, which would hold absolutely nothing until I began taking Grape-Nuts in small quantities.

"My father had been accustomed to Grape-Nuts and knew of the value of the food, and began giving it to me. I immediately began to improve, and the stomach retained the food and digested it. I gradually grew well again, and now I can eat a hearty dinner of almost anything. I have gained thirty pounds in weight. My brain is clear, skin beautifully white, and my eyes are bright as crystal, where I used to be sallow and with lack luster eyes. I owe everything to Grape-Nuts. Please do not publish my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Rheumatism

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL says:

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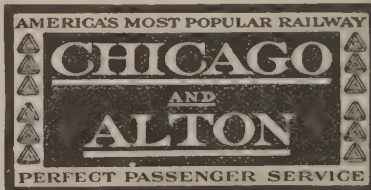
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"It Shall Not Return Unto Me Void."

Hope Darling.

A minister was seated in his study, preparing his sermon for the following Sunday morning. He had worked long and faithfully. From the many books piled at his side he had obtained aid for exposition and illustration. He had brought to bear upon the subject the result of long years of study and the experience of a life spent in God's service.

"Will it do any good?" he asked himself a little wearily, leaning back in his chair. "Do all these sermons—not only mine but those of my countless co-workers—do any real good? I trust we are lifting the world to a higher plane of living, but the work goes on slowly."

Through an open window the autumnal sunlight looked in and touched the grave, scholarly face. The good man heeded it not; he was afar in the realms of thought. Suddenly he sat erect, his breath coming fast.

"I am wrong. God forgive me for my doubts! 'So shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void.' In so far as these sermons are God's word, in so much as from them we eliminate self and the world, their usefulness is assured. Did not God promise that his word should not return unto him void? Let me be sure it is his word which I speak."

He drew the pile of manuscript close to him. Once more he would go over the pages, cutting out all that was not of the Master.

Take heart, discouraged toiler. There is no question about the matter. As long as you faithfully present the word of God it "shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

When? In God's own good time. It may be years hence, but with Him a thousand years are as one day. It is not yours or mine to plan for the harvest; it is our blessed privilege to sow the seed that may "bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater."

Wearied mother, burdened with many cares, do not cease to teach the children at your knee out of God's Word. Years hence a memory of these blessed truths may save your son or daughter in the time of temptation, may lead them to Christ.

These words are to you, Sunday-school teacher. Notwithstanding your joy in your work, you are sometimes disheartened. You must contend with evil in many forms. Your pupils encounter profanity, Sunday desecration, the saloon influence, and alas! the careless living of professed Christians. The work you do seems small. There are

hours when you ask yourself, "Does it do any good?"

If you teach God's word in his spirit the success of your efforts is certain. This success may not come as you look for it, but you can leave that with God. You may never know the result of your labor until you stand in the blessed light of the city which "had no heed of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it," but be of good cheer. "It shall not return unto me void."

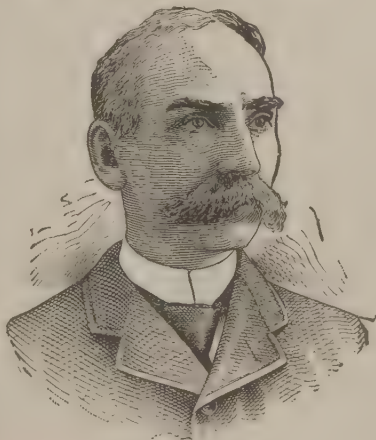
Dear Epworthian, do not grow weary of the devotional meeting. Remember the scripture lesson is a part of the Word of God. It is a part of his message to the world, and it may be his good pleasure that you shall be his messenger. Do your part trustfully, fearlessly, and "it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Hastings, Mich.

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per Cure) Marvel of the Med-
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and Member of British Tuberculosis
Congress.

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You can tell if you have consumption by the coughing and hawking, by continually spitting,

especially in the morning, when you throw yellow and black matter, by bleeding from the lungs, night sweats, flat chest, fever, weak voice, peculiar flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of the flesh, etc. Find out how the Copper Cure kills the germs, then builds up the lungs, strengthens the heart, puts flesh on the body and muscles on the bones until the consumption is all gone and you are again a strong, healthy, robust man or woman.

Don't doubt this, for the very same discovery benefited A. H. Dingley, a son of Congressman Dingley of Dingley Tariff Bill Fame, who went West and South for relief and didn't get it, and came back with death staring him in the face, and was benefited by Antidotum Tuberculose after all else had failed. It cured John Devries of Kalamazoo of galloping consumption; Adrian de Die, 1638 S. West street, of quick consumption; Paul De Smith of Dalton, Mich., and many cases that had wasted away to skeletons.

So don't give up hope and don't spend your money in travel. Attend to it right away, for consumption spreads to other members of the family. Write tonight to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 68 Main street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you books free of charge telling you how the Copper Cure will cure you in your own home in a very short time.

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"God Hates a Coward."

A. H. GAMBLE.

It is a true story of the civil war. Jack was one of a number of recent converts in a revival meeting held in the little country school-house. His parents were devout Christians. Jack's surrender to Christ was a joyful event in the old home. He could never forget the night when he "came through," as the good pastor called it. Jack knew, and knew that he knew, the certainty of forgiveness and acceptance. He was no theologian, but he was sure his feet were on the Rock.

There was a call for "men to the front." Jack volunteered. Before joining his regiment he had some long talks with his parents, his class-leader, and pastor. They said: "Jack, stand by your colors. You wear the regimentals of Jesus Christ. Be loyal. Do your duty. Read your Bible. Don't forget to pray."

Jack promised. Soon his company was at the front. The young soldier quickly found out some things. It seemed to him that his company, from the captain down to the corporal—rank and file—knew nothing of, and cared less for, anything religious. He was dubbed "the deacon."

Every night and morning he read his Bible and prayed. His companions jeered, called him names, threw canteens, knapsacks and bootjacks at him. Jack persevered, kept sweet, said nothing. "The hundred-days' fight" was on. The company had been under fire. Earnest work was being done. At the battle of Spottsylvania Jack's company was detaileed as a "forlorn hope" to silence a certain destructive battery. It was quite firmly entrenched on a long, sloping hill. "Boys," said the captain, "it's a desperate hazard to go up that lane of fire; but it must be done." They were drawn up. The faces of the men were blanched. They were looking into the jaws of death. The command was given, Forward! Double quick! March!

Then something happened. Every man seemed rooted to the ground except Jack. Obedient to the command, he strode forward a dozen quick paces. Not hearing the measured tread of his mates he turned. With the lightning intuition of a soldier, he saw and acted. Raising his right hand to heaven, he shouted in stentorian tones, "Boys come on! God hates a coward!" The effect was electrical. With one supreme impulse they swept up that hill, into the zone of fire, and over the ramparts of the enemy, in less time than it takes to relate the thrilling act. The battery was silenced. Nearly half the company were killed or wounded in the wild charge. Jack escaped. His comrades crowded around him—those who were left. Tears trickled down bronzed cheeks. They could not speak. They shook his hand—they nearly worshiped him. All persecution was over. Jack had won. "Them that honor Me, I will honor."

Steeple Eye, Minn.

A Class That Means Business.

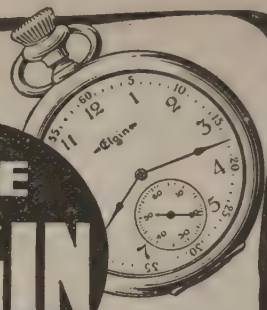
This mission study class was organized in December last within the spiritual department of the Epworth League of Oakley Methodist Episcopal Church at Kansas City, Mo., Dr. George H. Bradford, pastor. It has met regularly at the parsonage on Monday evenings, and both the pastor and his wife have taken an active interest in it. The presiding officer of this class is a young lady with a peculiar genius for mission work. Indeed, it has always been her desire to go to the mission field, but the way has never been opened.

A member of the class writes: The class is regularly attended by from twelve to fifteen young folks. The dues are one cent if the member attends, with a fine of five cents for each absence. Money has come in generously, almost without asking, except in fervent prayer.

At Christmas the class sent prepaid to a struggling minister and his family in the Ozarks of this state a barrel of clothing and many useful articles, with \$5.00 in cash. Early in this year a Bible woman in India was set to work. Then, a famine orphan in India was taken up and supported. But the hearts of our young people burned within them to do more for the Master, and we put a Bible woman into the field in China. Then help was sent to Bishop Hartzell in the Madeira Islands. With all this, the class is helping to keep a visiting deaconess in the church to aid our pastor, who is himself busy in the erection of a beautiful new stone church at the northeast corner of Independence and Elmwood avenues.

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In addition it has purchased a missionary library of twenty volumes. Our little class has had some of the finest mission workers in the world give us heart-to-heart talks on mission work, such as Miss Perkins from Burnah, and Dr. Homer Stuntz. Sunday evening, July 13, the class held an open meeting which took the place of the regular evening service at Oakley. The evening was occupied with missionary music and addresses on subjects connected with Chinese life and customs. Great interest was awakened and a generous collection received. Mrs. Bradford, the pastor's wife, presided.

We send this to the HERALD as proof that it needs only a little real spiritual life among our Epworthians to give the missionary movement a great forward impulse. Any chapter in America can, and should, do as well, at least, as we have done."

Nancy Lincoln's Bible.

REV. HARRY M. CHALFANT.

This is one of the interesting relics to be seen by the visitor to the Oldroyd Lincoln Museum in Washington. Its paper, printing, binding, and general make-up are much the same as other books published 100 years ago. This volume came from the press in 1799. On the inside of the first cover is the name of the great emancipator, written by himself prior to the death of his mother, which occurred in his tenth year. Out of this book the mother read twice daily to her children, and followed that reading with prayer. As a consequence Abraham became a lover of its contents and a close student of its teachings. President Roosevelt declares that he mastered it as he never did any other book. His fine diction was acquired in a great degree from its study, and its precepts were largely instrumental in shaping his conduct and character. It is impossible to conceive the vastness of the place occupied by Nancy Lincoln's Bible in determining the destiny of this nation and in moulding the history of our race.

Pittsburg, Pa.

How to Worship.

Over the entrance to the little parish church at Hawarden, England, where Mr. Gladstone worshipped, are inscribed these directions, which may be suggestive to those of other sects as well as the humble parishioners for whom they were designed:

"On your way to church. On your way to the Lord's house, be thoughtful, be silent, or say but little, and that little good. Speak not of other men's faults; think of your own; for you are going to ask forgiveness. Never stay outside; go in at once; time spent inside should be precious.

"In church. Kneel down very humbly and pray. Spend the time that remains in prayers. Remember the awful presence into which you have come. Do not look about to discover who are coming in, nor for any other cause. It matters not to you what others are doing; attend to yourself. Fasten your thoughts firmly on the holy service; do not miss one word. This needs a severe struggle; you have no time for vain thoughts. The blessed Spirit will strengthen you if you persevere.

"After church. Remain kneeling, and pray. Be silent. Speak to no one till you are outside; the church is God's house, even when prayer is over. Be quiet and thoughtful as you go through the churchyard.

"On your way home. Be careful of your talk, or the world will soon slip back into your heart. Remember where you have been, and what you have done. Resolve and try to live a better life."

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THE EPWORTH HERALD.

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, August 23, 1902.

Volume XIII.—Number 13.

What Mrs. Newman Did. By Rev. W. T. Worth.

Chapter I.

A pretty village adorns the banks of a New England river. In the old stage-coach days the people lived on the turnpike. But when farming ceased to be remunerative and the population increased and human skill had harnessed the flowing streams and made them do their work, some of the more enterprising thought it would be a good idea to do that thing here. So they laid out the new settlement, and it has grown to be a very attractive dwelling place.

The principal business street runs parallel with the river. The residences are mostly on streets well laid out, on the hill side, and on the opposite bank of the stream, along the winding valley. The country around looks as if some landscape gardener had platted it, so beautiful is it, and so regular in its natural irregularity.

The march of improvement has given the town railroad access to the city not far away; so that to some extent the population is made up of men of various professions, who, while they transact business in the city, have their homes here. This gives a semi-urban air to the place, and saves it from becoming self-centered and dull.

The usual accessories of a manufacturing town are abundant; and Brookside, while not exactly a paradise, is as good a substitute as may commonly be found. Some attention has been paid to the intellectual needs of the people. The schools are good, and are laying a fine foundation for larger attainments. One of the first settlers has built and endowed a public library, which is well patronized and very useful. Occasionally a lecturer strays out from the city, and enlightens the audiences with his stereopticon and with his tongue. The papers come regularly, and the people read at breakfast-time what both sides of the world have been doing since they went to bed. There are churches, of course—three of them. The first is the Roman Catholic. The authorities of that church are quite likely to see to it that their people have facilities for worship. It attracts only those who are of that faith, except on the rarest occasions. The second is the Congregational Church, the members of which are equally divided between the old residents and the new people engaged in the business of the place. The church is doing excellent work along its chosen lines, and in its own way, and is having the usual ups and downs of such parishes.

The third is the Methodist Church, and with this our story will have chiefly to do. It has been established for some years, and has a good following. A few of the original families, and numbers of the business men, with quite a number of the

workmen, and their families, make up the congregation. They have had the usual variety of pastors, and the pastors have been known to say that the parish contained the usual variety of people. These pastors have tried to utilize their plans; but, just as they were becoming effective, the "time limit" cut short their work. "The next man" was sometimes willing to continue their use. He did if he was wise; but they had not all been wise. Some plans did not work well at all when first begun. That is not an uncommon thing. One pastor, at the prompting of some wise angel, or otherwise, one Sunday requested the congregation to face the chancel, and not the choir gallery, during singing. Some of the people had their opinions, and "dare maintain them," and faced the gallery, "as they did aforetime."

for the slow growth of the church. He also knew that these critics not only did nothing to help him, but, on the other hand, there were some among them who, by their worldly course, handicapped the influence of the church over those whom they professed to wish to gain.

There is a league in the church. Its members are a decided help. There have been times when they adopted the heresy that their work was done when their own meeting was done; but some stout words from the Chicago office, which the pastor heartily endorsed, have cured them of the mistake, and they can always be counted on for the regular services. As in all churches, there are a good number who can be depended on. Some of these are always present, and some are never present, because they cannot be. But they keep

the altar flame alive by their private devotions. It seemed a sad pity that this church was not measuring up to its opportunity. The young people were largely under their influence, and this was the time to sway them toward the Lord Jesus. But a strange pall of indifference seemed to cover the church, and their chances were fast lessening.

A few of the members met one afternoon on the street, and in some way their conversation was directed to the condition of the church, and the dearth of interest in religious things generally. One of the number, a brisk and prosperous business man, who was much esteemed as a competent adviser, and who had personal interest in large financial schemes which he managed all the week with much skill, volunteered this personal experience: "The fact is, I get so weary with the crowd of cares I face

every day that the Sabbath comes as a decided relief. I do not feel equal to the exertion I would have to make to attend the services regularly. I get out once in a while in the morning, and I hope to be so free before many years that I can always be present. I feel that the church should be sustained. I give my money gladly, and wish the cause well."

By his side stood a quiet-faced, demure lady, who was a near neighbor to this brother. Unexpectedly, and with a twinkle in her eye, she entered the conversation: "I know your cares must be heavy, especially in these times when margins are so narrow and competitions are so sharp. I wonder how you business men survive the awful strain caused by this modern everyday struggle. I think, however, that your statement is a strong argument in favor of your presence at the church services. You know that continued wear on a single link in a chain is far worse for the chain than a steady tension along its whole length. I



"If a neighbor's child had the croup, she knew what to do."

The situation was ridiculous. The next Sunday he strenuously repeated his request. The decision was just as marked as before, except that one very bashful man faced toward the aisle, being quite dazed at the possibility of confronting the people before or behind him. The next Sunday the pastor requested the people to do as they pleased; and soon they faced the chancel, of course, in obedience to some subtle psychological law which inheres in our human nature.

Some very gracious revivals have brightened their history. These have been interleaved with periods of more or less general dearth. Just at the time when our story begins this dearth had become chronic and oppressive. The pastor, a talented, zealous, and consecrated man, was about ready to take his place by the side of Elijah, under the juniper tree. But he heard the voice of his Lord, as Elijah did, and followed his example, and went to his work with fresh courage. He knew that some of the people held him responsible

suppose if it breaks at the one link it is broken. Your freedom for a day each week, with a total change of thought, will be a real rest, to say nothing of the spiritual help you need, and might gain. And, pardon me," she continued, "do you think it would be so wearisome to attend church, which lasts hardly an hour and a half, and listen to a fine sermon, which does not continue more than forty minutes, and hear singing which is really calming and devotional, as it is to wade through that awfully lengthy Sunday paper, which one of the boys in our Sunday-school is allowed by his father and mother to leave at your door? If this paper helped in Sunday thoughts the case would be different. But I have heard it said that there is hardly a half-column in all that wilderness of printing which has the least reference to religious things. And then, while you are real good to give your money, and we need it and use it in helping to sustain the work, and thank you for it very much indeed; is that all the Lord wants? If it had been, would the Lord have said: 'Son, give me thy heart'? Would he not have said: 'Son, give me thy money'? If he has you, he will be sure of your possessions; but if he has your money only, is he sure of you?"

Mrs. Newman was naturally a retiring woman, but she seemed inspired to speak, and presumed on the strength of their friendship, and while a rosy color mounted to her brow, she caught her breath, and went on: "Besides," she said, "I have always thought that the great object of the public service was not to listen to this or that man, but to engage in worship. And doesn't it seem too bad that, though we are professedly disciples of Jesus Christ, who spared not himself for our sakes, we grudge the use of any time, even of that which is not really our own, and refuse to use it in service which will help us even more than it will honor him? And again, it does seem to me that when the end comes, and we have only the retrospect left, we shall not be very sorry if we have led our children to the sanctuary, not alone by our counsel, but by our example."

What could this courteous neighbor do but reply? He did it with his usual candor. He said: "Your theory is unanswerable. I like it, and I thank you for stating it. I learned it at my now sainted mother's knee. It is the only proper thing in practice. I used to so argue, and no one was more prompt than I. But you know how it is. I have become—"

"Pardon me," she said: "Jesus said something about that in a parable. He said: 'The ears of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful.'"

Nobody could be offended with this Christian lady. She was the incarnation of her profession. Without ostentation she was always ready in the place of prayer; if a testimony or a supplication for grace was timely, she always spoke or prayed, and in such a convincing way as to make all feel that she was real. She was a busy woman. She employed no maid; in fact, she could not, for her husband's business had been severely crippled. But when the minister's family moved into the parsonage, they found on the pantry shelves certain provisions which, they heard from another, were the dainty work of her loving hands. If a neighbor's child had the croup, this woman was the first thought of the frightened mother, for she knew just what to do; and in the blank midnight she was summoned, and always responded. When Old Grandmother Shiverick was bedridden, she came about as often as the minister, with words of cheer; and she brightened that humble chamber with the glory of a golden sunset. And when Mr. Everett died, and his widow was almost crazed with grief, Mrs. Newman's words were like balm, and her unobtrusive ministry did more than any other human agency to tide over the distressed soul to rest in Jesus.

And now it suddenly occurred to her that this conversation started, not so much about the Sunday morning services; as about the Sunday and Wednesday evening meetings. And so, turning from her thoroughly aroused but still unresolved neighbor, she said to the group: "Do you know, I did pity our minister, Bro. Tuttle, the other evening. You remember that last Sunday morning he gave a very earnest and tender invitation to the people not to forget the evening meetings. He has been giving us clear and faithful sermons on gospel requirements, and has 'not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God,' as he understands it. Well, I was in the Sunday evening meeting. I always like to be in time. I have an idea that if the people are late without reason, it acts as a damper on the service. So I went up and

took my usual seat, and did not specially notice whether many were present or not, until the benediction had been given. Then I turned around, and found that, besides the minister, and the organist, there were just thirty-six people present! He didn't seem to drop his courage, though I do remember that his face had a pained expression. It was worse Wednesday evening. He had evidently made good preparation. He did not abate his earnestness. You would have thought he was talking to a thousand. But how many do you suppose were present? Just fourteen, and no more. Do you wonder that the minister almost smiled when he said: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you *'all'*'?"

Immediately that knot of listeners was ready with answers. One of them said: "It is too bad. But you see how it is with me. My husband is away all day at business, and I feel that I ought to stay with him evenings. Yes, I know what you are about to say. You think he goes off to his club after his dinner is finished. I allow that is often so. Well, Sunday evenings after we have had a late and hearty dinner, he feels like taking a walk, and, before we know it we are at the door of a friend, and then, before we know it, it is eight o'clock, and it is too late for the meeting. I know you say we prevented another family from attending besides being absent ourselves. Perhaps we did; I am not sure. But you see how hard it is for me."

Mrs. Newman had an answer ready: "When I joined the church I believed, as I do now, that the covenant meant very much. I have found out that the church must depend on those who have taken vows, if it is sustained at all. The vows we take when we join seem to me like those which are made in marriage. And if all should do as some do, the minister would be far more discouraged than he is, poor man! The other evening he spoke on the oppression of the Israelites in Egypt, and said that he sometimes felt like them, because he was condemned to make bricks without straw. You understand what he meant by the figure."

Miss Symonds, precise in her speech and in her attire, an embodiment of meek, inarticulate goodness, ventured to say: "I do not wish to intrude my opinion on any one; but it seems to me we could make a systematic arrangement of our time; and except in extraordinary cases, I think we could meet all church engagements without fail and without friction. No man expects to be absent from business duties if he can help it; and no thoughtful woman lets her home duties go by default. Is it not common sense when we say we can meet these church obligations, if we plan to do so, and desire to do so?" This pointed rejoinder to the alleged want of ability cleared away most of the objections which had been made, and showed that the main difficulty in the Methodist Church in Brookside was not in the pressing business duties, but in what mental philosophers and theologians denominate "the will."

Mrs. Blake, not being especially interested in it all, had been standing on the edge of the company. At the words of Miss Symonds she came nearer, and, somewhat nettled, spoke her mind: "I believe that mothers would do more good in the long run by training their children properly at home, than in attending all the meetings any minister may choose to appoint." Perhaps she did not think it wise to add that her systematic absence from the meetings disqualified her to judge. She could have given more intelligent information about the Browning Club, and about some of the "progressive" games which many Christian ladies are engaging in without seeming to know that they are violating the law against gambling.

Whether or not Mrs. Newman felt herself pointed out by the remark on the care of children, she did not notice it. Perhaps she thought her orderly children were the best answer. She only said: "I think no one is justified in betraying such a holy trust as the care of the little ones God has given. For this, among other reasons, I go to the meetings, that I may get divine strength and safe human counsel on these matters. I think I am more likely to get it there than in some other surroundings."

Brother Wilder was one of the stewards, and a very frank, manly man. Everybody liked him. In the past he had been a tower of strength to pastor after pastor. He had listened intently to what had been said, and he could hold in no longer. So he said: "My! but this interview is getting warm. It reminds me of the way the evangelists are accustomed to talk to people. You know we never allow our preachers to talk to us the way they do. I think Sister Newman ought to take

out a license as an exhorter, at least. This talk has made me think about myself. I used to go to prayer-meeting regularly. It is not so very many years since I frequented the class-room. I confess I grew in grace then. Between us I wish I did now. I profess to be honest and fair. I hate dodging on any great question. Since I entered my secret order I have been absent from my class-meeting, because they both came the same evening and, to tell the truth, I preferred the secret order. This habit established has cut into my Wednesday attendance on the prayer service. What you said, Sister Newman, made me feel that I might be some little of that straw the minister wants with which to make his bricks. I had been thinking we ought to have a change of ministers next spring, things drag so; but I am afraid this dust of worldliness has got into my eyes, and has blurred my sight. I am beginning to feel that we don't need a change of pastors. so much as some of us need a change of *pasture*. For my part, I think it is high time that I look after the welfare of my soul."

Mrs. Newman, having naturally been forced to the front, replied: "I suppose it is true that the unconverted men whom a Christian meets in a lodge on prayer-meeting night will naturally conclude that he gives the church the second place. They know him to be sure to look after the main chance in everything else; and, by a fair judgment, they conclude that his church duties and their results are of little account. And, as for our minister, I must make bold to say that if any change is needed here, it is not in the pulpit. The bishop may send us the most talented and saintly man in the conference, and a proper measure of success is not possible unless we turn from our half-heartedness. We ought to rally about the God-sent man who is now serving us, and whose heart is almost broken at the want of life and power here." The company quietly separated after this strange and long meeting, full of thoughts about the theme.

The Last Five Dollars.

George M. Trux.

It was in one of the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Brotherhood of St. Paul, held last winter in a Methodist Church in a small village of New York State, that the following incident was related by an elderly member of the society. Said he:

"About twenty years ago I had occasion to go to a small, but then lively town over in Tioga County, Pennsylvania, called Lawrenceville, to take charge of a shingle mill. Shingle manufacturing had been my business for some time and I had accumulated some money—had about a \$1,000 in cash when I accepted this new position, which was to pay me \$5 a day.

"I had been working for my new boss only a short time when he came to me one day and wanted to borrow \$100. Not having any particular use for my money, I let him have the amount, and often afterwards loaned him more until my \$1,000 was nearly all out at interest, as I supposed. Finally, one day, the mill-owner had business in Watkins, N. Y., from which point he wrote me that he had closed a deal to dispose of all the shingles at the mill which he wanted shipped to him at once. He also wanted the loan of some more money until the shingles arrived, when he said he would get his pay for them, and be back to settle up with me. I sent him all the money I had except a \$5 bill, which was in my inside coat pocket. In a few days the mill was closed by the sheriff and my boss failed to appear to straighten out matters. We never heard from him again, as he suddenly left Watkins for parts unknown.

"The morning after the mill was closed I was called upon by a collecting committee from the church. I was not a member, though I always contributed liberally. I had signed \$5 to go toward repairing the church, and that was now every cent I had in the wide, wide world. There it was in my coat pocket hanging upon the wall, but I was at first puzzled as to what I should do with it. My family were in need of things, my rent was almost due—but I finally resolutely said: 'I will,' and I did. Taking down my coat, I pulled my bill-book from the pocket, opened it and, removing the \$5 bill, I handed the money to the committee.

"As I have said before, I was not then a church member or a professing Christian, but the minute I gave up that \$5 there was an awful burden lifted from me, and there crept over me a feeling of

assuriance that the Lord would not permit my family and me to go hungry or to want for any of the necessities of life; and He didn't. That night when I went to bed I was not bothered for want of sleep. I had a good night's rest, though I had no idea when or where I should be able to secure another day's work.

"The next morning I was awakened very early by a knock at the front door. I hastily dressed and, going to the door, I opened it and found one of my old neighbors staring at me. Said he: 'Brother L., I have been awake nearly all night thinking about you, and I have come to the conclusion that you are just the man I want to take charge of my planing mill. I am getting old and want to shirk the responsibility. Will you do it? The pay will be the same as you got at the shingle mill—I mean the same as you *were* to have got.'

"I can assure you, boys," said the speaker to his young listeners, "I was very much surprised by that early morning call. Words cannot tell you what it meant to me—not only because I had a family for which to provide, but because it awakened me to the fact that I had to make provision for a future home for my soul; and I then and there resolved to do it. Shortly after that incident in my life I gave up all to my Savior, and the \$5, as well as all the money I had previously lost, has been returned to me many times over, in health and strength and all the blessings that are sent to us by a kind and loving heavenly father. Boys, if you ever subscribe to a church debt, pay it, no matter what it may cost you. The Lord will provide."

Three Oaks, Mich.

A Bad Deal.

Rev. J. Wesley Oborn, Ph.D.

One evening a laboring man stepped into a meat market to purchase some meat for his family. He took out his money, and counting it, found that he had only seventeen cents. He purchased seven cents' worth of meat for his large family, then he went into the next door, and spent the remaining ten cents for whisky.

It would have been better for the farmer if that man had spent the seventeen cents for meat. The farmer makes more money in raising corn to produce seventeen cents' worth of meat than he makes in raising corn to produce seven cents' worth of meat, and ten cents worth of whisky.

It would have been better for the man's family, who were poorly clothed and fed, had he carried home seventeen cents' worth of meat instead of seven cents' worth of meat, and ten cents' worth of whisky.

It would have been better for the man himself had he taken home seventeen cents' worth of meat, and no whisky. He would have gained more strength had he spent all of his money for meat. He would have been better mentally, morally, and socially. He would have been a better husband and father without the whisky.

It seems strange that some men, who seem to have good business ability, consider the saloon essential to the business interests of the city. They are possessed with the idea that if the saloons were closed, the grass would grow in our streets.

If the saloons were closed the people would have more money to spend for food and clothing. They would be better able to build homes of their own. This would increase all lines of honorable business. It would not only give us greater prosperity, but it would lessen all kinds of crimes, and increase the happiness in thousands of homes.

Dunkirk, Ind.

"Beginning Wrong."

Rev. J. F. Maschman.

Approaching a news stand in a ferryboat the other day, I overheard the newsman say to his helper, a boy near by, engaged in folding the afternoon papers: "John, you are folding those papers the wrong way. If you begin them wrong you are more than likely to fold them wrong always." The words caught my attention, and I reflected how true they were. Beginning wrong, and the tendency to continue wrong. One of the dangers to be avoided, therefore, is "to begin wrong," because lying in the wake of the wrong beginning is the dangerous tendency of continuing to do things in the wrong way. "If you begin them wrong, you are more than likely to fold them wrong always." But is it not also true that to begin right, you are more than likely to do right always, whether it is our work in life,

or the building of our moral character? Begin right! For it is just as easy to continue right, having begun right, as it is to continue to do things wrong, having begun that way. A last danger involved is the conviction that "your way," though wrong, is the right way, as was clearly demonstrated by the boy's rejoinder: "I always did it this way." Many, having begun wrong, have been doing things wrong all through life. Beware of beginning wrong!

Rutherford, N. J.

"I Am All Right."

M. H.

Near me once lived a fine old Scotchman. Time had shortened his steps. His hair was silvery white. His shoulders were bent, and he was sorely drawn out of shape by rheumatism. But when I hailed him with, "How are you to-day, grandfather?" there came back the cheery words: "Oh, I'm all right. My old body's gi'in' out; but I'm all right."

The earthly tabernacle was trembling to decay, but the house not made with hands, the heart and soul and the better part were all brighter and brighter the nearer the journey came to the other side.

What a fine thing it is to keep one's heart pure and sweet, through all the changes of this life! Sometimes we see men, and women too, who seem to become more and more unhappy—more and more downhearted and unhappy—the farther they get along the road of this earthly pilgrimage. We hardly know what to say to these low-spirited travelers on life's way, lest we may start them off on a disheartening plaint of all the troubles which they are meeting. It seems to them no one in all the world ever did have such hard times as they. They are full of aches and pains. Their lot is a most gloomy one. They are not like my good old friend, the Scotchman, "all right" within, no matter what may come to the house given us for the day.

Did you ever think how the ring of some men's voices lifts us out of the shadow and gives us help and comfort? There may not be anything out of the ordinary in what they say—just the little things which come from the everyday meetings and partings of life—and yet we go away helped and comforted, stronger for the hard things which lie so thickly about us.

Don't you think it is worth while to do all in one's power to keep the heart all right, in spite of the annoyances that may beset us? Suppose by our cheerful manner we encourage some friend who is not quite able to bear the burdens of life alone—is it not a thing to be desired? Aches and pains vanish when the mind is lifted out of itself for a little while. And then, there are many aches and pains of the inner man if we but give way to them. We are easily hurt sometimes by the words spoken by those who are really dearest of all on earth to us. On other days we would not be touched at all by the same words. Blessed be the man or woman who comes to us at such times and by his cheery ways helps us to rise away above the poor grievances of this, our earthly body! Keep yourself "all right!"

Maine, N. Y.

The Cecilia of Protestantism.

Rev. Friedrich Munz, D. D.

It was Carlyle who said: "Each epoch in my life began with my introduction to a great man." But in the history of the world, there are also great women. He is great who is good. The great and the good hearts are the guiding stars of our lives. Judith and Esther, those heroic minds, will never fade from the old Jewish song and story. The Maid of Orleans won a crown for the French king and was baptized with the blood of the martyrs. Louisa, the noble queen of Prussia, will be forever the ideal of German womanhood and motherhood. Victoria, the good! Great was her authority, greater her influence! She was the friend of the wonderful queen of song, Jenny Lind, whose voice was an inspiration and her life a benediction to thousands of her time. In her character were interwoven those qualities which seldom harmonize in one personality. Her humility was the crown of a great soul, in which energy of will was united with kindness of heart; the genius of art was the servant of divine love; the glory of undreamed success was perfected by unbounded gifts of mercy.

The Swedish Nightingale, as she was called, was born Oct. 6, 1820, in Stockholm. Her mother,

a most energetic lady, held in the plain home a small private school for girls. She fought the battle of life with admirable courage. Poverty usually rocks the cradle of those who are later the masterminds of this world. In this little Swede slumbered the heavenly gift of song. Like the Æolian harp it waited only for the gentle breeze to bring out the mysterious power of music. One day a band of music passed the house playing a captivating military march. The four-year-old girl tiptoed to the piano and played the melody with one finger. The door opens, the grandmother looking with curiosity for the player, asks: "Who is playing?" While the little one was hiding under the instrument, the grandmother said to her daughter, who was in the kitchen: "Mark my words, this child will some day be a great help to you." It was a prophetic remark.

With a playmate of hers, a little black kitten, the promising child sat one day in a window and sang. The maid of a prima donna of the imperial theater passed by and heard Jenny sing. It was certainly a wonderful voice. The director, hearing of it, decided to train and educate the girl for the stage. The conscience of the mother was troubled. "Never shall my daughter enter the theatrical profession." The ideal theater, as our best poets had it in their mind, will never actually exist. The greatest actors confess to the many moral dangers of the stage. Lilies blossom in the malarial swamps while house-plants wither and die away. Who sees danger will avoid it, if he is wise. But this little girl, with her environment against her, yet rises above it. She molds adverse circumstances according to her will-power; and her soul, pure as snow in the brilliant light of the sun, gains the victory over all trials and temptations.

The last words of Schiller were: "One look at the sun!" The struggling girl looked not only at the sun, but she had the fountain of light and life in her heart. The seventh day of March, 1838, was the turning point of life. "I arose in the morning as usual, but I went to bed that night as a new creature." What had happened? For years it had been her wish to sing and play a certain favorite role. At last she was called upon to perform it. She had studied for months with a beloved teacher, concentrating her whole being upon the work. The final rehearsal came, but how awkward was the girl! The situation became desperate. The evening arrived and Jenny began to sing, but she was not the same girl. There came a transformation over her. The revelation was amazing. She captivated all hearts and drew them with a magical power higher and higher, till they stood at the very gates of the Golden City. She said: "I discovered the power that is in me!" She had found herself. The seventh day of March was the birthday of her inner life. How to pour the innermost feeling of her faith and hope into hearts of others, was from now on the open secret of her success. Her musical and dramatic genius was the servant of the higher mission that comes from above. It was Handel who said: "I think I see all heaven open before me and the great God himself." That was not only his state of mind during the composition of the Messiah, but must also have been the feeling of this queen of song, when she sang this marvelous work of human genius.

There is no life without its Gethsemane. The cross can be found everywhere. In pursuing her ideal, Jenny Lind left Sweden and went to Paris to finish her studies with Manuel Garcia. It was like lightning from a clear sky, when the famous teacher told her: "You have no voice left or you are on the point of losing it." He declined to teach her, but she insisted with a persistence that showed the power of an iron will. At last he consented, but started in his instruction by prohibiting singing and speaking for three months. It was no doubt the greatest trial of her life. The lark, who could rise with the morning sun and sing to the glory of God, only as few mortals were able to do, was imprisoned in a cage, and this cage was hung in a gloomy cellar. One word is sometimes the window through which we can look into the very soul and feel the power of the spirit. It is an expression of this kind, when he says: "Life has as much joy as pain; I prefer pain. It elevates. I thank God that I can suffer." Where there is a great character, there is often great suffering. The crowning work of every master in science and art, in state and in church, is usually bought with his very lifeblood. "Genius is the infinite art of taking pains," and Jenny Lind was certainly the daughter of her own indefatigable, painstaking work. She passed through the trials

of life as gold that comes out of the furnace purified and transfigured.

It is no wonder, therefore, when a character true as gold renounces the theatrical life, for, after all, it is only a world of deceiving shadows. A grand career, as she confessed herself, had no attractions for her; but a life of love for God and

humanity was more and more the aim of her heart and the principle of her existence. The millions she earned went to art schools, hospitals and homes for the old and the little ones. She proved herself to be an angel of mercy and in name and in deed the Saint Cecilia of evangelical Protestantism.

(Cincinnati, Ohio.)

From Ghetto to Pulpit. By Jacob Finger.

III.—The Stirrings of a New Life.

Many a time we do not recognize the crises of our lives until they have passed. Mendel did not realize at the time how important were those months on the farm in his life. But they could not help being significant, in the very nature of the case. This will be seen from a brief reference to his religious feelings. Had anyone asked him then what his religious belief was he would have declared positively that he had none. It has already been intimated that he regarded the Talmudic teaching which he had received in his early boyhood as a heap of rubbish. But what was there better? If Judaism as represented by rabbinic teaching was dead, was Christianity, as he knew it, any better? Had not the Jews suffered for centuries from Christian oppression? Had not the Jews been persecuted but yesterday by Christian Russia? Thus, being dissatisfied with the old, and contemptuous toward the new religion, Mendel drifted away entirely from all religious belief. In his soul he felt that there was something in religion, but he had no one to tell him what it was.

But Mendel had hired out to a gentile. In spite of his religious indifference, that was an action of great moment. By it he turned his back entirely and publicly on traditional Judaism. Real, orthodox Judaism forbids the Jews to eat with gentiles. To eat gentile's meat is one of the greatest sins a Jew can commit. Working on Saturday is fully as bad. To work for a gentile, to eat with him, to work on Saturday, and to do all this openly, amounted to a practical renunciation of everything that Judaism meant to him. In a strong Jewish community these sins would have been punished by ostracism from the synagogue and from the circle of his family. Personally, these things disturbed him but little. Still, he knew that they meant humiliation to his parents, who had just come to this country, and the knowledge was not pleasant.

Mendel was in an entirely new environment. He had reached the impressionable time of life, and he was placed where he could make final choice as to religion. But at the time he thought little of that. His great aim was to accumulate enough money to establish himself in business. The, to him, enormous sum of \$6 a month was offered, and a home with it. He accepted it without hesitation, intending to save all he earned and shortly return to the city. But the new life opened to him rather attractively. His work was not altogether ungenial, and he did not save all his money. Soon his circle of acquaintance had widened so that he was satisfied to remain longer than he had intended.

A new interest presented itself before him at this time. In all his life he had been but once inside of a Christian church, and then entirely because of curiosity. The only New Testament he had ever seen was one which his father had torn up and burned years ago. The question arose, should he go to Sunday-school, where they study the New Testament? The mistress of the farm was a Sunday-school teacher, and it fell to Mendel's lot to drive to Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. Should he go in or stay out?

He went in, but without the slightest interest in the affair. As far as he can now see, it did but little good, for neither his mistress nor his teacher entered into his life with any degree of sympathy. From Sunday to Sunday he attended the school, if anything less inclined than ever toward the faith for which it stood.

Mendel's employer was a man of intemperate habits. As Mendel had his confidence, they used to go out frequently together, and would occasionally stop at a saloon before coming home. This was an exceedingly critical time for the boy, for he was only sixteen years of age. He had not the slightest scruple against intemperance, and had an employer willing to help him on the downward way.

But here, as at other times of his life, a favoring Providence interfered. Two events occurred which were the beginning of his conversion. The first was the obtaining of a New Testament in Hebrew, the second the forming of an acquaintance with a man who offered to help him in the study of English. Mendel almost devoured that New Testament, covers and all. It was the second Hebrew Testament he had seen, and the first meant nothing to him except as a memory of his father's destruction of it. But now he could read it at his leisure, and it did not take him many days to read it through. How much it did for him none but the Omniscient One knows.

The idea of an education never occurred to Mendel, not because of his indifference, but because he felt that it was out of his reach. He was resigned to do the best he could without it. But one morning a man came to him, and laconically remarked: "Mendel, don't you care to go to school?" Mendel was somewhat surprised, and incredulously asked how a boy, now getting \$8 a month, could ever think of school. The only reply was: "There may be a way open, if you care to go."

Did that man really mean what he said that morning? The sufficient answer is the fact that Mendel has made his home with him for more than ten years, and counts himself under a debt of obligation which it would be hard to pay.

That night Mendel found his way to the home of him who had asked, and partly answered, the morning's question, and for many weeks afterward he spent his evenings in that home, reading English. During those long evenings not a word was said to him about becoming a Christian, but he saw that there was something in Christianity which he had not seen before. The saloon knew him no more. He began to feel the power of Christian influence. His heart was opened toward faith, and the Spirit began to do his work.

He knew perfectly well what it meant to him to become a Christian. If it meant humiliation to his people when he forsook Judaism, it meant bitter disgrace when he should accept Christianity. Much rather would they see him with no religion at all than to see him espouse the hated Christian faith.

The details of the transformation going on in him need not be rehearsed. Sufficient to say that within eight months from the time he began the study of English, he was a Christian in faith, had joined a Methodist church as a probationer, and even entertained the hope of some day entering the ministry. And so it came to pass that, within two years of his landing in America, filled with all the prejudice against Christianity which a Jew who has felt Russian persecution could possess, filled with an ambition to make a fortune, no matter how, his prejudice had disappeared, his ambition had been transformed to a longing for the privilege of service, and in the place of his infidelity he had the personal and happy faith of a believer in Jesus Christ.

(Madison, N. J.)

"Sap Shingles."

C. W.

The carpenter shall tell his own story. He was at work on the roof of the parsonage. The high winds of the winter had blown off some of the shingles on the exposed side of the roof—and we naturally desired that the rain should stay outside. Hence the carpenter.

We were standing in the yard, looking up at the roof, and I said:

"Those shingles don't seem very thick; are they of a good quality?" He answered: "No. They are sap shingles. It is sunshiny now; and you notice that they are all curled up at the edges. When the rain comes, they will lay down close to the roof. But when the rain stops, they will curl up again." Then he added: "They make me think of an experience I once had on the sea. A

storm came on, and it seemed sure that we would go to the bottom. Among the passengers were some fellows who were full of brag and blasphemy while the sea was smooth, and there was no danger. But when the storm was at its height, they were down on their knees like everybody else, crying loudly for mercy."

The conversation gained more significance because the carpenter was not a Christian. But he revealed his godly training by his smile. And he revealed something more. He showed me that, though his heart was deliberately withheld from the Lord Jesus, he plainly saw the inconsistency of cursing God in the sunshine, and praying to him in the storm. If he had told me exactly what he thought, he would have called those men cowards. Is it not true, that the heart which will defy the Almighty when prosperity reigns, and cringe in abject terror when adversity threatens, lacks moral courage, and cannot be depended upon in any emergency?

Do you say that possibly men have been brought to penitence and a new life by the path of such alarming experiences? Well, if that is the result we should be glad, and should not despair about the most profane. But it does not justify the profanity. Most people, however, who fall into this awful habit are not cured by one storm or ten. They will do it again. It is about time that we were shocked at the prevalence of this practice here in America. It is said that an American traveler in Russia was judged to be a clergyman because he did not swear; the people thought all other Americans did. This statement is overdrawn, but who does not know that this senseless and revolting custom is exceedingly common among us. It may be said, by way of apology, that much of it springs from thoughtlessness. That does not excuse it. Possibly our careless use of the name of the Lord, and the employment of expletives which are closely related to profanity, may be partially the procuring cause of much of this abuse. If the vocabulary of some people could be purged of the dangerous words now used, it would be shorter, but it would be safer. How careless or hardened must a man be who can live under the continual rain of God's benefits, and never pray to Him unless he is afraid, and never love Him under any circumstances whatever! If men always felt that they are in the divine presence, and that reverence is becoming in such dependent beings as we are, would we not be careful of speech as well as deed? A coachman said to a bystander: "That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him." "Yes," said the other; "and so does your Maker."

(Auburndale, Mass.)

The Hardwar Mela.

Ellis Bartlett Simmons.

Pilgrimages form a very important part of the worship of the Hindoo, and the Hindoo race forms a very large percentage of the inhabitants of India. These people are idol worshippers, and they make these long journeys, or pilgrimages, with the thought that they can more acceptably worship the gods who reside at these sacred shrines. It is the earnest desire of most of these Hindoos, at least once in a lifetime, to visit one or more of these supposed holy places, and to attend a Mela.

Hardwar, also called Gangadwara (Ganges Gate), is thought to be one of the most holy of the holy places. It is a very old city in the northwestern part of India. Its situation is delightfully romantic. It is surrounded by mountain peaks, and is itself right in the mountains, being 1,024 feet above the level of the sea.

It is well named, "The Garden of the Ganges," because it is at the point where the Ganges River bursts from the mountains into the plain of Hindustan. This place is annually visited by more than 100,000 pilgrims, who come to make their ablutions in the holy water and pay reverence to the foot-mark of Vishnu; every twelfth year is especially sacred, and, I suppose, at this time the numbers run up as high as three or four hundred thousand.

A Mela is always held in connection with the visits of these pilgrims, in February and March and April. This Mela is a fair on a large scale, and invariably the occasion is improved for business purposes.

The devotees of Vishnu desire to die at this sacred shrine, believing that they will gain a sure entrance into Bahisht (heaven) if they do.

There are many bathing-ghats at this place; and many priests, called "Sons of the Ganges," sit on the steps ready to aid the ablutions of conscience-

stricken bathers, and stamp them as white-washed when they emerge from the stream.

The Agni Purana declares that "those who die when half their body is emerged in Ganga water, shall be happy thousands of thousands of ages and resemble Brahma." This false superstition has led to a very barbarous practice in some of these so-called sacred places. When a person is supposed to be dying he is carried to the Ganges and laid on its bank, where he is oftentimes surrounded by beings like himself, whose shrieks and groans he can easily hear. He is often left without food, and is placed so that his body is half-immersed in water; while the holy (?) Ganges mud is put into his mouth.

There are large numbers of men, called Pandas (pilgrim hunters), who go about the country in all directions to entice persons to visit Hardwar. They represent that all sorts of advantages will result from this meritorious act. They tell the people that the ground around the shrine is strewn with gold, while, in reality, skeletons lie scattered all about. Many of the pilgrims have left home with scarcely any money, and not nearly enough food; others are as poor as themselves, hence, there is no one to aid them, and they have to succumb to the inevitable, and die of want of food; yet they have the idea that the fact that they perished on their way to or from the holy place will insure them a safe passport to heaven, and so die without a murmur.

It is inexpressibly sad that they should think that a journey, and a bath in the Ganges, with the feigning of the priests, should be the means of washing away all their sins, no matter how wicked they may be, and yet such is their belief. Is it any wonder we send missionaries to them?

Vishnu, in whose honor these shrines at Hardwar are erected, is usually represented with four hands, and as riding on the Garuda, a being which is half bird and half man. He has one thousand names. It is said that the gods, becoming aware of their mortality, desired to discover some elixir by which they might become immortal. After solemn consultation they repaired to the omnipotent Vishnu, who directed them to churn the ocean to milk, with the mountain Mandara as their churning stick. Vishnu himself, taking the form of a tortoise, descended to the bottom of the sea to support the mountain on his back while it revolved on the pivot of his scales.

During the holy festival at Hardwar this remarkable god is brought out with great pomp for his daily "hawa khana" (literally, air eating). On especial days he is given a bath. Until forbidden by the English government, many devotees would throw themselves before the ponderous wheels of the god's car, and be crushed to death; they thought this would please the god.

One of the most popular weeks in this fête is the second week in March; then it is that the "Holi" festival is held in connection with the Vishnu festival proper. During this week it appears as though all persons, both men and women, are determined to give themselves up to rioting and drunkenness. In fact, there is much of this spirit running through the entire Vishnu fête. While some of the devotees make a virtue of hardships, there are others, who seem to find as great favor with the gods, who appear to make a virtue of all kinds of the lower classes of amusements. They will spend all the money they have, borrow all they can, and go in debt wherever possible; all with the thought that they are driving care to the winds and having a good time.

On the third, fourth, and fifth days of "Holi" week they will throw colored powders over everybody.

Desiring to know the significance of this festival, I asked a very devout Hindoo why it was held. He replied that he had never thought of inquiring why it was observed, "Because," continued he, "we always follow in the footsteps of our fathers; they observed 'Holi'; hence we do, also."

During the entire week the nautch girls, and other like characters, parade the streets day and night, singing their native airs; and when we remember that these songs are not pure and good, our hearts ache when we realize how often the impure element enters into the fabric of their religion.

In fact, when any of these large fêtes are held in honor of any of their gods, the idea of a pure, noble manhood or womanhood never appears to enter into their worship. Their religion is one thing, their morals another. No, I do not know whether that is right either; I will say, rather, that their religion is of such a low order that their morals necessarily partake of that nature.

The majority of these Hardwar pilgrims are too poor to afford tents of any kind when they reach the grounds; they lie out at night upon the bare ground, with neither shelter nor extra clothing over them, and at that altitude the nights are cool, even in warm India. When there are tents, they are of the cheapest, simplest kinds.

Missionaries go to these fêtes and tell the people about the true God, and that Jesus Christ can wash away their sins, and that it is not necessary for them to take these long pilgrimages in order to be made ready for heaven. I can never forget how interested they always appeared to be, especially in the singing, and how many questions they would ask in regard to this "Isai religion."

Erie, Col.

MORNING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

REV. CHAS. COKE WOODS.

I.

Before the virgin morn
Had laid her scented lips
In kisses on the valley corn,
Or hills wore fire-tips,
I climbed the night-veiled height
Where sullen shadows sleep,
Where storm joins storm in Titan fight,
And whirlwinds wildly sweep;
I saw the purple dawn
Creep up the mountain's side,
And as young Day put sun-robos on,
I saw Night's blackness glide
Over the riven stones
In quest of ghostly glooms,
Among Death's bare and bleaching bones,
In far-off valley tombs;
I saw the placid lakes
That slumber on the slopes,
While every other creature wakes,
Abloom with morning hopes,
Commencing with the sigh
Of magic mountain breeze,
And stealing soft o'er flinty bluff,
Where sighed the cedar trees.
The matins of the morn
Escaped the waking bird
While baying hound and blaring horn,
In trance of joy I heard.

II.

Then suddenly there fell
Upon the mountain's crest,
A cloud that stretched to utmost dell,
And spread from east to west;
When heaven's artillery broke
In lightning, wind, and rain,
Till every mountain gorge did choke
With floods that sought the plain;
Then reigned the hush of death,
Save where the currents flowed,
Swollen and swift to reach the heath
Where thirsty cattle lowed.
Impassioned cataracts dashed,
Frenzied from hill to dell,
While giant cedars reeled and crashed,
Where Vulcan's thunder fell;
The war of waters raged
Among the trembling trees,
And huge, gray boulders disengaged,
Were toppled o'er with ease,
And tumbled down the steep
To darkness deeps below,
Where, thro' long centuries they sleep,
Nor wake to weal or woe.

III.

Now glow the high dominions,
With sheen of morning light,
As newly slipped from angel's pinions,
Out-reached in lofty flight;
Softly the white waves spread
In seas of solar glow,
Gilding the hoary mountain's head
For ages crowned with snow;
Enchanting vision, stay,
Nor fade when I am old,
When steps are slow, and locks are gray,
And sunset gates unfold;
Follow me past the night,
Into the tearless day;
Wave thy angel-wings of white,
Till shadows flee away.

Hutchinson, Kan.

The Frost-bitten Fruit.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

I brought home a fine-looking pineapple the other day, and as I had not had one for some time, my mouth fairly watered with delicious anticipation of enjoyment. But the anticipation was the only delicious thing about it, for when the pineapple was cut open, we immediately discovered that it had been frost-bitten, and all its delicate flavor was gone. It was fit only for the slop bucket. I went upstairs with a bad taste in my

mouth, and with a sense of disappointment. I took up the paper, and the first thing my eye lit on was a note of the fact that several carloads of splendid oranges from Southern California had been frost-bitten on the route east, and that many large dealers were mourning their heavy holdings of this spoiled fruit.

Alas, it is not only tropical fruits that are thus injured. I have seen many Christian men and women whose graces were frost-bitten, and all the flavor and good taste were gone out of them.

Now, with frost-bitten fruit there does not seem to be any way of bringing back again the lost flavor. It just goes on getting worse and worse until it entirely decays. But Christ is able to take the chill of death out of the frost-bitten graces, and warm the benumbed heart into a new experience of fruitfulness and love.

New York.

"Where I Failed Before."

Edgar L. Vincent.

I was watching a carpenter once as he worked at a board set on one edge in his vise. The edge of the piece of lumber was quite crooked and he was trying with his plane to make it straight. Carefully he would push the plane along the edge, and then going back he would look across it, his eyes on a level with the top of the board. Over and over again this was repeated, until at last the carpenter seemed satisfied. Once across would not do. There would be places where he failed at first to bring the edge down to a level.

"I was compelled to work a long time before I could do that apparently simple thing as it should be done," he said in response to my question. "Looks easy enough, but try it. There will be so many places where you will fail at first."

"Where I failed before."

Ah, yes. That is the story of so many things. "I wish I had my life to live over. Do you suppose I would do as I have? I can see now just where I failed before. I would like to try again."

God does not think it best that we should go back and begin over, but he does give us a chance to make right the wrong we have done; and is not that a blessed privilege? Think what it would mean if we never could say to the one we love, but whom we have injured, "Forgive me! I did not mean to say the unkind word. It came before I knew it. I do love you. I am so sorry!" Think how the heart would ache if the one we have wronged were to be snatched away, leaving us no time to make right the mistake we made! So I say, God is very kind to give us a chance to go over the board again, and take out the crooked places.

But think how unwise it is to wish that one could live his life all over again! What reason is there for thinking that we would be any wiser than we were when we first began? No; there would be too many hard and bitter things all along the way. Let us not ask to go back, and begin again. Let us rather ask for wisdom to shun the evil places where we fell before. And then? Then go on bravely to the end.

Up in the Adirondack region, deep in the heart of the woods, there is a deep well worn right down into the solid rock. Very true and even are its sides and the traveler wonders what ever could have caused such a strange formation in the rock. But if he dives deep down into the well he will find a single stone, round as a marble and worn almost to the size of one's thumb. That little stone, carried round and round by the tiny brook-let which made its way down the ravine, ground its way through the flinty stone year after year until it dug that deep cistern. The chafing of the stone as it worked away to get out did it all, but never was that pebble able to rise above the brink and escape the wearing of the current as it pushed remorselessly against its side.

Just like this would be the pain and trouble of living life over, if we were given the power to do so after every mistake we made. Our whole lives would be worn out trying to get away, and all we would do would be to dig deeper and deeper the tomb which held us prisoners.

Let us not ask such a thing; but do let us pray the Father for strength and grace to live better today than we lived yesterday; for courage to say from the heart: "I am sorry; forgive me;" for strength to show by our everyday walk that we were earnest in saying what we did; and finally for his guiding hand to keep us from slipping where we did before.

Maine, N. Y.

The Spiritual Life.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S PARABLES.

THE FIRST LAW.

(Translated from the French by H. Twitchell).

Two learned Hebrews, Schammai and Hillel, could not agree on any subject. Schammai was hard and severe, while Hillel was gentle and kind.

One day a heathen went to Schammai and said: "I want to be converted to the true faith provided you can teach me all its laws while I am walking around the room once."

Schammai became angry and chased the man away.

The heathen then went to Hillel and made him the same proposition.

"Very well, my son," replied Hillel. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. That is the sum and substance of our religion. All the rest serves only to explain this."

THE RICHEST OF MEN.

One day Rabbi Tarphon gave his friend Akiba a large sum of money, and said to him:

"Buy some land with this money, my dear friend. In our old age, when we are not able to work, this land will support us so that we shall not want."

Akiba took the money and departed. On the way he met many poor and infirm people, to whom he gave, little by little, all the money that Tarphon had entrusted to him. When he returned to his friend's house long after, his pockets were empty.

Tarphon was rejoiced at seeing Akiba once more and he began to question him concerning his purchase.

"Did you buy a fine farm? Is the soil fertile? Will it yield well?"

"Ah, yes," replied Akiba; "I have bought a fine estate; so fine, in fact, that its like cannot be found in the whole world."

"Have you the deed?" inquired Tarphon. "Certainly," was the reply; and a deed from the hand of King David himself; and this is what it says: "He who gives freely to the poor is the richest of men."

At these words, Tarphon threw himself upon his friend's neck, kissed him tenderly, and said:

"My dear master, I, a rabbi, see that you can still teach me many things."

THE SICK TZAR.

A tzar, falling sick, exclaimed:

"I will give half my kingdom to the person who can cure me."

Then all the wise men tried their best to cure the sick ruler, but with no avail.

One of them, however, declared that the tzar could be cured.

"Find a happy man, bring his shirt to the tzar, and when he puts it on, he will be cured."

Messengers were now sent to every part of the kingdom in quest of a happy man. None could be found. One was rich, but he was sick; another was well, but he was poor; still a third was both rich and well, but he complained of his wife; another still, of his children; all wished to have something different about their lives.

One evening, as the tzar's son was passing in front of a poor hut, he heard someone exclaim: "Thanks be to God, I have worked well, eaten well, and I am now going to bed; what more do I want?"

The young man was filled with joy. He sent his messenger to ask the man for his shirt, telling him to pay any sum he should ask for it.

They hastened to the hut of the happy man and made their errand known.

"I am very sorry," said the poor man; "you should have my shirt for nothing if I had one; but I do not own such a thing."

TRUE RICHES.

A man, discontented with his lot, complained of God: "God gives other men riches, and I have nothing! How can I get along in life, having nothing?"

An old sage heard these words and said:

"Are you as poor as you think, my friend? Has not God given you strength and youth?"

"I must confess that he has, and I can say that I am proud of both my youth and my health."

The old man then took the youth's right hand and said:

"Would you have this cut off for a thousand roubles?"

"No, most certainly not."

"Nor your left hand?"

"No."

"Would you consent to become blind for ten thousand roubles?"

"God forbid! I would not give one eye for any sum!"

"See, then, what riches God has given you, and yet you complain!"

Madison, Wis.

AN OPPORTUNITY IMPROVED.

BY INDEX.

I have a young man in my employ. He has been with me for years. I have been interested in him. He lives at home. He and his parents are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have often had talks with him on religion. I have felt that he was not a thorough Christian. At times I have had meetings with my employees. He was not willing to take part. I have tried to get him interested in Bible study, attendance on meetings, self-improvement and Christian service.

This morning when he brought me my mail (I am at home, partially disabled), he told me with deep feeling of the death last night of a dear friend that has long been a member of his home. Instantly I saw my opportunity. After hearing the particulars I suggested prayer, remarking that I could not kneel. He knelt, and God helped me to pray fittingly. Promptly I suggested that he offer prayer. He did not speak nor move. I gently urged. No response. I suggested the Lord's prayer. He joined with me in repeating it. He did not rise. I renewed my suggestion that he offer prayer. He waited a little and then prayed brokenly, tenderly, suitably. He rose. I expressed my great gratification. We talked further. Then I repeated softly, with flashes of comment, the hymn,

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

I recited the hymn,

"O, how happy are they,"

and the hymn,

"How happy every child of grace,"

closing with the inimitable first stanza of the second part—

"A stranger in the world below,

I calmly sojourn here;

Nor can its happiness or woe

Provoke my hope or fear;

Its evils in a moment end;

Its joys as soon are past;

But O, the bliss to which I tend

Eternally shall last."

Before he left we shook hands. He told me of the comfort and profit he had received, and expressed deep pleasure.

After he had gone I thought: Many opportunities to help souls I have improved; more I fear I have lost, and they are lost forever!

If one is living in the fullness of the Spirit, he will discern opportunities that the ordinary Christian will not see. If he is full of the Scriptures and hymns digested and memorized, he will improve opportunities effectively.

O Epworthians! so look up and lift up that when the years have flown you will look back only upon opportunities improved. FIDELITY, EFFICIENCY, FELICITY.

New York.

Ungrounded Assurance

Christian Union Herald

The last issues of *Les Colonies*, a daily paper published in St. Pierre prior to the overwhelming of that city, furnish food for meditation. May 2, six days before the final catastrophe, it contained the notice, "a grand excursion to Mont Pelée," "to enjoy the magnificent panorama," and "to see close at hand the hole still yawning by which escaped these last few days the thick clouds of smoke." On May 6 it said: "Once for all, there is no cause for alarm. We heard toward five o'clock this morning someone say from a window, 'We are prevented from sleeping by foolish persons, while the volcano sleeps so happily that it

snores.' That was a man who took a philosophical view of things." On May 7, in its last issue, it began for the first time to show signs of alarm. It said: "What has to-morrow in store for us? A flow of lava, a rain of stones, jets of asphyxiating gas? What submerging cataclysm? Or shall we simply have an inundation of mud? There is a secret, and when it is known many will not be able to keep it." The next day came the awful catastrophe, blotting out the city almost in the twinkling of an eye. "As in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away: so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

"Resisting Power."

Canadian Epworth Era.

Doctors tell us, in these days of germs and toxins, that the thing that counts most in a case is the "resisting power" of the patient. Some men or women can pass through an epidemic, or even be inoculated with its peculiar poison germs, and yet shake off infection, unharmed. Others, apparently just as healthy, succumb to the first contact with disease, and sink under it in spite of the best nursing. "Resisting power" is an individual affair, and many surprises come to doctor and nurse as the frail-looking patient pulls through, and the robust-seeming one dies. Medicines can only aid the "resisting power;" they can never take its place. It determines, in the end, life or death in every case. Is there not a moral parable here? Is not the important thing in every soul its "resisting power?" Every soul must fight out its battle alone. Advice, help, sympathy, are all outside things. Our struggle with moral sin is our own struggle, and the wisest teacher, the tenderest mother or friend, is powerless to fight it for us. In the last analysis, our "resisting power" is the thing that settles moral life or death for us. How much of it have we? Are we strengthening our souls daily to resist evil? Are we determined to resist it, always, to the uttermost? If not, when the temptation comes, with its subtle infection, it will find in us its easiest victim, and destroy us at its will.

Law and Love.

George Jackson.

A Christian man rejoices that he is free from the hard, mechanical system that imposed the law of tithes, and then proceeds to demonstrate his freedom by a niggardliness of which any honest Jew would have been heartily ashamed. Surely that is the very acme of perverse misconstruction. If we are free from one law, it is only because we have become subject to another and a higher. We quit the service of one master, not that we may be chartered libertines, but that we may enter the service of Another whose demands are even more exacting.

Take Heed How Ye Build.

Anna D. Bradley.

Walking down a busy street of this city, I was surprised to see a once large, handsome business house in ruins.

"What is the matter?" I asked a friend. "The walls have fallen, and I fancied that one of the strongest buildings in the city."

"It was strong," was the reply, "but the adjoining building fell, and pulled this down in the general wreck."

I looked on in silence, for strange feelings were disturbing the serenity of my spirit. Solemn questions, which I would rather not have heard, were calling loudly to my spirit ear, demanding recognition and reply.

Why need this beautiful, stately building have fallen? Such studied care had been taken in its erection! The watching eye of the skilled architect had carefully noted every detail. Yet it had fallen, and amid the debris a young life which, but a moment before, had been glad with beauty and rich with all the possibilities of the future, was ebbing fast away. What was the matter?

Only this. In building the adjoining wall some other builder had not been careful. And, lo! a beautiful structure was lying in ruins, while a young life, so full of promise, was hurried into eternity, just because someone had blundered, or, perhaps, had not been careful. With solemn awe I whispered to my shrinking spirit, "No man liveth unto himself. Take heed how ye build."

✧ The Life that Now Is. ✧

THE ADJACENT CASE.

REV. GEORGE H. STUDLEY.

People are wearing themselves out over the social problem. Everybody knows you mean something by those words, but really what you mean nobody knows. We are in an awful muss. The old sphinx over my desk is the arch disturber in the whole matter. He keeps on propounding his riddle, "How shall we get what we need, and how shall we divide it up so that it will go around?" Sometimes he works up quite a roar and demands to have his riddle answered, or he will speedily have a part of us up a tree and the rest of us down his throat. At these times folks get excited and alarmed, and some go for their guns, and some look for lassos and chains, and some shout "Whoa!" and some say "Shoo!" and some guess at the riddle, and some think they have guessed it, and some work hard to get material for a guess, and some take to the woods, and some say: "It's only a scare. Let the old brute roar;" and some who fancy themselves already up to the ears in the monster's throat send forth one last agonizing wail before they are swallowed up altogether.

Now all I have to say is this: Take heed and beware of the fallacy of abstraction. (And for this credit Bowne.) Let us think concretely in a concrete matter. Here comes some man or set of men who drops me down in the midst of this whirling, seething chaos of opinions and prejudices and passions and facts and fancies and visions and dreams and reason and folly and jewels and rubbish, and says to me: "You bring order out of that." Now I flatly deny that I have the echo of a call to do anything of the kind. My business, as nearly as I can make it out, is to find the center of this revolving confusion, which they say keeps still, and stand on that, and take my bearings, and keep a weather eye out for squalls, and my head level and my conscience clear, and do, from day to day, as a man and a neighbor and a citizen, as nearly as I can, the square and sensible thing. I declare I am opposed to leaping astride some wild nightmare, and go plunging and snorting into a waste and howling wilderness where no man is and no man was and no man ever goes except those whom the nightmare takes.

What is the reason for selling the world's old team because one of them casts a shoe or a trace breaks or a wheel comes off? You can have the horse shod, you can mend the trace, you can get a new wheel, and there are plenty of blacksmiths and harnessmakers and wheelwrights. You do not have to go to Utopia or to Bungay to find them. Keep the old team, and jog along. They have some tricks, but you know what they are. They are used to the hills and the sights. Do not let the untamed huckster of untamed bronchos from the rank wilderness of socialism persuade us into buying a pair of his colts.

What we need in "solving the social problem" is just plain, hand-to-mouth common sense. I, for one, propose to keep my microcosm out of mischief as much as I can. I have infinite faith in that mysterious, impalpable, ethereal body which moves without feet, and works without hands, and comes without observation, bent upon bringing in the millennium while we eat and sleep, and do our little chores; and the world is saved, we know not how. After many days, a sun will come out of chaos, and give daylight everywhere. I have no doubt that some men may have some errand to block out and help off stars and suns in this whirling mass, but as an average plain man I claim the sacred and comforting right to have no opinion until I can find bones enough to articulate the skeleton of an opinion that will stand. I have quit fashing my brain about this "social problem," as I have a great many other figures of speech, and the reconstruction of society according to the wisdom of latter-day creators, and I refuse to grow alarmed and excited when they tell us that we shall have no peace as long as we tolerate private property, or competition, or what not. O, my brothers, let us take up calmly and sturdily each problem as it arises, and make up our minds what is the square and sensible thing to do about it. This is quite a deal harder to do than to take wings, and fly into the heavens, and try to bring down an entirely new outfit of smoothly jointed idealism, but no

matter. "The social problem" is not one, but it is many. It is scattered all over the lot like sorrel or thistles. Let us tackle the "adjacent case." I am going to take care of this little patch of ground where I am stationed, and make it "blossom as the rose," and with God be the rest.

Lisbon, Ill.

"Blessed Be Drudgery."

That is not a pleasant subject to think about, let alone to write about. That is, it is not a pleasant subject unless we can think of life a certain way, and care for certain things. Even when this is true we do not make drudgery anything but drudgery. We may make it more endurable because the results are going to be worth while, but it will still be drudgery. We cannot get away from this. Drudgery is just what it seems to be—hard, laborious, grinding. And there is plenty of it, too, in the lives of most people who really do anything. So we have to learn how to endure it.

One of the first things that presents drudgery in a better light is that it is usually the same thing as duty. That is why a soldier does his drudging so much more readily. He did not expect it, perhaps, but when it comes it comes with the face of duty. So a young woman when she marries and makes a home does not usually understand what a drudge she will be, but when the drudging comes it is her duty and she does it. So to all of us drudgery and duty are much the same, although all duty is not drudgery.

Drudgery is also a great teacher. We are never well educated until we can make ourselves work, just because we ought to work. To be sure, incentives are not to be despised, and even a little excitement is helpful, but the great man is the one who can work just because he has to. Now, drudgery helps better than any other circumstances to train us in this way. We work then by force of will and learn to master our hands and our heads. The weaker races fall before the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutons, and others, largely because they fail when the test of drudgery comes on them. When we learn to work as drudges, we have learned to work for work's sake.

Then, drudgery is a good school for faith. If high thoughts are ever going to be really ours they must be in drudgery. That is what faith is for. To act as if we were great when we are drudging along, and look at this drudgery as our duty—this with a belief that God has not forgotten us and will bless us—this is true faith.

Are you a drudge, in school or at home? Do not be discouraged. Learn to look at drudgery as duty, strive to learn the mastery of yourselves that drudgery demands, and look up in faith and trust. Then drudgery shall be a present blessing as well as a future one.

The Value of Knowing How.

It was this magazine that first called general attention to the remarkable demand for the graduates of the technical schools. It did this in two ways—first, in statements of the fact, and then more intimately and interestingly in articles from the heads of the leading technical schools of the country. Recent inquiry has shown that the call for the services of these young men has increased rather than diminished. The writer of this recently spent a day with the head professor of one of the important scientific and technical schools, and it was a revelation. The young men were, with few exceptions, of the sturdy type, full of good spirits, cheerful in their labors, and not at all backward in having as much fun with the professor as he could get from them. The high stimulus of fine, intelligent work was never better shown. The thoroughness of it, too, was astonishing, for the students had to know how to do carpenter work as well as how to build bridges and great structures, and how to manage immense mills.

"Already," said the professor, "places are offered to every student we have for the year, and some of them will have their choice of several important positions. Here is a letter which I received from one of our last year's men—an unusually capable man." The professor laughed a little as he added: "He is already getting a much

larger salary than I am receiving at this university. It almost tempts me to become a graduate student myself."

The other side of this remarkable condition has just been told by Mr. E. J. Buffington, president of the Illinois Steel Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. "We want educated young men—graduates of technical schools," he said. He referred to the case of President Schwab—what a wonderful case that is!—and remarked that he worked almost into his position under the old school, and that the gift of business genius, which is always rare, did the rest in elevating him to his present unprecedented success. "There will be Carnegies and Schwabs in the future," said Mr. Buffington, "men who, through a powerful personality and great ability, will rise in spite of circumstances; but the average young man of good, even of unusual, gifts must know technical science if he expects to win the larger prizes."

So quickly does modern civilization move, so imperative are its demands and so exacting its specifications, that the young man must know not only the text-book facts but how to use them practically.

The industrial situation is a lesson for all callings, and never was the Jack of all trades and the master of none so doomed to a bare existence as he is to-day.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"Never too Old to Learn"

Probably the oldest college student in the country is a former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, Logan E. Bleckley. His zeal for further knowledge and his enterprise in seeking it are enough to put young Americans on their mettle. Justice Bleckley is seventy-three years of age. He believes one can never be too old to learn. Therefore, he has placed himself in the lists with those who are searching for truth in the departments of mathematics and political economy at the University of Georgia. Students of the university say that a spirited impulse to work has been given them by the sight of this venerable scholar, so eager in his desire to perfect himself.

Since his retirement from the bench in 1895 Mr. Bleckley has been almost constantly engaged in study. To satisfy himself on the money question, he took up a thorough course of reading in political economy. This led him to wish for a deeper knowledge of mathematics. He felt the need of instruction, and made known his desire to Chancellor Hill, of the University of Georgia. The chancellor gave him a cordial invitation to avail himself of the opportunities the university faculty afforded. Accordingly, the aged jurist took his place as a student among the young men in their "teens." He states that he thoroughly enjoys the course, and that the association with young people is renewing his youth.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Winning an Earl's Friendship.

Ralph Connor, author of "Black Rock" and other stories of the Northwest, is a close and honored friend of the earl of Aberdeen, former Governor-General of Canada, and the circumstances which brought about this friendship make an interesting story.

The Governor-General, on a tour of the Northwest, visited the distant settlement of Banff, where Ralph Connor, who is a Presbyterian minister, whose real name is Rev. Charles W. Gordon, and whose home is now at Winnipeg, was then a missionary.

Lady Aberdeen was with her husband, and an invitation was sent to Mr. Gordon, the Presbyterian minister, to dine with them. Much to their surprise, the reply came that Mr. Gordon was unable to do so, as he had an appointment which would take him away from the settlement at the time of the dinner.

Not until some time afterward (and then not through Mr. Gordon himself) did the Governor-General learn that the missionary's appointment, on account of which he had declined the invitation to dinner, was an engagement at a distant post to preach to some half-dozen miners, who were practically outside of civilization, and whom the missionary would not neglect even for the opportunity to meet persons of title and wealth—an opportunity rare in that isolated neighborhood.

Lord Aberdeen was strongly impressed by the devotion of the missionary, and took pains especially to cultivate his friendship.

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

COMMUNION AND TRANSFORMATION.

(Ex. 34: 29-35; Luke 9: 28-29.)

Topic for August 31.

In the Mount With God.

God invites Moses to the mount of vision. The people were not yet ready for it, but where Moses stood in God's presence there is place and welcome for all who will come. The strange and heart-stirring mystery is not in God's invitation, though that is mystery enough. But a greater mystery is in our unwillingness. God is not far from every one of us. He is seeking to bring us into his own presence. "And ye would not!"

Why should we go alone with God? Will he not accuse us, upbraid us, punish us for what our hearts know is our ingratitude? If he sought to do these things he would not invite us to communion. His judgments do not wait on circumstance. They find us, however far we are from him. No, the invitation is itself safe-conduct to the mountain top.

The place of Moses' meeting with God was on the summit of the mount. As far away from the world as possible. As far away from his own affairs. God would have him shut in from the cares of the camp below. Its noises could not reach that altitude. So he calls us to times of separation from all but himself. He knows better than we how the absorption in our affairs needs to be checked, how the spell of the things about us needs to be broken.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Come up to the presence of God. You cannot climb that height without being better for it. You will look into your own heart, knowing it is open to the eye of the All-seeing. So you will look on your thoughts, impulses, desires, affections. Are they fit for God's seeing? No? Then away with them, or stay away from him!

Communion involves confession. Not for God's information, but for the soul's absolution. You will see your own littleness, meanness, guilt, as never before. And you will tell God about it, as a child babbles of his little cares to his wise mother, who lets him ease his heart by confession.

Moses was forty days in the mount before he came down with that glory in his face from the presence of God. Was it time wasted? It was the preparation for forty years of service. Israel down in the plain grew impatient. But those days of fasting in a mountain top, with God for company, bore fruit in all the after years. Moses never got away from that revelation.

Moses was called to the mount of vision "in the morning." Without doing violence to the word, that invitation may be applied to what is sometimes called "the morning watch." It is an opportunity for communion when the full glow of our strength and life is on us. We are refreshed. The world has not yet drawn on our resources of soul or body. It is the strategic time. As goes the morning, so goes the day. "Blessed is the day whose morning is sanctified."

In the Mount with the Son of God.

Christ had lately told his disciples of his approaching passion and death. The news was a severe shock to these men, whose whole lives centered in him, and especially to the three who held more close and intimate relations to him than the others. The Mount of Transfiguration was his answer to their hopelessness. It revealed the Deity which was veiled in the human body of our Lord.

The Transfiguration was a foretaste of heaven. Even the description of the aspect of Christ corresponds to that which John saw, long afterwards on Patmos.

The Transfiguration showed the Law and the Prophets in subjection to, and yet in complete harmony with, the gospel. Moses, who gave the law to Israel, and Elijah, who brought back Israel to its loyalty to the law, hold converse with him

of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. And at last he only is left. "They saw no man, save Jesus only."

The voice out of the cloud was the second audible divine attestation to the Sonship of Christ. The word spoken at his baptism is repeated, with a significant addition. "Hear him!" It marks Christ as the world's supreme teacher. Moses had his day, and Elijah his, but both rejoiced to see the day of the Son of Man.

"Hear him!" The voices of earth clamor for a hearing. Every inducement that can be offered is lavished on the soul. Allurements are exhausted in the effort to win man's attention and allegiance. God shows us the Son, transfigured with the glory of Deity, and says, "Hear him!"

Get away from the Babel of the world's myriad and discordant voices, and listen to Jesus Christ. He has a simple word, but a sufficient one, for every one who will heed. And the word of the Saviour has transforming power. It makes men new. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

None holds communion with Christ on the mountain without the converse marking and coloring all the life. Nay, it is not possible even for a sinner to look on the cross of Christ without going from the vision a changed man. If the Crucified win his heart he is transformed; if he hold out against the vision he is hardened. Either way Christ has influenced him.

Transformation is the end of communion. "We shall be like him," when our communion is unhindered and we see him "as he is."

The Transforming Power of Vision.

All experience, like Job's, is twofold. First he heard of God. Then he saw him. The hearing of the ear did not greatly affect him. "But now mine eye seeth thee, and I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Vision of God may come by way of pain and loss, as it did to Job. The reality of God is often emphasized by earth's vanishments.

Vision and communion are highest needs. No mere knowledge will do. No intellectual acquaintance with God is potent enough to hold us true. He must be near to the heart.

All real vision is humbling and brings repentance. Job was better than his comforters, and knew it. But seeing God stops all that self-complacency. So Isaiah's vision showed him to himself: "I am a man of unclean lips." Peter's recognition of the divine power in Christ revealed to him his own unfitness to be in that Presence: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" The Vision is a turning point. Before it Job could only complain. Afterwards, he could pray for those against whom he had complained. Isaiah says, "Here I am, send me." Peter confesses and is made a fisher of men.

The Lasting Gain of Communion.

When John and Andrew followed him whom the Baptist had proclaimed as the lamb of God, Jesus turned to them and asked: "What seek ye?" And their only answer was: "Master, where dwellest thou?" They did not know what else they needed, but their present longing was for personal contact with the Master.

It is a great thing to know what your ideals are. But they cannot be made in a day. At first they are mere visions, vague, unreal, illusory. The great thing is to begin life under right leadership. So these men were wiser than they guessed when they answered the Christ's question with this other query, "Where is thine abiding place? We would be with thee."

Specific plans, hopes, purposes, will take shape by and by. First, we need to get near our leader, to live in the home atmosphere of his presence.

His presence means peace. Some people say: "I have peace already. Nothing troubles me much." There is plenty of this false peace in the world. It is more dangerous than unrest. It is the painlessness of paralysis. Any pain were better than no feeling.

But communion with God means peace in the midst of the most real and sensitive life. "In the

world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Communion means permanence. "And they abode with him." You are not at the end of your search for life's real meaning until you have come into Christ's presence. Not even John Baptist will do. Not the Sunday-school, nor the church, nor the Epworth League, not even Bible reading, will do. These are helps to Christ. They have no excuse for being, save as they point to him.

The Holy Place.

The exile from the holy city, with visions of the temple in his mind, looks back at Jerusalem with intense longing of heart. "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." The very sparrows are objects of envy, since they find a secure home about the tabernacle, among its pillars, and by its altars. So desiring, and, for the time being, so thoroughly out of from all opportunity of enjoying the delights of the sanctuary, he cries out: "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, for they will be still praising thee."

The burden of his longing was for a definite place. True, in a sense he might be with God, tho' exiled, but Israel's worship and praise and prayer centered in an especial manner about the tabernacle and the temple. There were the sacrifices, made for sin, and the offerings of thanksgiving; there God had enjoined that men should worship and bow down before him; there he had promised to be present in peculiar manifestation—"There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat." The Shekinah was there—Shekinah, visible token of God's presence in the midst of his people.

Jacob, the wanderer, had been given a most signal manifestation of favor on his way to exile, and in after years, when God had prospered him beyond his highest hopes, the reminder came to him of the vow he had vowed at the place of the ladder—the House of God—Bethel, and the command for its keeping was "Go up to Bethel, and dwell there." So did he go and pay his vow, at the precise locality where in the night of long ago he had lain at the foot of a path of glory reaching unto heaven.

But tabernacle and temple, altar and laver, ark and candlestick, all have vanished. There is no mercy-seat in the holy of holies, no Shekinah, no pillar of cloud and of fire. If outward tokens have significance there is now no sanctuary of Jehovah in all the earth. Though buildings set apart for sacred uses are found in every civilized community, many of them containing imitations of the paraphernalia of the temple, there is no place where the symbol of God's presence dwells.

But God has provided a better thing for us. At Jacob's well Christ revealed to the Samaritan woman the new and better worship—that God would be worshiped, not at Jerusalem, nor on Gerizim, but wherever in the earth a worshiper might be found who would worship God in spirit and in truth. Bethel was to be enlarged, so that the whole earth should be the House of God; the old tabernacle—too strait and contracted for the new life of the world—should give place to a holy of holies coextensive with contrite hearts and right spirits. The one sole sanctuary was done away, yet the sanctuary idea was not abrogated, but infinitely strengthened.

In the olden day the House of God was often difficult of access, and all the sick, infirm, and weak who lived afar were denied the blessing of personal participation in its worship. The exile might long for its courts, but in vain; and at last, when enemies overran the land, the glory of the house was spoiled, the temple desolate, and the people despairing unto death. But now, a little is lost, for infinite gain. The tabernacle of God is with men; there may be a holy of holies in every heart, and a right sacrifice on its altar always.

Wherever the heart, looking at its own sin, and at God's holiness, comes with penitence and prayer for pardon to the Father of Mercies, there is the mercy-seat; there shines the glory of Shekinah, there the altar is sprinkled with the blood of the everlasting covenant, and sin is blotted out forever.

More than that, there is promised to the Christian the joy of constant communion. In the days

before the revelation of Christ, the Jew had his sacred times and seasons, and his secular periods. He had the Passover, the Feast of the Tabernacles, the Day of Atonement, the Sabbatical Year, and the Year of Jubilee. These were sacred; the other days and weeks and years had naught of special value to him religiously.

Now there are no set times or seasons when God is more accessible than usual. "I need thee every hour" has its response in the promised presence of God. "Lo I am with you alway." "I will give you the Comforter." "He shall abide with you forever."

Purpose of this Lesson.

This is a topic whose value may easily be missed. Let the leader plan carefully, as one who has a great opportunity, that the gains of the hour may not be dissipated at its close.

Personal experiences which illustrate the lesson should be brought out. It must be done tactfully, and reverently. No other theme for testimony can be so easily marred. We are discussing forces which operate in the sacredness of the soul's inner life. Some of the greatest experiences of communion are most difficult to describe in public. We shrink from laying our hearts open before men. So everything possible must be done to make the time of testimony a time of reverence and tender feeling.

The hymns should be chosen with intelligent care. There is an abundance of them. Do not fail to sing or read Charlotte Elliot's great hymn:

"My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star?"

It is No. 752 in the Hymnal.

This service will be a fruitful time for the urging of the Morning Watch. Get a supply of leaflets, and enough enrollment cards to furnish one to each person present, from the Methodist Book Concern. Leaflets and cards are furnished at 15 cents per 100. Explain how simple the plan is. Show how practical it is. Emphasize the fact that it is not an organization, but an individual matter, and for personal spiritual gain.

"In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."—*Mark 1: 35.*

"If the hill back of Nazareth could give forth its secret, if the Lake of Galilee could tell what it witnessed, if the desert places around about Jerusalem could tell their story, if the Mount of Olives could speak out and tell us what transpired there, they would all tell us, more than anything else, of the prayer life of our Lord. They would reveal its intensity, its unselfishness, its constancy, its godly fear that made it irresistible."—*John R. Mott.*

What he found necessary, can we do without?

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for August 31: The Brazen Serpent.

(Num. 21: 1-9.)

Golden Text.—"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John 3: 14, 15.)

Note.—It is presupposed that those who read these comments week by week have access to the usual Lesson Helps. Matters of fact in the history, geography, and personal references of the lesson, are therefore taken for granted. These paragraphs are intended to arouse thought, rather than to make further thinking unnecessary. They are signboards pointing the way to profitable exploration. Hence they cannot be used as crutches for lame Bible students. And their chief purpose is to suggest the lessons of each lesson in terms of modern experience and life.

Progress in One Generation.

Let us be fair with Israel. We have had so many lessons in which their sin and folly are set forth that we are in danger of thinking them hopeless. God did not so consider them. "Put yourself in their place."

A generation has come and gone since the last lesson. The wilderness has become a Hebrew burying-ground. But it has been a school also. See what Israel has learned.

It has learned the sinfulness of sin. The people of forty years before hardly understood that. The thunderings and terrors of Sinai declared it, but the thought of sin as an abhorrent thing before God they did not quite grasp. Now the thing is plain. The coming of punishment is not misunderstood. It is recognized for what it really is. The older generation would have simply counted it a fresh misfortune. Now they say, "We have sinned."

It has learned how to get audience with God. Once, long ago, it tried the expedient of a golden calf. Now it seeks a living mediator. More, it presents just the petition which can be heard, the petition which begins with confession. In short, Israel has learned how to pray.

Longing for Egypt.

Whenever the Israelites found the present burdensome they looked backward. And in their backward glance they saw everything Egyptian except the burdens. They knew the things they wanted were back yonder. They forget that there was another thing which above all they did not want. Fresh vegetables and fleshpots are alluring, when you forget the taskmasters.

To the people of this stage of the wanderings Egypt was not even a memory. It was but a tradition. Scarcely any had any personal experience of the bitterness of it. The longing for Egypt was five-tenths foolishness and five-tenths ignorance. The pleasantness of Egypt is a delusion. No man who had tried it ever really longed to go back. Sometimes he said he did. Why didn't he go?

Longing for Egypt is an affront to God's mercy. If the Egypt life had really been pleasant, they would never have left it. Their deliverance was a miracle of mercy, an intervention of compassion. We may be thankful we are out of our Egypts. In our hearts we know that even the desert at its worst is preferable. Praise God for deliverance and go forward!

Conduct in Hard Places.

It was a hard place. The road was rough and long, and it led away from Canaan. They were making a wide detour. Going south by command when your goal is due north, is not easy.

But they were on the way, with a definite destination in mind. This journey was no wandering. That was all over. The march to Canaan, interrupted at Kadesh nearly forty years before, was resumed. It ought to make a hard road easier to know that it really leads somewhere.

They could have fought Edom, and so avoided this awful march. But sometimes it is better to march than fight. Some lessons are learned on the march which the battle does not teach. We need the patience that will march, when that is the order, quite as much as we need the courage to fight when "fight" is the command. It is a higher attainment, too.

Sometimes the best progress is made by the retracing of our steps.

Hardships are not punishment. They are education. And education is a finer thing than punishment. It is no punishment to be led in ways that develop moral muscle, and strength of faith, and perfectness of trust. These things are cheap at any cost.

Discouragement and Complaint.

Discouragement is the direct result of near-sightedness. The wilderness, in itself, is discouraging. People who cannot see beyond it cannot be content. To them it is an unendurable mystery.

The discouragement of this period was in a very dark hour. They were a generation's distance from Egypt, and did not know how few months separated them from Canaan. They were like Columbus' men just before land was sighted. What a gain it is in such a time to have leaders who see that the road of advance is the shorter and easier one! That is what makes leaders.

Complaint is the egotism of the coward. He is full of blame, but he puts it on others. Anything

will do for an excuse. The manna which has sustained a nation for a third of a century suddenly becomes "vile." The road which surely leads to Canaan is too long, and too rough, and too desolate. Sometimes the coward will say: "Why was I born?" But when the serpent bites him, he suddenly discovers a strange unwillingness to die.

Punishment.

This story of the fiery serpents is not popular. So people have given "natural" explanations. The desert abounds with serpents. The Israelites were despondent and careless. They heedlessly crossed the paths of the serpents. Consequently the deadly bites were the direct result of their own neglect. That is well enough. Still, let us not read God out of the event. Not all punishment for sin is "natural." God's law is written in Providence as well as in nature. He sent the serpents in a larger sense than that of natural law. Else how did he stay their ravages?

The Israelites were not misled by any naturalistic reflections. They knew they had sinned, and they promptly recognized the punishment as deserved. Many Christians are quick to acknowledge God's blessings. They are not so ready to admit his scourings. Why not?

There was one, and only one, disease in Israel now. Wherever the wound was made, the same fever burned in every affected individual. Every other trouble was small and secondary and capable of later consideration. The fever from the serpent's bites was serious, of vital concern, and urgent. There is only one disease in the world to-day. Heal that, and there will be time for other things afterward. There are great "questions," it is true. But if the sin-fever is not broken, these "questions" are of small importance. Seek first the kingdom.

Moses as Mediator.

Public esteem is best revealed in the time of need. Murmuring against Moses will do to beguile a hard way. But when there is need to get audience with God, to whom shall we go, but to the man whose face we have seen shining with the glory of communion with God? He knows the approach to the Almighty. What a foreshadowing of the intercessory office of the great and perfect Mediator of the New Covenant!

The ministry of intercession is the noblest of all ministries. It is self-forgetful, forgiving, brotherly, tender. Pray for yourself all you will. You have need. But pray for others also, and no less eagerly. They have need, and you will be the better for laying their need before God.

Salvation.

He who sent the serpents, alone could provide the cure. "Thou canst save and thou alone."

The brazen serpent was at once the instrument of healing and the reminder of the people's sin. The cross of Christ is at once the revelation of the love of God and the sin of men. That makes it the saddest, as well as the holiest symbol of the plan of salvation.

"Life for a look!" Salvation's terms were fixed to suit the need of the hour. No matter how they were bitten of the serpents, nor how far advanced the disease, every afflicted one could at least lift his eyes to the standard on which the brazen serpent hung. There are those who object to the salvation in Christ because its terms are so elementary. But salvation is fitted to the need of sinners. Jesus asserted this principle early, when he talked to Nicodemus.

"How were they healed?" They were healed. It would be interesting to know the "how of it," but it is not important. We can afford to be ignorant of God's processes, if we are sure of God's results. "Whether—this or that—I know not. One thing I know." No amount of cross-examination can disturb that simple confidence.

The brazen serpent is not a perfect type of the Christ. A wise and fruitful comparison may be made at this point. Happy they who see the full meaning of the uplifted Christ. Happier they who see Him!

The Epworth Herald.

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THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

The Prohibitionists of several of the states have recently held conventions. Resolutions re-affirming undying hostility to the liquor business have been passed. Candidates for the various state offices have been nominated. With one or two exceptions the conventions have resolutely declined to put political and economic side-issues into their platform. They have declared against the whisky trade as the monster menace to the prosperity of the American people. They have pronounced it the sum of all villainies. They have indicted it as the one colossal impediment to the building of the kingdom of God. In this they have not uttered half the awful truth.

The political press is poking all sorts of fun at the Prohibitionists. It calls them fanatics and fools. The little paragraphers grow merry over their resolutions, and jeer at the men nominated for office. This has been the fixed policy of the political press for years. The unprejudiced observer cannot but see that it is the rankest sort of injustice.

THE EPWORTH HERALD protests against this treatment of reputable citizens, many of whom are the peers in intellectual and social life of any citizens of the commonwealth. The jibes and jeers are unworthy of the papers in which they appear. The editors ought to be ashamed of themselves. They surely would be if they were not so blinded by political prejudice.

But the ridicule to which Prohibitionists are subjected is not confined to the partisan press. Some Christian people have been unconsciously led into this unfair and ungracious sort of warfare.

THE EPWORTH HERALD is not a political paper. We do not assume to speak for the Prohibitionists or any other political organization.

But we are for fair play.

Has it occurred to you that decent American people are under the greatest obligations to the Prohibitionists for the ceaseless agitation they are waging against the damnable liquor trade? More than any other one organization they are keeping the issue alive. They send out tons of literature every year. They hold thousands of mass-meetings. They conduct campaigns in cities and counties and states which educate the people in the diabolism of the whisky business. This they do because of absolute loyalty to the principles of the cause they have espoused. The Prohibitionists do not expect office. They do not look for financial gain. They are as unselfish a body of reformers as was ever gathered together. They give time and money without limit to this cause because they believe it is the best way to stamp out the saloon.

We are not optimistic about the ultimate success of the Prohibition-organization. We do not favor all their methods. The spirit in which some of the leaders have attacked those who did not see fit to cooperate with them cannot receive our approval. But in these

days, when the ranks of the temperance army are so fearfully decimated, and the whisky oligarchy seems to triumph upon a thousand battlefields, it is no time to ridicule a company of men who are doing their best to destroy a common enemy.

THE ESSENTIAL NOTE.

A writer in the *British Weekly* says, regretfully: "Evangelical churches do not sound the note of personal religion very clearly just now. There are very many in quest of a happier faith." He adds: "We want a deep spiritual stirring, a more fervent religious life, a sweeter, simpler faith in God, intense confidence in the Christian evangel, the proclamation of God's remedy for sin."

Few will question his first statement. None will dispute his second. In the supply for the want he mentions, a supply which is surely attainable, is the antidote to all the ills from which professing Christians suffer.

And the suffering is not confined to those who profess Christ. Many a heart is listening for a testimony which has the ring of confidence and personal experience. All our zeal for the Book will avail nothing, all our marshaling of forces in its defense against destructive critics will not suffice, all our "movements" and "crusades" and "campaigns" and new activities of every sort will be meaningless and profitless, unless we can add to it all the vital thing. And that vital thing is the inner witness, the personal life, of the Christian whose life is hid with Christ in God.

Dogmatics is good, and apologetics and polemics and the rest are vastly useful. But their usefulness depends wholly on their relation to a living experience. "One thing I know" is better as a basis for living that counts than all the learning of the schools. It is the only thing that can give the learning of the schools a task worth the time it takes.

The essence of all Christian living can be put into a very few words. It is witness-bearing. It says, in effect: "I was blind, maimed, sin-sick, hopeless, and I came to the Christ. He has opened my eyes, and set my feet in a straight path, and healed my leprosy of sin, and put a song of eternal hope into my mouth. What he has done for me he can do for you, for it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that he came into the world to save sinners!"

That is the note of personal religion which we must sound. That is the thing for want of which the kingdom's coming is delayed. That is the message the weary world wants to hear. What else, leaving that out, is worth while for Christians?

"IF I WERE A VOICE."

The party of missionaries sailing Aug. 16 from San Francisco take with them, in a new and delightful fashion, messages of love to other missionaries who have been long absent from the home-land. These messages are recorded on phonograph cylinders, and were spoken within the last month by relatives and friends of those to whom they are sent.

This beautiful idea was suggested, and the materials to put it into effect were generously provided by a gentleman who is at the head of a great phonograph company. That box of records is the most precious bit of baggage those outgoing missionaries carry with them.

One voice whose "record" was greatly desired will be sorely missed. Mr. Gowdy, one of the outgoing party, goes to Foochow, where Dr. S. L. Baldwin labored so long and successfully, and where his memory will long be

fragrant. He had promised to "make a record" so that his voice could be carried to the Chinese Christians who knew and loved him, but he fell sick that same week, and now his speech is no longer heard among men. And yet, in a more real sense than if his voice had been caught by the wonderful cylinders, he, being dead, yet speaketh.

The carrying of such phonograph records is, of course, not a new thing. But with the almost constant stream of travel to every corner of the world, it ought to be an increasingly frequent method of communication between friends who are "sundered far."

THE GOSPEL IN PRINT.

A recent editorial in *Leslie's Weekly* pays a high tribute to the religious influence of the *Advocate* family of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We can heartily endorse every word.

The editorial should call attention to the fact that, in these times, we ought to depend upon the gospel in print more than we do. The spiritual tone of all our publications should be intensified, and then they should be circulated ten times as widely.

Theosophy, Christian Science, Dowieism, Mormonism, Adventism, and all the other current fads are depending chiefly upon the wide circulation of their literature. The publications of these organizations are being sent out by the hundreds of thousands of copies. Communities are being "sown knee-deep" with them. They are attractively printed and illustrated. The people are reading them. Hence many converts in places where no meetings have been held or other public demonstration made.

The wide circulation of sound Christian literature is a pressing demand of our day. It would counteract much of the error which is now being scattered by the faddists we have mentioned. Besides it would prove a most effective evangelistic agency. We could reach thousands of people by the gospel in print whose attention can be arrested in no other way.

A FLOATING SALOON.

Cleveland has made a good record for the enforcement of its Sunday-closing laws. Saloons have a hard time in their efforts to nullify these laws. It is now proposed by some people who find it hard to worry along over Sunday without drinking and gambling to build a big barge, and anchor it in Lake Erie. Said barge is to be fitted up with bars, slot machines, and other devices intended to make it pleasant for the man of sporting propensities. A Cleveland police judge recently decided that he did not have jurisdiction beyond the water's edge, hence the new scheme.

Perhaps this is merely a threat. Perhaps it is more. There is no limit to the impudence and lawlessness of the saloon. Every saloonist is practically an anarchist, and his hell-hole is a hot-bed where every form of anarchy is grown.

ANOTHER VIEW.

Has it occurred to you that, after all, it might be a good thing to allow the friars to remain in the Philippines?

If they are driven out, their places will be taken by other Romanist priests. These priests will be better in morals but more crafty and dangerous. If they remain they will continue to stand as awful examples of the blighting, withering influence of Rome where Rome has full sway.

The Philippines must be redeemed from the

blight of Rome. The people must be rescued from the clutches of a system which has oppressed, corrupted, and well-nigh damned them. Every friar left in the islands is an index finger pointing toward Rome—an index finger pointing toward the unspeakable moral and civil corruption which has been fostered under the leadership of the Pope's people. Every friar is a living, walking Protestant missionary sermon.

Would it not, after all, be a great thing for truth and righteousness to let the bad crowd alone?

A SPLENDID CHOICE.

When the death of Dr. S. L. Baldwin was announced, it was widely felt that his place would be extremely difficult to fill. The recording secretary of the Missionary Society sustains closer relations to the missionaries than any other individual in the office. He must be a man of winning personality. He must have wide knowledge of the workers in the fields. Besides, he must be a master of detail. Dr. S. O. Benton, who has just been elected to the vacant place, possesses the first and last qualities in a remarkable degree, and he will acquire the other without delay. He is easily the most popular man in the New England Southern Conference. As secretary of the General Book Committee, he exhibited the qualities which are certain to make him an ideal official in the mission rooms. Besides, he is a strong, effective preacher and platform-speaker. The election of Dr. Benton has added strength to the missionary office on all its sides. We congratulate the church upon this happy choice.

A CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

The death of Senator James McMillan of Michigan is widely mourned. He held the confidence of the people of his state in a remarkable degree. Political allies and antagonists alike believed in him. Senator McMillan was a splendid friend of our Albion College. His gifts to that institution were generous and timely. Perhaps no representative Methodist was closer to the departed senator than Bishop Hurst, and he placed the highest estimate upon his character. Senator McMillan was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, and it is said that no business engagement, no matter how pressing, was ever allowed to interrupt morning devotions with his family. The United States Senate will miss this quiet, strong man, and the nation will feel poorer because he has gone away.

The man who writes the "big" editorials for Hearst's trio of daily newspapers is Arthur Brisbane, still quite a young man. It is safe to say that his editorials are more widely read than the writings of any other newspaper man in the world. Sometimes they are vicious, sometimes they are pure buncombe, but very often they are utterly convincing in their championship of righteousness and temperance. And occasionally there is in them more than a hint of judgment to come. Those editorials are a force to be reckoned with.

One of the last things written by the late Dr. Baldwin was the article on the Student Volunteer watchword, which is printed on another page. Its glowing and intelligent confidence in the wisdom of the missionary enterprise makes it a fitting valedictory to a glorious missionary career.

A thoughtful article in our issue of Aug. 9 was written by Rev. J. B. Whitford of Lake Linden, Mich., not *Pennsylvania*, as the date-line falsely proclaimed. Dr. Whitford's pencil always has a point.

The General Secretary's Report.

To the Members of the General Cabinet:

DEAR BRETHREN—I congratulate you upon the general prosperity of the organization, the guidance of which has been committed to your hands. Peace reigns in all our ranks. But it is not a peace which indicates inertia. Our hosts were never more active. The forward movements projected by the Board of Control two years ago seem to have made a deep impression upon the church. The young people have felt the inspiration of these new forms of Christian activity. Some of our leaders have been a little slow to engage in the new crusades, but this has been because they have failed to comprehend fully their true meaning. There is some indifference, but no actual opposition. These new forms of work were started in answer to the burning question: "What ought the young people to do for the world through the Methodist Episcopal Church?" No trifling question that. No small enterprises are upon our hands. If we succeed it will mean marvelous things for the kingdom of Christ.

The Central Office is a hive of industry these days. The "forward movements" have greatly increased our labors. In the former days the secretary had two office assistants. I have five regular helpers, besides extra workers in busy seasons. We are caring for the old-time departmental activities of the league, and are crowding the new work with all possible energy.

Enrollment.

Our total enrollment is 21,366 Senior chapters, 8,082 Junior chapters, 202 affiliated Christian Endeavor societies, and 100 affiliated Junior Endeavor societies. In carefully pruning our lists we have found 845 dead Senior chapters and 662 dead Junior chapters. These have been stricken from our lists, and the totals have been reduced by that much. We have reports of 350 Senior chapters which have never been properly chartered, and 1,040 Junior chapters which have no charters. We are now seeking to get applications for charters into the hands of the officers of these organizations. During the past year we have issued charters to 533 Senior chapters and to 488 Junior chapters.

New Card Catalogue.

One of the most important results of the work of the year is the building up of a new card catalogue. This task has been expensive, both in time and dollars. An idea of the vast amount of correspondence involved in the effort may be gathered from the fact that during a single month our postage bill for this single item was almost \$1,000. The file now contains the latest officers of two General Conference District organizations, 40 state organizations, 104 Annual Conference Leagues, 10,000 chapters, and 4,600 Junior Leagues. New lists of officers are coming in by every mail, and it is our purpose to make the file as complete and reliable as it can be made. The advantages of being able to turn instantly to such revised lists of Epworth League officers cannot be overstated. It is especially valuable in connection with the various study-classes which we are now conducting.

The Reading Course.

The sales of our general reading course for last year exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. The change from a set of four large books at \$2.00 per set to one of three smaller books at \$1.00 per set was something of an experiment. Failure was freely predicted. Indeed, it was felt by many that the gradual decline of the reading course for the past three or four years was an indication that there is really no demand in the church for such a course. The experiment has been, however, a gratifying success. Nine thousand sets, or 27,000 volumes, were quickly disposed of. The examination papers which have come in show that in some cases the books were regarded as *reading* books merely, and in other instances that they were regarded as text-books for close and orderly study. The course for next year is now ready for delivery. I think you will agree that the books are as attractive as those which were received with so much enthusiasm last year. I shall not be satisfied with a sale of less than 15,000 sets.

Bible Study.

The initial year of our Bible-study work was conducted under certain adverse conditions. But it was, on the whole, successful. As you will remember, we planned a course of three years; i. e.,

first year, "Studies in the Life of Christ;" second year, "Studies in the Apostolic Church;" and the third year, "Studies in the Old Testament." Nearly 10,000 copies of "Studies in the Life of Christ" have been sold, 314 study-classes have been reported, and 4,869 students enrolled. It is difficult to obtain complete statistics, but even these figures make a better showing than has been made by any other Bible course ever organized in this country at the end of its initial year.

The Morning Watch.

In connection with the Bible-study work we have an enrollment of about 6,000 young people who have pledged themselves to spend at least fifteen minutes of each day (preferably in the early morning) in scripture-reading, meditation, and prayer. Is not this what was needed to revive the old-time habit of secret prayer, which once meant so much to the strength and fruitfulness of the church?

Christian Stewardship.

No part of our extension work has been more widely misunderstood than the Christian Stewardship enrollment. But it is winning. There is a growing demand for literature on the subject of stewardship, benevolence, etc., and the indications of widespread interest are increasing daily. The enrollment to date is a little over 5,000.

Mission Study Classes.

During the past nine months the mission-study classes have had the supervision of the Central Office. There are 445 enrolled classes, with a membership of 5,312. The interest of pastors and young people in the missionary library plan is growing, as our correspondence clearly indicates. The text-book for the coming year, "The Price of Africa," by S. Earl Taylor, is already upon the market. For convenience in handling, the mission-study class department now passes directly into Mr. Taylor's hands at New York, though we will continue to cooperate with him in all helpful ways.

The Junior League.

The publication of the *Junior Worker's Quarterly* was begun in response to the command of the Board of Control, and it is now in its second year. Like all publications of a technical character, the little quarterly has not secured a large circulation—about 2,000. Last year it was published at a loss, but it is now upon a basis of self-support. I am trying to gather into its pages hints and helps of the most practical sort for Junior superintendents and other workers among the children. The publication has been received with favor by many of the most successful Junior workers in our own and other churches.

We are now facing certain problems in our Junior League work which are most perplexing. There is a demand in many quarters for an intermediate league, or something equivalent thereto. Is it wise to establish another distinct organization for our children? Cannot the machinery of the Junior League be so modified as to adapt itself to the larger boys and girls, and satisfy the demand? These are questions I have been thinking about much of late, and it was my intention to ask you to settle some of them for me. In connection with this there is the serious question of a graded system of reading-books or study-books for the Juniors. Do we need a study-course? Or should it be merely a reading course? In any event what should it include and exclude? This is a more difficult problem even than the selection of a reading course for the Seniors. In view of the perplexities of the situation and the need of expert opinions, I have determined to ask you to authorize me to call a conference of leading Junior workers at some convenient place, to go over all these matters and revise the machinery of the Junior League. Much preliminary work can be done by correspondence, but a meeting for actual personal discussion is urgently demanded. There is not a little unrest that the matter has been postponed so long.

Church Benevolences.

Through THE EPWORTH HERALD, and also by correspondence and circulars, I have diligently sought to promote the success of the benevolence campaign. We have issued special numbers of our paper devoted to Missions, Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education, Church Extension and the Bible cause. We have recently sent out 8,500

booklets for the Church Extension Board and 8,500 for the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and are to do like service for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The Epworth Herald.

I am pleased to report that our official organ has maintained its large circulation. We receive perhaps 10,000 new names per year, and these are necessary to fill the places of the subscriptions we lose from one cause or another. The advertising patronage of the paper is larger this year than ever before, notwithstanding the fact that I am increasingly careful about the character of the advertisements admitted. I do not believe that most readers have any conception of the careful manner in which the advertisements which are offered us are sifted after they reach the office. In a recent month our advertising manager rejected \$3,000 worth of contracts. This was not because any of the advertisements were bad, but because they were not wholly unobjectionable. If we would accept advertisements which appear regularly in some of our religious contemporaries of good standing, we could increase our revenues many thousands of dollars each year. It is the hardest problem which the editor has to face. Yet in spite of our constant vigilance no part of THE EPWORTH HERALD is so sharply criticised as the advertising columns.

The new monthly magazine number has been hailed with unexpected satisfaction. Numerous letters assure me that the special feature is to fill a real want. From the financial standpoint it is something of an experiment. If the new feature helps to give us 20,000 new subscriptions our treasury will not suffer seriously.

Next Year's Activities.

According to the scheme outlined by the Board of Control we are next year to place emphasis upon Christian education. Just what form this crusade should take I do not presume to say. But it is really a vital matter and should have your patient consideration. Inasmuch as the league should work in the most complete harmony with our college presidents and the Board of Education, I have invited Dr. W. F. McDowell, corresponding secretary of the Board of Education, to meet with us and give us the benefit of his experience and suggestions.

Our Conventions.

The convention of the presiding-elder's district has been more largely attended this year than ever before. It has been a success. The larger gatherings, however, have been poorly attended. The distances which delegates have to travel are great. The expenses are, in many cases, large. The themes put upon the programs of the larger gatherings are substantially the same as those discussed in the smaller meetings. Besides, the magnet of novelty does not now operate as it once did, and it is not surprising that the General Conference district and state conventions have rather declined in interest.

I have always maintained that the convention held in the presiding-elder's district is the vital gathering. This conviction has been deepened since the district meeting has become a training school.

In my opinion the state and General Conference district conventions should not be dropped. They may still be made to serve a most useful purpose. It is the only meeting which brings the pastors and active young laymen of the conferences together. In the convention they become acquainted, and the connective spirit, which is so vital to the success of Methodism, is promoted.

It seems to me that the scope of these larger gatherings should be broadened. New features ought to be introduced. They must not longer cover merely the ground covered in the district meeting. I suggest that the program include a "pastors' parliament," something after the order of the itinerants' club. Then a session or two could be given to Sunday-school work. That would secure the attendance of superintendents and teachers. It would promote interest in the best methods of Sunday-school work, and tend to tie the league and the school more closely together. Then, it is possible that some time could be given to the officers of the local church and the problems which confront them. Or, our great benevolences and organized charities might come in for some definite attention.

I believe that such a reconstruction of the programs of our major conventions would greatly popularize them, and attendance and enthusiasm would soon rise mountain high.

Business men find that the profuse quick lather of Ivory Soap readily removes the dust and grime of the office. Ivory Soap is so pure that it can be used as often as necessary, without causing chapping or roughness.

IT FLOATS.

International Convention.

As you know, the next International Convention will convene at Detroit in July of next year. The location was determined by a special committee appointed at San Francisco, representing the various Methodist Churches in this country and the Methodist Church of Canada. The central situation of Detroit and its nearness to the Canadian Dominion were among the reasons which gave it the unanimous vote of the committee. Local preparations for the gathering are already under way, and the promise is for the greatest inter-Methodist gathering ever held on this continent. The Detroit committee has entered into a formal contract to furnish suitable halls, reduced railroad rates, entertainment at \$1.00 per day to all who desire it, and to comply with the other conditions which our committee named. It will be your duty to appoint a committee to co-operate with committees of the other branches of Methodism on general arrangements and program.

I am sure we all regret the absence of Bishop Joyce, our president. He is like some of the rest of us; i. e., he has not learned how to say "nay" when calls come for service in the field. The bishop is now suffering from a temporary prostration caused by his excessive toil during the past few weeks. I am certain we all wish he would not tax his strength so severely. A glorious leader is Bishop Joyce, and we will unitedly pray that his clarion call to deeper consecration and mightier faith may echo through our ranks for many years to come.

I am sure, dear brethren, you feel with me, that we have upon our hands responsibilities of a very serious nature. It is no slight task to direct the activities of a million and a half of young Christians. A moment's consideration will fill us with a consciousness of our insufficiency. This is a crucial time in the history of our organization. The days of overflowing enthusiasm which followed the organization of the Epworth League are passed. The days when multitudes could be gathered without effort in great conventions and mass-meetings to join in rapturous song and exuberant speech are gone. That is the history of all movements among the young. We are come to a time of sober, steady, practical, everyday endeavor. I do not regret the transition. But I can see that it calls for a new and stronger type of leadership. Responsibilities rest upon the official leaders of the Epworth League of to-day which did not come to your predecessors.

The best Christian ideals must be held aloft. The necessity of the deepest spiritual experiences must be emphasized. The flame of evangelism must be kept brightly burning. In the presence of many new problems and perplexities of which our fathers knew nothing, our young people will need the strongest possible anchorage. They will need also the courage which comes into hearts

wholly surrendered to God and intensely warmed by pentecostal fires. May the divine spirit come into our meeting to-day, and guide us in all our purposes and plans.

Respectfully submitted,

JOS. F. BERRY.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Dr. Milton S. Terry spends a month at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Bishop Merrill's discussion of the "Higher Criticism" has been reprinted in India.

Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago may succeed Dr. Joseph Parker as pastor of City Temple, London.

Prof. Robert W. Rogers of Drew is attending the International Congress of Orientalists in Hamburg.

Bishop Warne had as private secretary during his Philippine tour a low-caste Hindu, Isa Charon Dar.

Governor Van Sant of Minnesota was one of the speakers at the Northwest Iowa Epworth League Assembly.

President Crawford of Allegheny College is now enjoying that European vacation the trustees generously gave him.

Mr. J. W. Powell will spend two months in Pacific Coast States in the early winter. Church debts will vanish before him.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of England's great prime minister, gives herself to settlement work in South London.

Abram S. Hewitt, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, is justly the most honored and respected citizen of New York.

Joseph C. Messick of Mechanicsburg, O., has accepted the professorship of the Latin language and literature in Mount Union College.

Rev. A. W. Rudisill has completed a marvelous enterprise in the setting up of a type-foundry as an adjunct to the publishing-house at Madras, India.

Dr. R. J. Bigham, the new publishing agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, visits our plants at Cincinnati and New York in search of ideas and suggestions.

Rev. John G. Paton, the "Apostle of the New Hebrides," is back in the South Seas, at the age of seventy-six, taking up his beloved work with all the eagerness of a young and vigorous soul.

Sheriff Pearson of Portland, Me., was literally a martyr. His faithful and aggressive enforcement of the Maine law, in the face of the bitterest opposition, exhausted his strength. His name and influence will not die.

Cadet Titus, who won distinction as the first man to scale the walls of Peking, now a student at the West Point Military Academy, and who recently received a medal from the hand of the President of the United States, made an address at the closing session of the Students' Conference at Northfield.

METHODIST MENTION.

New church at Indian Lake, N. Y. Money raised in full on dedication day.

The new First Church at Cleveland, O., will be nearly two years in building. J. Milton Dyer is the successful architect.

St. Paul's Church, Helena, Mont., has raised \$15,000 for current expenses in the past three years, and has added 154 members to its roll.

One-half of the old debt on the Leavenworth (Kan.) First Church has been paid in eighteen months. Plans are being laid for paying the remaining \$3,000 by March.

The church of Casey, Ia., was struck by lightning Aug. 5, and burned to the ground. All the contents of the church were saved. Plans are now being drawn for a \$4,000 brick church somewhat larger than the one burned.

Epworthians in Eastern Kansas will regret to learn of the critical condition of the health of Miss Emma Johnson, for many years president of the Leavenworth First Church Chapter. "She is now in Colorado. The prayers of many ascend for her recovery.

The church at Tilden, Neb., held its first annual jubilee meeting Aug. 3. A fine program was rendered. Rev. John F. Poucher of Norfolk, Neb., preached, at the evening service a sermon which delighted a large audience. This church has made marvelous progress in the last five years.

Several Methodist institutions will be beneficiaries under the will of the late James F. Robinson of Rock Island, Ill. Among them are the Missionary Society, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Church Extension Society, Northwestern University, and the American University. The total amount thus bequeathed is about \$200,000.

Sunday, Aug. 10, was a notable day in the history of Raper Church, Dayton, O. It was celebrated as "Historical Day," being the sixtieth anniversary of the dedication of Finley Chapel, the name afterwards being changed to Raper Chapel, in honor of William F. Raper, the presiding-elder at that time. The day opened with a sunrise prayer-meeting, under the auspices of the Epworth League, led by the pastor, Rev. J. J. McCabe. A historical session of the Sunday-school occurred at 9 o'clock, and the annual "old folks" meeting, under the supervision of the department of spiritual work of the Epworth League, was held from 10 to 12 o'clock, led by the presiding-elder, Rev. H. D. Ketcham. The services of the day closed with a stirring address at 7 o'clock by Presiding-elder Ketcham, on the theme "The Mission of Methodism." "A new church, costing \$40,000, is soon to be erected upon the present site.

PENCIL POINTS.

The *Illinois Methodist* journal will probably cease publication with the last issue of August.

The New York *Observer* begins its career under the new owners by issuing an educational number.

Dr. Buckley describes five Iowa Methodist schools in an editorial letter in the *Christian Advocate*.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* prints a timely exposure of that mischievous series of books, "Millennial Dawn."

The *Nashville Epworth Era* is running a series of "Chapters on Christian Doctrines," written by the editor. Of course the work is well done.

The *Watchword*, organ of the United Brethren Y. P. C. U., issues a fully illustrated "church-erection" number. The pictures tell an eloquent story.

The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* prints an article written by a layman, giving rules for successful "candidating." The brethren who take Dr. Smith's paper should clip the article and present it to their neighbors in denominations where candidating is both a science and an art.

LEAGUE AT LARGE.

There is a flourishing chapter at Callao, Peru. Every department of league work is operated as effectively as on this side of the equator. The annual report, just at hand, would be a credit to many a chapter in "the States."

Riverside Chapter, Buffalo, N. Y., has made the most of summer opportunities, and has planned lawn fêtes and bicycle runs as a means of seasonable recreation. The sustained interest in the chapter's work shows in its successful and well-attended devotional meetings.

Granville Charge, N. D., has three appointments, and an Epworth League chapter at each, with a Junior League at Granville, and another soon to be organized at one of the other points. The pas-

tor, F. W. Gress, believes in these organizations, and is putting the young people to work.

The chapter of Frank Lynn Church, Little Rock, Ark., has been doing some good work. It has papered the church, and the mercy and help department has brought comfort and good cheer by liberal donations to the needy. The social and literary work is not neglected. The spiritual condition of the chapter is good.

The second vice-presidents of the Pittsburg District will hold their regular monthly meeting at the home of the district officer, Miss Laura H. Jack, Crafton, Pa., the third Thursday evening of each month. Helpful discussion, social intercourse, and light refreshments constitute the program. All members of the mercy and help committees are made cordially welcome at these meetings.

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Brotherhood held a summer meeting at Ocean City, N. J., Aug. 18.

The great meeting of the United Presbyterian Young People at Tacoma, Wash., July 22-27, was the best of the fourteen held by the Young People's Christian Union.

COLLEGES.

Lasell Seminary continues in uninterrupted vigor its career as a school whose great purpose is to "fit women for homes."

The American Temperance University at Harri-man, Tenn., founded by the late General Clinton B. Fisk, and which has been interdenominational, has passed by purchase to the control of the United Brethren Church. Chancellor Spence will be retained, and the faculty will be interdenominational.

Three new members have recently been added to the faculty of the Illinois Woman's College: Miss Florence McDowell, of Delaware, O., teacher of history and English; Miss Berenice Long, of Chicago, in charge of the stringed-instruments department, and Miss Mabelle Bruner of Chicago as an additional voice teacher.

Attendance at Collegiate Institutions.

JAMES MELVIN LEE.

The very substantial increase in the attendance at collegiate institutions during the last decade of the century just passed should afford considerable satisfaction to the friends of higher education. The ratio of students to each million of population increased from 850 in the college year of 1889-90 to 1233 in 1899-1900. What is probably the most striking fact in connection with this growth of attendance is, that while the number of male students has increased 60.6 per cent, the number of female students has increased 148.7 per cent.—more than double that for men.

Even the growth of the men students, in view of the great commercial prosperity of this country, is rather remarkable. It is a well-known fact that prosperity, opening up new avenues of business, tends to lower the attendance at the colleges, just as depression, closing such avenues, and some of those already opened, would raise the number to go to college. A young man will naturally hesitate about taking a college course when a good business opening is offered.

The falling off in the attendance for the college year of 1901-02 at many Western and Eastern institutions would indicate that the present prosperity of the United States was exerting more than the usual influence. Especially noticeable is the decrease for this year among the smaller colleges of New England—as at Williams, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, etc., for example. In the case of Harvard there are some additional explanations for the loss in numbers. Because of recent changes in the curric-

Disfigured Skin

Wasted muscles and decaying bones.

What havoc!

Serofula, let alone, is capable of all that, and more.

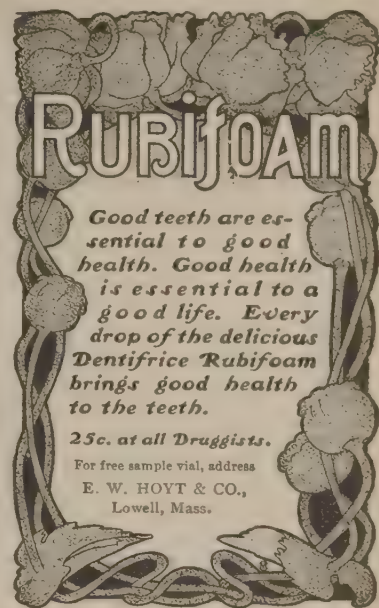
It is commonly marked by bunches in the neck, inflammations in the eyes, dyspepsia, catarrh, and general debility.

It is always radically and permanently cured by

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Which expels all humors, cures all eruptions, and builds up the whole system, whether young or old.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills: the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



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this handsome rolled gold "Epworth League" badge, warranted five years. If you send us an order for ten we will send you a handsome metal savings bank with lock and key absolutely free.

C. W. LITTLE, 48 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

ulum more students are completing the work required for the degree of A. B. in three years. According to official information the number in the medical school has fallen off very materially, due to the increased severity of the requirements for admission—a new ruling went into effect the present year that only college graduates of liberal arts are to be admitted to the medical school. While the enumeration at Yale is larger this year than it was last, it is exactly the same for both years at the University of Pennsylvania.

The uniform increase for the present year at the various schools of technology and applied science shows that the industrial prosperity of this country is driving men to the technical institutions. So great is the demand for young men with a technical education that one large concern last year made a bid for all the graduates of one school; but all of them had already secured positions. If our industrial prosperity continues the demand for this class of men is apt to be still more imperative.

Oneonta, N. Y.

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The Entire Bible in Three Years.

The Epworth League and the United Society of Christian Endeavor have officially adopted the Bible-study Course, in which "Studies in the Life of Christ" and "Studies in the Apostolic Church" form the first and second years' lessons. A third year on the Old Testament will complete the course.

This course has been found to be fitted for use by churches, schools, normal classes, clubs, brotherhoods, families, and individuals. All are free to use the course as a guide into the riches of the Word.

Classes may begin at any time, though October is the choice date. Secure a copy of the text-book and enlist the members of the class by personal interview, or arrange for a sermon, address or lecture on the need and importance of thorough Bible study, and gather names.

The members of the class can elect a president or leader, or both, a secretary and treasurer, if desired, and determine the time and place of meeting. Do not exclude the pastor from leadership; do not count upon him as leader; let his own wish and work generally decide.

From three to five are enough for a class; ten to fifteen, twenty or twenty-five, an ideal number, with meetings held every week at the homes of members or at church, larger classes often gathering twice a month.

The large public and popular class, and even smaller classes, may desire a program, which can consist of singing or a short song service, prayer, three or four brief papers or addresses on the suggested topics, a thorough quiz or drill on the study or studies taken as the lesson, and review of what has been gone over, with special music interspersed, if desired.

A distinctive name for any class, large or small, is "The Bible-study Circle," and the best week night on which to meet is generally found to be Monday.

The Bureau of Bible Study, at the Central Office of the Epworth League, will supervise the work. Every class, whether connected with a local chapter or not, in order to obtain prepared help, should report its organization, especially the name and postoffice address of the leader and the number of members, to the bureau. Suggestive leaflets on each lesson, and answers to questions arising in class-work, will then be furnished by the bureau to the leader without charge. All correspondence relating to the organization and conducting of study classes, and all requests for information should be addressed to THE BUREAU OF BIBLE STUDY, 57 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

"STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST."

"Studies in the Life of Christ," by Thomas Eddy Taylor, S. Earl Taylor, and Charles Herbert Morgan, is a year's course of thirty-five lessons, providing a daily scheme for personal study. It may easily be adapted also to class-work.

The first season, 1901-2, records a sale of 7,000 copies of this text-book.

The classes formed aggregate 5,000 members.

The story of Christ's life is told so compactly that five minutes a week on Monday give the complete narrative.

All the main steps in the life stand out clearly in the titles of the studies.

The eight parts sum up the broad divisions of the life.

The map-work indicates the entire course of Christ from birth to ascension.

The harmony classifies all the material of the four gospels.

The authorship, date, and key-points of each gospel are given, with a unique list of chapter names in John.

Seven of the finest writers on the life of our Lord—Edersheim, Geikie, Stalker, Andrews, Farrar, Rhees, and Sanday—have their thought on each lesson exactly referred to by pages.

Forty closely-printed pages of suggestive helps, with seven maps, are furnished free to leaders of classes.

"The helps help; they do not help too much," is the general verdict of leaders.

"The most important movement in the recent history of the church," says a prominent official of a great denomination.

"It is called by experts in Bible instruction the best text-book for the masses yet produced on the

life of our Lord."—Dr. J. F. Berry, in the *Epworth Herald*.

"It should be adopted by everyone who is interested in studying the Bible."—Mr. Geo. B. Graff, in the *Christian Endeavor World*.

One class of forty-two members reports: "Members greatly interested; all are making harmonies; three who cannot meet with the class are doing the work at home." Other classes report intense interest.—*C. E. World*, April 24, 1902.

"Sunday-school workers should extend a cordial welcome to 'Studies in the Life of Christ,' which will form an admirable text-book for the use of normal classes. We shall hope to see the same plan applied to text-books on other parts of the Bible."—*Sunday-school Journal and Bible Student's Magazine*, July 1902.

Ten thousand new members of classes should begin with the "Life of Christ" for the season of 1902-3.

"STUDIES IN THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

"Studies in the Apostolic Church," by Charles Herbert Morgan, Thomas Eddy Taylor, and S. Earl Taylor, is also a year's course of thirty-five lessons, providing a daily scheme for personal study. It is adapted also for class-work.

It is designed to be the second year's text-book in the course of which the "Life of Christ" is the first.

Those who prefer are free to take this year's lessons, without having used the other text-book.

"The Apostolic Church" is treated in eight parts, as is the "Life of Christ."

These parts arise, first, from the geographical extension of the church, then from the writers who instruct the church.

The entire portion—Acts to the close of the New Testament—is unfolded in its current historic order.

Corresponding to the harmony of the gospels, there is a complete analytical outline of all the material of Acts, Epistles and Revelation.

The map-work possesses features of fresh and fascinating interest.

The topics for personal investigation and for assignment in class-work are more varied and attractive than in any other Bible period.

The doctrines of Christianity are followed in their origin and constructive development.

Biographical sketches of the authors and leaders of later New Testament times impart a lifelike movement to the whole.

A memory verse is given for each day, and other fine passages are indicated for memorizing.

A background of most select literature forms a list of fifteen books, exactly referred to by pages as bearing on each lesson. Other references give possession of the latest ideas for this era.

"The Apostolic Age," by James Vernon Bartlett; "St. Paul the Traveller, and the Roman Citizen," by Wm. M. Ramsay; "The Theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Geo. Milligan, and "The New Century Bible," with its nine delightfully compact and handy volumes by as many notable scholars, upon Acts and onward, may show the up-to-date quality of the literature.

The whole is simplified, and brings the essence of the foremost New Testament thought within the grasp of busy people.

There are eighteen remarkably related Bible readings on the Holy Spirit, seven on the Believer, and ten on the Church.

The practical aim and issue is the highest ideal of character, the Spirit-filled and Christ-filled life, service, soul-winning, missions.

The 5,000 members of the Bible-study classes for the past year should continue the course with the new text-book for the season of 1902-3.

Plan a Lecture Course.

This is the time when the third department should be making engagements and dates for a lecture course next fall and winter.

Yes, you can. There is no chapter in Methodism which is too large or too small or too central or too remote for a lecture course. All you need is some ingenuity, a little boldness, and ordinarily good business sense.

There lies before us the lecture-course prospectus of a country chapter out on an Indiana circuit. That chapter has just finished a summer

course of three numbers for 50 cents. The church is three miles from any town, but its lecture course is increasingly popular. This is its fourth season. The course included one musical evening, one old-fashioned and delightful lecture, and one illustrated lecture on "The Man of Galilee."

Try it. Plan it, advertise it, enjoy it, and let us know how you succeed.

Passed with Honor.

The persons named in the following lists have completed the courses of study for which they are credited, have taken the examinations, and have received appropriate certificates.

The examination questions on all three of the reading and study courses are sent without charge on application to the Central Office of the Epworth League, 57 Washington Street, Chicago. Those who have completed any of the courses and care to take the examination are cordially invited to do so.

READING COURSE.

From Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.: Kate M. Carl, Calista Carl, Beatrice Cotte, Winant B. Pettit, A. B. Cornwell, Francis W. Miller, Ethel Smith, Jennie K. Schuman, Fhebe Hautch, Margaret B. Wheeler, Bertha Tredwell, W. Edward Sprague, Mrs. W. E. Sprague, Mrs. Grace Sinclair Smith, Olive B. Schuman, Miss Amy Smith, Mrs. L. Waldo Bishop, Mrs. T. L. Price.

From South Portland, Me.: Helen Meta Tilton, 98 Sawyer Street; William A. Seyford, 182 Stanford Street; Mrs. J. A. Corey, 69 Stanford Street; Charlotte B. Bolton, 14 Randall Street; Gertrude Woodbury, 11 Oak street; Emma T. Henley, 88 Preble Street; Mrs. J. E. Fisher, 146 High Street; C. Blanche Elliott, 27 Franklin Street; Bessie F. Crowell, 120 Exchange Street, Portland; Belle Parsons, 30 Randall Street; Wayne C. Lowell, 270 Pine Street.

From Other Localities: Miss Eliz. Barnhart, Haverstraw, Rockland County, N. Y.; Mr. James Stauder, Louisville, Neb.; Miss Lottie E. Jones, Hubbardston, Mass.

MISSION STUDY.

Jacob W. Powell, Gloucester, Mass.; Willard E. Rowell, Gloucester, Mass.; Grace A. Harris, Westfield, N. Y.; Bessie L. Macdonald, Westfield, N. Y.; J. A. Macdonald, Westfield, N. Y.; Miss Clara McDowell, Philipsburg, Mont.; Miss Carrie Fitch, Rome, N. Y.; Florence Woodman, Elburn, Ill.; Edna Fay, Elburn, Ill.; Stanley Merrick, Elburn, Ill.; Ella Glasco, no address; Rev. W. E. Blair, Savoy, Ill.; Edgar Twelet, no address.

Some Short Sayings of Great Missionaries.

If I am to go on the shelf, let that shelf be Africa.—*Livingstone*.

If I had a thousand years to work for God, I would work for God in China.—*Rev. Isaac T. Headland, D. D., of Peking University*.

Men who live near to God and are willing to suffer anything for Christ's sake without being proud of it—these are the men we want.—*Judson*.

To thee O Lord, God, I offer myself, my children and all I possess. May it please thee, who did so humble thyself to the death of the cross, to condescend to accept all that I give thee that I and my wife and my children may be thy lowly servants.—*Raymond Lull, first missionary to Mohammedans*.

Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that situation in which I can do the most good, though it were to carry the gospel to the distant, benighted heathen.—*Mrs. Ann H. Judson, the first American woman foreign missionary*.

I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which he made who left his Father's throne on high to give himself for us.—*Livingstone*.

Whoever goes to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the heathen, goes on a warfare which requires all prayer and supplication to keep his armor bright.—*Dr. Moffat*.

I am born for God only. Christ is nearer to me than father or mother or sister—a nearer relative, a more affectionate friend; and I rejoice to follow him and to love him.—*Henry Martyn*.

No language can describe the value of the blessings which are conveyed to a single idolater who becomes a disciple of Christ; a thousand sources or sorrow being instantly dried up, and a thousand streams of happiness bursting forth at once to gladden him.—*Baptist Noel*.

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12

Recent Conventions.

Michigan State.

The State Convention of Michigan, held at Ludington-on-the-Lake, which began July 31 and ended Aug. 3, was one of the most successful conventions ever held in the state, from the point of excellence of program. The attendance was not as large as anticipated, but was a splendid company of loyal, devoted Epworthians.

Ludington's entertainment was royal, comfortable homes being provided for delegates, and the weather seemed to have been made to order.

The opening session was on Thursday evening, and while the delay of trains interfered somewhat with the attendance, the large auditorium at the assembly grounds contained at least 600 people.

Rev. T. H. M. Coghlan of Ludington threw open the doors of welcome to the Epworthians in a very felicitous manner, and President F. S. Goodrich, in an equally happy manner, accepted the open-door invitation, and "walked in." Rev. W. F. McDowell and Rev. J. F. Berry concluded the evening program with timely addresses.

The early morning service on Friday was just such a service as Judge Grant knows how to conduct, full of purpose and power, and served as a keynote for the meetings of the convention. Prof. Shaller Mathews of Chicago followed with a Bible hour, masterly and helpful, as was also an hour similarly conducted on Saturday, and a Bible class on Sunday morning. One of the splendid addresses on the program was that by Rev. J. R. Cooke of Chattanooga on the "Spirit of Methodism." It was just the address needed to arouse young people to a keener appreciation of the possibilities of their lives.

Friday afternoon was filled with good things. F. Fay Wolfe of Ortonville, a graduate of Albion College, spoke of the Student Volunteer Movement, and was followed by Rev. E. S. Nide of Ann Arbor with an address on "Our opportunity." Excerpts from this address would give an incomplete epitomization of the splendid thought with which it was replete.

The most enthusiastic address on the program was that of Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, D.D., of Manila, who spoke on "The Philippine question." It was just such a missionary address to which every Epworthian in Christendom should listen—rugged, sincere, truthful, Christian common-sense.

The evening meeting was devoted to the address by Bishop C. H. Fowler, "Abraham Lincoln." A large audience listened with keenest appreciation to this masterly effort by a master orator.

Rev. L. E. Lovejoy conducted a brief conference on spiritual work Saturday morning, during which service much was elicited to help direct the work of this most important of all departments in league work. Rev. C. H. Morgan of Rochester followed with his outline of the Bible-study course now being used by great many chapters, there

being over 500 students in Michigan, and was followed by W. W. Cooper and Mrs. Myra Goodwin Plantz with addresses on "Christian stewardship."

At a business session, concluding the morning session, the following officers were elected for the ensuing two years: Pres., Durand W. Springer, Ann Arbor; V. P's, Rev. L. E. Lovejoy, Grand Rapids; Miss Persis L. Hayes, Highland; Prof. F. S. Goodrich, Albion; F. L. Granville, Saginaw; Sec., W. Scott Jones, Detroit; Treas., W. J. Meisenheimer, Ludington; Jr. Supt., Miss Ethelyn Leeson, Detroit; Christian Citizenship, Frank M. Byam, Benton Harbor; Advisory Committee: Pres., Samuel Dickie, Albion; S. D. Hawthorn, Bay City; S. Milo Dale, Adrian; J. H. Grant, Manistee; Rev. W. M. Laufman, Traverse City; Rev. S. M. Gilchrist, Negaunee.

The noon intermission was occupied by luncheon on board one of the large car ferries out on Lake Michigan, and proved a delightful variation from the work of the convention.

At the afternoon session C. E. Knight of Detroit made a strong plea for united effort on the great International Convention of 1903 at Detroit, and distributed literature and badges to all in attendance. One of the most practical hours of the session was that devoted to Christian citizenship, presided over by D. W. Springer, during which hour addresses were made by Judge Clement H. Smith of Hastings, President Samuel Dickie, Albion, and Oscar E. Roecker of Chicago, the newly-elected secretary of the Illinois State Epworth League.

Rev. P. H. Swift of Chicago maintained the excellent tone of the program in the evening by an able address on "The moral element in education."

The Sunday services began with a Junior hour and Bible-study hour simultaneously, followed by a sermon in the morning by Rev. W. H. Jordan, and one in the afternoon by Bishop C. H. Fowler. At 6:30 p. m. about 600 assembled in the sand on the beach in front of the Hotel Epworth, and Dr. Berry for over an hour conducted one of the most inspiring services of the convention—a vesper service—for which Ludington is becoming famous, and thus was closed the convention of 1902. (Reported by W. Scott Jones.)

Kansas State.

The second biennial convention was held in connection with the Kansas Epworth Chautauqua Assembly at Beloit July 19-21. The Junior work was in charge of Mrs. Nellie T. Magee of Lincoln, Neb. Rev. W. E. Grose conducted an Epworth parliament each day, in which methods of work were discussed. Gov. W. E. Stanley delivered the opening address. Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, D.D., delivered three addresses, which did much to create an interest in missions. Mrs. Julius Smith of Burmah also delivered a missionary address. Rev. J. W. Hancher, D.D., president of Iowa Wesleyan University, gave three addresses. Rev. Edward A. Fredenhagen, superintendent of the Kansas Society for the Friendless, spoke in behalf of those in pris-

on, and Rev. W. C. Clock, superintendent of the City Mission of Kansas City, told of the work being done in the slums there.

The following officers were elected for the next two years: Pres., Rev. W. E. Grose, Baldwin; V. P's, C. G. Morrison, Colby; Miss Sara Doebler, Bethany Hospital, Kansas City; Prof. S. A. Lough, Baker University, Baldwin; Albert Thompson, Hutchinson; Sec., Geo. E. Dougherty, Eighth and Jackson Streets, Topeka; Treas., Clarence Rarick, Kansas Western University, Salina; Jr. Supt., Miss Olive A. Glazier, Newton.

Plans are being laid for more aggressive work than heretofore. It was decided to issue a course of study for the Junior League of the state, and this work was placed in the hands of Mrs. Nellie T. Magee, 602 South Sixteenth Street, Lincoln, Neb., who desires to hear from those who have prepared courses of study or who have any suggestions concerning such a course. It is expected that this work will be issued by the first of the year, when all the Junior Leagues will be supplied by the state league.

The constitution was amended so that hereafter state conventions will be "held at some central point, easy of access," instead of alternating from conference to conference. (Reported by G. E. Dougherty.)

Tullahoma District.

The sixth annual convention of Tullahoma District was held July 19 at Mt. Olivet, Shelbyville charge, Tenn. The president, Rev. J. W. Droke, presided. An excellent program had been arranged. The topic, "Importance of intelligent and consecrated leadership in the church," was discussed by Rev. J. R. Thomas. At 11 o'clock Rev. J. W. Droke preached a soul-stirring sermon. Rev. S. L. Clark gave an address on the topic, "The relation of the Epworth League to the missionary work of the church." "The country chapter, its difficulties and how to overcome them," was discussed by Rev. J. F. Blankenhorn. Miss Lillie Dewey read an excellent paper on mercy and help work. Rev. D. P. Hart spoke on the work of the literary department. The following officers were elected for the next year:

Pres., Rev. J. W. Droke; V. P's, Rev. B. W. Blessing, Mrs. M. J. Funk, Rev. J. F. Blankenhorn, J. L. Dann; Sec., U. G. Paschal; Treas., L. O. Lindsey; Jr. Supt., Frank Funk; Miss. Com., J. R. Thomas, J. D. Holland, S. L. Clark, A. L. Wheatley, H. P. Keathley. (Reported by U. G. Paschal.)

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NEW YORK NOTES.

It is expected that the leagues of the city will run an excursion to Ocean Grove on Monday, Sept. 1. This will bring to that place a large number of our members.

The fall convention of the New York District will be held somewhat earlier this year than usual, although the exact date and place of meeting are not as yet settled. Mr. Wm. O. Gantz, as president, has brought the various chapters up to a much higher plane, and has also developed the spirit of unity among them.

The first number of Vol. IV. of the Grace Church "Herald" will be issued about Oct. 1. This interesting paper is published by the Epworth League of Grace Church, and, while a local monthly, is giving considerable space each month to the larger work of the city and district.

Thursday evening, Aug. 20, brought a large number of our young people to Ocean Grove to take part in the oratorio of the "Messiah," given under the direction of Tali Esen Morgan.

The missionary convention to be held in Cleveland, O., Oct. 21-24, is already creating a good bit of interest among the young people, and the indications point to a large number of delegates from New York City. Mr. W. C. McKee, 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, is arranging transportation matters, and those who contemplate going will do well to communicate with him as to rates, etc. The program, as outlined, is a very strong one, and is sure to bring out large numbers of our Epworthians.

Epworth League Day at Ossining Camp Grounds, Monday, August 11, was enjoyed by the large number of young people who attended. Dr. F. A. Cook of Yonkers presided at the meetings on that occasion.

The committee on public meetings of the Twentieth Century Commission is planning for a large mass meeting to be held early in the fall at Carnegie Hall, and as usual the Epworth League chapters will be an important factor. One Sunday in November will be set aside in all the churches as "veterans' day," at which time it is expected some of our bishops will be present at the various churches and preach.

This week over eighty persons are being entertained at "Cornwall-on-the-Hudson" as guests of the New York District Leagues through the fresh-air work, over \$400 being contributed by the various chapters for this important and helpful feature of the work. Many of these young people would have been obliged to spend the whole summer in New York but for the generous spirit of our young people. The committee is to be congratulated in securing such a delightful spot to entertain our friends.

The Brotherhood of St. Paul.

The summer gospel campaign of the Brotherhood of St. Paul is creating considerable interest in the work of that growing society. Briefly, the idea is to do some work during the summer months when the church is not so fully occupied, which is out of the usual line, and which directly or indirectly may reach souls. A number of chapters are holding out-door meetings, in some cases on the church lawns. People are attracted in large numbers and the seed is sown, in some cases results being at once apparent. One chapter is hiring distinguished speakers from abroad to aid in the summer services. Several other chapters have gone into country neighborhoods to conduct school-house Sunday-schools, for the summer at least, though it is believed that from some of these new permanent work will be developed. Perhaps the most original and valuable of all this summer's campaign of the brotherhood is the enterprise taken up by a chapter in a great city church, centrally located. This chapter has opened a recreation house for poor children. There is a house with spacious grounds. There are games and sand piles and flowers. Children who never get to the country and whose only play-ground is the street, are here allowed to have the best possible time, under the care of wise guardians and under wholesome influences. The idea is splendid, and the success attending the experiment remarkably demonstrates its value. The Brotherhood of St. Paul has a large and growing list of chapters both in city and country, and its officers report a substantial increase in membership this summer.

Kansas Epworth Chautauqua Assembly.

The fourth annual session was held in Beloit, July 11-22. This was the first session at Beloit, in grounds newly fitted up for the assembly. A finer location could not well be found.

The attendance was much larger than heretofore,

twice as many tents being occupied as during any previous year.

Some of the features of the assembly were as follows: The Junior League, and conference of Junior workers, in charge of Mrs. Nellie T. Magee of Lincoln, Neb.; boys' club, by Rev. W. E. Grose; girls' club, by Miss Fannie Grose; music conducted by Professor Rossignol of Kansas Wesleyan University; lectures on literature, by Prof. L. T. Weeks and Mrs. Ida Ahlborn Weeks, of the Southwest Kansas College; address and lectures by Gen. John B. Gordon, Gov. W. E. Stanley, Josiah Strong, D.D., C. C. Woods, D.D., J. W. Conley, D.D., Hon. James Wilson, secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture, Prof. A. M. Newins, John W. Hancher, D.D., president Iowa Wesleyan University, and Dr. C. B. Spencer of the *Central Christian Advocate*.

Homer C. Stuntz, D.D., delivered three strong missionary addresses. Missionary addresses were also delivered by Miss Annie Robins and Mrs. Julius Smith of Burma. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union conducted a congress of reforms, including a series of excellent lectures.

A Chautauqua Park Epworth League chapter was organized at the opening of the assembly. This chapter held meetings each day, Dr. Grose conducting a school of methods in connection with it.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

Aug. 26-28.—Milwaukee District, Union Grove, Wis.
Aug. 26-28.—Central District, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Aug. 26-28.—Missouri Conference, Burlington Junction, Mo.
Aug. 28-31.—Oklahoma Conference, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sept. 1.—Chicago Western District, Union-avenue, Chicago.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 23-29.—Alabama Conference, Boaz, Ala.
Sept. 24-30.—Northern New York Conference, Sandy Creek, N.Y.
Oct. 2.—Newburgh District, Liberty, N.Y.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N.Y.
Oct. 11-15.—Wyoming Conference Convention, Simpson Church, Seranton, Pa.
Oct. 16.—Trenton District, Bordentown, N.J.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 16.—Bridgeton District, Glassboro, N.J.
Oct. 16.—Paterson District, Passaic, N.J.
Oct. 16-19.—German National Convention, St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 21.—Brooklyn South District, Grace Church, Brooklyn.
Oct. 22.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N.J.
Oct. 30-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Feward District, East Orange, N.J.

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But the man of books and men! He is the fine product. The man of men may live in a small world because his life has never been enriched by the messages from the past, and from the outside world, which lie waiting for him in the libraries. The man of books may have trained his eyes to such a book-focus that they have forgotten how to see the living world around him. But the man who loves books, so that his eye is a-sparkle at the sight of them, and who loves men, so that his heart throbs with the movements of life around him—he is a man of knowledge and a man of practical human grasp. He is the kind of man one is willing to trust with the world's work.

At a recent dinner of a literary club connected with one of our theological seminaries, one of the speakers, who was a guest of the club, said to the young men: "Read books, read the book of human nature, and read *the Book*." What a superb equipment it would make! To be a man of books, a man of *the Book*, and a man of men!

A brilliant American once said, "I am a book man." Would there were more of them. Not book worms. A book worm is not what a young man wants to be, at least in America. But for the book man America will always have room.

In such a man love for books is really one expression of love for men, for books are the product of men, and a great book is always written out of the very life blood of its author. Many a man in dying has left a part of his soul behind him in some book which is his bequest to the world.

To come to these books, ready to learn from them; to catch all that is high and true in their spirit, to drink in the best they have to offer, and, having made it a part of ourselves, to take it with us into the world of life and battle—this is to know how to use our heritage, seeing more in books because of our love for men and being better and stronger men because of our love for books.

"The Life of Christ."

REV. POLEMUS H. SWIFT, D.D.

I have read with ever-increasing interest **The Life of Christ** from the pen of William J. Dawson, published by George W. Jacobs & Co. of Philadelphia. It is one of the books that ought to be read. It is up-to-date, fresh, recognizes the results of recent critical scholarship, and yet is popular and, on the whole, true to the doctrines of evangelical Christianity. Mr. Dawson is possessed of the peculiar temperament and vivid imagination which enable him to reproduce the scenes of the gospel narrative as well as to interpret the characteristic oriental speeches of Jesus. We all but live and breathe among the disciples as we follow his description of "One of the days of the Son of man." We walk with the throng, ride in the boat that tosses on blue Galilee, listen to those wonderful discourses when truth was re-created for needy men, are pained by the rejection at Nazareth, and are thrilled again by the divine human friendship which sanctified the early days in Galilee. One of the supreme charms of the book is its power to take us into the Holy Land and enable us to see and hear Jesus. That is worth everything. One has only to look over the table of contents to be convinced that he holds an up-to-date book in his hands. Some of the headlines are: "Jesus and the individual," "The miracle-worker," "The new society," "One of the days of the Son of man," "Missionary enterprise," "The unchaste," "Fuller exposition of social truth," "Teaching upon judg-

ment;" and that conviction of "up-to-dateness" will grow as one reads on through the pages of graphic word-painting. There are some points where we found ourselves recording mental protests. Many will not accept his theory of prayer fully; others will not agree that Jesus taught that punishment is remedial. The book as a whole is uplifting and intensely loyal to the spiritual. He takes his stand on the solid rock of the miraculous element in Christianity; he exalts Christ; he declares that the program of Jesus was to reveal the truth concerning God, man, and destiny; he interprets many of the parables—especially that of the lost sheep and prodigal son—in a manner that is fresh, unique, and captivating; he shows that had Jesus offered the world nothing better than a divine system of philosophy his failure would not have been less complete than that of the great pre-Christian philosophers; he points out the fact that Jesus was dominated by the consciousness that he was without sin; he appreciates the beauty of Christ's words to the fullest degree, and yet he declares: "It was not by word but by blood alone that mankind could be healed." As we read on with ever-increasing interest we shall reach the end with a clearer apprehension of the truth which Jesus brought to the level of the masses, and find in our hearts a warmer love for the Son of man and the Son of God. (Price, \$1.50 net.)

The "Jewish Encyclopedia."

The second volume of the **Jewish Encyclopedia** increases one's amazement and admiration. The publishers are keeping their promise to produce a monumental piece of literature. The work thus far covers "A" and one-third of "B." The twelve volumes, when completed, will provide a well-digested mass of material not to be found anywhere else in the world concerning the most interesting oriental race of all time. This new work is destined to call the world's attention to the Jew in a new and impressive fashion. We should not be surprised if it led to the creation of a new Jewish literature, and a revival of Jewish studies among Gentile scholars. This is the more likely because the encyclopedia is not a mere collection of facts, already well known and more or less accessible in scattered volumes. It is itself a

new creation. For the first time we are to get an adequate history of the Jews in all the lands of their dispersion. For the first time Jewish thought and learning are being adequately presented, not only to the Western world, but to the Jews themselves. For the first time the Talmudic, the Rabbinical, and the Biblical literature of Jewry are open books to all who care to read. We wish we had space for an adequate review of this second volume of an encyclopedia in some respects greater and more important than any similar work published in this generation. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, per volume, \$6.00.)

The publication of the **Temple Bible** continues to produce new examples of beauty in book-making. Two volumes are before us, **Ezekiel**, edited by O. C. Whitehouse, D.D., and **Jeremiah**, edited by E. Tyrrell Green, M.A. The frontispiece of the first volume is a reproduction of Raphael's "The Vision of Ezekiel," while that of the second is Michael Angelo's painting, "Jeremiah." As with the other volumes of this beautiful series, the text is that of the authorized version, set in paragraphs instead of verses, with the poetical portions printed in the form of poetry. The value of the additional material, in the shape of critical introductions, helpful notes, and chronology, and the especially suggestive list of references to the text in English literature, cannot be too strongly stated. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, cloth 40 cents; limp leather, 60 cents per volume.)

The United States of the World, by W. M. Goldthwaite, is largely a collection of pictures. The text is brief and not particularly valuable, but the colored photographs of scenes and events in the Philippines are easily the best we have seen anywhere. There are over sixty of them, and in addition the book contains ten reproductions of the Verestchagin war paintings. Sold by subscription only, through agents. (Chicago: International View Co. Price, \$1.50.)

A Primer of the Christian Religion, by Rev. George Holley Gilbert, D.D., is a new and valuable handbook of religious instruction. It is put up in catechetical form with explanatory

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The Irrepressible Conflict.

Someone has noticed that a mere transposition of its letters will turn silence into license.

The saloons in the Capitol at Washington are in plenty of trouble just now. They may be abolished if the agitation against them is kept up.

Pennsylvania has passed a law prohibiting the sale of beer or other liquors to women, to be carried home from the saloon in a bottle or other receptacle.

A large lumber company recently refused to build its factories in a California town unless they were given a sufficient guarantee that no liquor would be sold in the town or within six miles of it.

One of the interesting relics of the canteen fight will be the remembrance of the demand of the liquorites for the restoration of the canteen in the same breath with their claim that its removal had increased liquor sales outside military posts 50 per cent.

Of 766 saloons paying the Dow tax in Lucas County, Ohio, 505 are controlled by seven breweries of Toledo. These seven breweries paid into the treasury \$58,916.40. One brewery—the Toledo Brewing and Malting Co.—paid taxes for 159 saloons.

A Roman Catholic priest in Pennsylvania says: "There can be no doubt of the antipathy of English-speaking Catholics to the liquor traffic. The most popular priest in any diocese is the one who identifies himself with the total-abstinence movement." Rather overstated, we think, but we wish it were true of others, as well as Roman Catholics.

In reply to questions sent out by the United States Department of Labor, it appeared that those discriminating against drink were 90 per cent. of the railroads, 79 per cent. of the manufacturers, 88 per cent. of the trades, and 72 per cent. of the agriculturists—the majority of these forbidding the use of intoxicants by employees, while some prohibit it while the employees are on duty.

A good story is being told these days of the newly appointed Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, Iowa. It seems that the archbishop is very extreme in his temperance, anti-saloon views—and aggressively so—to such extent that he has arrayed against him the bitter hostility of the entire saloon interest of Dubuque, which has dominated that municipality for many years. The archbishop has directed his efforts mainly to compel the saloons of that city to obey the laws, particularly as to closing on Sunday, and at the proper hour at night, in which he has been quite successful. Late one evening, after he had retired, the archbishop was called up by telephone by one of the leading saloonkeepers of the city with the following message: "A Catholic priest is here in my saloon dead drunk—it is time the law requires me to close up. What shall I do with the priest?" Quick as a flash the saloon keeper got the following message from the archbishop: "Treat that priest as you treat your other customers—take all his money from him, and kick him out into the street."

An Effective Lesson.

A drunkard in New Orleans recently was saved from continuing his career of dissipation in a peculiar manner. The young man in question was of a fine family, and had splendid gifts, but was going down as fast as it was possible for a man to go through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings as an insult. One day one of them, who was a court stenographer, determined to try a new tack with him. He was sitting in a restaurant one evening when the young man in question came in with a companion, taking the table next to him, and sitting down with his back to him and not seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and, on the impulse of the moment, the stenographer took out his note-book, and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin folly of a young man with his brain muddled by drink, and included a number of highly candid details of the daily life—things which, when he was sober, he would as soon have thought of putting his hand in the fire as of speaking about to a casual acquaintance. The next morning the stenographer copied the whole thing neatly, and sent it round to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in with: "What is this, anyhow?" "It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening," his friend replied, and gave him a brief explanation. "Did I really talk like that?" he asked, faintly. "I assure you it is an absolute verbatim

report," was the reply. He turned pale, and walked out. He never drank another drop. There are many men who would cease, not only the sin of drunkenness, but other sins as well, if they could see themselves as other people see them.

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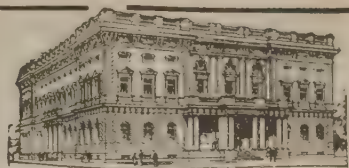
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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1902.

NUMBER 13.

The Children's Story.

ALICE IN STUMPLAND.

Myra Goodwin Plantz.

Chapter VI.—The Pardon.

"If Mr. Jones is put in with criminals for two years he may come out a worse man than he went in. If I had the money I would go myself, and take a petition from everyone in the town," Mr. Crawford said, walking the floor as he did when very much in earnest. "I couldn't sleep last night after Dr. Gardner left, thinking of Jones and what a power for good he might be here. And he is an expert carpenter. We need him on our building."

"Papa," said Alice, "you know I never thought much of doing without things for others until we came up here in the stumps. I must have been born selfish."

"Oh, no, dear daughter," said the father, kissing her fair forehead. "I sometimes think we had too much in the old life, so that we all thought more of our own happiness than the followers of Jesus ought to do."

"Folks always made over you, 'cause your hair curls 'round your face, and your nose don't look up at freckles like mine," said Bess, who well knew Alice was the beauty of the family.

"Papa, I hated this stump land and these common-looking people at first, but now I love them, and I want to help Mr. Jones. Libbie saw my beautiful necklace and locket the other day, and admired it so her father said the first time he went to the city he would get her one just like it. Can't I sell this to him and let you go and help Mr. Jones?"

"Bless your dear heart! The locket with the diamond in, that rich Mrs. Stearns gave you?" said her father. "I am sure it would bring enough to pay all my expenses, and if you are willing to make the sacrifice, I will go on this evening's train, for it is quite a journey."

"Are you quite well enough, dear?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Yes, indeed, if you are willing. I would rather go to New York than feel as I do about that good fellow, for he is no ordinary man. But the peas are just at their height, and Dr. Gardner has arranged for a friend of his to take them in Milwaukee at \$1.00 a bushel, and pay the express. I am afraid it will be hard work to let me off now."

"We will all pick peas!" cried Ben. "Alice needn't think she is the only one who wants Mr. Jones to be free. Didn't he teach Brownie all his tricks?" in a tone that showed that he felt the training of a bear deserved the best that could be had.

"I'll take them to the early train," said Alice. "I'll get Mike to drive me in Thursday evening to help at prayer-meeting, and if you are delayed I'll read a sermon to them Sunday," said Mrs. Crawford.

"We'll have a song service," said Alice. "Our people love to sing."

"I think I have no excuse for staying at home. And thank you, mamma, for I know how hard public work is for you. I will hitch up and go right in to see if Libbie's father will buy the locket."

Mr. Crawford returned with the money. The superintendent was glad to get it because his daughter wanted it, and he gave a generous price because he wanted to help on the cause. It was easy to get a petition in favor of Mr. Jones, and

Mr. Crawford started off full of hope as to his success.

As soon as it was decided that the locket should go for the release of their friend, the twins yearned to do something heroic.

"Suppose we write a letter to the governor and offer him Brownie if he will let Mr. Jones go scot-free?" said Ben.

"He would do it in a moment if he'd see him jump the rope," said Bess. "But dass we give him away when, if Mr. Jones would be here, it would be his bear?"

"Mr. Jones would rather be out of doors without a bear than shut up in prison, and no bear, either," said Ben, in the masterly tone that settled things.

"We'll write the governor a letter, and let Mike take it this morning, so it will get there ahead of papa. I heard Mr. Gardner tell his name and

one, and is the best church member papa has, though there is no church—only men hauling stones for the foundation. Bess—she is my twin sister—and I found the said Mr. Jones in a little wigwam in the woods, where he had lived for a long time, until he was a wild man. He killed a man who was trying to kill him. No doubt the man deserved killing. Anyway, Mr. Jones did not mean to; but he was so frightened he ran away. When he became converted he thought he ought to go back and tell folks what he had done without meaning to. Now he has to go to prison for telling the truth. Please don't let him. Alice sold her beautiful gold chain and locket so papa could go and see you, but we want to help, too, so we are going to offer you the most beautiful bear cub you ever saw if you will pardon Mr. Jones. We will send it whenever you are ready. You won't have to teach him anything. He is so full of tricks he is a whole show. We love him, but want to help dear Mr. Jones. Your respectful servants and humble friends,

BEN AND BESS CRAWFORD."

"How surprised papa will be," said Bess, gleefully, as they folded up the letter. The postage stamp was a hard question to face. It would be stealing to slip one out of papa's box, and neither of them had any ready cash; but Mike was the children's friend, and when they went to him, and begged him to donate the stamp and keep their secret, he readily agreed to post the letter for the early train.

So, when Mr. Crawford at last reached the governor's mansion, and had sent in his card, he was surprised, indeed, to see the dignified gentleman greet him with a peculiar smile. "Glad to talk the matter over, my dear sir, for I have just read a letter from one or two friends of this Mr. Jones. It would be called something of a bribe from older citizens; but it shows that the condemned man in whom you are interested is worth something, or a young lady would not sacrifice her jewels, and two children offer their pet bear for his release." Then the governor took out the letter, and this made it easy for Mr. Crawford to plead his cause.

The Crawford family worked faithfully in the pea-patch while the father was away on his little trip. The peas that are grown so plentifully in Wisconsin for the large canning factories are ready early in July, when, in some towns, you will see crowds of men, women, and children going with baskets and sacks to the pea-fields. These peas are sown something like grain, and are really field peas made into "sugar peas" while they are being canned. But the Crawford peas were the sweet, luscious garden kind, ready in June, and, as the crop was large, it would mean a good deal to the family if properly cared for.

If only the vegetables you buy in the city markets, you suppose are from some garden near, could talk, what funny stories you would hear. I do not doubt the grocer, after sprinkling them with fresh water, represented them as gathered that morning, but each lot had been gathered the day before and kept in a cool place, as they had almost a day's journey to the city. Anyway, never were more delicious peas put upon the market than passed between the white hands that gathered them up among the stumps on the minister's claim.

"It seemed such fun at first," said Alice, "to sit here with the lovely breeze blowing in your face, and the birds singing their best over your head, and the sun making such pretty patches of light and shade on the water; but after the second day my back gave out, and my hands got stiff. No wonder the children slip off. To think of you, mamma, down picking peas like any Dutch



"He sprang off, holding a big white envelope."

where he lives, but we will not tell papa. He will be surprised to have the governor shake hands, and say: 'Sir, I am going to let Mr. Jones go scot-free because your son—'

"And daughter."

"Of course—'because I am to have a beautiful trick bear to keep for my very own.'"

Bess begged some of her elder sister's choice paper—given very reluctantly, it is true—and they carried the pen and ink out under a tree. Their mother supposed they were at their lessons, so they were undisturbed.

"You write better than I," said Ben, "but I'll dictate, as papa calls it when Alice writes for him. If it wasn't so far, and Brownie so hard to travel with, I'd like to go and take the bear myself; but a letter may do the work. Now begin."

"Dear Governor: Papa is going to see you about a man called Mr. Jones. There are many Mr. Jones, but none quite like ours. He helps every-

woman: How do you keep so cheerful over it?"

"Oh, I play it is one of my pleasures, and it becomes so. I have engaged Mike to help tomorrow, and after that a few hours a day will be all we need pick. They ripen so fast they come all at once."

"But papa has two plantings," said Alice.

"Yes, and will get a big price for the late ones, because they will be gone in other places. How nice it is to work out of doors. What do people do in mills and laundries, and even hot kitchens, these days? With our garden we do not cook very much."

"Oh, we do have a pretty good time, even if I did step on a little snake yesterday. I suppose I ought to rejoice that it was not an anaconda," laughed Alice.

"The fifth day Alice came home from the village swinging a yellow envelope in the air.

"Papa telegraphs: 'Have everybody at the evening train.' I feel sure he will bring Mr. Jones."

Her faith was shared by others; so when the train stopped at the little station a hundred men, women, and children were gathered there with anxious hearts, yet expecting something unusual. Sure enough, the minister was there, and he sprang off the platform like a boy, holding up in his right hand a big white envelope.

"A pardon! A pardon!" cried the crowd, wild with excitement.

Mr. Jones followed more slowly, but with a face glowing with emotion. Then a great shout went up. First, three cheers for the minister, with a "tiger," and then three cheers for Mr. Jones. Two "tigers" were then let loose.

"You see how your life of only a few weeks impressed our people," said Mr. Crawford. "Nothing pays like being good."

Then, remembering his calling, the minister held up his hand, and said:

"My friends, we thank you for this hearty welcome. If there is this much rejoicing over one man being pardoned here for only two years, do you wonder the angels in heaven rejoice when a sinner is pardoned forever? In this rejoicing, let us all ask ourselves if we are among God's pardoned ones."

The crowd dispersed quietly, going to their homes instead of "setting up the drinks," as they had first intended.

(To be continued.)

Bonnie—A Deaconess Horse.

(A Sketch from Life.)

Faye Randle.

Though old Bonnie was very far from being a thoroughbred, she was patient and gentle and those were the chief virtues required of a horse in the service of the Deaconess Home and Hospital. And though the second-hand buggy could not approach the White House carriage in elegance, still, when it had been nicely repaired, it was quite an improvement on the baby carriage that had before been used to carry home the various donations, and to distribute among the city's poor such good cheer and blessings as can be put into material forms.

Old Bonnie, however, in spite of her gentleness, was not so easily managed as the baby carriage, for old horses have the tricks of their trades, and Bonnie, not used to being a deaconess horse, would not go faster than a very slow jog trot without frequent and energetic urging; and unless the driver kept up a very constant pulling on the left rein, she simply could not keep in the middle of the road or even in a respectable place on the pavement, but would poke along close to the right-hand sidewalk.

These trifling faults served to keep down the budding pride of the nurses and deaconesses in their new turn-out, as well as to compel the close attention of the driver to the matter in hand; for of course a woman, no matter how little she thinks of herself nor how much of others, does not care to drive through the streets of a rushing, bustling, western city at a funeral's pace and within an arm's reach of the never diminishing crowd on the sidewalk. But for Philip, the janitor and man-of-all-work, driving Bonnie had no such drawbacks, for he and the old horse were in perfect accord as to the proper pace; neither had he the slightest regard for appearances. So when Philip had sole possession of the buggy, she went her own gait and took her own way, undisturbed by whip or rein, unless, as occasionally happened, Philip was in a hurry for some more tangible reason than that everyone else was hurrying.

One pleasant summer evening Bonnie was trotting homeward at a speed that was slightly increased by the prospect of supper at the end of the road, which supper, consisting of a sackful of fresh green clover, was in the buggy behind her with Philip.

Home was but a few blocks away when there came "first a shiver and then a thrill," then, because the buggy was not like the wonderful one-hoss-shay, when Bonnie gave a startled jump the front wheels followed her and they all ran off home together, while the back wheels and the buggy proper and the whip and the sack of clover were left behind with poor Philip, who received a whack over the left eye from the buggy-top as it tipped forward.

At a pace almost equal to that of her younger days, Bonnie tore up the streets and around the corners and through the alley and stopped with a short under a tree near her stable. Several of the neighbors saw her rushing past with the fragments of the wreck clinging to her, and while some of them unharnessed and stabled the old horse others notified the deaconesses and nurses, and there was an immediate dispersal of such of them as could be spared, to look for Philip. They were afraid he had been badly hurt or possibly killed. But their fears were soon proyed groundless, for he was met on a near-by street corner, trudging stolidly along with the whip in one hand and the sack of clover thrown over his shoulder. So Bonnie was not deprived of her supper even though she had so ungratefully run off and left it.

The next morning, when Philip went to bring home the remains, he found this sign tacked to the buggy:

NOTICE.

This was not a runaway—only a separation. No one was hurt. PLEASE PASS ON.

The shoemaker, in front of whose little shop the catastrophe had taken place, when asked for an explanation of this strange circumstance, said that everybody who went by stopped and asked questions, and he became so tired of answering them that he put up the sign in self-defense. And the curious pedestrians, after reading the laconic explanation, passed on.

Bonnie is still living, in a hale old age, and with the duly reinforced buggy, she may be seen every day, jogging quietly along on errands of helpfulness and love. She never was known to balk but once, and that was when a nurse and a deaconess, temporarily off duty and out for a jaunt, essayed to view a circus parade that was wending its way through a neighboring street. Then the old horse, with stern conscientiousness, which the nurse and the deaconess could not help but admire, though they thought it was carried a little too far, refused to deviate by a hair's-breadth from the strict path of absolute rectitude. But afterwards, when she was receiving praise for her virtue, her drivers remarked enviously that in their opinion it was the crowd she objected to, and not the parade.

There are little children in the city to whom old Bonnie, with her drooping head and shuffling gait, means all that the vision of eight tiny, prancing reindeer can mean to children in happier circumstances. There are poor, old, lonely women, now safe in the shelter of the Old People's Home, for whom she might typify, without irreverence, "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Innumerable are the errands of mercy on which she has gone, and, like her owners, she works steadily on, through winter's cold and summer's heat, doing the humblest task as readily as the greatest.

So here's long life to Bonnie, the deaconess horse, and when at last her toil is finished, may her place in the great work never be vacant for lack of the generous hearts and open pocketbooks of cheerful givers.

Lebanon, Ore.

Larks With Soap Bubbles.

Soap-bubble fun has no particular season. The beautiful fairy globes that float about so airily, changing from gold to purple, and from primrose to crimson, are just as entertaining in the days of Jack Frost as they are in summer time, or vice versa. They are a never-ending delight, and the grown-up man or woman must indeed be old and embittered with the world not to enjoy a "bubble party."

There is a deal in knowing just how to make the suds. A weak suds will create bubbles that grow to only moderate size, and then explode in a

spray of soapy water. Suds that is thick will be even worse, since a large drop of the strong solution will hang from the bubble, the weight of which will cause the wonderful little sphere to crash and disappear.

The best suds is made by melting a small piece of soap, straining the mixture, and adding warm water enough to dilute to the proper consistency. Suds that stands for a day or two is usually better than that freshly made. Foamy soap water is not successful.

Any kind of a tube will make bubbles. A common clay pipe is convenient, but a tin tube that is larger at the bubble end will make bigger bubbles.

You have probably noticed that when bubbles fall upon soft rugs, or a fuzzy, woolly blanket, they bounce lightly, and do not break at once. A bubble-bat can be made by twisting wire the shape of a tennis racket, and weaving worsted across. This is great fun. The bubble is dislodged from the pipe or tube by a quick upward movement. As it floats in the air a bat catches it, tossing it up again and again. It can also be made to stand on the edge or handle of the bat.

Did you ever see a bubble walk a tight rope?

It can be made to do this trick like a trained elephant.

A piece of worsted is held in a slanting position. A bubble is blown, whisked away from the pipe, and sent floating down the tight rope. It will dance and bounce, wafting friskily from the upper end of the worsted down to the lower end, where it will make a nice flying leap to the floor.

Another interesting way of entertaining with soap bubbles is to cut out a circular disk of common writing paper about the size of a half-dollar. Make two pinholes in it, and hang it up by a thread. By keeping the disk moist, the bubbles will "take hold" readily, and may be suspended in midair. After a little practice, you can hitch bubbles to each other, the first one being attached to the disk, and you will have the prettiest little chain of bubbles you ever clapped eyes upon.

Try some of these tricks with bubbles, and see how you like them.

Queen Victoria's Bible Class.

That Queen Victoria often taught the lesson of humanity is known well. Twenty-five years ago she used to hold a Bible class at Buckingham Palace. It appears that when the court stayed in London there used always to be a great many servants at the palace, and, as a considerable number of these were married and had children, her majesty decided to form a Bible class for the especial benefit of the little ones. Her majesty conducted the Bible class herself, and many of the children, who have since grown up to be men and women, look back with intense pleasure and justifiable pride to the time when they had for their Sunday-school teacher none other than the queen of England. A chapter in the Bible would be selected by her majesty, which the scholars read in turn, verse by verse. The queen would then explain the more difficult passages in the simplest language, set forth the lesson which was to be learned from the chapter, and afterwards close by the singing of favorite children's hymns.—*Rev. James Johnston, in Sunday-school Times.*

Not a Punch-Bag.

There seems to be a good deal of the primitive man in most boys, that can only find an outlet in pummeling other boys. Every newcomer must prove his mettle or be relegated to his proper place. One of the "new boys" at the Children's Home wrote to his mother on the third day after his arrival:

Dear Mamma: Every morning the boys want a fight with me.

But I cannot take the place of a punch-bag.

Because I am not made of rubber or blown up with wind.

How long before you are coming out?

They think because I came out here last they can pound me around as much as they want to.

But they sometimes get left on that score.

Well, good-bye. Your loving son.

A Baby Beaver's Work.

A baby beaver was once caught, and given to a gentleman as a pet. Beavers, as you know, build dams, in which they can make their houses. But here was this poor baby, living in a house where there was no possibility of his having the kind of home that he would love to have.

One day, when the little beaver was in the

kitchen, a leaky pail was put on the floor. The moment the baby beaver saw the water running in a little stream across the floor, he ran out into the yard, and appeared a minute later with a chip of wood. The gentleman who owned the beaver was called to see him. The chip was placed in such a way as to stop the water, and the beaver hurried out, and came in with another bit of wood, and then brought some mud. Orders were given that the beaver was not to be disturbed, but allowed to work out his plan, and in four weeks he had built a solid dam around the pail in which the water stood.—*Early Days.*

A father was commissioned by his small daughter to buy a dozen little bisque dolls. Her instructions were so many and so detailed that the father found himself hesitating to perform the commission. "See here, Ethel," he said at last, "I'm afraid I'll make some mistake. Don't you think you'd better wait until your cold is better, and then you can go into town some day with mamma, and pick out the doll-babies for yourself?" "Oh, no, papa," cried Ethel, "I do so want them right off. And, papa, I'll tell you how to choose them—just pick each one up and look straight into its eyes, and if it looks at you as if it really and truly loves you, why, you buy it."—*New York Evening Sun.*

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for August: The Juniors' Vacation.

Aug. 31.—A Promise Lesson.

(2 Peter 1: 4.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—A promise for each day (1 Cor. 10: 13).
Tuesday.—God's constant care (1 Peter 5: 7).
Wednesday.—Daily bread (Phil. 4: 6).
Thursday.—Companionship with Jesus (John 15: 10).
Friday.—The abiding comforter (John 14: 16).
Saturday.—A promise to the weary (Matt. 11: 28).
Sunday.—A promise of eternal life (John 17: 2).

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Faith of our fathers."....Twenty-third psalm....Apostles' creed....Beatitudes...."Singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus."....Prayer.
Roll call with chain of promises....Junior topic and blackboard talk....Class study....Singing, "Blessed, holy Bible."....Continued story....Memory hymn, "There's a wideness in God's mercy."....Closing prayer by superintendent.

To the Junior Superintendent.

September brings the children home, and fills up the empty seats in the Junior League meeting. Whether the boys will come, in any considerable numbers, will depend on the first few weeks. If the boys get the idea that it is a "girls' meeting," and only adapted for "kids," they will not come, for news of this kind spreads quickly in Boyville. If you can win the two or three boys who are leaders among their companions you have won the day, for they will bring the others. Would it not pay to have a game social at your home, some evening early in September, and invite the boys you want, using written invitations? Serve cake and ice cream, sing with the boys, and have plenty of games about for them to enjoy together.

Cheekers, dominoes, parchesi, crokinole, parlor croquet, ring toss, bean bags, and ping pong, are all good house games.

At the close of the evening tell the boys how much you need them in the Junior League, and pledge them to be your right-hand helpers. That the girls may not feel slighted, a sewing afternoon, or dolls' party with refreshments, may be arranged.

For the promise chain, mentioned in the program, get a large sheet of gilt paper and cut it into slips half an inch wide and five inches long, putting mullage on the ends of each slip of paper. Write promises on the white side of each and allow the Juniors to come forward in turn, read the promise, and then fasten it into the chain which is being made.

Blackboard Talk.

It is said that the late Cecil Rhodes of South Africa possessed barrels of diamonds. If he had put them all on the market at once the price of diamonds would have suffered an instant decline, for the supply would have been greater than the demand.

Every promise of God is a priceless jewel, and the Bible is full of them, but we do not have to hold them back, for fear they would lose their value, for there is a great and growing demand for them.

We are told that a child was playing with a pretty stone one day in South Africa, and this was the beginning of the great diamond trade in that country. The child did not know the value of the



sparkling stone, but even a child may understand God's promises. There are three promises so precious that I want you to learn them, and wear them like rings on your fingers.

The first we will call a ruby, and wear on the first finger of the left hand. Let us repeat it together. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. 1: 18.)

The second we will call a pearl, and wear on our second finger. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." (Matt. 5: 8.)

The third is a diamond, and we will wear that on our third finger—"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. 12: 3.)

(Drill until all the Juniors can repeat these three verses, using the three ring fingers to aid the memory.)

HIT A SOLDIER.

The Experience of One of Our Men.

The soldier boys who fought during the Rebellion went home, as a rule, in pretty bad shape, caused by exposure and improper food, and the use of quantities of coffee, which left its mark in the wreck of many a stomach. Merrill Hutelinson of Reading, Mass., tells his experience:

"I am an old soldier who served all through the War of the Rebellion, and my coffee drinking commenced when I enlisted. I drank it three times a day, and at the close of the war returned home almost a wreck.

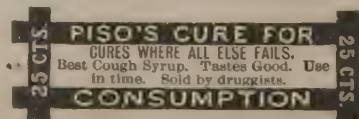
"For years I had dyspepsia of the worst kind, and could not drink anything but warm water or warm milk, nor eat enough to hard! Keep a man alive. After suffering this way for years, and half living, I was told by a friend of your Postum Coffee.

"At first I refused to even try it, for I thought it meant more suffering for me, but at last I consented, and it did taste mighty good, for I was a dear lover of coffee.

"I waited for the distress in my stomach that always had come with common coffee, but it never came. I drank it at first very carefully, and then got reckless and wanted it every meal, and for over five years now have been drinking nothing else. I have no dyspepsia now, no trouble about eating anything. My weight, when I began using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, was 125 pounds. I am now 62 years old, and weigh about 160 pounds and am solid as a rock and able to do a day's work with any of the boys. Now, I do not claim that Postum Cereal is a medicine, but in my own case it is both victuals and drink. I think that when Postum Coffee is properly made, it is far ahead of coffee."

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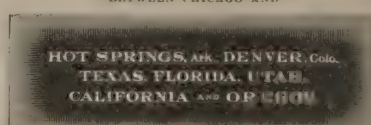
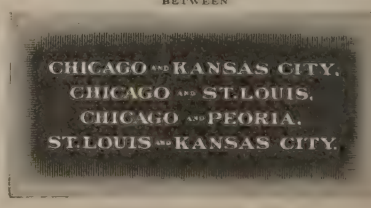
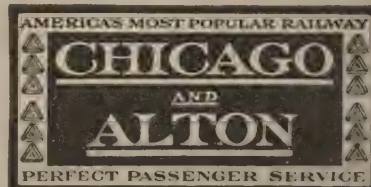
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The Evangelization of the World in This Generation.

BY THE LATE REV. S. L. BALDWIN, D. D.

In writing, as requested, on this subject, it seems to me that the first important thing is to understand what we mean by evangelizing the world in this generation. If there are any who suppose that we mean the conversion of the people of all nations in general, and I think there are persons who suppose that this is meant, I can only say that so far as I know those who are sounding this cry do not entertain that idea. What I understand to be meant by the phrase is the presentation of the gospel to all the inhabitants of the world for their acceptance or rejection. This is not a chimerical idea. It is easily possible, as a few considerations will show:

1. The extent of the work already established. There is no country of importance which is not open to the messengers of truth except Thibet, and there are some workers who have gone over its borders, and have made known the gospel to some of its inhabitants. A large number of others have been reached by contact with missions in West China, and in neighboring portions of India; and there is reason for hope that in the near future the preaching of the gospel will be definitely sanctioned by the government of that country.

2. We have a large and greatly increasing body of native Christian workers in all the non-Christian countries, who are imbued with the missionary spirit, and many of whom are active in prosecuting missionary work in regions beyond their own localities. There are numerous native Christians in China and in India who would feel it to be a reproach, and an occasion for serious self-examination, if they should allow a whole year to pass without individually leading at least one person to Christ. This is the true spirit of the gospel, and ought to be operative in all Christian hearts everywhere. If this were the case, the membership of the Christian church would be doubled every year, and the feasibility of bringing the gospel within reach of all the inhabitants of the world within the present generation would be apparent.

3. The forces at work. In addition to the regular societies of the Christian churches, and their operations, which have been followed with the divine blessing in a remarkable degree within the past ten or fifteen years, other powerful auxiliary agencies have come into being. Prominent among these is the Student Volunteer Movement, which has led to a widespread consecration of young people in the colleges and seminaries of the land, so that thousands have declared themselves ready to go wherever they may be needed in this world-wide evangelization; and while it is evident from this fact that there will be no lack of workers, it is true also that they are awakening a large number of the young people, and the older people, of the churches at home, to a spirit of devotion and earnestness in regard to doing their part to accomplish this great work. By energetically carrying out the plans and methods which they have instituted in all the churches throughout Christian countries, vast additions to the receipts of the missionary societies ought to be realized, so that the providential supply of workers to meet the providential opportunity given to the church, by the opening of doors in all lands for the ingress of the gospel, may be made available by the hearty, joyous contribution on the part of God's people of the funds necessary for the purpose.

Let the young hosts of God's elect then go forward with a swing of conquest. Their prompt and unquestioning obedience to their Master's command, "Go ye into all the world," will make sure to them the fulfillment of his promise, "Lo, I am with you alway!" With his presence, obstacles will be cleared away, every door will be opened, the hearts of millions will be reached, and no village or hamlet of the earth will be left without a knowledge of the glorious gospel of the Son of God. If anybody is disposed to shake his head and say: "Impossible, too enthusiastic!" I answer, "Not half so much so, in view of the known facts of to-day, as it would have been a hundred years ago to say, 'By the close of 1900 there will



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be a hundred thousand native Protestant Christians in China, a quarter of a million in India, with more than a thousand converts every month, many of the large island groups will be Christianized, and their heathen gods will be found only as curiosities in missionary and other museums." Not as fanatics, then, but as steady, sober, believing disciples of him whose right it is to reign, let us ring out the slogan of our advancing army of peace and good-will to men, "The evangelization of the world in this generation!"

New York.

This and That.

Phenomenal Memories of Great Men.

Many of the greatest men have had phenomenal memories. Caesar knew the names of thousands of soldiers in his legions. A modern man of science often has a prodigious memory for special terminology. Prof. Asa Gray assured me that he could at once recall the names of something like 25,000 plants; Prof. Theodore Gill can do the same for fishes. Our memory for mere words is itself much more extensive than is generally admitted. The average well-to-do child of two years of age has a vocabulary of some 500 words, and its father may have the command of 20,000 more. The 10,000 verses of the *Rig-Veda* have, for 3,000 years, been accurately preserved in the memories of the Brahmins. Not one Brahmin alone, but thousands, can to-day recite it word for word. Thousands of Mohammedans, likewise, know the Koran by heart, as all learned Chinese know their classic books. The chiefs of Polynesia can and do repeat hundreds of thousands of words in their genealogies—taking days and even weeks for the recitation.

Hundreds of pianists can play all day, and many days, by memory; and I have myself seen Von Bülow conduct Beethoven's Fifth Symphony without a score. Chess-players have a visualizing memory; musicians have an auditive and a motor memory; while arithmetical prodigies may have any one of the three, or a combination of all.—Prof. E. S. Holden, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Where They Came From.

Among slang phrases, few are more misleading than the old saying, "A miss is as good as a mile." Neither "miss" nor "mile" has anything at all to do with the sentence. It should read, "Amys is as good as Amyle." Amys and Amyle were two friends, who lived in France in the reign of King Pepin. Amyle risked his life and all his possessions to save the reputation of his friend. Later Amyle contracted leprosy, which he was told could be cured only by "the blood of a child. Amys thereupon killed his child that his friend might recover. Amyle was cured, and, at the same time—so the legend goes—the child was miraculously restored to life.

When you tell your chum that he's a "brick"

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you probably do not realize that this bit of slang is over 2,000 years old. An ambassador from Epirus came to see the king of Sparta, and knowing that the latter ruled all Greece, was astonished to find that his city had no walls. He expressed his surprise to the king. The latter laughed, and replied that the ambassador could not have looked carefully. Next day he would show him the walls of Sparta. The following morning he took his guest out to the review ground, where the army was drawn up. "There," he said, "those are the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick!"

Sparta's bricks were none of them likely to "show the white feather." Indeed, they would not have understood the expression, which is the

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product of a later age. It came in a century ago, when cock-fighting was in vogue. A well-bred gamecock had no white about him, so a white feather was proof that a bird was not game. Such a bird was, of course, more likely to show cowardice than a thoroughbred.

You would hardly be likely to imagine any connection between the two phrases "Straight as a die" and "Making no bones about it." Yet both refer to dice—"Straight as a die" because a properly made pair of dice have perfectly square edges; while "Making no bones" implies not shaking or meddling over much with the dice in order to give a cheating thrower an unfair advantage.

When we buy things "on tick" we are employing a bit of Oxford slang 250 years old. A letter of an Oxford dean dated 1661 says: "The Mermaid Tavern is lately broken down at Oxford, and our Christ Church men have to bear the blame. The town will have it that our ticks amount to £1,500." "Ticks" is simply short for tickets, as tradesmen's bills were known in the seventeenth century.

Even more reverend is that apparently Irish phrase, "Please the pigs." Pigs is merely in this case a corruption of the word Pyx. So the expression really means, "Please heaven." So also in "Right to a T" the T is not a letter of the alphabet. "T" stands here for the T-square used by joiners, a tool which is, of course, made and shaped with perfect accuracy.—Selected.

A Foe to Success.

Perhaps more people fail to attain success in life from a want of self-confidence than from any other cause. Men and women who have succeeded in accomplishing great things have believed in themselves. They have had confidence in their ability to do the thing they have set out to do.

Every great inventor, every leader of men, has always had a strong belief in himself, and has finally succeeded in communicating his confidence, his enthusiasm, to others. Nearly every man who has accomplished anything out of the common has been laughed at for his apparent folly, and in many cases has been considered a crank.

When Professor Bell was struggling along in poverty, experimenting upon the telephone, people laughed at him for throwing his time away, and

told him that the telephone would never be anything but a toy, and that it could not possibly be put to practical use; but he believed in himself and succeeded.

When Fulton was building the Clermont he was looked upon as a natural curiosity, and "Fulton's Folly" was a subject of general ridicule. The great crowd that gathered at the Ferry in New York at the time advertised for the first trip of the Clermont to Albany was drawn there by curiosity to see what they thought would be an ignominious failure; but when the vessel steamed off at the rate of sixteen miles an hour they began to think that Fulton's great confidence in himself had some foundation.

Very few had any faith in Captain Eads when he claimed that he could span the Mississippi river at St. Louis with a bridge, but he was as firmly convinced that the bridge would be successful before it was built as afterwards.

Elias Howe was ridiculed for neglecting his family and work, and living in poverty and wretchedness, while experimenting on the sewing machine; but he had the utmost confidence in its final triumph, and, as a result, lived to give the world one of its most useful implements of labor. The list of those who have, amid unbelief, jeers, discouragements, banked, so to speak, solely upon their belief in themselves when no one else would give them credit, is long. It includes Samuel F. B. Morse and Cyrus W. Field, and runs back to Columbus, and beyond him to many an ancient name.—Success.

The City Full of Doors.

"Every now and then," said a New York woman who has a knack of seeing and hearing curious incidents, "I read something about how certain women in this great city make a living. But some of their struggles never get into print because, God help them, the women engaged in the struggle for their daily bread do not parade their grievances. Without any special desire to delve into the heartaches and tragedies, I have, nevertheless, had my attention called to a few cases which are out of the ordinary.

"For instance, one folds circulars and addresses wrappers in the daytime in a Broadway office and furnishes a night force in the same building with bottled milk. She buys a dozen bottles at a time, and makes a cent and a half on each.

"Another woman works a half-day in an office building; takes out the children of a sick woman in the afternoon when the weather permits; watches the children of another family that goes to the theatre every Saturday night, and accompanies the same children to Sunday school the next day.

"Another darns the socks of all the bachelors in the block, and takes a sick woman's dog out every day for a constitutional.

"Another makes two trips to the country every week to buy fresh eggs and butter for several families in one block.

"Another goes every Sunday afternoon to pump wind for an organ in a private residence.

"Another is a harpist in a choir at two services on Sunday, and gives lessons in dancing to children two evenings in the week.

"Another makes a good income by ascertaining from several steamships the residences of people who are going abroad and then going to the places where she assists in packing trunks.

"Another has a job of curling the hair of a number of children in the neighborhood where she lives, and there is another who hones razors for a number of young men who are their own barbers.

"The list is not a long one, but I doubt not it could be lengthened by inquiry, which I have no curiosity to pursue. These incidents, I suppose, are usual in every great city. And still the rush to the city continues. I asked one of these struggling women one day why she remained here, and she replied:

"Well, there is one saving clause in the chapter of a great city like New York—there is always something one can do. The town is full of doors, and if one shuts, another opens."

"This explained the situation to some extent, but it would not satisfy me."—Exchange.

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THE EPWORTH HERALD.

I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, August 30, 1902.

Volume XIII.—Number 14.

What Mrs. Newman Did. By Rev. W. T. Worth.

Chapter II.

How well these people received the plain talk of this consecrated woman! It mightily reinforced the pulpit appeals which they had lately heard. She had no bitterness. She was not among those who dwell on a holy pedestal apart. Humility was one of her distinguishing graces. Under these peculiar conditions she proved a very John the Baptist, crying into the very souls of this little company, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

She had been having influence where she did not expect it. Occasionally she had led the meetings of the league. She was always welcome. Her spirit inspired the young disciples, and gave them a good model to be followed.

One day Harry Thompson, the president of the league, was talking with Grace Pervear, the first vice-president. He said: "There are a good many nice people in our church whose lives are correct and helpful. But I think that Mrs. Newman is just fine. Religion with her seems perfectly natural. It is not something put on; it is a part of her. And then it is always at work somewhere. It doesn't seem to waste itself in resolutions. She is a walking gospel."

Miss Pervear replied: "A devotional meeting seems devotional when she leads it. And what a splendid way she has of doing her 'mercy and help' work, without any society back of her." Mrs. Newman could have told her that this ease in work was a growth, and not a natural endowment. "I wish," continued the girl, "that she was no older than I am. What a wonderful help she would be in our department! Why, we would brighten every room we entered, and make many a heart sing for joy."

When the next Wednesday evening came after the conversation on the street, those who were accustomed to attend were in their places, and were surprised to see Bro. Wilder in his old seat in the "Amen corner." Soon after the first hymn was sung, Bro. Montague, the brisk business man, came in with his wife and their eldest daughter. The services continued after the usual form. But there was an undertone which had not been recognized in the meeting before for a long time. After a little pause in the midst of the service, Bro. Wilder seemed unable to keep silence, and came to his feet, saying: "I think it is too bad that I have allowed anything to take the place which belonged to my Master and his church. I cannot say much; I am too full. But you know me as a man of my word. Henceforth, God helping me, nothing shall usurp the Lord's place in my affections or my time." What a thrill went through the place! Can the pastor be blamed for covering his face and crying like a child? The first wave of a holy sea had struck their shore. The tide was

coming in—the blessed tide, waited for so long. After another singing, Bro. Montague arose and said: "I have been greatly moved of late, and feel to-night, more than ever, that my influence has not been what it should have been as a follower of my Lord. I have allowed the pressure of business, and the spirit of the world around us, to captivate my attention and affections, until I have grown away from him, instead of drawing nearer. I am sure this insensible process ought to stop. Personally, I feel that it would be a great help to me if you who are nearer Jesus than I am would speak to him about me when you pray, and thus help me to be as devoted and as influential as I ought to be. I do not want to hurt these young Christians;

I would be very glad to help them. I see how a man situated as I am can do a great deal toward strengthening the church by his life among the business men he deals with. Like Bro. Wilder, I deliberately pledge myself to fidelity to the cause I have so long professed to love." The Epworthians were leading the singing, and they began:

"My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

"What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end;
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend."

How the words pulsed with the power of the spirit! Under some circumstances they had been sung with little meaning; but the spirit of the hour vitalized them. They were sung with the spirit and the understanding also." In this holy atmosphere consecration was comparatively easy; and these new resolves

were immediately accepted, and on the surrendered hearts fell the smile of the Lord's approval. Everybody there was conscious of the descent of a special baptism of the Holy Spirit, which, though they knew it not, was to last for many a day. The place which was as chilly as snow-clad Hermon before the divine coming, was transfigured when he revealed himself, so that they all said: "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

Mrs. Newman was among the first to feel the blessed change. Her face shone with a holy radiance. This did not come from a mere personal satisfaction. She knew that her Lord was seeing of "the travail of his soul." She had participated in this, and at the birth of this new life she was exultant. The pastor was awed at the results of the hour. His physical being felt the blessed comfort of the Holy Spirit which flooded his soul. The blessing had not come precisely as he had expected; but it had come, and that was enough. When the meeting closed, the conversation was not secular and



"The revival became the theme in the mills and in the stores."

dissipating. The people were hushed into subdued utterances about the good meeting, and the hope and belief that it would be only the first of many like it. These two brethren were not brilliant heroes, but fresh recruits for the ranks of Christian workers, who were taking up their forgotten duties with a new delight.

News of the change swept through the town; so that the following Sunday the people were almost feverish with desire to know about it, and, if anything was coming of it, to witness it. It came! Surely it came! From more points than one came anxious inquiries for light. Every day the feeling spread more widely. Lukewarm Christians, some of whom had not identified themselves with the church when they moved into the place, and so were slowly starving to death, heard the Lord's call, and obeyed. New faces were seen in the regular congregations and in the prayer room. The revival became the theme in the mills and the stores. The young and vigilant workers in the league canvassed the community, and carried special invitations to the services. Not content with this, they held neighborhood meetings at a little distance from the centre, and kindled new fires which carried the power farther into the country. One of the first persons to ask for prayers as a penitent was the eldest daughter of Brother and Sister Montague. How the league rejoiced! She had been an associate member, rarely attending. But now she threw her whole energy into the work, and was very efficient. How her home was changed by this spiritual quickening. The revival spread 'like fire in dry stubble.' Perhaps the partial reason was that the death had lasted so long that these manifestations were novel and so were increasingly attractive. Another reason was that a few faithful ones had persistently waited before God in believing prayer. And it was no doubt true that this street conversation which has been outlined was no small factor in producing this new state of things. Possibly Sister Newman did not know half the blessed influence she shed abroad when she spoke, with her heart all a-flutter, what the Spirit had "borne in upon her."

Soon after this work began, the Congregational pastor, Bro. Peters, called on Bro. Tuttle and proposed that union meetings be held; and that, as their audience room was the larger, the meetings be held there, if it was perfectly agreeable. Bro. Tuttle said he had the warmest fellowship for all the followers of Jesus, but he did not believe it would be wise to change the place of meetings now. There would come occasions when they could exhibit their good feeling in some practical way; but he begged to be excused from accepting their proposition so kindly extended. After his visitor had gone he said to himself: "God has sent this refreshing to my needy church. We ought to nourish the fire. If it shall become general so that all the people shall be blessed, I shall be delighted, and will do all to realize such result. Besides, I have noticed that a new fire in a cold chimney is likely to be accompanied by a blinding smoke."

A revival never reaches everybody in a community who needs to be converted. It was not so here. Some resisted, and were left to increasing "hardness of heart, and blindness of mind." In this state they opposed the revival. They not only sneered at devout Christians as strait-laced and bigoted, but they started counter attractions. Some were beguiled by them; and some of these had been under very pungent conviction. But the projectors of these allurements could not have been very much at ease, because God's people were laboring and praying for those who were being so maliciously tempted, and for the tempters as well. Their effort was signally overruled. It kept up the interest; indeed, it seemed to increase it. The congregations did not wane. Bro. Peters and his people felt it, and rejoiced in it. Numbers of his youth were converted, and went into his church, and strengthened it; and some of those who had been long in the church caught the new devotion. Before very long there came an opportunity for real union services, in which both churches joined, and with blessed results—not the least of which was a conviction among those still unconverted that there was something in this religion which made men forget little doctrinal differences, and go to work in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

The full results of this reformation, which had, as its nearest human promoting influence, the faithful words of Sister Newman, cannot now be measured. Not until the shadows are all withdrawn, and we stand in the white light of heaven, shall we know all a revival accomplishes. But some of these fruits were clearly seen. How greatly the quality of the gatherings improved. Once it was possible to tell, without being present, just who would "take a part," and in what order; but you could not do that now. Before, the young people were oppressed with the fear of being impolite if they spoke or prayed before their elders had had their chance. Now everybody seemed to be saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The stereotyped forms were all broken up, and melted in the hot fires of love. And those who had been associating the prayer-room with the grave-yard, could be heard singing:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this;
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

Besides this, family altars which had been thrown down were rebuilt, and received the morning and evening sacrifices. Paths to places of secret prayer, which had become weed-grown, were worn smooth by

glad and faithful feet. The church was made numerically stronger. The league found many youth in homes which had not been Christian up to this time, and led them to Jesus. What had been to many the chief attraction of the place—the saloon—lost its hold, and began to sink to its proper level; and, at the next election, it was shut up.

After a little, the trustees began to feel that the want of paint without and within the church building, and the unsightly blotches on the ceiling in the audience room were not so much for the glory of God as they were illustrations of their own thoughtlessness and want of liberality. The ladies saw that if these blotches were removed, it would leave the congregation freer to inspect the carpet, which had ceased to be an ornament, and was fast becoming a trap for aged and careless feet. The league, participating in the same spirit, thought that the pastor's study in the church ought to be renovated. No one believed that a church edifice should, by its extravagance, keep the people poor who tried to meet its expenses; but all now believed that no congregation could be justified in offering as a place for God's worship a church which was less valuable than they were able to give. So the work was planned and carried on and completed, without a cent of debt; and, on a never-to-be-forgotten day, the doors of the renovated temple were again open, and the Lord filled it with his presence. Here was a visible proof of Sister Newman's word to Bro. Montague: "If God has you, he will be sure of your possessions."

Thank God for patient, plodding, persistent pastors like Bro. Tuttle, who never seem to know defeat. Thank God for honest men like Bros. Wilder and Montague, who squarely turn about when they really discover their coldness and distance, and rededicate their splendid abilities to the Lord's work. Thank God for those brethren who never have occasion to turn on their own record, but have been uniform servants of Christ since they began. And thank God for Christian women like Sister Newman, who "count not their own lives dear" for his dear sake! Thank God, we have such in all the churches!

Auburndale, Mass.

From Ghetto to Pulpit.

Jacob Finger.

IV.—Preparing to Preach.

Mendel thought there was nothing more he could say that would be of interest, as his experience from this time on was about the same as that of any other student struggling for an education. But having told me so much of his experience, I desired to hear the rest, and he consented to relate some of his experiences which he had while in school.

Mendel was never a spendthrift, and now, urged on by a consuming desire to go to school, he saved every cent he possibly could.

Before his conversion he left the farm on which he had been working, and began work for a noble Christian gentleman, who is well known throughout the whole Methodist Church. Although he was not getting very much more money, yet the fact that his employer was in sympathy with his endeavors greatly aided him. After two years of this service he entered a well-known preparatory school, where he spent four happy years preparing for college.

He has warm words of praise and gratitude to the president, faculty, and students for the treatment he received there. Of course, now and then a soft-brained fellow would make a sneering remark, based on Mendel's racial origin, but on the whole his life in "prep. school" was a very happy one.

He had about \$150 to start with, and at the end of four years he was in debt to the school \$50, a debt which he paid the following fall. He had the pleasure of playing three years on the football team, and enjoyed most of the social functions of the institution. Of course, it was rather hard at first, both on account of the language and because of the new life that opened before him. In time, however, he became accustomed to his new environment and did his daily work with much delight. During the four academic years he earned about \$250 in school and with the addition of summer earnings and help received from the educational fund he got along finely.

A few words from his experience, telling how a poor young man can go through college, will not be out of order here. There is one requisite which he must observe without any qualifications. He must be willing to do all kinds of work that will bring him an honest dollar. When this idea has taken a firm hold of him, he has conquered all.

Mendel found this true during his college course. The first year in college he had about \$75 to start with, and at the end of the year he had about \$10. The second year he started with \$50, and met a note of \$25 a few days after college opened. At the end of the year he had \$35. This may sound rather mysterious, but there is nothing of mystery here. He was bound to go through college, and although he had not sufficient money for the whole year, he resolved to begin the year and stay as long as his money held out.

When winter came, with heavy snows, he was found at five o'clock in the morning shoveling snow on the college campus. Now it is not very pleasant to shovel snow long before breakfast and then go to class at eight o'clock. But to Mendel it meant that or no college. He chose the snow-shoveling, and he has always been thankful for it.

By the end of the year he obtained a situation with the athletic association, which he kept for the remainder of his college course, and which helped him through.

His college course completed, all the rest was comparatively easy. The theological seminary course was a pleasant one. There were many opportunities to preach, but other work was not slighted. Soon he hopes to enter upon the work for which he has been longing and preparing all these years.

Now, just a word in closing. Mendel's experience has been here set forth for two reasons. First, to give an account of the life of a young man whom I know well, with the hope that his struggle for liberty and manhood may stimulate someone else. He would say to his young friends: "Do not wait till you have saved enough money to carry you through a whole college course. In nine cases out of ten you will never go to college if you wait for that. Then let your ideal be the ideal of service. You are to have an education, not simply for your own sake, that you may have an easier life, or be wealthier. You are to have an education that you may be able better to serve.

When you come to a place where you cannot see the way very far, remember that if God wants you in his service he wants you to be prepared for it. You can afford to trust him one step at a time. Be true to your life-work. Do not decide to be a minister because your mother wants you to be one, nor a lawyer because there is more money in it, but decide before God, and under his guidance, what your life-work shall be. He needs merchants, lawyers, and physicians in this world as well as ministers, but be sure he has called you to your work."

Secondly, this history has been made public for the benefit of those who have homes, who have been born and reared in this noble land.

Mendel's message to them is a brief and simple exhortation: "Do not overlook a stranger, one who happened to be born on another continent and who, perhaps, differs from you in a thousand views. Remember that all human beings have hearts, that the gospel of Jesus appeals to all, and that his salvation is for all. Possibly one that you may influence may some day be of blessed service to God and to humanity."

Madison, N. J.

A Budget for the Boys.

How Mayor Johnson Began.

Mayor Johnson of Cleveland, familiarly known as "Tom Johnson," lived in Louisville when a small boy. At the age of fourteen he secured employment as an office boy in a foundry at \$2.00 a week. His duties consisted of keeping the office clean, running errands, and picking up odd scraps that got into other people's way.

B. Du Pont, who was part owner of the foundry, saw the industrious office boy rush one day into the street, pick up a bit of iron, and, returning, throw it on the scrap heap inside. When the boy reentered the office, Mr. Du Pont said to him:

"Why did you do that, my son?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, a bit embarrassed, "there was no use wasting it. They can put it in the furnace and use it over again."

"Well, I just think I can use you, young man, in the street-car business. How would you like to come at \$7.00 a week?"

Young Johnson accepted the \$5.00 raise with alacrity. Mr. Du Pont controlled the Fourth-Avenue and Walnut-Street lines. One barn was at Eighteenth and Walnut Streets, and at Fourth Avenue and Main Street was the drawing station. All the cars of the system had to pass there, and it was there that the money was drawn from the big clumsy boxes into which the fares were dropped.

One of the rules of the company was that as each bag of money was drawn the drawer must carry it into the office, put it into the safe, and close the door. To this rule Johnson owed his promotion from office boy.

Mr. Du Pont was seldom at the drawing station during the day, and in time the drawers drew careless. No one had access to the room but the drawers, and knowing one another to be honest, they formed the habit of carelessly throwing the bags of money on the floor and piling them all into the safe in a heap at the end of the day or when they thought Mr. Du Pont might be around.

One day the chief drawer was ill, and young Johnson, the office boy, was sent by Mr. Du Pont from Eighteenth and Walnut Streets to Fourth and Main to help out. Johnson read the rules, and in drawing the bag of money from the first car he bounded up the steps to the room, opened the safe, threw in the money, and slammed the door.

"What did you do that for?" demanded the bookkeeper.

"The rules say so," answered the sub-drawer over his shoulder as he ran down the steps to meet another car.

The same thing was repeated a dozen times. Then the bookkeeper wheeled around and demanded:

"Don't you think I'm honest? Do you think I want to steal any of that money?"

"Dunno," answered Johnson, but the rule says, 'Put the bag in the safe and shut the door,' and that's what I'm going to do, whether you like it or not."

The bookkeeper jumped off his stool just as Mr. Du Pont stepped in.

"What's all this row about?" he asked.

"This young fool is acting as if he thought I was trying to steal your money," the bookkeeper replied.

"I was just obeying the rule, Mr. Du Pont," spoke up young Johnson. "Here it is," and he showed the president of the company the rule.

"All right, my boy," said Mr. Du Pont, "since you obey the rules so well I'll make you chief drawer right now."

Two years later, when he was seventeen, Johnson was superintendent of the road.

The Game of Polo.

The old game of polo is nothing more than the game of shinney on horseback, or rather on ponyback. The pony must be trained to play polo, and he must be gentle, quick, and swift. There may be any number of players on a side. The ball is made of wood, painted

white, and looks like a baseball. The stick has a handle six or seven feet long. Each side has its goal, made by driving two poles into the ground, about six feet apart. The ball is laid in the center of the ground, and at a signal the players make a dash for it. Whichever side succeeds in driving it through the goal of its opponents is the victor.

Be on Time.

The writer was not long ago instrumental in securing a good position in a store for a boy about fifteen years of age. He needed the place very much, for his mother was in the most reduced circumstances, and this boy was the eldest of six children, and the mother was a widow.

At the end of two weeks the mother came to me to ask if I would be willing to go to the store and ask the proprietor to take Willie back again.

"Take him back!" I said. "Has he lost his place?"

"Yes, sir; they sent him back home when he went to the store yesterday morning."

A call on the proprietor of the store elicited the fact that the boy had been discharged because he was "never on time."

"He was late every morning," said the proprietor. "He always had some excuse, but I could not have a boy of that kind in my employ. If I excused him I must excuse others. I insist on every person in my employ being here on time. I am here myself on time, and it is only right and just that they should be here also."

It is right and just that every boy who is paid for his time should be at his post on time. He will find that punctuality is of high value, and that the lack of it will be a stumbling block in the road toward success.

How to Feed and Care for Dogs.

As dogs differ in size and strength and the nature of their work, so their food must be varied. When a puppy is five or six weeks old he is old enough to wean, and from that time on for at least three weeks he should be fed upon boiled milk, with a little stale bread occasionally put into it. After that a little soup thickened by some meat that has been well cooked and chopped may be given, along with a few vegetables. If the puppy is growing a set of crooked legs with enlarged joints, put some carbonate and phosphate of lime in his food. Until the puppy is a year old he should be fed three times a day; after that twice a day. There is no better food in the world for a dog than scrapings from the table—meat, bread and vegetables. Dog biscuits do not answer the purpose of food entirely. If a dog has to work, as in the case of a pointer or setter, he should be given all the meat he can eat during the work season. If your dog is a house pet or has little exercise, be careful not to overfeed him.—*The American Boy*.

Finding Out How to Begin.

Two boys had sat down together to work out some problems in algebra. One of them had been busy with his pencil a full minute when he noticed his companion sitting with folded arms and knitted brows.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why don't you begin?"

"I'm finding out how to begin," returned the other, quietly, and he went on thinking. The first speaker covered a page of foolscap with figures, found himself in a labyrinth from which there seemed no escape, and, looking back over the statement of the problems, discovered a mistake in his first equation. Long before this, however, his companion had worked the problem through and reached the correct result. He had not wasted time, because he had looked at all sides of the question before he began.

A little hard thinking before we being to act would save us not only much precious time but many a heartache as well.

How One Minister Got His Wife. By Clara E. Waite.

"I reckon there's no prettier sight on a farm than a string of even-sized, fat, clean, white hogs, and I never see sech a batch of porkers without thinkin' how one Methodist preacher got his wife."

And honest old Samuel Beales, traveling salesman for a certain extract company, settled back in the big arm chair, rubbed the shiny, bald spot on the top of his head, shut his 'north-west eye' and proceeded as follows:



"Mari' laid the law right down."

"Way back in the seventies, I was livin' down in Knox County. I had a little farm down there and raised a right smart of corn and considerable many hogs. Pork was high in them days and it was an easy way to make money."

"Me and the old woman was alone most of the time, the children bein' all married and

gone for themselves 'ceptin' Johnny, and he was at college.

"Mari', that's my old woman, 'lowed when Johnny was a little shaver in petticoats, that he should be a preacher. So she sort of set that idee up as you would set a stake to line out a fence, and aimed straight for it all the way along in his bringin' up."

"Mari' is a mighty sensible woman. I found that out airly in our married life, and I just let her go ahead and manage the children, while I wabbled around pretty lively to get the clothes and provender for 'em."

"We never had no great sight of education ourselves, 'though I did keep a few terms of school before we was married. But Mari' laid the law right down in the beginnin' that our children was to have all the advantages we could possibly give 'em."

"Mari' has a way of makin' it seem as if the Lord was a livin' friend that you could have right along with you every day if you was careful not to hurt his feelings. She got the children to thinkin' that way, too, and I must say, that makes heaven of home all the time. No selfishness, no quarellin', and each one tryin' to make the others happy."

"Well, the long and the short of it was, without goin' into details, she a workin' in her way and I in mine, with the Lord as biggest shareholder in the concern, we brought about very satisfactory results. Joe, he's the oldest, had wriggled along up 'till he'd got to be superintendent of schools at the county seat. Abe was a partner with his father-in-law in a big furniture store. Tom was a practicin' medicine. Both the girls had married well-to-do farmers, and all of 'em was good workin' members of the Methodist Church."

"As I said before, Johnny was the baby. His mother called him that, he a big six-footer, broad shouldered and strong as a horse, and she a little wisp of a thing not much bigger 'n a quail."

"Maybe you think all this has nothin' to do with hogs, but I'm a comin' to them after a while."

"There's some mighty cur'us folks in this world, and I mind when a man sets himself up as a pattern for his neighbors and acts as if the earth was created for his 'special benefit, that man 'll bear watchin'."

That's the kind of a



"The old fellow swelled up."

man old Si' Featherstone was. He lived about a quarter of a mile from my place and had the best farm and finest buildings in the town. He kept a hired man and perambulated around in a starched dickey and long-tailed black coat, as town ornament and advisor. His wife had the name of bein' the closest manager and settin' the skimpiest table of any woman around. A feller named Bill Steine worked there one winter, and he used to tell how the old woman made butter and cheese both from one old farrer cow, besides work-

in' the whey up into bread puddins and bilin' the cheese cloth to get the foundation for onion soup.

"The Featherstones had raised a good-sized family, and they, too, was all married off 'ceptin' the youngest, which happened to be a girl. Her name was Sylvia, and a prettier creature you would go far to find. Tall and slim, with wonderful gray eyes and cheeks the color of wild roses. And such hair! Brown with sunshine tangled in it, and falling in curls to her waist. Smart, too. Smart as a whip. Luckily for her, an aunt had left her a few hundred dollars under condition that it should be used for her education. So Sylvia was attendin' the high school down to the county seat with a view of goin' to college in the future."



"There was my ten hogs."

"Our Johnny had been sweet on Sylvia ever since she was a little thing. Used to draw her to school on his sled, send her valentines and such like. As they grew up they always paired off together and folks used to remark what a handsome couple they was."

"Well, it run along 'till Johnny was in his third year at college. He was preachin' then, in a little out-of-the-way place every two weeks, to sort of get his hand in as you may say. Vacation time he went to old Si' like a man, and asked his consent to an engagement with Sylvia. The old fellow swelled up like a turkey cock and wanted to know if 'he supposed his daughter could aspire no higher than a Methodist parson, especially one whose father lived on a forty-acre lot and raised hogs for a living'."

"Featherstone's words and manner cut the boy to the quick, but he was too honorable to ask his sweetheart to enter into an engagement without her father's consent. They talked the matter over and agreed to be true to each other and wait for time to remove the difficulty."

"Old Si' had a brother once. His name was Jim. A mighty likely man he was, too, as different from Si' as daylight is from darkness. He had a nice family, and a fine farm all paid for, and everything in good shape. But he took the southern fever—had it bad. Nothing would do but he must sell out and go down to Missouri and buy a peach farm."

"Well, he went. But they hadn't ben there but a few months when the war broke out. He got up one morning and found a white paper with writing on it, pinned on his front door. It warned him to get out of the state within twenty-four hours or death would be the penalty."

"Luckily they was only twenty miles from the border line. So they picked up a few things and hustled over into Indian Territory. By good luck again they ran onto an old, deserted log cabin and promptly took possession."

"Then Jim thought he and the oldest boy could skulk back in the night and get a few more of their traps. But they missed it mightily, for the rascals were on the lookout and popped 'em over with no more compunctions than as if they was rabbits. Jim's wife died in less than a week from fright and exposure, and left a two-year-old boy and two little girls there in that desolate country."

"Mari' says the Lord sent his angel to watch over 'em, and I'm bound to believe she is right for no harm come to 'em, and in some way Si' got wind of the matter, and went down there and brought the children back. The two girls was took by some of their mother's kin, and Si' got himself appointed garden to the boy and kept him a spell. But the child grew kinder peaked and spindlin', and folks 'lowed he didn't have what he'd orter to eat."

"There was a rich old feller in town by the name of Styles. He was a cattle drover, and was away from home most of the time. His wife took a likin' to little Jim Featherstone (the boy was named for



"When Johnny had done speakin'."

his father), and wanted to take him until he was of age. Styles made no objection, and after some talk old Si' agreed to it.

"Little Jim grew fat and rosy, and the old couple thought their eyes of him, and he the same of them. I mind one time when Styles and his wife had to go to Pennsylvania to a funeral. They left little Jim to his uncle's while they was gone, about a week. When they come back they stopped for the child and Si' and the old woman both come out to the buggy with him. The old man had a little wooden box in his hand and he give it to Miss Styles. He said Jim had been a good boy and had helped the hired man pick up the cider apples, and they felt as if they would like to make him a little present. He said his wife gave one piece of money and he gave the other. The box contained one Confederate penny and one of Uncle Sam's!

"These wasn't the hogs I was goin' to tell you about. The ones I had reference to was white. I'm a comin' to 'em after a while.

"Well, Featherstone meandered around in the capacity of garden, and what with makin' several trips down to Missouri, and sellin' his brother's land, and so on, it turned out he had, accordin' to his own figgerin', used up all the boy's share in his father's property, and had charged up two hundred dollars against Jim's share of his grandfather's estate.

"Now I've done preamblin' and am comin' down to my story. Let me see. It was the same year that Johnny got so cut up by the man he was proposin' to take for a father-in-law. I raised a batch of pigs that spring that was beauties. Ten of 'em. Long, roomy, smooth-built critters, white as milk. My! How they grew. How I loved to see 'em munch their corn and slap up their long jaws full of biled pumpkin and milk. And it jest rested me after a hard day's work, to sit on the rail fence in the moonlight, and listen to their peaceful snorin'.

"Folks didn't use to confine their hogs down there in them days. They jest let 'em run in the road. Each drove knew its own feedin' place, and they seldom made any trouble. My house stood pretty well back and there was a long lane leadin' to the road. At the head of this lane, in the corner of the orchard, was the feedin' place.

"One night about the middle of September, them hogs didn't come home. I went down to the road and called 'em a long time, but they didn't put in an appearance. Then I went up the road two miles and turned off on another and came a long way around home, but got neither sight nor sound of 'em. I hunted and inquired for a week, and finally concluded someone had drove 'em off to market.

"It run along a couple of months or more. The day before Thanksgiving I was a fixin' the road fence, when along come young Jim Featherstone. He was about seventeen year old then, and a likely chap as you often see. We passed the time of day and talked a bit about the weather and so on, and then sez he:

"Mr. Beales, would you like to know where your hogs are?"

"You bet I would, if they're in the land of the livin', sez I.

"You go and look in Uncle Si's old log stable down in his river lot," sez he, "but don't ever let on as I told you."

"Well, now, you better believe I wasn't long gettin' down there. The stable had always been used to shelter colts, and it stood in the edge of the woods, jest beyond a cornfield. The big, tall shocks of corn stood thick all over the upper part of the field. The door of the stable was barricaded with a couple of heavy timbers and the ore window boarded up. I went up and peeked through the chinks in the logs. There was my ten hogs, fat as butter!

"As sure as you live the floor of that stable was a foot deep with fresh corn cobs. I got the door open mighty quick, and got them porkers out. Then I drove 'em across the cornfield and through a big meadow, and let the fence down into the road. Them hogs headed straight for home. When I got along by Featherstone's house there was old Si and his wife out in the front yard.

"Where'd ye git them hogs?" sang out the old pirate.

"You don't need to ask that question, Silas Featherstone," sez I; but I can answer it. I got 'em down in your old stable."

"Them's my hogs," sez he, bold as a lion.

"If them hogs don't turn straight into my lane you can have 'em," sez I.

"When they got to the lane—woof-woof-woof—they all went and rushed up to the feedin' yard like all possessed.

"About six o'clock Featherstone came over to my place. He had on his tall silk hat, starched dickey, and long-tailed black coat, and carried his gold-headed cane in his hand. I was a settin' on the fence a listenin' to the music them hogs made chankin' their corn. He said: 'Good evenin',' and inquired after my own and the old woman's health, and talked about the weather and the markets and such like, the words droppin' like butter'n honey from his tongue. Then he sez:

"Neighbor Beales, I don't know as I have anything particular against your John. I reckon he's a likely-enough young feller, and they say he's a right smart of a preacher. I sha'n't make any objections to any sort of agreement he and my daughter choose to make.

"I looked the old hypocrite over from head to foot, and I put all

the contempt I could possibly express into my voice as I replied, slowly:

"Si' Featherstone, if Sylvia was the least mite or grain like her father or her mother I'd see Johnny in Egypt before I would be willin' he should marry her, and so, too, would Mari'."

"The old feller wriggled around and coughed, and cleared his throat, and finally he sez:

"Beales, I must have made a mistake about them hogs, but we don't need to say anything about it to anybody. You ain't lost nothin' by it."

"No," sez I, 'I've got considerable more corn on hand than I expected to have at this time of year, and I never see hogs in better condition.'

"We let the transaction pass, and said nothin' to nobody. The next June the old woman and me went down to see Johnny graduate. Sylvia was there, and set side of Mari'. She was all in white, with ruffles and laces and plumes. And the big bunch of roses she sent up to the platform when Johnny had done speakin' wasn't a bit sweeter nor fairer than her face. And nobody could have told which of them two women was proudest of the young scamp.

"In three years from that time Sylvia graduated, and then she and Johnny were married.

"The Featherstone's made a grand wedding, and invited a picked crowd from all over the county. Me and the old woman was there, of course. We'd polished up the best we could, but we weren't much to look at, after all. But Johnny and Sylvia didn't seem to see any difference between us and the educated, smartly-dressed people, and did all they could to have us have a pleasant time. Old Si' came up to us, and shook hands patronizingly.

"You may well be proud of your son, said he, for in all this crowd there is not a man who can hold a candle to him. He is among men what the eagle is among birds."

"I thought he was spreadin' it on pretty thick, considerin', but I took Mari's tollworn hand, with it's stumpy little fingers, in mine, and replied:

"Johnny may be an eagle, as you say, but if he is, it is all owing to the ambition, the faith, and the prayers of this little brown wren."

"Mari' didn't say nothin', but she looked at me with shinin' eyes.

"Johnny is a presiding-elder now. Mari' has strong expectations that he will be made a bishop sometime. And all our family unite in saying that Sylvia is gloriously fitted for a bishop's wife."

Brunswick, O.

"Tell Them We Are Rising."

Mr. J. L. Harbour tells an interesting story in *The American Boy* about Roscoe Conkling Bruce, now in Harvard University:

Soon after the war General O. O. Howard was addressing a school for colored boys and girls in Atlanta, Ga. During his address he said to the children:

"What shall I tell your friends in the North about you?"

Immediately a barefooted and ragged little black fellow, with the light of courage and hope and enthusiasm shining in his big, dark eyes, called out:

"Tell them we are rising."

The good Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, heard of the incident, and he wrote these lines founded upon it:

Oh, black boy of Atlanta, but half was spoken;
The slave's chains and the master's are broken;
The one curse of the races held both in tether.

They are rising, all are rising, the black and white together.

They were prophetic words, but it is doubtful if, when those words were spoken by that little black boy, he or any of the most hopeful of his race ever expected to see the time when a negro but little more than a boy in years would be chosen class orator at Harvard University. But this has come to pass, for Roscoe Conkling Bruce, a son of the Mississippi senator of that name, has had this honor visited upon him. Young Bruce is an undergraduate at Harvard and a young fellow of splendid intellectual attainments that he is developing by the hardest kind of work.

He is a "born orator," and few young men of his years think more deeply or reason more logically. He is interested heart and soul in the welfare of his race, and after his graduation he is to become a teacher at Tuskegee Institute, where his mother is now engaged in teaching.

His father named him Roscoe Conkling for the reason that, at the time when Senator Bruce entered the Senate, the prejudice against men of his race was far stronger than it is now, and the black senator was given the cold shoulder by many of his brother senators.

Senator Roscoe Conkling was the first white man to give the negro senator the hand of welcome, and he did it in such a hearty and genuinely friendly way that it touched the heart of the black senator from the South, who went home and named his newly-born little boy Roscoe Conkling. It is this little baby, grown to manhood's years, who has brought such credit upon himself and his race at Harvard.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—John Hall.

The Spiritual Life.

No Lost Effort.

A young Sunday-school teacher in Boston had in her class a boy who seemed fairly incorrigible. Still she clung to him. She prayed for him every day, and often a dozen times a day. She had moments of discouragement when she heard how he was going from bad to worse in his daily life.

Finally, he was arrested as an accomplice in a burglary, and sent to prison for two years. She did not give up then, but visited him often in prison, always finding him hard, sullen, and defiant.

After his release from prison he disappeared, and no one knew where he went, but everyone was confident that he had gone to destruction.

Years passed, and the teacher married, and went far from her native town to live. She had grown children of her own when she and her husband went to the Pacific slope to visit relatives and friends. They found the town or city in which one of their friends lived greatly agitated over the liquor question.

"We are trying to elect a 'no license' mayor," said the gentleman they were visiting. "He is coming to dinner this evening, and I'll be glad to have you meet him."

When he came she saw a tall, fine-looking man, whom she would have said at once, she had never met before.

"Why," he said, as he grasped her hand, "are you not Miss M——?"

"I was Miss M——," she replied.

"And you lived in Boston?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you taught a class in a Sunday-school called the West End Mission?"

"Yes."

"And there was a bad boy in that class named Roger Martin?"

"There was a boy of that name in the class. I have never forgotten him."

"And yet you don't know him when he stands before you, for I am that same Roger Martin."

Miss M——'s unceasing prayers had been heard and answered.

"I tried to forget you and all your teachings," said Mr. Martin. "I tried to forget God. I lived a wicked life for fifteen years after I left my home, but in all those years of sinfulness I could not forget your loving patience, nor some of the things you had said to me. I feel that I owe my final conversion and acceptance of God to you. I wrote and told you so when I was converted, but the letter came back to me through the dead-letter office. I wanted you to know that, after many days and years, God had answered your prayers for me, and that none of your efforts in my behalf were lost."

"I never felt that they were lost," said Mrs. H——, "and I have been praying for you all these years."

A Costly Estate.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul!"

"A solemn pause followed this answer; for the inquirer had not sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The person referred to was the son of a spiritually-minded laboring man. Early in life he professed faith in Christ, and he soon obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He continued to maintain a reputable religious profession till he became a partner in the firm. Labor then increased. He gave less attention to religion, and more and more to his business, and the cares of the world choked the Word. Ere he became old he was exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserly in soul that none who knew him would have suspected that he had ever borne the sacred name of Him who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." At length he purchased the landed estate referred to, built him a costly mansion, sickened and died. Just before he died he remarked: "My prosperity has been my ruin." What a price for which to barter away immortal joy! Yet how many do it!

Love for Love.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen into the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men, as they passed, laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a moment to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly

he did not deserve one. But if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart prompted her to stay and say a word to the boys who were joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removed one black fist from his eye and looked up. He recognized her. She had taught him at the Sunday-school.

"O, ma'am! I'm so bad!"

She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterward she visited him kindly and frequently.

A year passed by.

There was a fire one night. A dwelling-house was in flames. The engines had not yet arrived. The inmates would not be rescued. A boy looked on. Suddenly he shouts: "O! she lives here!" Then he climbed up the heated, falling stairs. He fought against the suffocating smoke. He hunted about until he found what he sought.

She had fainted—was dying, perhaps. No! He will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she was safe in the cold air.

The bystanders were struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walked away muttering: "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

O, friends! the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond!

Why Men Do Not Become Religious.

The Watchman.

The evangelists and religious convention speakers who are wont to declare that if ministers would preach "the simple gospel" their churches would be thronged, overlook the circumstance that this is not the explanation our Lord gave of the unattractiveness of religion. In the parable of the great feast he represented that the invited guests were not hungry for the feast, but were more engrossed in the piece of ground, the team of oxen, or the companionship of home than in the invitation. An excellent contrast might be drawn between the way the invited guests to the feast treated the summons and the attitude of the prodigal toward the bounty of his father's house after he came to himself. Oftentimes it requires the loss of secular comforts and pleasures to arouse within the soul the sense of spiritual hunger. We only appreciate the provision of the father's house after our reliance upon our own resources is removed by the disappointments, the uncertainties of life and the hard realities of actual experience.

Changed.

A rich lady dreamed that she went to heaven and there saw a mansion being built. "Who is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth, with barely room enough for his family. He might live better if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks."

Further on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And who is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The Master Builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.

What are we sending up? What kind of material are we building into our everyday life? Is it being sent up?

Getting Rid of Our Burdens.

Rev. E. I. D. Pepper.

Getting rid of our load is getting rid of our burdensome selves. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee." "God shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." No wonder the Psalmist promptly responded, "I will trust in thee." And why should we not trust him, seeing he has promised to take and bear both ourselves and our burdens? He never does anything by halves, but rather by doubles and multiples. It never takes long to cast anything off from ourselves onto another. Away with thy burden, this instant! Away with thy weary, burdened, disheartened, disconsolate, groaning, sinking self! And when thy burden and thyself consciously go over to God, be sure to leave both henceforth with him. A great strong father can easily and will gladly lift his little child and all his bundles. Our heavenly father's arm is already lifting us.

When obstacles and trials seem

Like prison walls to be,

I do the little I can do,

And leave the rest to Thee.

—Faber.

If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what he can make you like. Nothing is so infectious as example.—Charles Kingsley.

A Little Jest and Jollity.

American Ways Shock the German.

The *Philadelphia Times* reproduces a racy conversation between an American and a German. It has several points:

"Well, how do you like it over here?" asked a Philadelphian the other day of a German man just six months in the new world.

"Oh, I like it all right," said the German. "I like it, but—my, I will never dare to when I get home again."

"Dare what?"

"Dare, for instance, to drink ice cream soda, dare to sit on the steps in front of my own home in the evening, dare to chat with the policeman, dare to hang onto a crowded trolley car, dare to take off my waistcoat on a warm day, dare to take my lunch in a restaurant downtown, dare—oh, a good many more dares than in the old country would make me ridiculous or even ruin my reputation."

"Well, I declare, why in the name of common sense—"

"Wait a minute and let me tell you: First, about the ice cream soda. Well, if I ever should drink anything like that at home it would make me the laughing stock of the whole city. I am afraid my own wife would refuse to go to any resort of amusement if I evinced a 'weakness' for ice cream or any flavor whatever. And as to sitting in front of my own house, on my own steps—well, most likely I would be arrested for disorderly conduct; at any rate I would gather a curious crowd around me."

"Don't you know that in Germany it would be 'conduct unbecoming a gentleman or a sane person'?"

"You just try once to chat with one of our policemen; you would be surprised how quick you would find yourself in an asylum. At best, if the officer was in very good humor, he might call a cab, and, ransacking your pockets for your address, take you to your home fully convinced that you were demented. Next day he would come around and collect the cab fare and police dues."

"Be as busy as you may, be in as great a hurry as you will, but never attempt to hang onto an occupied trolley car in my country; you people over here complain about hanging onto straps or standing on the side steps—why, my dear sir, all that, even hanging onto the rear fender, is a privilege you are free to enjoy if you please."

"If I should take off my waistcoat on a hot day people in the old country would 'rubber' at me everywhere and say that I was naked."

"Should I take my lunch downtown in American fashion and not be a bachelor and a steady patron of one restaurant, do you know what people would say?"

"He has family troubles! His wife deserted him! He is running hungry around in the streets!"

"Well, man, what do you care what people would say or think?"

"No, I wouldn't care much—not I! But then you know things get talked about and reach your friends and your relatives and they do care and do make you care. That is the whole trouble. If you should try to make things convenient and comfortable on the other side—you would be the only one and people would never forgive you."

"Well, I pity you."

"Pity me! I do myself now."

Beecher Changed His Mind.

Gen. James McLeer, awhile postmaster of Brooklyn in 1880, has refused \$100 for a letter from Henry Ward Beecher, which he never even published until recently. A note of Mr. Beecher's containing a check for \$150 was returned from the dead-letter office in Washington, and when he received the usual notice he sent this to the postmaster:

"Oct. 28, 1880. Colonel McLeer. Dear Sir:—Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me."

"We must all die! And, though the premature decease of my poor letter should excite a proper sympathy (and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction."

"What was the date of its death? Of what did it die? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befits the melancholy occasion? Did it save any effects?"

"Will you kindly see to its funeral? I am strongly inclined to cremation."

"May I ask if any other letters of mine are sick—dangerously sick? If any depart this life hereafter don't notify me until after the funeral. Affectionately, HENRY WARD BEECHER."

On learning that the letter contained a check Mr. Beecher called at the office and withdrew the request for its cremation.

The Czar's Good Excuse.

The czar of all the Russias is fond of getting away from formalities for a time. This was not well known in the earlier years of his reign. One morning he got up early and, in the simple uniform of a colonel, he cycled across the park at Gatschina to the lodge of the keeper of the fish ponds, where the czar often enjoyed an hour or two of sport in a quiet way.

Something went wrong with his bicycle while on the way to the lodge, and he jumped off from the bicycle to readjust it. At that moment there passed a pompous old general from some distant part of the empire.

The czar did not notice him, whereupon the general strode up and inquired of the supposed colonel why his inferior officer did not salute him.

"I must really apologize," said the czar. "Owing to the shortness of my reign I have not yet had the honor of making your acquaintance."

Other One Wouldn't Care.

Maurice Barrymore, the actor, once journeyed from a hunting camp where he was a guest to a small Maine town for the purpose of seeing "Hamlet" acted by a company of barnstormers. The performance was so bad as to be fascinating, and Barrymore and his friends remained until the end. As they made their way to the village hotel one of the party asked the actor how companies of the kind managed to exist.

"Don't know," said Barrymore, "but they serve an educational purpose."

"They do? How?"

"Well, if I had the time and money, I'm sure I could decide the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy after seeing to-night's performance."

"Why, Barry, what was there to-night to make you think so?"

"My dear fellow, if the bodies of Shakespeare and Bacon were disinterred, you'd find that the real author of 'Hamlet' had turned in his grave."

* * *

More Profit Later.

Ex-Congressman Cable of Illinois has a charming young daughter who is receiving her education in France. When she was several years younger than she is now her father took her on his knee one day and said to her:

"To-day a man asked me if I would not sell little brother. He said he would give me a whole room full of gold. Shall I let him have little brother?"

The child shook her head.

"But," persisted the father, "think how much money this room full of gold would be. Think how many things you could buy with it. Don't you think I'd better let the man have little brother?"

"No," said the daughter, "let's keep him till he's older. He'll be worth more then."

* * *

A Painful Mistake.

Archdeacon Sinclair, in his "Leaders of Thought," etc., tells a good story of an Eton headmaster, known as "Flogging Keate."

Finding, one morning, a row of boys in his study, he began, as usual, to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate till he had gone half-way down the row, when one plucked up courage to falter out:

"Please, sir, we're not up for punishment—we're a confirmation class!"

"Never mind," said Dr. Keate; "I must be fair all around, and it will do you good."

So he finished them off.

* * *

A Candid Reply.

A young man contemplating matrimonial felicity, took his fair intended to the home of his parents, that she might be introduced to the old folks.

"This is my future wife," said the young man, proudly, turning to paterfamilias, who was a canny Scot. "Now, father, tell me candidly what you think of her."

The old man eyed the blushing bride-elect critically for fully two minutes, then answered with deliberation: "Well, John, I can only say you have shown much better taste than she has."

* * *

No Manners.

Major Delafeld, a former superintendent of West Point Military Academy, was, to put it mildly, not very popular, either with cadets or officers.

After he left, an Irish janitor said that "when the Major went down to the wharf to leave the p'int, he was followed by many a dhry eye."

* * *

What's in a Name?

"So you have at last settled on a name for the baby?"

"Yes'm. First we named him Hobson, then changed it to Dewey, an' afterward to Funston Schley Johnson. But now we've named him jes' plain Jim. Yo' nevah finds you've made a mistake when you calls 'em jes' nothin' but Jim."



Horse Dealer: "He's all right except for a little temper once in a while, but he always gets over it in a minute."



Mr. Softly: "Oh, yes. I know he's perfectly safe, as the dealer—"



"Told me that—Whoa! Ouch! Hold his head! He's a regular man-killer! What did that dealer mean?"



Dealer: "Of course. Isn't that what I told you? But he got over it in a minute, didn't he?"

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

GREAT MISSIONARY ESSENTIALS.

(Isa. 40: 29-31; Acts 1: 4-8; Luke 10: 2; Prov. 29: 18.)

Topic for Sept. 7.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Impossibilities (Mark 10: 23-27).

Tuesday.—All the earth (Isa. 43: 1-7).

Wednesday.—God's eyes (2 Chron. 16: 7-9).

Thursday.—For our brethren Josh. 1: 12-18).

Friday.—A pressing work (Neh. 6: 1-9).

Saturday.—The secret of success (John 12: 23-26).

Sunday.—Topic—Factors necessary to the evangelization of the world in this generation (Isa. 40: 29-31; Acts 1: 4-8; Luke 10: 2; Prov. 29: 18.) Read Mott, Chapt. VIII.

The three great factors "necessary to the evangelization of the world in this generation" are indicated in the references. They are Vision, Power, Service. With these three working together the world will be evangelized, whenever it is evangelized. If these three factors can be focused on the task in this generation the watchword of missions will be no longer an ideal, but an accomplished fact.

Vision.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

What sort of a vision must we have?

Need. We must have a vision of the world's need. Not only by statistics, but by a new understanding of the condition of every individual who has no knowledge of Jesus Christ. We must have clearer conception of what "without God" really means. Statistics show the extensive reach of the world's need. The revelation of what life is without vital relation to the Giver of life, shows the intensive reach of the need. We must see the need both ways.

Supply. We must get a vision of the one perfect supply for the world's need. Jesus Christ is the world-Saviour. He has the final and sufficient remedy for the need of the world, because he has life, and offers it to men whom sin is hurrying on to death. We must see that for all the world Jesus Christ is "he that should come," and that there is no necessity or any other motive to impel us to look for "another." We must know him for the new head of a redeemed humanity, in whom we live, and in whom all men may find life if they will come unto him.

Operation. We must get a vision of the divine plan for bringing need and supply together. What avails to any man a salvation of which he has not heard? It will not suffice to be appalled at the vastness of the need, and enraptured at the blessedness of the supply. These two must meet. The sinner and salvation must be in the same place at the same time. And the vision of the gospel's operation is not clear and full unless it shows us that the bringing of the supply to the place of need is work in which we must share.

We shall get this vision. How?

1. By seeking for it. The people who stay away from missionary services are short-sighted and inconsistent. They will never get the vision, but their blindness will not release them from accountability.

2. By a campaign of missionary education. Next to the Bible itself the missionary enterprise is less understood by the average Christian than anything else that relates to his religion. Intelligence is the great antidote to indifference.

3. By looking at missions from Christ's point of view. If you want to see the sunrise glory you need an unobstructed horizon. If you want to see what missionary work really is, you must get the spirit of him who knew no barrier of race or civilization or climate or color.

4. By an enlistment of the entire Christian community in missionary interest. Get the last man. There is one man in your community who does not believe in missions. He is farthest away from the vision. Get him to see, and you are reasonably sure of the others who are nearer.

When shall we know that we have the "vision?"

1. When we realize that the missionary obligation is one of those first things which positively must be put first. It is not a debatable question. The church of Jesus Christ must be a missionary church or lose her right to the Christian name.

2. When the missionary movement is accepted as a legitimate part of the church's work, so that the gospel will be offered to the needy children of God in far lands as regularly as it is offered to the people who live next door to the church.

3. When the longing to send the news of salvation to people who have never yet heard it becomes a master-passion. Hotchkiss of Africa, who sought for two years and a half to find the native word which would express the idea of Jesus Christ as a Saviour, had that longing. He says: "I have dwelt four years practically alone in Africa. I have been thirty times stricken with the fever, three times attacked by lions and several times by rhinoceri, a number of times ambushed by the natives, for fourteen months never saw a piece of bread, and have eaten anything from ants to rhinoceri; but let me say to you, I would gladly go through the whole thing again, if I could have the joy of again bringing that word 'Saviour' and flashing it into the darkness that envelops another tribe in Central Africa." It is no wonder he had the vision.

Power.

"Ye shall receive power."

The missionary enterprise is the last in the world to be begun at our own charge. The promise to the disciples was more than a promise of a gift. It was the declaration of a need. "Ye shall receive—" the thing needed before the great commission can be obeyed.

We shall get the power we need. How?

1. By seeking it where it is. The missionary work is God's work. If he does not equip it it cannot succeed. There are a thousand things that help the missionary-sender and the missionary sent, but the first essential is that the church which sends forth the missionary and the missionary himself shall both be sent of God. "Have not I commanded thee?"

2. By seeking the power of God for this definite thing, that we may do our work with our own generation. The "endowment of power" is a gift of God, but its only purpose is to make service possible and fruitful. It is never given simply as a "blessing." The promise of power is followed at once by the outline of a plan of service. "Ye shall receive power—and ye shall be witnesses."

3. The path of prayer is the path of power. We are far below our privilege in the matter of prayer. Prayer with a definite purpose, with intelligent thinking back of it, with the assured confidence of its acceptance by God as a real factor of his own activity, is the way to power. It will vitalize knowledge, strengthen conviction, reveal opportunity, increase the measure and the effectiveness of giving, make sacrifice possible and all service beautiful. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Service.

"That he send laborers into his harvest."

The last test of vision and of power is service. "To what end?" is a legitimate question. Having vision and power, what things are most necessary to be secured for the evangelization of the world in this generation?

1. *More missionaries.* This is the ceaseless cry of the men and women on the field. We sometimes are told that there are too many preachers—but never in missionary fields. There is probably not a field of mission work in the world which today is not hampered for want of more workers.

2. *Better missionaries.* Secretary McDowell laid down the principle, in a speech at Allegheny in 1900, that the best men, best educated, best in spiritual equipment, best in every advantage that gives men leadership, were precisely the men to go to the destitute fields. It is in keeping with this

principle that the best all-round man of his class in one of our theological seminaries has just sailed for China, to take up his life-work.

3. *More native workers.* They are the key to the missionary situation. They know their countrymen, the language, the points of easiest approach, and unnumbered other things the foreign teacher and preacher must learn slowly and laboriously. They can be supported at smaller expense, and can multiply almost indefinitely the value of the missionary himself. And the use of native workers is the divine plan. "Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

4. *A new ideal in the home churches.* The three things above mentioned touch the mission field. But behind them is the home church, to which comes the largest opportunity and responsibility in the missionary enterprise. The ideal the home church must get and keep is the ideal of the great commission as a workable plan of campaign. The missionary character of all church existence and organization must be recognized and accepted.

5. *A new standard of giving.* The old way will do for "experiments in transplanting the gospel," but when a church realizes that it is a society for the propagating of the gospel, the old method fails utterly. We are giving practically the same amounts for missions which we gave a quarter-century ago—in the Methodist Episcopal Church less than fifty cents per member per year.

6. *A new notion of Christian service.* The missionary expects, as a matter of course, to set his converts to work. The preacher at home gets ten or twenty-five per cent of his members to do really Christian service, and congratulates himself on having a working church.

7. *The concentration of all these things on the heart and conscience of the individual Christian.* This is the end of all appeal, persuasion, exhortation, and command. The great commission, like all of God's words to men, is first to an individual. The prayer which followed Paul's vision of the Christ whom he had persecuted, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" belongs to every one who has the Christian vision and seeks the Christian's endowment. Missions must come home to every member of the church of Jesus Christ as a personal, immediate, and vital problem, not to be set aside for any reason whatever.

Little Hints for the Leader.

Have many missionary prayers.

Make them special, not general.

There are twenty subtopics hinted at on this page. Assign them to people who will follow up the hints and put them into twenty one-minute spaces of the meeting.

Get maps and charts if you can. If they are not large enough to be seen easily, transfer one of them to the blackboard.

The blackboard work will be more effective, even though rather crude, if it can be done as an accompaniment to the oral explanation of it.

Ask these questions in calling for testimony: What is the next thing you can do for missions? What can this chapter do, more than it is doing? This church?

What one good thing do you know about missionary work?

What is the greatest missionary argument?

What great missionary book have you read?

What has it done for you?

What is the real difference between home missions and foreign missions?

How can we know that we have power to do missionary work?

Why is the missionary called to make greater sacrifices than the people who stay at home?

What is wrong with the average Christian's notions about missions?

Is there too much emphasis put on the question of giving?

What is the net gain to missions from this meeting?

Sing these hymns:

"The Son of God goes forth to war"; "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun"; "Eternal Father, Thou hast said"; "Hark, the song of jubilee"; "Watchman, tell us of the night."

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for September 7: The Prophet like Moses.

(Deut. 18: 9-19.)

Golden Text.—"This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world" (Jno. 6: 14).

Home Readings.

Monday.—The prophet like Moses (Deut. 18: 9-22).

Tuesday.—Cautions (Deut. 12: 28-32).

Wednesday.—Fear God (Isa. 8: 11-20).

Thursday.—Peter's reference (Acts 3: 19-26).

Friday.—Stephen's reference (Acts 7: 35-43).

Saturday.—False prophets (Jer. 14: 10-16).

Sunday.—Refuse not (Heb. 12: 18-29).

Connection with Last Lesson.

When the incident of the fiery serpents occurred, the Israelites had probably crossed the southern end of Edom, and turned northward. Their course after this apparently took them into a wilderness east of the country of Moab, which latter they entered by crossing the brook Zered, thirty-eight years after their revolt and condemnation at Kadesh-barnea. Later they crossed the river Arnon. Sihon, the king of the Amorites, refused to allow the Israelites to cross his country, and fought them at Jahaz. This battle resulted in the defeat of the Amorites, and the conquest of their land by the Israelites. Later, Og, the giant king of Bashan, was defeated. This gave the Israelites complete possession of the country east of the Jordan. Later they encamped at Shittim, in the plains of Moab, opposite Jericho, some time in the fortieth year after the Exodus. Here occurred all the events recorded in Num. 22-36. Here also, on the first day of the eleventh month of the fortieth year after the Exodus, about a month before Moses died, he began his farewell words to his people, recorded in Deut. 1-30.

The Scene.

"The speaker is an aged man, whose venerable head is covered with the snowy white of nearly sixscore years, but whose voice is still both loud and clear enough to make itself heard far off. The audience is a people now redeemed. Rulers, heads, and members of families, in thousands and ten thousands, crowd around the spot from which the prophet of the Lord addresses them. The sanctuary where they are assembled is creation's mighty temple, bounded on the one side by the wilderness which they quitted only recently, and on the other by the stream which they were soon to cross. And the address itself is nothing less than the last lessons, reminders of past events, exhortations, and promises, uttered by lips which, ere a few months shall have passed, will be silent in the dust."—Oosterzee.

The Introduction.

Moses believed that the law he had given in the desert would be applicable to the conditions of the land of promise.

God's gift of Canaan is constantly referred to. Whatever struggles the children of Israel made, whatever battles they fought, whatever conquests won, they were to remember that God gave them the land, after all. And, to their credit be it said, they did remember.

Much as they disregarded God in other things, their later history is full of references to the God who brought them out of Egypt, and gave them the land he had promised them.

The prohibited practices were the cherished habits of the Canaanite nations. Though they varied in form, at bottom they were alike in being attempts to discover the purposes of the gods, or to placate them, or to protect against their anger. It is easy to see that a heathen could practice some of these things out of right and praiseworthy motives. But people who had known the one true God, and understood something of his nature, could have no possible excuse for any of these "abominations." As long as one knows God, and has the slightest acquaintance with his love and mercy, he cannot be induced to countenance or patronize superstition and fraud.

The reason God calls certain things "abominations" is that they are based on a false and distorted idea of his character, and so drive men away from him, whom he is trying to reach.

"Thou shalt be perfect." Whatever else that involves, it certainly involves right motives. It is an invitation to trust God rather than the necromancers, and astrologers and consultants of spirits, falsely so-called.

The Prophet Like Moses.

"The Lord [Jehovah] thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet."—This was a promise of the Messiah, which was fulfilled in the coming of Jesus Christ. The apostle Peter plainly applied it to Jesus. It is interesting and suggestive to study the parallel between Moses and Jesus Christ, of whom Moses was a type, and, in a sense, the forerunner.

1. Moses and Jesus were both Hebrews, born of lowly and despised parents, in a strange land.

2. Both were in peril of their lives in infancy, Moses from the tyrant King Pharaoh, Jesus from the tyrant King Herod.

3. Both were providentially preserved and brought out of Egypt.

4. Moses was the great prophet of the old dispensation. Jesus of the new.

5. Both thoroughly identified themselves with their own people.

6. Moses sent forth twelve to survey the land and appointed seventy to serve the people; Jesus sent out twelve and seventy disciples.

7. Both were commissioned of God to the noblest work of life, yet their immediate families were skeptical concerning them.

8. Both of them fasted in the desert forty days and forty nights, alone with God.

9. Moses contended with magicians and masters of the black arts, and Jesus contended with evil spirits and ejected them from others.

10. Moses instituted the Passover to celebrate the emancipation of Israel. Jesus established the Lord's Supper in commemoration of man's redemption.

11. Moses was transfigured on Sinai, and his face became so bright that when he descended the people could not look upon him, and he covered his face with a veil. So the face of Christ shone as the sun on Mt. Hermon, when Moses and Elijah appeared, and talked with him there.

12. Both enjoyed a close intimacy with the heavenly Father. "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face." "No man knoweth the Father but the Son."

13. During the accomplishment of Israel's redemption an Egyptian darkness, which could be felt, prevailed over that land precisely as the sun withdrew his light in the hour of crucifixion, before Jesus said of our redemption, "It is finished."

Jesus Christ Is—

Our Deliverer.
Our Leader.
Our Lawgiver.
Our Master.
Our Example.
Our Teacher.
Our Judge.

Rheumatism

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"GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS."

There is a peculiar kind of happiness in cherishing a secret which, when it shall come out is sure to give pleasure to a multitude. The editors and publishers of THE EPWORTH HERALD have been in possession of such a secret for the past six weeks.

Everybody and everybody's friends are familiar with the name of Ralph Connor. Who has not read "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock" and "The Man from Glengarry"? Is it any exaggeration to say that in these books we have been given three of the truest, tenderest, and most hearty stories ever written in the English tongue? Now we have a fourth story from this gifted pen. It is called "Glengarry School Days." In this new book Mr. Gordon equals, if indeed he does not surpass, his former efforts. The background is found in the same romantic region of Canada made familiar by "The Man from Glengarry." Some of the characters of that story reappear in this. A strong-hearted, earnest schoolmaster, a zealous, self-sacrificing minister, his gentle, helpful wife, their sturdy little son growing up into an upright, downright manhood, with other as intensely human figures, are occupants of a stage full of goodly life and color and always shining with the light of simple faithfulness and truth.

Now the best part of this announcement is submitted: Beginning with the issue of Sept. 20, "Glengarry School Days" is to run as a serial in THE EPWORTH HERALD. A chapter will appear each week until the story is completed, somewhere after the holidays. We have never made an announcement which has given us greater pleasure, and we congratulate our readers upon the literary treat which is in store for them. The high position which THE EPWORTH HERALD has come to occupy in the religious journalism of the United States aided us more than anything else in securing this great story.

This remarkable announcement should cause great activity among the agents of our paper throughout the whole country. It is a splendid opportunity to gather in a large number of new subscriptions. A multitude of persons who are not now subscribers will want to read Ralph Connor's story.

NAPOLEON IN PRISON.

Twelve years ago Frank Andrews was a young clerk in a Romeo, Mich., general store. A clean, honest boy was Frank. But he grew tired of the quiet village, and decided to go to Detroit. He had \$5 in his pocket when he reached the city. Pretty soon he secured employment in a real estate office. Frank was a worker. At the end of one year he had made himself indispensable to the business. His small salary was doubled. Then it was doubled again. Next year he was given a partnership. In a few weeks thereafter he boasted that he was worth \$25,000. Then the fever of speculation took hold of him. He gambled in stocks, made thousands, and soon rose to be the head of one of the banking institutions of the city. Then he dipped into politics. In this field he became a power. He put through the legislature a bill creating the office of police commissioner of Detroit, and was then

appointed to the office. He bought a controlling interest in a daily paper, and was by that paper extolled as a very great man. The people generally referred to him as the Napoleon of finance. He was that, indeed, for in twelve short years he had leaped from the position of a poor country boy to be a millionaire. He lived in a great house on Woodward Avenue, had servants and fine carriages and fast horses and put on a vast amount of style. Did ever a young man climb to the summit in so short a time?

But Andrews went up too fast. He grew dizzy. He had Napoleon's egotism. Hence his Napoleonic downfall.

A few weeks ago the people were startled by the announcement that the City Savings Bank, at the head of which Andrews proudly stood, was a total wreck. Such was the fact. Within two months he had lost every farthing of his wealth in gambling, and had robbed stock-holders and depositors of nearly \$2,000,000! Among the latter were hundreds of people whose loss was a crushing blow.

Andrews came to trial the other day. The jury said he was guilty as charged. After the legal technicalities are fought out he will go to the penitentiary for fifteen years.

A sad case? Very. But it is the old story retold. A young fellow who is not content to rise slowly, making his way by legitimate business methods, runs a fearful risk. The gambling mania is of the devil. It is one of his most effective weapons. It blurs and blunts the moral sensibilities. Step by step it leads its victims on, until over the precipice they plunge.

"It's a terror," said young Andrews when the verdict was rendered. "It is unjust. I never intended to defraud anyone. God knows it." No, he did not intend twelve, ten, five years ago to rob anyone. But when the gambling spirit took possession, and he resolved to grow rich, regardless of the means employed, then he became a purposeful robber.

How far are Morgan, Rockefeller, Gates and the other big gamblers responsible for this young fellow's downfall?

To what extent is the popular business proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success," responsible? That proverb is a lie. Much of the success of our day is not success at all. It gathers its millions, but it is a contemptible and ignoble failure.

THE REAL MARK HANNA.

It was remarkable, says the *Detroit Journal*, that hundreds who saw Senator Mark Hanna (at Senator McMillan's funeral) for the first time, and who had no idea of his looks excepting that gathered from frightful caricatures, representing him as a most repulsive ogre, recognized him immediately. But it is much more remarkable that those who had formed their estimate of him from vile pictures, and the extreme denunciation of him emanating from partisan bitterness, fell in love with the man the moment they were brought into contact with him.

We are prepared to accept both statements. Mr. Hanna's face gives the cartoonist a great opportunity. It is rough-hewn, and full of suggestions for exaggeration. But in that face are set a pair of eyes which win and charm everyone who looks into them. When Mr. Hanna was making his speech on the corner-stone of the new McKinley building of the American University, he made a touching reference to the murdered president. This reference brought his soul into his face. The expression we shall never forget. We never saw a nobler, truer, or more sympathetic countenance. Since then we have been exasperated at the contemptible caricatures of Mr. Hanna which appear in the *New York Journal* and the *Chicago American*. Every picture is a lie. No man in the public life to-

day has been so grossly misrepresented in cartoon as the Ohio senator.

VACANT PULPITS.

A press dispatch calls attention to the fact that there are a good many vacant pulpits in Greater New York. The officials of these churches have been searching for pastors, but so far have searched in vain.

The dispatch mentions the church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, with a salary of \$10,000; Grace Church, Brooklyn, with a salary of \$6,000; St. George's Church, Brooklyn, with a \$3,000 salary. These, we judge, are Protestant Episcopal Churches. Then there are several important Protestant Episcopal vacancies in New York proper, such as St. Agnes' Chapel, the Church of Epiphany, St. Mary's Church, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Temple Emmanu-El has been looking for a rabbi for over a year, to whom it is willing to pay a salary of \$12,000. The pastorate of the Church of the Divine Paternity, the largest Universalist organization in that part of the country, is vacant. The First Reformed Church, in the Brooklyn Eastern District, is vacant. There are two vacant Baptist pastorates, the Second-avenue Church and the Riverside Church. And so on through the list of denominations.

But not one vacant Methodist Episcopal pulpit is mentioned. Reason, THERE ARE NONE!

THE PASTOR'S TIME.

What is the pastor's relation to the young people's devotional meeting? We mean the pastor who preaches in city and village, and can, therefore, attend that service.

First of all, the pastor should attend as often as possible. It pleases the young people. It strengthens the bond between them and him. It is a recognition which will prove inspirational to the faithful leaders in the league.

The pastor should not go as a censor. He should not be a critic. His attitude should be sympathetic. He ought to sit in the body of the meeting, not on the platform. He should not wait to be called upon to speak or pray as the pastor, but should fill the first gap which occurs in the meeting. He can easily be a model in brevity and directness.

Then, five minutes before it is time to close, the meeting should often be turned over to the minister. Call it "the pastor's five minutes" if you please. That is the minister's opportunity.

One supreme purpose of the young people's movement is to give the pastor a better chance to help to mould his young people. The fact that not all pastors have availed themselves of their opportunity does not disprove the assertion that the society is the pastor's watch-tower, the pastor's training-school for the church, and the pastor's recruiting-ground for the church.

In writing of this matter Dr. Francis E. Clark says: "In this five minutes let the minister sum up the lessons of the hour, gather the loose threads into a compact skein, exhort with all longsuffering and gentleness, and on occasion, if necessary, reprove and rebuke, though I believe there will be very little need of reproof or rebuke. Every nail that is driven is better for being clinched. Every subject, when treated by many minds from various viewpoints, is better for being summarized by some one mind; and who so fit or fitting to do this as the wise, sympathetic pastor? Moreover, this plan gives the pastor a recognized and definite place in the meeting, while it does not ask him to monopolize the time or to take the responsibility from younger or less experienced shoulders, which would be disastrous."

It may be added that the pastor's five min-

utes furnishes an excellent opportunity to speak a word about the evening preaching which is to follow, and to assure the young people that he is, of course, depending upon their presence at that service. If his sermon is to contain something which is likely to prove of special interest to his young people, it will be well for him modestly to emphasize that fact.

Some pastors seldom go near the young people's meeting, and then wonder why the young people do not come to hear them preach. The young people *ought to go*. But young folks, like older folks, have a good deal of human nature in them. The pastor who will closely ally himself with his young people in all their plans and endeavors will not need to complain that they fail to stand by him in his work.

"OUR CHURCH."

The book in the new Epworth League Reading Course entitled "Our Church: What Methodists Believe and How They Work," has been received with special favor. It is sure to be in demand as soon as its character and contents are known. Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut wrote it. He knows how.

A younger pastor said to us a few days ago: "That little book is the most racy treatment of the doctrines and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church I have ever seen. I read it through as I would read an absorbing story. The young people will enjoy it, and we will soon have many more intelligent young Methodists in the land than we have now." That is exactly our opinion. It could not have been stated in better style.

The book contains twenty-one chapters. If you discover a dry line, drop us a card. It takes the place in the course of the usual story. We predict it will be as interesting to the reader and six times more profitable.

Speaking of "Our Church," the *Western* says: "The spirit of the book is glowing and hopeful, and there is not a word of cant in it from start to finish. The book would serve admirably as a manual of instruction for probationers, and it should be read aloud in every home where Methodist young people are growing up."

MRS. FANNY SPEED.

The church militant is poorer than it was a month ago. The church triumphant is richer. Mrs. Fanny Speed has gone up to take her crown.

Mrs. Speed was one of the precious women of American Methodism. Her heart beat in sympathy for every good cause, and her hand was outstretched to render generous help. The beautiful Trinity Church of Louisville is one of her monuments. But that is a monument only in stone. The good woman has built a thousand monuments in the hearts of people she gladdened and helped. One of the charms of the queenly woman was her simple, beautiful faith and her unflinching devotion to the work of building the Kingdom.

We greatly sympathize with Trinity Church and all Kentucky Methodism in this great loss.

TALK HIM UP.

In a certain Presbyterian Church there was much dissension. Some of the members were dissatisfied with the pastor. The congregations were small. The Sunday-school had about run out. Financial matters were close. Finally two brethren became concerned about the condition of things and called the church together. Many thought the meeting was intended to arrange for the removal of the minister. But the people were given this advice: "It is true our pastor is not a great man. He does not preach learned or eloquent sermons, but we all know that he is a good

man, and that he is doing all in his power to promote our spiritual interests. Let us all agree to bear with him for three months, and instead of talking him down, let us go out from this meeting resolved to talk him up." The speech pleased the people, and they resolved to follow the suggestion. The result was a pastorate of nearly half a century that was wonderfully popular and successful.

The piece of history carries its own moral. The plan would work well in some Methodist churches. Do you talk your minister down or up?

DR. QUAYLE'S ADDRESS.

It seems that Dr. Quayle did not deliver his fraternal address to the English Wesleyan Conference after all. He went half-way across a continent, and all the way across an ocean to do so, but there was no time. We are sorry for the members of that conference. If any of those dear brethren would like to read a report of the speech which Dr. Quayle did not deliver, but which was published as having been delivered, we refer them to a recent issue of *The Christian Advocate* of New York.

We congratulate I. Garland Penn, Professor Bowen, and all concerned upon the splendid success of the young people's congress lately held in Atlanta. The attendance was enormous. The management was strong. The addresses reached a high standard of excellence. The impression made upon all classes of people was most favorable. The big gathering was a conception of Penn's, and he is entitled to wholesale felicitations upon its unequalled success. Dr. C. H. Morgan reports the meeting in another column.

The time is at hand when the chapter can hold a profitable meeting in which the members shall give their vacation experiences. Those who have returned from vacation trips can tell briefly anything that is interesting in their summer experience. The chairman might have a map on the wall, and point out as each one speaks the location of his outing. Souvenirs of the places visited might be shown, and local customs described. Especial mention should be made of any work done for the Master.

The *Central*, the *Northwestern*, the *Michigan*, and the *Christian Advocate* printed the address which Dr. Quayle did not deliver before the English conference. That was enterprising. But we suggest to the editors of these great periodicals that it is better to be accurate, even at the expense of enterprise. We have not printed the address yet.

Will you please announce in your next devotional meeting that Ralph Connor's great serial, "Glenarry School Days," will begin to run in *THE EPWORTH HERALD*, Sept. 20? We want this news to go to many who are not now readers of this paper. Then gather up a list of new subscriptions.

If any young Methodist reader finds that he is a little indifferent to his own church, let him read our new reading-course book, "Our Church." It will be a tonic. But, unlike most tonics, it will be pleasant to take.

Have you read Ralph Connor's "Sky Pilot," or "Black Rock?" Then you will want your friends to read his great new serial, which is to run in *THE EPWORTH HERALD*, beginning Sept. 20. Send on their names.

"The conscience of the young people of this generation cannot endure the loss of the missionary motive." We do not know the name of the person who made that sentence, but he expressed a large-sized truth.

The way some churches solicit from the business men about town means about this: "You give us some money for this cause, or you cannot

get the trade of our members." How far is that from blackmail?

We still have some printed copies of the index of the last volume of *THE EPWORTH HERALD*. Persons who desire to bind the volume will be supplied with an index free of cost. Write the publishers.

Leaders of league devotional meetings should not be voluble. They should not be exegetes. Nor preachers. Nor exhorters. They should just *lead* in the most modest way.

Members of the Epworth League who "gad about" on Sunday evenings, visiting one church and then another, are unworthy the name they bear, and the badge they wear.

Next time we would better send only *one* fraternal delegate to the English conference. They might possibly find time to hear him, if he promised to be very brief.

The Boer generals, Botha, De Wet, and Delarey, received a great reception in England. But they will have a greater one when they reach this country.

If your attention has not been called to the fact, it might be well to remember that great thoughts do not come to a man in bunches.

"A paper for young people, and older people with young hearts." That is exactly what *THE EPWORTH HERALD* aims to be.

The Cubans propose to put a heavy duty on soap. They have not yet come to recognize that article as one of the necessities of life.

An evangelist came to Chicago and announced that he expected to reform the city. He was at once arrested for a crazy man.

Another great political campaign is at hand, and the American people will again be able to learn how the country may be saved.

Mary MacLane is said to believe that most people are fools. Her opinion is doubtless based upon the very large sale of her book.

Dearly beloved brethren, what is the correct attitude of prayer in a Methodist Episcopal Church, anyway?

The test of a good prayer-meeting leader is ability to get others to participate promptly and helpfully.

No doubt about it, my son, it takes the plowshare of hard work to turn over the furrow of success.

Many young men never try to break themselves of bad habits until the habits have broken them.

We rise to remark that Brass still receives honors which should have been given to Brains.

You are anxious to make the world better, did you say? All right. Begin with yourself.

Life, says *Pointed Paragraphs*, is one continuous round of unfinished business.

The man who hides his light under a bushel never blows it out.

After all it is not so much *what* we say as the way we say it.

The man who talks easily generally finds it very hard to stop.

It does not take conscience to make cowards of some people.

How plain the duties of other people appear to us!

Eternal patience is the price of leadership.

Stop picking flaws in the preacher.

Some great men live too long.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Bishop Joyce is well again.

Dr. John O. Spencer becomes president of Morgan College.

Rev. D. W. Calfee of Council Bluffs has been visiting California.

Rev. M. C. Hickman, of Jennings, La., spends his vacation at Siloam Springs, Ark.

Bishop Thoburn would like to return to India for a season, and will if his health permits.

Bishop Merrill came back from his visitation to the Montana Conferences in first-class health.

Mr. W. W. Cooper will make the Epworth anniversary address at the Wisconsin Conference.

Chancellor Andrews of Nebraska University exhorts all bachelors to marry as soon as they can.

Dr. Luther Freeman of Portland, Maine, becomes pastor of First Church, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. Morgan Wood, Congregationalist, of Cleveland is going to run for Congress on the Democratic ticket.

Dr. W. A. Quayle is spending a few days at Ludington-on-the-Lake before resuming his pastoral duties.

Bishop Vincent received a reception upon his return to Chautauqua which will live in his memory forever.

Dr. Murlin of Baker University is brushing up a little at the University of Rockefeller these summer days.

Miss Nettie Turnbull, the new Junior superintendent for Illinois, is vouched for as a particularly effective leader.

Rev. Arthur H. Howland, who holds one of this year's Drew fellowships, is on his way to Scotland for a year's study.

Dr. W. N. McElroy is closing a six-years' term of notable success as presiding-elder of the Jacksonville (Ill.) District.

Aguiñaldo is to make a lecturing tour of America. This will kill any popularity he may have had heretofore in this country.

Dr. Herbert L. Willett of the Chicago University has been invited to the Chicago pulpit just vacated by Rev. Frank Crane.

Rev. A. B. Storms, D.D., and wife of Des Moines have been visiting Washington, D. C., the guests of a generous parishioner.

Miss Helen I. Loveland of Morningside College, Sioux City, Ia., will spend a year's leave of absence in traveling and study in Europe.

Drs. J. W. Van Cleve of East St. Louis, Ill., and D. F. Howe of Springfield, Ill., have each supplied the pulpit of First Church, Omaha.

Rev. J. W. Sherwood of the Oklahoma Conference is at the Alma (Mich.) Sanatorium. He is somewhat improved but still far from well.

Dr. N. Walling Clark of Italy Conference makes a tour of southeastern and northern Europe in the interest of the Christian Student Movement.

William Ziegler, who has financed the Baldwin arctic expedition, has cabled instructions and a letter of credit, which shows he has not lost faith in the explorer.

Bishop A. W. Wilson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is possessor of a \$20,000 episcopal residence in Baltimore, the gift of ex-Governor Jackson of Maryland.

Rev. F. A. Blades of the Detroit Conference is city controller of Detroit, handling with accuracy and faithfulness four or five million dollars a year. And he is in his eighty-second year.

Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, International Bible study secretary of the Y. M. C. A., becomes field secretary for young people, under the direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Rev. Dr. E. L. Thorpe of New York East Conference has been visiting old friends in the West. He was a popular supply on two Sundays in the pulpit of Grand-avenue Church, Kansas City.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Bennett, pastor of First Church, Anderson, Ind., has been granted a vacation of several weeks in order to attend "old home week" in Winchester, N. H., his native place.

Rev. Morris H. Ehnes, formerly a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Umtali, Rhodesia, is the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Ohio Wesleyan.

Rev. Louis Hartsough, of Dakota Conference, and his wife recently celebrated their golden wedding. The occasion was made notable by greetings in person and by letter, from a host of friends.

Rev. Sidney C. Bennett of First Church, Anderson, Ind., is the head of the Anti-Crime League of that state, which is just now doing some of the most effective work in enforcing existing laws against the saloon ever done in this country.

Washing Gingham and Prints.

New prints should be washed in lukewarm water and dissolved Ivory Soap. Avoid much rubbing. Rinse well, wring thoroughly and dry quickly, NOT in the sun. The secret of washing prints is in doing it quickly.

Dr. P. S. Merrill is on the "last round" as presiding-elder of the Buffalo (N. Y.) District. He has made a record to be properly proud of, and is likely to remain in the city as superintendent of Blocher Homes, a model semi-benevolent institution which has just been organized by the Methodists of Buffalo.

Rev. S. M. Gilchriese, pastor of Mitchel Memorial Church at Negaunee, Mich., has convictions. He has persistently fought the lawless saloon men of his city until they have been compelled to bow to the law. Bro. Gilchriese not only has convictions, but the courage to express them. More power to his good right arm!

METHODIST MENTION.

Methodist students intending to enter Stanford University should communicate with Rev. J. F. Jenness, pastor at Palo Alto. Members of the Epworth League will be glad to assist incoming students in the selection of rooms and registration. Pastors are also requested to send the names of their young people who expect to attend the University. The address of Mr. Jenness is No. 630 University Avenue, Palo Alto, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blocher of Buffalo, N. Y., have proposed to establish homes for aged men and women in the village of Williamsville, N. Y. Forty-five acres of land have been set apart as a site, and homes will be erected as the benefaction develops. At least \$100,000 will be provided by Mr. and Mrs. Blocher. One happy feature of this beautiful charity is that aged married couples will be provided for together. Rev. P. S. Merrill, D.D., presiding-elder of the Buffalo District, is superintendent of the Blocher Homes.

COLLEGES.

Charles M. Schwab has doubled his gift of \$65,000 to the Pennsylvania State College.

Pres. Charles Franklin Thwing of Western Reserve University says that there are fewer bad boys in the American colleges than in any other gatherings of American youth of similar size.

The subjects of the orations and essays by the members of the graduating classes for this year in our schools and colleges show more strongly than ever a tendency to deal with the practical problems of life rather than with the literary or philosophical.

According to the report of the United States Commission of Education there are ten institutions of collegiate rank with the word "Wesleyan" forming, either in part or in whole, the name of the college or university. First of all there is the mother institution—Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. Then follow: Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Ill.; Iowa Wesleyan University at Mt. Pleasant, Ia.; Kansas Wesleyan University at Salina, Kan.; Kentucky Wesleyan College at Winchester, Ky.; Missouri Wesleyan College at Cameron, Mo., and Central Wesleyan College at War-

renton, in the same state; Montana Wesleyan University at Helena, Mont.; Nebraska Wesleyan University at University Place, Neb., and Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, O. What a grand monument to the memory of John Wesley!

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

The young people of the Wilmington Conference are holding a camp-meeting and summer school at Rehoboth, Del.

The chapter at Chandler, Okla., is greatly bereaved in the death of one of its most active members, Mr. Thad. Morris.

A group meeting at Darien Center, N. Y., on July 11, was full of profit to the representatives of the four chapters in attendance.

The Southern California Epworth League anniversary at Pomona next month is expected to be a record breaker. Bishop Joyce, who holds the conference, will make the address.

The chapter at Campbell, Cal., used the Christian Stewardship program, "The ministry of money" at a recent meeting, and twenty-two people enrolled themselves as Christian Stewards.

The Mansfield District cabinet held four sub-district conventions the last two weeks in August, using the same program in all, and largely utilizing the same speakers. The institute plan was successfully operated.

Mrs. E. Bravender, a "chief helper" at Warner, N. Y., was given a loving but regretful reception the other day on the occasion of her departure for Canada. Mrs. Bravender has been an officer of the local chapter continuously for the past eight years.

At Pleasant Hill, Kan., is a small country chapter with a large purpose. With a membership of forty-eight, its devotional-meeting attendance averages seventy-five. Its mercy and help department made over 400 calls last year, and distributed books, magazines, fruit, bouquets, and clothing. Meetings were held at the poor-farm, the reading course was used, and abundant provision made for the social life of the community.

The Southwest District, Oklahoma Conference, held its annual convention at Hobart, Okla., Aug. 13-14. It was a profitable and enjoyable gathering. The officers-elect are: Pres., Rev. I. F. Hodge, Lawton; V. P's, Rev. H. G. Beck, Apache; Mrs. W. Hocensmith, Hobart; Miss Anna Gregg, Bridgeport; Rev. J. W. Reasoner, El Reno; Sec., Miss Muriel Wass, Apache; Treas., Benj. Ganoway, Coopersport; Jr. Supt., Miss Margaret Granger, Apache.

At the Crete, Ill., church an Old Folks' Day program was successfully carried out by the second department of the Epworth League, Aug. 3. Invitations were sent to all the old people of the community. Carriages called for them, and took them back home again. The church was decorated with appropriate mottoes and flowers. Judging from the expressions of appreciation from the many old

people who filled the church, the service was a grand success. An old folks' choir furnished good singing.

The Chicago Western District Epworth League will have a great convention on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 1, at Union-avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. Prof. P. P. Bilhorn will lead the singing. Dr. J. G. Wolfe, state president, will speak in the afternoon. Joseph F. Berry, D.D., and W. P. Thirfield, D.D., will speak on the following topics in the evening: "The forward movement in the Epworth League," and the "Singleness and breadth of Methodism." A league emblem will be given that chapter having the largest attendance according to membership at the convention.

The Augusta Junior Epworth League held a unique excursion recently. The membership numbers 130. They wanted to go to Big Rock for a day, but the matter of transportation was a difficult question. A traction engine was secured and coupled to five wagons with hay-racks on them. The engine took the whole Junior League, with attendants. One wagon contained the dinner baskets. These Juniors have done good work all the year. At New Year thirty-six were given five cents each to be invested for a period of six months, the proceeds to go to missions. The children reported \$25 made from their various enterprises.

DEACONESS DOINGS.

Wesley Hospital does \$4,000 of free work in a few months.

Egypt has been largely invaded by Lutheran deaconesses.

Episcopal deaconesses in America number about one hundred.

Cleveland Deaconess Home does its great work on an income of \$3,000.

The deaconess is beginning to appear frequently in story books. Good!

Chicago Training-School has about 200 students accepted for next year.

The W. H. M. S. employs a deaconess in old Union Church, St. Louis.

Rust Hall, Washington, is being rapidly completed for students this fall.

The new hospital building in Omaha has just received a subscription of \$25,000.

Rev. Christian Golder's new book on deaconess work is being published in English.

Edith Waterman, a Chicago deaconess, is doing fine work among Iowa Epworthians.

Montana has a flourishing deaconess hospital at Great Falls. Miss Ariss is superintendent.

The first deaconess home in American Methodism was established in Chicago June 1, 1887.

The special nurse of the late Frank Stockton was a nurse from the Sibley Hospital, Washington.

Omaha Hospital turns away twice as many patients as it can receive. But it will build larger.

The lamented Dr. Baldwin was a warm friend of deaconess work, and a lecturer in the New York school.

Iva May Durham, the exceedingly popular singing deaconess, is establishing a training-school in St. Louis.

The W. H. M. S. in Denver has loaned a deaconess to a settlement carried on by Congregationalists.

Lucy Rider Meyer's literature fund of \$3,000 is growing. She wants gifts of 3,000 handkerchiefs to help it on.

Asbury Deaconess Hospital, Minneapolis, is erecting a magnificent plant. Walls up to the fourth story.

A deaconess training-school for colored girls exists in Cincinnati, under the care of Pastor Riley and his devoted wife.

The Deaconess Sanitarium in Colorado Springs has done more than \$1,000 worth of free work in the last eighteen months.

New York Deaconess Training School has two new teachers—Miss Wright, from the Chicago School, and Mrs. Holland.

Dr. T. B. Stephenson of the Wesleyan Church, England, is to devote his whole time to the deaconess training school in Yorkshire.

John S. Huyler, the "candy-man," gives lavishly to the New York deaconess work. We will buy Huyler's bonbons and cocoa after this.

Stenographers and business women wanted to earn their way through the Chicago Training School. Write Mrs. Meyer, 4949 Indiana Avenue, Chicago.

New York Baptists have a deaconess home. The costume of their workers is dark blue, and they

wear their white ties on their collars instead of on their bonnets.

A new building for library and chapel is needed by the Chicago Training School. And this in addition to magnificent Harris Hall, with its two acres of floor space.

Alice Linam, a deaconess touring in China to preach to the women and children, noticed queer looking black spots in all the many cracks of her bedroom walls. They proved to be the eyes of the people watching her.

THIS AND THAT.

A corn crop of 2,800,000,000 bushels in the United States this year is predicted. This will exceed by 300,000,000 any previous crop.

Liang-Chen-Tung, the newly-appointed Chinese minister at Washington, purposes giving his two sons an American education.

In putting down a test oil well near Mount Vernon, O., a small vein of coal was discovered and also gold assaying \$5.00 per ton.

Osborne House, the favorite palace of Queen Victoria, was presented to the British nation by King Edward as a gift in memory of his coronation, to be converted into a sanitarium for ailing officers.

Andrew Carnegie has purchased the library of the late Lord Acton of England, and presented it to Hon. John Morley, to be devoted to whatever purpose Mr. Morley desires. This noted library contains some 70,000 volumes.

A St. Louis judge has decided that a wife has the right to go through her husband's pockets. The matter came before the judge in an assault case in which the husband had put forward this practice of his wife as an excuse for his attacks.

A lady of Bridgeport, Conn.—Mrs. George E. Hobbs—has recently secured a patent on a car truck which enables trains to round curves without lowering speed, and also permits the substitution of a broken wheel without the necessity of running the car into the repair shop.

In a recent lecture at the University of Chicago Professor Hart of Harvard University asserted that John Quincy Adams, and not President Monroe, was the real author of the Monroe Doctrine; that it was solely the work of Adams, who kept urging Monroe to take the step until he yielded.

An endowment fund of \$1,000,000 for Johns Hopkins University has been secured. A magnificent site was deeded to the university about a year ago on condition that the university raise \$1,000,000 in cash. When they found that this would be difficult, the donors withdrew the terms and gave the ground, which is worth fully \$1,000,000, outright. The trustees, who had begun soliciting contributions, continued their efforts to raise the money. The fund comes entirely from Marylanders.

THE LANDLADY'S SON

Set Right by a Boarder.

Most people are creatures of habit. The person who thinks he cannot get along without his morning drink of coffee is pretty hard to convince unless he is treated like Mrs. Clara Hoffman of Portland, Ore., treated her landlady's son. She says, "Having suffered with stomach trouble for several years I determined to discontinue the use of Coffee and try Postum Food Coffee.

"I carefully followed directions for making and the result was a beverage very pleasing to the taste. I induced my husband to give it a trial and soon noticed the improvement.

"He complained of 'heart trouble' but as he drank coffee I felt sure that this was the cause. It proved to be so, for after having used Postum for a short time his 'heart trouble' completely disappeared.

"Last year we went East and while there boarded with a private family. Our landlady complained of sleeplessness and her son of obstinate stomach trouble. It was a plain case of coffee poisoning in both. Knowing what Postum had done for me I advised a trial but the son declared he wanted none of that 'weak, watery stuff.' Well I had been making Postum Coffee for myself and husband and next morning I offered him a cup and he drank it not knowing what it was. 'Well,' I said, 'You seem to like Postum after all.' 'What,' he exclaimed, 'that was not Postum, why, that tasted fine. Mother if you learn to make it like this I will always drink it.' The next morning she watched me and I explained the importance of allowing it to boil long enough. After that we all drank it regularly and our landlady and her son soon began to get well. They continued its use after we returned home and recently wrote me that they are improving daily."



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The Junior Problem.

A Separate Organization.

My Dear Dr. Berry: Nearly two months after date I have taken up THE EPWORTH HERALD, and find the question asked as to what the church shall do for the older boys and girls. Three suggestions are made—first, an intermediate league; second, a Junior league, divided into two sections; third, an intermediate league, conducted by the Epworth League.

It is a subject in which I am deeply interested, and I wish to make a fourth suggestion.

It seems unwise to multiply church organizations. The older boys and girls are not interested in a children's league. Why not make the Junior League an organization for boys and girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen? The younger children are happy in the home and Sunday-school, entering with enthusiasm into the Sunday-school concerts, Children's Day, and Christmas exercises. But entering their teens the boy and girl become restless. They feel the restraints of home, and find the Sunday-school and church services uninteresting. They feel the first pressure of right and wrong, and begin to think and choose for themselves. They are conscious of the first strong desires, ambitions, passions. Now is the time for the church to make a tremendous effort to turn these desires in the right direction, and to make itself so attractive that the youth may not drift from its fold, to seek questionable pleasures and amusements elsewhere.

A league for the boys and girls is of much greater importance than one for the little children. Let the Junior League be a Junior Epworth League, organized and officered just as the Epworth League, having six departments, and the officers all fifteen and sixteen years of age. Let the boys and girls lead the prayer-meetings, preside at the cabinet meetings, hold occasional social meetings, as far as possible following the customs of the Epworth League, into which they will graduate at seventeen years of age.

By all means, have a superintendent who will plan all the details and attend every meeting. A skillful superintendent will know how to hold the reins in his own hands, while the boys and girls will feel that the management is theirs.

Where a Junior League has already been organized for the children, it may require several years to change its character, but in organizing new chapters, raise the age limit, that it may not seem juvenile to the grown-up girls and boys.

Work for little children is attractive and interesting beyond measure, and important, too, but a separate organization is more needful for the boy and girl in their teens. We must not neglect them.

After ten years' trial this suggestion is made.

MALE SHORT WADSWORTH.

Brockton, Mass.

Some Valuable Experience.

Dear Editor: In reply to your question "What shall it be?" in THE EPWORTH HERALD, I would say, by all means organize an intermediate league. I am pleased to state that I have been superintendent of the intermediate league of First Church of Englewood for the past eighteen months.

Our league consists of about fifty boys and girls, from fifteen to twenty years of age, most of whom are members of our church.

Our devotional meetings are held every Sunday at 5:30 p.m. We always use the regular league topic. We have department officers same as the Senior League, and hold our elections semi-annually. Our business meetings are held on the second Friday of each month, and are usually combined with some social or entertainment for that evening.

At one of our recent meetings we subscribed \$10 for this year to the Lake Bluff orphanage.

We are also giving at the rate of \$12 per year direct to foreign missions, besides our regular mercy and help work.

We are well organized, and the boys and girls

have told me that they would feel lost without the intermediate league. I am sure that if we had no intermediate league, many would soon drift away, and possibly be lost to our church. Instead of that they are growing stronger in spiritual matters, and will, in the near future, be first-class Seniors.

I think it to be one of the weak points in our church not to take better care of the boys and girls of the age you mention. I pray that intermediate leagues may be organized throughout the entire United States. I have much to write about, but shall close at once.

Chicago.

MELVIN H. STEINER.

Two Sections.

To the Editor of the Epworth Herald: In reply to "What shall it be?" in THE HERALD, I would write a few words from our experience. In one place where my husband was pastor we had a Junior League of fifty or more members, of all ages, from little tots of five to young people of fifteen. We found the best way to manage was to appoint a bright, efficient superintendent and an assistant. On Sunday afternoon, when the Juniors met, the first exercises were held in one room. Then, after prayer, singing, roll-call, etc., at the tap of the bell or word from the superintendent, the little ones marched out into another room, the organist playing for them, and the assistant taking charge of them. The two divisions then held their devotional meetings under separate leaders, and both were satisfactory. At the close of the devotions a march was again played, and the little ones came back for the closing exercises.

All the business meetings and socials were held in one, and we found it worked well, and all were delighted, and many of the children came into the church, and much good was done. I would advise others to try this plan and see if it does not solve the problem of the Junior League.

MRS. C. E. PETTIS.

Salinas, Cal.

Against Separation.

Dear Dr. Berry: I notice an editorial in issue of June 7, on the question of what shall be done for intermediate leaguers who feel too old for the Juniors and too young for the Seniors. I make a suggestion:

Let the Junior League embrace any from sixteen years down.

Let the Senior League embrace any from twelve years or thirteen up.

Optional in most cases with the intermediates themselves. Local circumstances, actions of associates, etc., will often influence. Thus a number of intermediates of somewhat different ages, but closely associated, might be transferred at the same time without the feeling that any of them are out of place. They could thus all remain together, (an important consideration, especially in small places), which would be impossible or impracticable with a separate intermediate organization. Simple and effective, I believe, and need not detract in any way from the dignity of the Senior League. By this means they might be members of either instead of neither, as too often at present. Take this for what it is worth, and give it the same consideration as though from a bishop.

Chapman, Neb.

C. E. BURCH.

Calls for Supplies.

Dear Editor: I write in regard to your editorial concerning the question of an intermediate Epworth League. We have what we thought to be the best solution of the problem here by organizing an intermediate league a few weeks ago. Our difficulty was not so much (though there was some of that also) that the members thought themselves too big for the Junior, but the large number of the Sunday-school, and of Methodist families, who did not attend any league at any time. Miss Grace Williams is conducting the intermediate while she is home on her school vacation. The intermediate meets in the evening at the same

time as the Senior League. But we need intermediate material—pledge, constitution, topic cards, etc.; and if we have intermediate leagues we must have supplies.

MRS. A. W. KILDALE.

The Senior Chapter Will Do.

Dear Editor: I reply to an article, "What shall it be?" Allow me to say: A boy at thirteen is in the dawn of the morning of manhood. At fifteen Victor Hugo presented a poem to the academy. At sixteen Bossuet dazzled all that heard him by his eloquence. Leigh Hunt was a proficient writer of verse, and Alexander the Great took from the hands of his father the reins of a strong nation. What was the condition of these boys at thirteen years of age and upward? Would they have been satisfied with what I have heard boys call many times "the kid talk of the Junior League?"

Since my twelfth year I have attended, took part and enjoyed the Senior Epworth League.

What hinders these boys and girls attending the Epworth League with the Seniors if they desire? Are their big brothers and sisters too old to be bothered with them in the meeting?

O. B. D. WOOD.

Evans, Col.

Reports Success.

Dear Dr. Berry: Our answer to your question is an intermediate league. Eighteen months ago we organized with fifteen members, boys and girls between twelve and fourteen years old. Six were members of the church. The society has graduated twenty-three into the Epworth League, and has eighteen members at present. Seventeen have been converted during the eighteen months, and are full members of the church here. We have our devotional meetings at 3:30 on Sunday afternoon. Much time is given to prayer and Bible study. We have a monthly business meeting, opening with prayer and ending with refreshments. Help support an orphan in India.

Our boys and girls felt above Junior, under Senior—just intermediates. It is a success here.

FLORA BINDER.

Sheffield, Ia.

One League.

Sir Editor: I see by the EPWORTH HERALD of June 7 a question as to what we shall do with the boys and girls? I have the Junior League of Stirling, Kan., and am working this plan with great success. After graduating from the Junior work there seemed no place for them, and we organized a class of travelers. We are going to Palestine now, and are enjoying the trip. I would not have a separate organization, but hold them in one of the leagues—prefer the Junior. It has long been a question with me what to do with this class, and I feel now that, for myself, I have solved it. Others might not like it, but I believe they would, if it is tried. I am greatly helped by the EPWORTH HERALD and JUNIOR QUARTERLY. Do not see how I could get along without them.

M. L. SMITH.

Votes Yes.

Dear Bro. Berry: By all means let us have an intermediate league. I have known precious boys lost to the league because too big for Juniors, and yet not big enough for Seniors. Do not heed the cry of too much organization. We heard that at the organization of the Epworth League.

Bridge the chasm between the two as soon as possible. Do not make age absolute, though recommend it. Size and capacity must be considered. The judgment of superintendent and cabinet must be allowed liberty here. Nine to sixteen good age lines for middle league.

E. S. DUNHAM.

Delaware, O.

One League—Three Departments.

Have it understood there is but one Epworth League, with Junior, Intermediate, and Senior departments. Graduate members of Junior department into Intermediate department when age and knowledge permit. Likewise from the Intermediate to the Senior department. To avoid another organization, divide the "course of study"

of Intermediate department into two parts—the first part to be pursued under the supervision of the Junior superintendent, the last part under the president of the Epworth League.

EMMA WING-THOMPSON.

Elberon, Ia.

Three Grades.

Dear Editor: Grade the Juniors in three grades, according to age—under eight, under twelve, and over twelve years of age, with a "leader" or "captain" at the head of each.

E. H. TEWKSBURY.

East Pittsburg, Pa.

Recent Conventions.

ATLANTA'S GREAT CONVENTION.

The religious and educational congress of the negro young people in this progressive city of the South, Aug. 6-11, was a unique and notable gathering, and is pronounced by everyone present a complete success.

The idea of such a meeting, representative of all the agencies in any way at work for the betterment of the race, was first conceived by that alert and brainy league leader among his people, Mr. I. Garland Penn. As corresponding secretary he has done more than any other, during the past eighteen months of careful preparation, to make possible such a splendid issue of far-reaching plans. It has required no mean generalship to harmonize all church, society and personal interests, but it has been done, and the result has been a meeting of marvelous breadth, dignity, and strength.

Among many others worthy of mention on the board of directors, must be named Bishop W. J. Gaines of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, president of the board and congress, whose judicious treatment of every question, and words of wisdom at the opening and closing sessions marked him as exactly the right man for the place.

The state of Georgia and city of Atlanta gave the congress welcome, in the addresses of Governor Candler and Mayor Mims. The former, among other things, said: "It is appropriate that the first session of your Christian and educational congress should be held in Georgia. Georgia was the last to admit African slavery within its borders, and today we have more of the sons and daughters of Africa in our state than any other state in the world." The mayor said the audience was the largest that he had ever addressed. The next speaker, Rev. P. J. Bryant, said that the governor was there to give dignity to the occasion, Bishop Gaines to give it grace, the mayor to give it tone, and he was there to give it color.

The principal meetings were held in one of the exposition buildings at Piedmont Park, with auxiliary meetings in churches throughout the city. The street-car lines handled the great crowds very efficiently, and exceptionally good order prevailed everywhere. The city press spoke in high praise of this feature, gave liberal space to the reports of the congress, and estimated the attendance outside of the city at 5,000, with audiences at times of 8,000 to 12,000.

There were but few speakers from the white race, and these, without it being so designed, were nearly all from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Among other speakers on the first evening Bishop Joyce, greatly to the delight of the immense audience, gave a thrilling account of the growth and work of the Epworth League.

The surprise of the congress was the remarkably high grade of addresses or papers by these colored young men and women of the South. Booker T. Washington's masterly speech on Saturday was simply one out of scores of papers that were so given as to meet the requirements of the most moving and satisfying oratory.

There was logic, not cold, but at white heat. There were facts, often by the ones who had done much to make the facts, for the themes were specific. There were flashes of wit. There were passages of beautiful poetic imagination. There were profound interpretations, and enlightening summarizings of history. There were rigorous exposure of racial weaknesses, shortcomings, sins, and follies, cheered to the echo. There were magnificent rehearsals of race achievements. There was the most emphatic exaltation of work. There were sublime assertions of true manhood and womanhood, and of the essential freedom, dignity, and nobility of the human soul. There were proclamations of the Christ-spirit as being above creed and race and nationality.

"My friends, no man can degrade me," exclaimed Washington in the midst of his address. "If

others will be little, let us be great." This appeal, heard again and again from the lips of colored men to their own people, to rise above race prejudice, to be as broad as Christ in sympathy, is a note grand enough in itself to make the congress memorable.

The point in which Booker T. Washington seemed superior to his fellows was in his inimitable way of using a story to illustrate and illuminate his thought. He told us of the man who had a dream of hell, and when questioned as to what the white people and the black people who were there were doing, reported: "Every white man had a nigger holding him between him and the fire." How the application fits conditions everywhere in the South!

Space does not permit an account of the two grand musical concerts on Thursday and Saturday evenings, of the varied religious and reform meetings for men and women, and in the interests of temperance during Sunday, the immense final rally that evening, with its declaration voicing the sense of the congress, nor of the excursion of five carloads to Tuskegee on Monday, Aug. 11.

It is the consensus of all that the congress begins a new era, and that the negro has scored one in his progress toward the goal of a high racial destiny. (Reported by C. H. Morgan.)

Sinmahoning Subdistrict.

The Tenth Annual Epworth League Convention of the Sinmahoning Subdistrict convened at Driftwood, Penn., Aug. 8-10. The first session was held on Friday evening, with the pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Faus, presiding. He also conducted the opening devotional service. "The Epworth League of to-day and the church of tomorrow" was the subject of an address by E. J. Jones. Some points on "The reasonableness of the pledge" were well brought out by Rev. M. B. Bubb.

Rev. J. M. Johnson conducted Saturday morning's devotional exercises. The subject of the "Ideal Epworthian" was plainly analyzed in a paper presented by Miss Anna Piper. "The devotional meetings of the Epworth League: 1. Who should lead and what should be the preparation of the leader?" and how to "keep out of the ruts" was assigned to Rev. D. M. Grover. 2. "Brevity" was well handled by Rev. J. M. Johnson. The fact that "it is advisable to have so many devotional meetings given specifically to the missionary and temperance causes" was emphatically dwelt upon by J. O. Brookbank and others.

At the close of the afternoon song and devotional services, Rev. F. E. Mulliner, in an address, set forth sufficient reasons, "Why I should give to the Lord." Miss Mattie Collins presented a paper on the subject of "Books and Character." "The Epworth League Reading Course: 1. What I know about the books of last year," by Mrs. Abbie Bailey; 2. "What I believe about the books for this year," by Rev. Geo. W. Faus, presented strong arguments in favor of the course.

An hour given to the Juniors was most helpful. The home Juniors demonstrated themselves most efficiently in drills and exercises, led by their superintendent, Mrs. S. W. Cranmer. Mrs. J. R. Ebner outlined some of "The encouragements and discouragements of a Junior League superintendent." A practical address on "The Junior League: Is it worth while?" given by Rev. J. M. Johnson was very helpful. Rev. Harry W. Newman delivered an address on "The Epworthian's vision."

The services of Sunday began with a love feast, followed by a very spiritual sermon from Rev. D. M. Grover, after which the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered.

The afternoon service was devoted to a children's meeting. Subject: "The Child Jesus." Addresses were delivered by Revs. M. B. Bubb and J. R. Ebner.

The evening service opened with a spirited song service. Geo. B. Smith led the Epworth League devotional meeting. Rev. Mr. Ebner conducted a service on "Comrades of the Morning Watch." This was followed by a consecration service. (Reported by B. W. Newnan.)

Emporia District.

The twelfth annual convention of the Emporia District Epworth League was held at Cottonwood Falls, Kan., Aug. 5-7. About one hundred delegates and visitors were present. Tuesday, Aug. 5, convention was opened by song service at 3 p.m., followed by an address on "Intelligent piety," by Prof. J. H. Hill, Emporia. Rev. Bascom Robbins delivered an address on "Ambassadors of the King."

During Wednesday the following addresses were given: "Books in relation to the purpose of life," by Mrs. Alice Downey Porter; "Education," by Rev. J. D. Smith; "Christian stewardship," Dr.



Radcliffe

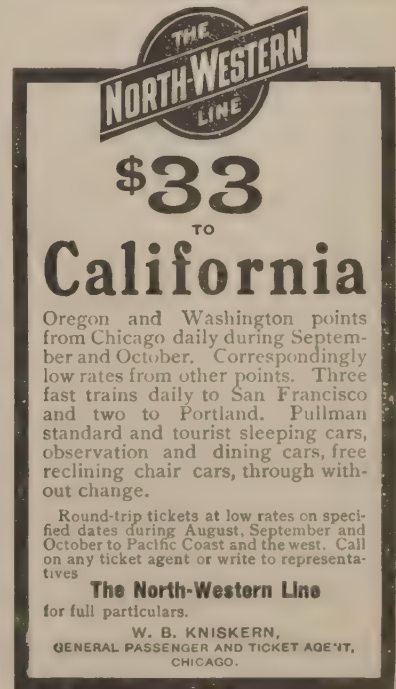
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Containing a picture for every Sunday of the year. The pictures are facsimiles of those on *The Leaf Cluster*, so reduced in size as to be printed on cardboard 2½ x 4 inches. Yearly subscription price, 10 cents per set.

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THOMAS B. NEELY, D.D., Editor.

JENNINGS & PYE, Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City.
EATON & MAINS New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit, San Francisco.

S. S. Murphy; "The benefits of THE EPWORTH HERALD," and "Lecture courses," were presented by Rev. B. M. Powell. Dr. S. Alonzo Bright preached in the evening.

At the early morning meeting on Thursday the sacrament was administered by Presiding-elder Coker. Rev. S. E. Betts, superintendent of Bethany Hospital, Kansas City, delivered an address on "Help the helpless." Rev. A. G. Van Haften spoke on "The league and missions."

The last address, "The worthwhile of life," by Rev. Charles Coke Woods, was followed by a song service and testimony meeting, which fittingly closed this inspiring convention.

The convention will meet at Toronto next year. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Rev. E. A. Durham, Hamilton; V. P's, Mr. Coit Spaulding, Hamilton; Miss Bessie Wood, Cottonwood Falls; Miss Frances Coker, Emporia; Miss Frances Gould, Eureka; Sec., Miss Amanda Hayworth, Fredonia; Treas., Mr. Thomas Kiger, Burlington; Board of control—Rev. H. A. Cook, Reading; Rev. L. W. Foster, Hartford; Rev. H. C. Case, Cottonwood Falls. (Reported by Amanda Hayworth.)

Northwest League Assembly.

The Epworth League Assembly of the Northwest, at Clear Lake, Ia., July 28-Aug. 6, was the most largely attended and the most enthusiastic of any ever held, and the program was not excelled by that of any league assembly in the West. The lecturers were: Hon. W. J. Bryan (who spoke to over 2,000 people), Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Hon. A. C. Rankin, Chaplain J. H. Lozier, Rev. Dr. L. B. Wickersham, Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton, Rev. Dr. J. M. Driver. Entertainments by Brinton's Moving Pictures, South Africa Boy Choir, Anderson Concert Co., and the Imperial Hand-Bell Ringers were much enjoyed.

Miss R. May Pyne of Vinton, Ia., conducted the Junior League every morning, and addressed the Deaconess Work Parliament.

Rev. F. P. Fisher, Rev. H. E. Bowman, Rev. W. R. Keesey, Roy E. Fuller of Northwestern University (representing the Student Volunteer Missionary movement), and others addressed the missionary parliament at its three sessions.

Hon. A. C. Rankin and Rev. D. D. McGurk spoke at the temperance parliament, and Revs. W. R. Keesey, F. H. Linn, G. W. Eggleston, H. E. Hutchinson, Frank C. Farr, Geo. C. Fort, D. McGurk, H. L. Case, H. G. Pittenger and Prof. W. J. Jerome at the league parliaments.

On Sunday Rev. Drs. T. McK. Stuart, H. W. Bolton and D. McGurk preached to large audiences. Dr. Stuart's three Bible lectures were so good that he is engaged for next year. The assembly was a great financial success. The business men of Clear Lake presented Corresponding Secretary Fairall a purse of money in recognition of his seven years' work.

Colfax Assembly.

The sixth annual Epworth League Assembly and Training-school, held at Colfax, Ia., from July 23 to Aug. 3, was the largest attended and the best assembly ever held at Colfax. Over 1,000 people tented in the beautiful park, and the auditorium, which has a seating capacity of 2,200, was altogether inadequate to accommodate the people who gathered from day to day.

The program was excellent throughout. The accommodations for camping were convenient and more than comfortable. Few places could be more pleasing and healthful to those desiring a two weeks' outing than Colfax Epworth Park, with its mineral springs, wholesome environment, and attractive program. The management anticipates making extensive improvements for next year, spending about \$6,000.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

Aug. 28-31.—Oklahoma Conference, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sept. 1.—Chicago Western District, Union-avenue, Chicago.
Sept. 5.—Kansas City District, Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 16-17.—Georgetown District Institute, Lebanon, O.
Sept. 23-29.—Alabama Conference, Boaz, Ala.
Sept. 26-28.—Northern New York Conference, Sandy Creek.
Oct. 2-3.—Newburgh District, Liberty, N. Y.
Oct. 7-9.—Danville District, Shamokin, Pa.
Oct. 14-15.—Saratoga District, Johnstown, N. Y.
Oct. 14-15.—Wyoming Conference Convention, Simpson Church, Scranton, Pa.
Oct. 15-16.—Dayton District Institute, Hamilton, O.
Oct. 16.—Trenton District, Bordentown, N. J.
Oct. 16.—North Baltimore District, Buckeystown, Md.
Oct. 16.—Bridgeton District, Glassboro, N. J.
Oct. 16.—Paterson District, Passaic, N. J.
Oct. 16-19.—German National Convention, St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 21.—Brooklyn South District, Grace Church, Brooklyn.
Oct. 29.—New Brunswick District, St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Oct. 29-Nov. 3.—North Indiana Conference, Bluffton, Ind.
Oct. 30.—Yewark District, East Orange, N. J.
Nov. 27-30.—Iowa State Convention, Grinnell, Ia.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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CONSUMPTION

Twigs from Various Trees.

President Roosevelt and the Kittens.

A feature of President Roosevelt's character different from that with which he is commonly credited was displayed recently in a little incident which *The Saturday Evening Post* relates. The President, in company with Secretary Root, had been enjoying a horseback ride to Chevy Chase, in the vicinity of Washington. On their return they were going along Sixteenth Street, near the Henderson Castle, when a series of short cries attracted the President's attention:

"What is it?" asked Secretary Root.

"Kittens, I think," replied the President, turning his horse around. "And they seem to be in distress."

Then the chief magistrate began an investigation and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open catch-basin of a sewer.

The President beckoned to two urchins who, from an awed distance, were admiringly watching the performance.

"Will one of you boys crawl into the opening while the other holds his legs?" President Roosevelt asked.

Sport like that with the greatest personage in the United States as umpire could come reasonably only once in a lifetime, and the boys fairly tumbled to the opportunity.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed the President. "Now, what do you find there?"

"Cats in a bag," shrieked the boy with his head in the sewer. The other boy sturdily clung to his companion's legs. The kittens, unaware that their plight had stirred the sympathies of the head of a nation and that their deliverance was at hand, wailed as if a new calamity were about to strike.

"Drag them out," came the command.

In a moment the President of the United States, the secretary of war, and two excited youngsters stood around the rescued litter. Three forlorn kittens struggled feebly. Then the wrath of the leader who has slaughtered wild game, and shot down armed men in battle, blazed into epithets upon the wretch who had flung the kittens to die in slow agony.

The commotion brought out a wondering butler from a neighboring residence.

"Will you care for these little kittens?" asked the President; "give them milk and a place to live?"

Had the man been asked to accept a cabinet portfolio he could not have responded with more heartfelt eagerness.

The President thanked him, told the astonished urchins they were little men, and, joining Secretary Root, moved on to the White House.

How Cecil Rhodes did Things.

Stories and reminiscences of Mr. Rhodes are beginning to come in from various quarters. Here are two which South Africa declares to be new. The death of the father suddenly left a young lady and her mother in straitened circumstances, and the daughter tried to find employment as a "diamond sorter." She was slight and delicate looking, and her application was refused. So she screwed up her courage and set out one day to see the great man himself. At his house she was told, to her relief—for her courage had been oozing out—that Mr. Rhodes was out, but the servant showed her into a room and seated her in a huge armchair before she knew what had happened. Presently two men entered, and one of them saw the little figure crouching in the chair. "Hullo, who have we here?" came the brusque inquiry. "Oh, Mr. Rhodes," began the little lady with tears in her eyes and voice. "That will do. Blank (this to his friend), leave the room. The friend left the room. "Now, my dear child, tell me all," said the autocrat gently. She told him all, and when she had done he scribbled a note. "There, that will make it all right, and let me know how you get on." The paper was an order for the applicant and a friend

to be taken on as first-class sorters. "The friend," was added as his own thought, in order that the young lady should not have to go and come without a companion.

The other is the case of a young man who had involved himself in debt, and went to the Colossus for assistance. "How much do you owe?" A sum was named. "Is that all?" That was all. A check for the amount was written out. "Be ready to leave for the north to-morrow, and see me about your appointment." The young fellow left happy, but in the morning there was another story. In his dread of stating the amount, which to him seemed large, he had not named the true sum of his indebtedness, and had spent the afternoon trying to raise the extra money from Mr. Rhodes' own friends on the strength of the appointment he was to receive. "It won't do," was the unexpected reply he received in the morning. "I asked you a question, and you gave me a wrong answer. You are no use to me. Good day."

Casualties in the Philippines.

Some interesting statistics regarding the insurrection in the Philippines have been compiled by Maj. James Parker of the adjutant-general's office. According to his figures, there were 2,561 engagements with the enemy, more or less serious, between Feb. 4, 1899, the date of the battle of Manila, and April 30, 1902, fixed as the virtual downfall of the insurrection. The larger proportion of these fights were attacks from ambush on the American troops, or skirmishes in which only small detachments took part. The number of troops that have been transported to the Philippines, and had arrived there up to July 16 last, was 4,135 officers, and 123,803 men. The average strength, taken from monthly returns for the period of the insurrection, was approximately 40,000. Major Parker summarizes the casualties of the American army as follows: Killed or died of wounds, 69 officers and 936 enlisted men; deaths from disease, 47 officers and 2,335 enlisted men; deaths from accidents, 6 officers 125 enlisted men; drowned, 6 officers and 257 enlisted men; suicide, 10 officers and 72 enlisted men; murdered, 1 officer and 41 enlisted men; total deaths, 139 officers and 4,016 enlisted men.

A Half-Hearted Man.

A man who starts out in business in a half-hearted way is sure to be a failure.

Nothing great is ever accomplished without enthusiasm, energetic persistence, and a determination to do the right thing regardless of obstacles. A weak, vacillating person, a half-hearted man, excites no admiration or enthusiasm. Nobody believes in him. It is the energetic, dead-in-earnest man who creates confidence; and without the confidence of others, it is difficult to succeed.

No matter what you undertake, do it in a whole-hearted way. Concentrate all your power on it, if you are only writing a letter, or doing the chores. Be a whole man at whatever you attempt, otherwise you will form loose, indolent habits, which will threaten your success all along life's journey.—*Success*.

A Good Investment.

That the purchase of Alaska by the government has turned out to be a good financial investment, far beyond the dreams of those responsible for its acquisition, is shown by the following figures: In general terms it may be said that Alaska, for which the United States paid Russia \$7,200,000 in 1867, has supplied furs, fish and gold amounting to about \$150,000,000 in value, about equally divided among these three items; that the investments of capital from the United States in Alaska are probably \$25,000,000, with a large additional sum invested in transportation to that territory; and that the annual shipments of merchandise to Alaska now aggregate more than \$12,000,000, and have aggregated since the purchase nearly or quite

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By REV. A. C. WELCH.

With an Introduction by Bishop J. W. Hamilton.

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PERSPECTIVE—INTRODUCTION—COMPOSITE PICTURES—TIME—EXPOSURES—LOOK PLEASANT—IN GROUPS—DOWN BY THE OLD HOME—NATURE STUDIES—BATTLE SCENES—HISTORIC VIEWS—ON CROWDED STREETS—IN QUIET NOOKS—IN THE DARK ROOM—THE DEVELOPING LAMP—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS—BLUE PRINTS—DEFECTIVE NEGATIVES—FINISHING TOUCHES.

This is a remarkably sweet and helpful book. A glance at the chapter headings will show how the author looks at life and the great question of its development and completion. Though he treats of serious topics, there is no heaviness in the handling. He writes in a happy vein, and all men would be better for reading his chapter on the influence of pleasantness. One falls more in love with kindness as he reads, and he feels the effects of its charm forthwith. It will help give a cheery note to the preacher's sermons and a cheery tone to his life, and the layman who reads it will (perhaps unwittingly) assist in both. It is a book for everybody, and certainly everybody who reads it will be glad, for the better life will no longer appear to be the unattainable.

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\$100,000,000. Meantime the population has grown from an estimated 30,000 at the date of purchase, to 32,050 in 1890, 63,592 in 1900, and an estimated 75,000, at the present time.

The number of fur seals taken on the Pribiloff Islands from 1870 to 1901 is 2,187,317, and the value of the seal and other furs taken since the purchase of Alaska by the United States is estimated at about \$30,000,000. The fur seal industry, which has declined in the last few years, was succeeded by the fishing industry, Alaska now supplying about one-half of the salmon of the country. The value of the salmon pack in Alaska last year is estimated at about \$7,000,000, and the total value of fish taken in Alaska since the purchase about \$50,000,000; while the value of gold and silver mined since the purchase is about \$50,000,000.

The Coronation Losses.

The amount of pecuniary loss caused by the illness of King Edward will probably never be estimated. The New York *Sun* mentions one little item, the loss to growers of roses in England and on the Continent. The red rose was the "coronation flower." It was estimated by florists that during coronation week the king's subjects would use 60,000,000 red roses, and would be willing to pay about four cents apiece for them, so that something like \$2,400,000 would be distributed among the florists and growers. Large tracts of land were prepared and set out to rose bushes, timed to bloom in the last days of June. As coronation week approached it was seen that the estimate had been too conservative, and the price of red roses nearly doubled in anticipation of a shortage. Then came the announcement of the king's illness and of the postponement of the coronation. In an instant the blooms that had been worth four or five million dollars became worth nothing at all. Most of the precious roses faded on the bushes, for they were not worth the gathering. Some of the loss will, of course, be borne by the florists whose first orders had already been filled, but most of it will fall on the rose-growers. And for some of them the loss will come near to meaning ruin. Considering the comparative unimportance of this detail of the preparations for the ceremony, it is easy to see that the \$1,000,000 can constitute but one comparatively small item of the aggregate loss, and something approaching a reasonable estimate of it can thus be reached.

A Man of Imagination.

No man I have met regarded wealth with such contempt, excepting as a means by which he could influence men and control the destinies of nations. To use his own phrase, he combined "imagination and commerce." What he loved in the German kaiser was just this power of imagination. What he hated and despised in the average highly-placed official in Downing Street was the absence of imagination. If only he had been more patient—if his head had not been turned by the ease with which all adversaries went down before him—what a different ending there might have been for his career! Vain are these regrets in the presence of his silent tomb. It is for us to work as best we can with the means that he has provided us toward the realization of his highest ideals. "So much to do. So little done." But we may console ourselves by remembering his own story of the old man whom he found planting oak trees, and marveled that at his age he should undertake such a task. "Sir," replied the old man, "I shall never enjoy their shade. But I have the imagination, and I know what that shade will be, and at any rate no one will ever alter those lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines. I know I shall not see them beyond a shrub, but with me rests the conception and the shade and the glory."

"So," said Mr. Rhodes, "we also have our conception, the results of which cannot be known in our temporary existence, but it is satisfactory to feel that you may found the lines in the same way as that aged planter of oaks."

Mr. Rhodes in his short lifetime planted many oaks, and with him rests "the conception, the shade, and the glory."—*W. T. Stead.*

The Roman Alphabet in Japan.

The Roman alphabet grows more in favor with the nations of the earth. The latest country to take steps toward its adoption is Japan. The government has recently appointed a commission to draw up a plan whereby Japanese writing may be made to conform to modern English and French forms. In China progress in the same direction is reported, and missionaries there say that the old and inflexible sign-writing is sure to go. Germany is rapidly falling into line, and the number of books and pamphlets printed in Roman characters increases year by year. In Russia, however, the individual alphabet peculiar to that country still shows no sign of change—the one country whose literature is almost inaccessible to the foreign-born student. But from a broad survey it seems inevitable that eventually the one alphabet—the Roman—will rule the world.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Not Citizens, but Protected.

Gradually the status of the Filipino in his relation to foreign countries is being established. The state department has finally decided how it shall take care of Filipinos outside of the archipelago. Ambassador White has established a precedent in the case of Edward Faneixo, a native of Manila, a record of which has just reached the state department. This man applied to the ambassador in Berlin on July 2, for a passport or protection papers. The ambassador's certificate says: "Satisfactory proof having been furnished me that Edward Faneixo is a native of the Philippines, and loyal to the United States, he is entitled to be accorded adequate protection by the diplomatic and consular officers of the United States. As, however, he is not a citizen of the United States he is not entitled to a passport."

Automatic Rural Mail Carrier.

Edward Hamilton of Liberty, Ind., a young man of nineteen, has invented an automatic mail-carrier for rural-delivery boxes. When letters are dropped in the delivery box the carrier automatically starts, carrying the letters and papers to the house, where it dumps its load, notifies the inmates by ringing a bell, and immediately returns. By touching a button at the house the carrier can be brought back at any time to receive letters for the mail carrier. The construction is simple, electricity from batteries in the house being used to operate the device.

The Old Mother.

A friend said the other day that she had heard of a lady, almost eighty, whose children paid her board in a very luxurious house, but very seldom did more than send her a weekly remittance. They were too busy, or too careless, or too far away to bring to mother the delight of their personal presence, and they left her, often for weeks, without a cent in her purse.

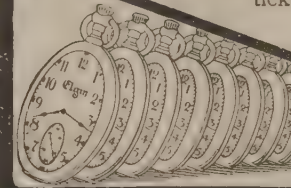
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She would be glad, my friend found out, to do odds and ends of sewing, darn stockings, see to mending, hem tablecloths and napkins, and undertake work usually given to younger eyes and hands. If she could only have the sewing she loved, and earn a little money for her trifling expenses, postage stamps, car fare, etc.

"The children must not know it; they would be hurt," said the poor old mother. As the children were well-to-do, one's heart burned with resentment at their indifference and cruelty.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Keep Growing.

Do not stop studying just because you have been graduated, says a writer in *Success*. Do not lay out so much work for yourself—as most graduates do—that you cannot complete any of it, but resolutely determine, at the very outset, that you will devote at least a few minutes a day to self-improvement. Do not let a day pass without at least a glimpse at a good book. Try to treasure up a bit of poetry, a helpful maxim or motto, a little history, or something else that will exercise the mind so that it will not stagnate.

Whatever you do, determine that you will keep out of ruts. You have plenty of examples about you, women who have been graduated with as much determination, perhaps, to keep up their studies, as you now have, and yet have dropped into the worst kind of ruts, letting all the beauty and poetry die out of their lives.

Many have been suddenly surprised in their old age to find that their passionate love for poetry, for music, and for works of art, has practically disappeared for lack of exercise.

Whatever may be your vocation in life, resolve that you will not go into a rut; that you will keep growing; when you retire from the active duties of life, you will have something to retire to, and not feel utterly lost and alone in the world when your regular occupation is gone.

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Letters from Readers.

Of What Good Are Conventions?

Dear Editor: This question demands an answer: What good are conventions? Or are conventions of the league, for missions, and for some other church enterprises, compensatory to the amount of money and energy expended?

A certain church has a league of 100 members, which sends a large number of delegates to half a dozen conventions each year. When there they hear reports and burning appeals, etc. And when they return to their homes they will go to Sunday-school and omit the preaching service; and in the evening they will attend the league and omit the preaching service which follows.

Many profess to be wholly sanctified, and in fact can repeat a very high profession of consecration; but are too tired and used up by the Sunday-school and league meeting to attend the public worship.

The spiritually-minded leaders are mourning over it and trying to find a remedy. Perhaps you can suggest one.

There are many missionary conventions, and after they are over there is no better attendance at the service for missions than before, and the money spent in going to the missionary convention is an excuse for the small gift to the cause. I have heard many say, in private talks, that some of these meetings seemed to be opportunities for several persons to harangue the audience, and that practical results were at the very minimum.

So not being a numerous attendant, nor a very enthusiastic believer in the business, and yet open to conviction, it might do some good if it could be shown that these numerous conferences justified their time and expense in enthusiasm or in giving.

ENQUIRER.

"Let Us Be Fair."

Dear Editor: In THE EPWORTH HERALD of Aug. 6 you say "Let us be fair." Are those who object to Paragraph 248 fair to all concerned? They do not seem to take into account that the Discipline governs many different classes in the wide world. Numbers of the General Conference may be able to go according to the dictates of their conscience and the Bible, but what of all the young of immature judgment, and our children that must have something definite to guide them when tempted? Many have been brought up in ignorance and vice. Their conscience has never been trained. If there is nothing to guard them, and they give way to such things (the church calls them amusements, the world calls them vices), they are lost again.

How often the questions are asked: "Ought I to dance? Ought I to play games of chance?" We answer, No! The church forbids it. That settles it. As to the rules being broken, so are the ten commandments.

A shepherd might say once in a while when a sheep jumps over the wall: "Let us take the wall down; if they cannot be kept in with the wall up, they will if it is down." What would the owner of the sheep say? What will the Good Shepherd say? He says: "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." "Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow me."

MRS. G. B. CLARK.

Plattkill, N. Y.

Concerning the Tithe.

To the Editor: A very good answer to the question of the duty of Christians to give a tithe of their income to the church, is given in THE HERALD of July 26. But is not the real point overlooked? Under the Mosaic law the Hebrew national government was a theocracy, and the whole machinery of government was supported by the tithe and a few other special offerings. If a Christian honestly pays his taxes to the state and then gives a tenth to the church, he is nearly doubling the Hebrew tithe.

G. A. MARSHALL.

Darlington, Wis.

A Call to Serve the Church.

"Need and opportunity constitute a call," said one of our most successful missionaries in India. Any pastor or Christian worker in a large city will testify to the need of consecrated young women to serve the church, especially as deaconesses.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902.

NUMBER 14.

The Children's Story.

ALICE IN STUPLAND.

Myra Goodwin Plantz.

Chapter VII.—Summer Boarders.

"Here are two important letters," Mrs. Crawford said when the mail had been left by Mike one evening.

"Our shares in the Alaska copper mine have turned to gold," said Mr. Crawford.

"Some distant relative has left us a fortune," said Alice.

"No, Aunt Bettie thinks Lillian's health demands a change. She cannot afford the lakes or mountains this summer, and thinks the country would be better for Lillian's nerves, and that we must be very lonely up here and would enjoy summer visitors."

At this they all laughed, for never had there been less opportunity for a family to be lonely, or less need of the diversion of company from the city.

"You shall not worry over that spoilt child," said the minister decidedly. "Since her mother is my sister I feel free to take the responsibility of declining. It is just to save money so the girl can have more fine clothes."

"But, papa, dear, there is ever so much good in Lillian. I believe this simple, hard-working life would make a good impression on her, so let us talk it over before we refuse. The other letter is from dear Mrs. Harper. Lois has a cough again, and the doctor wants her to try outdoor life."

"Oh, mamma, do let Lois come," begged Alice. "She never makes any trouble, and her mamma took me East once."

"She tells such pretty stories, and makes doll clothes," said Flossie.

"She ain't afraid of things. She is splendid on a tramp," said Ben.

"She would brighten Libbie's life. She is so kind to sick people," said the minister.

"Her mother says she will not let her come unless it is a business affair and she be allowed to pay the twelve dollars a week she would at a summer hotel up north. That would enable us to hire a nice Swede girl I know in the village, and also let Lillian come," said Mrs. Crawford.

"But must she come?" asked Alice. "She cares only for a good time."

Then Alice stopped. How much more had she cared for when she went East as Mrs. Harper's guest. "I am willing for Lillian to come, mamma, if you are," she said humbly, and knew by the sweet smile her mother gave that she was understood.

The next thing was to arrange for the sleeping of the new guests. There was some canvas the minister had once used on a camping expedition,

and this could make one end of the back porch into a comfortable bedroom, at least a sleeping place for the girl. Mr. Burroughs happened to hear of the coming of the guests and he brought out a beautiful tent. "The very thing for a bedroom," he said. "It does not leak, and has a mosquito-net to let down in front, and I will send some lumber for the floor."

"Let me have it," cried Ben.

"Oh, no, let me for a playhouse," said Bess.

"No," replied the mother, "Lois needs all the outdoor air she can get, and she and Alice will enjoy getting off alone. Lillian would be insulted if put in a tent, so she can sleep with Bess, and we will all be nicely fixed."

was not a Christian and looked on everything from the standpoint of this life only.

Although only a high-school girl, Lillian was worn out with dancing and late hours and silly novels, and the thought of always being prettily dressed.

"Oh, what a beautiful place!" cried Lois, as they stood watching the sunset colors on the little lake.

"If you could clear the stumps out, uncle," said Lillian.

"They are coming out one by one," he answered, smiling at Alice.

"But the dearest thing is our white bedroom," said Lois, enthusiastically.

"If the snakes get in," commented Lillian.

"You will think our mosquitoes are scorpions," laughed Ben. "But you wait until you see our evening torch. We have a camp-fire every night that scatters the bugs, and gives us a good time. Sometimes we roast potatoes, or toast bread, or pop corn, and tell ghost stories."

"I've brought a big box of marshmallows, and we'll have a roast as soon as you are ready. Let me help," said Lois.

"Don't get overheated dear," said Mrs. Crawford, looking anxiously at the delicate face.

Even Lillian had to admit it was a fine evening. "Only, girls, we would have ever so much more fun if some of the boys were here. I wish some of them were here to row me on the water in the moonlight," said Lillian.

"You shall not lack for that, for Ben rows finely," said Alice.

"Oh, Alice, you do not understand what I mean," said Lillian, who had what she called "beaux" since she had been twelve.

"Perhaps you want papa," said Alice gravely. "He is the most delightful man I know of."

"Girls, I have a letter from the friend who takes our peas and he wants huckleberries," Mr. Crawford said the next

day. "I think mamma has canned all she wants to, and you have all worked so hard, I'm not going to let you pick berries unless you want to help buy a bell for the new church. Mike knows a place where he says there are fifty dollars' worth of berries going to waste. Will you go berrying?"

"Splendid!" said Lois.

"Will it spoil our clothes?" asked Lillian, looking at her dainty morning dress.

"I'll fix up some stuffed eggs and sandwiches, and we'll take our dinner," said Alice.

"Good, then Selma can go, for she picks so well," said Mrs. Crawford. "We'll put out a lunch for you, papa, and have a nice hot supper."

Just then someone stepped upon the porch. A gentleman in a stylish hunting suit, with gun and



"The city girls received a warm welcome."

fishing outfit and dress suit case, had just been left at the door by a man from town.

"Why, Mr. Wrightson, so glad to see you," said Mr. Crawford heartily, and the others joined in as warmly as they could with this intrusion.

"Not receiving your pressing invitation to come for the summer, and bring all my relatives, I merely planned to stop over for a few days on my way to the fishing-grounds near Lake Superior. Is this a playhouse for the children?"

"No, our family mansion, and large enough for all of our friends," said the minister. "You can have a tent or a cottage for sleeping."

"If I could sleep under your sermons I can under your roof," replied Mr. Wrightson. "Can't we go trout fishing at once? I have a seventy-five dollar rod for myself, and a twenty-five one I will lend you."

"No, thank you; Ben and I use common poles. Our trout don't understand city fashions. My wife is just starting out for a huckleberry picnic with the girls. She will put us a lunch, and we boys will get trout for a six o'clock dinner."

Mike came up with the big wagon, and the ladies got on that, while the gentlemen went tramping along by the stream.

The woodsman delighted to urge his strong horses on a gallop through the stumpy path, amused over the screams of his passengers, who could not always dodge the branches, though Mrs. Crawford called "Low bridge!" in time.

"Oh, see the fields of blue violets," cried Lilian.

For many rods the ground was as blue as if spread with a blue carpet.

"Why, they are blueberries," cried the new girls. "Who would have supposed they grew on these low bushes, so near the ground as to look like a bed of violets?"

They were large and delicious, and the pickers forgot the needs of the church while they ate until satisfied. Then the picking began in earnest.

"Why is it you always fill your basket first, mamma," asked Bess, "when I am always moving on for a new place where they are thick?"

"Because I get all that is there while you are moving," replied the mother.

Everything went well, though Lilian was afraid the sun would spoil her complexion, the northern sun not caring a bit for efforts to avoid the effects of his warm kisses. Besides thinking about getting tanned, she had to protect the lace on her summer dress, while the others thought only of the blue sky and blue berries.

They were all willing to get in a good shady place for lunch, made all the more enjoyable because a cool spring had been found. About two o'clock every pail and basket was full of berries, and they made a discovery. They had not noticed that a storm was gathering until it broke upon them.

"Our Indian fisherman lives near here, Mr. O'Conner. Can't we get there?" asked Mrs. Crawford.

"Sure, ma'am; and the young ladies can see what real Injuns are like, for he is of the Chipewas, that still worship the Great Spirit."

They all hurried into the wagon, and the hired man turned away from the berry field, and soon drove under a thicket of trees. The rain was already beginning to fall, so the ladies did not wait for an invitation to enter, but ran for the wigwam that was half hidden by the thicket.

Indian Jo met them at the door and lifted the covering and said: "White squaw come in the red man's house." An Indian woman who was making baskets came forward shyly and motioned to a place on the mats beside her. Back of the wigwam was a little log cabin where the family lived in one room in the winter, but in the summer they preferred to live as their fathers had done before them, so the girls saw a real Indian home of long ago. In the back of the wigwam there were beds of sweet-smelling hemlocks with soft skins for covering. A hole that could be opened or closed in the center let out the smoke when there was cooking in the house, although most of the cooking was done on a gypsy fire outside. Hanging up, fastened to a board, was a brown-eyed baby, contentedly sucking a piece of dried meat. The girls regretted that it had grown so dark that they

could not see the inside of this queer house more clearly, but the lightning soon gave moments of brightness that made everything like a picture in a flash-light.

Back in one corner the girls saw a pretty brown face.

"Hopeka," grunted the Indian.

"I have not seen you before, my dear," said Mrs. Crawford, sitting down by the Indian maid. "Can you speak English?"

A smile lit up the dark eyes as she answered: "I have been away to school and know the ways of the white people, but it is my duty to live in the woods and help my own people till they learn about the Great Father. They think this storm is the anger of the evil spirit."

At that moment a great pine came crashing down at the door and an odor of fire filled the wigwam.

(To be continued.)

Afternoon Tea.

Put on your bonnet, and take your doll,
And come out to the maple tree;
I have thimble biscuits, and raspberry shrub,
And cookies for afternoon tea;
Five guests are invited. I think they make
A charming company.

I have asked Ned Squirrel, who chatters and scolds
In the branch of the maple tree;
I have asked Sir Robin and his sweet wife,
And his neighbor Chickadee,
And Mr. Crow in his black dress suit,
To come to my afternoon tea.

The tea will be served in acorn cups,
Pretty as they can be—
A present they were from a dear good friend,
The generous old oak tree.
And there are lovely saucers to match
My cups of afternoon tea.

—Mary F. Butts.

Some Long Naps.

All animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, butterflies and spiders do this. If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the springtime. The warm sun will wake them up again. They will come out, one by one, from their hiding places.

However, there are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter. But with some animals it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years! When they were brought into the warm air they came to life and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing

until there were sixty rings in the trunk. As a tree adds a ring every year, the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it.

Teddy and the Golden Rule.

"Now then! There is room for one more!" cried Uncle George. "Pack him in and we're off."

Room in the great big crowded sleigh for only one more, and alas! there were two eager little boys left standing on the curbstone, longing with all their hearts to take a ride.

"Which of you shall it be?" said Uncle George.

There was a moment's pause; then Teddy stepped back. "Let it be Harry," he said; "I can stay behind."

So Harry was swung up into the open place. The whip cracked, the bells jingled, and away they went, leaving Teddy alone, winking with all his might to keep the tears out of his eyes. Pretty soon he ran upstairs to visit Grandma. Grandma was sitting by the window. She laid down her sewing and gathered Teddy up in her arms.

"My dear little boy," she said, "has been trying to follow the golden rule, hasn't he?"

Teddy nodded. Presently he said, "Grandma, does God up in heaven notice when a little boy tries to mind his rules?"

"Yes, indeed, he does, and it makes him feel very glad."

Teddy's round face grew solemn. "Can just a little boy like me make God glad?"

"Yes dear."

"Isn't that queer," said Teddy, "and—and splendid?"

"And isn't it queer," said Grandma, gently, "that when little boys like you and old ladies like me can make God glad, we sometimes forget and make him sorry?"—Sunbeam.

The Indian's Calendar.

The moon is the Indian's calendar. He reckons time by its changes, and long before the white man came to America the red man had a pretty clear idea of a month of time. The moon goes through four changes in four weeks. From full moon around to full moon again is, therefore, nearly one month, or, as the Indian called it—moon. After all, the English word month means moon, and is derived from that word. So it seems the moon is responsible for the idea of month. But the Indian named his months or moons from the things that most appealed to him—the weather, the plants, the hunt, etc. Here are the names by which he knew them:

January.....	The cold moon
February.....	The snow moon
March.....	The green moon
April.....	The moon of plants
May.....	The moon of flowers
June.....	The hot moon
July.....	The moon of the deer
August.....	The sturgeon moon
September.....	The fruit moon
October.....	The traveling moon
November.....	The beaver moon
December.....	The hunting moon

All Indian tribes do not have the same name for the same month, however, as it varies according to the occupation or locality of each tribe. June, to some, was the strawberry moon, August the ripe moon, and so on.—*Pluck.*

Home Fairies.

"Instead of telling fairy stories, let us be fairies ourselves," said Aunt Delia, when the children begged her for a fairy tale.

"How can we be fairies, auntie?"

"What are fairies?" asked the lady.

"Why, little wee folks that go about doing wonderful things. Sometimes they make the butter after the dairymaid has gone to bed. Sometimes they put a gold piece under the plate of the

poor man who can't pay his rent; and when he sits down at the breakfast table, he finds it."

"Well," said Aunt Delia, "here are Tom, Ned, Mary, and Sue. Let us organize a fairy band. Bridget has gone to the dentist's with a bad tooth. The baby is cross, there are blackberries to pick for tea, mamma has a headache, the sitting-room is in disorder, and papa will be at home by-and-by all tired out with the work and the heat. A fairy-band is badly needed, I think."

"I will be Mustard Seed," said Tom, mindful of his last Shakespeare reading. "I'll take baby to the croquet ground, and roll the balls for her; that always amuses her."

"I will be Apple Blossom," said Sue, naming herself from her favorite flower. "I will set the tea table so very quietly that mamma will not hear me. When she finds it all ready, it will seem like fairies' work to her."

"I'll be blackberry," said Ned. "Here goes for the berry patch."

"I will be Aschenputtel, and do the dusting," said Mary, beginning with great zeal to put the sitting-room in order.

The next moment the click of the balls, and the music of baby's ringing laugh came from the lawn. Mary, duster in hand, looked out of the window, and smiled to see them so happy.

"It is a good deal better to help," she said, polishing a table with all her might, "than to sit down, and make auntie amuse us."

Sue sang softly to herself, as she put the cups and plates in order:

"Little child, the long day through,
Find some helpful thing to do." —Selected.

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for September: Everyday living.

September 7.—At Play.

(Matt. 7: 12.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Gentle ways (2 Tim. 2: 24).

Tuesday.—Giving others a chance (Phil. 2: 3).

Wednesday.—Giving up our own way (Rom. 15: 3).

Thursday.—Never cheating (2 Cor. 8: 21).

Friday.—Trying not to hurt anyone's feelings (Prov. 18: 14).

Saturday.—Do not sulk (Isa. 32: 8).

Sunday.—Enjoy your play (Zech. 8: 5).

PROGRAM.

"Glad welcome we sing."....First psalm.... Lord's prayer chanted....Singing, "I am happy in my Saviour."....Roll-call and secretary's report.... Catechism questions....Duet, "Angry words, O let them never."....Junior topic....Blackboard talk....Class study....Marching song, "Keep step ever."....Collection and announcements....Junior benediction.

To the Junior Superintendent.

You want something new, you say, to make your meetings interesting, and you doubtless often wish that someone would write a book, containing full material for a year's meetings, without any effort on your part. When such crutches as these are provided for primary teachers in the day schools, we may, perhaps, see them advertised for the use of Junior League superintendents.

The fact is that our day-school teachers are turned loose with the world of facts and the children, and are expected, in some way, to bring the two together.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, in a recent speech, deprecates the abundance of helps and artificial aids in teaching the Bible, and in particular he condemns the use of symbols in teaching Bible truth.

How, then, can we make our meetings interesting? By making them more practical, and by giving the children something to do. A Sunday-school teacher in Canton, O., had a class of boys who were not quite ready to accept their teacher's ideas on a temperance lesson she was teaching. They had heard that Dewey and his men won their splendid victory at Manila Bay by the use of liquor. Their teacher at once wrote to Admiral Dewey and received a reply, in which Dewey stated that the United States laws forbid the taking of liquor aboard ship, except for medicinal uses, and that no liquor was used. When that autograph letter was shown the boys the next Sunday, they were proud enough of their enterprising teacher.

Blackboard Talk.

When Li Hung Chang visited this country he was puzzled to know why men spent hours of time, and tired themselves out, chasing a ball. "If they want the ball, why do they not send their servant for it?" he asked in mild surprise.

No American boy or girl needs to be told why people chase a ball on the croquet lawn, or the golf or tennis field, or on the baseball or football grounds. There is health and pleasure in play, and there is education as well.

A poor player can be tolerated, but a cheat is a nuisance, and no one is willing to play with him, when once he has been found out. To play fair



means to practice the golden rule, and there is nowhere in life that the golden rule is more needed than in our play. Who can repeat the golden rule, and tell me where it is found? (Matt. 7: 12.) This does not mean that it is your duty to let someone else beat you in play. It simply means that if you see a place to take an unfair advantage somewhere, you should scorn to take it.

A girl of twelve wanted to join the church, with her older sister, but her mother said: "Wait a little while." When asked why she wished her younger daughter to wait she said: "I do not see the evidences of a Christian life in Margaret, especially in her play." Perhaps we think that no one is watching us at our play to see if we are real Christians, but even the boys and girls we are playing with are judging our religion by our conduct, and deciding whether it is worth having or not. Let us ask God to help us in our play to honor him by always remembering to keep the golden rule.

OUT OF SORTS.

Pleasant Way to Drive Away the Blues.

A food that will bring back health and rosy cheeks to the sick as well as please the palate of the healthy is a pretty good food to know about. A lady in Minneapolis says: "I am such an enthusiast upon the subject of Grape-Nuts that I want to state a few instances of its value that have come under my personal experience.

"I was taken ill with a serious stomach trouble, so ill that the slightest movement caused me pain, and could take nothing into my stomach or retain even medicine or water. I had been two days without nourishment when my husband suggested trying Grape-Nuts.

"The nurse prepared some with warm water, sugar, and cream, and I took it hesitatingly at first, until I found it caused me no pain, and for ten days I took no other nourishment. The doctor was surprised at my improvement and did not resent my attributing the speedy cure to the virtues of Grape-Nuts. He said he had a case on record of a teething baby who grew rosy and fat on the same diet.

"Grape-Nuts are so dainty and delicious that it appeals to the whole household, and when either husband or I feel generally 'out of sorts' we try confining ourselves exclusively to the food for a day or two with the happiest results.

"For a year I have had for a neighbor a delicate girl—an epileptic. When I first knew her she was a mere shadow, weighing seventy pounds, and subject to fearful attacks, having as many as twelve and sixteen convulsions in a day. At such times she took no nourishment whatever. She had never tried Grape-Nuts, and as any food seemed to increase her trouble at such times, it was with difficulty I persuaded her to try it. But I told her of my experience and induced her to try a few spoonfuls.

"The taste delighted her, and ever since she has made it her chief article of diet. The result has been wonderful. Her improvement is the subject of remark with all who know her. The attacks are less frequent and violent, and she has gained twenty pounds since last November, and her family attribute her improvement solely to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Lumbago

A well-known physician, Professor in the Medical Dept. University of Pennsylvania, Phila., Pa., says:

"I am surprised to find the pronounced value of Tartarilithine and Sulphur. All of the cases have been markedly benefited by the Tartarilithine treatment, after the failure of other treatment extending over long periods. One case, a man who for eighteen months suffered from a lumbago which nearly disabled him, is so much improved after using one bottle of Tartarilithine that he considers himself well."

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Just for Girls.

Simple Pleasures.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Two young girls were talking the other day of a mutual friend.

"I don't see how Catherine can endure a summer in that out-of-the-way corner of the world!"

"Oh! you need not pity Catherine!" replied her companion with something like a sneer. "If she has a bit of grass, a patch of sky to cover it, a flower or two, a tree with a bird's nest, or perhaps some little urchin playing by the roadside, she can be perfectly happy!"

Both girls laughed in duet, but the undertone of their merriment was not pleasant to my ears, although it set me thinking.

Of all traits of character there is none more conducive to happiness than the capacity of enjoying simple pleasures. This is not the less true because my young neighbors and others like them find it old-fashioned and ridiculous. "Fancy" dishes may be an occasional delight to the palate, but they certainly are not wholesome for exclusive diet, and similarly highly-seasoned enjoyments should be the luxuries rather than the sustenance of the mind. There are few sadder sights than that of the young person whose jaded emotions can be spurred only by novelty and excitement.

The power to enjoy is a natural evolution, passing from small things to greater. If you find no delight in the leap and sparkle of the woodland brook, you are not ready for a view of Niagara. If the undulating outlines of the hills about your home are without grace or beauty in your eyes, it will be in vain for you to journey to the Yellowstone or Switzerland. If you never notice the colors of dawn or of sunset, how are you to appreciate the picture in which some master has reproduced their fleeting combinations? If there are no chords in your nature which respond to the song of a bird or the laughter of a child, will the greatest orchestra in the world be more to you than a meaningless crash of sound, or the most wonderful voice anything but an uncomprehended melody? The greatest souls that ever lived have lain closest to the heart of nature, sympathetic with her lightest moods. She has taught the poet his song, the painter his art, the musician his divine harmonies. From her the sage has learned wisdom, and the saint how to live holily among men. The few earthly joys which came to the master of us all were such as he found by the wayside, or in such quiet homes as those of Nazareth and Bethany.

If you find yourself growing weary and discontented, craving something beyond your reach, pray God to let his angel touch your eyes to the beauty of common things. Happiness is not afar off, it is "nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart." It sings and blossoms along every path; it looks from human eyes; it dwells in the myriad small opportunities of sympathy and helpful service. He was a seer as well as poet who wrote:

"The joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected, or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present
brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and
flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things."
Appleton, Wis.

Take It With You.

Serina Clarke.

May I pass on a fragment of a conversation which I heard a short time ago?

A friend of mine, a young lady whose chief charm is that indefinable winsomeness of manner which acts like a magnet among her acquaintances, was bidding a group of young people good bye, for she was leaving on her summer vacation.

They each in turn cordially wished her a pleasant trip. But I shall not soon forget the naïveté of a young girl who approached and said: I hope you will have a good time, Miss M—. And you will, I know, for you will take it with you."

There was a whole commentary on my friend's character in that little unconventional remark.

For there seems to be a veritable well of gladness bubbling within her at all times. And it spills over. She is not dependent upon environment, or on people altogether, for her pleasures; but the secret, I think, is simply this: She seems always so intent—not ostentatiously—upon helping somebody else have a good time that self sinks out of sight.

The number of trunks we take away with us, girls—no matter if they are fairly bursting with finery for any holiday season, be it summer or winter—will not insure a good time, although I am not decrying pretty clothes. And the places we visit, and the new people we meet do not of themselves make a good time. But if we are careful to stock up our hearts with a goodly supply of love, gentleness, sympathy and patience, we shall certainly be taking our good time with us. For it is worth while knowing that—

"Just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

Orange, N. J.

The Minister's Wife.

The minister's wife ought to be selected by a committee of the church. She should be warranted never to have headache or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's drudge; she should be cheerful, intellectual, pious, and domesticated; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day laborer, and be always at leisure for "good works," and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary of the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and the Home Mission; she should conduct Bible classes and mothers' meetings; should make clothing for the poor and gruel for the sick; and, finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's, too.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.
—Jean Ingelow.

Happiness and Pleasure.

Happiness is the peace and harmony of the soul; pleasure comes from animal sensations or the gratification of worldly and ambitious desires, and therefore is often demoralizing. Happiness is an elevated joy—a beatitude, existing with pain and disease, when the soul is triumphant over the body; while pleasure is transient, and comes from what is perishable.—John Lord.

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Some Convention Delegates.

An Epworth League convention is quite a study in human nature. Besides the regular delegate, there is the peculiar delegate, differentiated from the ordinary by widely varying characteristics. We venture to mention a few of these:

1. *The Advance Delegate.* He came the day before. He means well. Indeed, it shows his anxiety and interest. But it embarrasses the committee of entertainment, which had not provided a home so soon.

2. *The Unreported Delegate.* He doesn't think it worth while to say in advance that he is coming. He assumes that the church where the convention is held has plenty of homes waiting for him, and all he has to do is to step out on the platform at the station, and the committee is there with a pocketful of homes on Affluence Avenue, all eagerly looking for him. But he is mistaken. The canvass for homes has been made, and the reported delegates assigned. And it is embarrassing to find accommodations quickly for unexpected delegates. Often the best thing that can be done at the time is to send such to hotels and the committee pays the bills.

3. *The Derelict Delegate.* He sends his name on and really expects to be present. The committee expects him, provides him a home and preserves it to the last, always looking for him on the next train. But he doesn't come. Perhaps a good reason exists, but he should notify the committee of the fact of his detention, even if he has to use the telegraph or telephone. Otherwise a kind host is disappointed and offended, and a good and needed place of entertainment is lost to the committee, while said committee is paying bills at a hotel. Moral. If you are not coming, say so.

4. *The Equivocal Delegate.* This is the horse that comes with the two-footed delegate. He has not been reported. He is not contemplated by the league constitution. Hosts have not been asked to entertain horses. It may be necessary for some delegates to drive to the convention, but in such cases, the delegates should look after the care of their horses at a livery stable, and not embarrass a host or committee with these "burdens of beast."

5. *The Multiplied Delegate.* He goes, and takes with him his brother or sister, or both, and other members of the family, and expects, of

course, that the convention will take care of them all, and be proud and flattered at the chance.

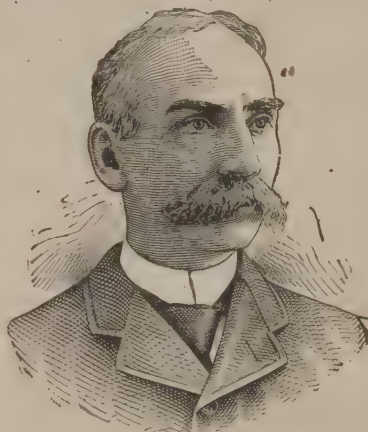
6. *The Gregarious Delegate.* This delegate would form a combine and have all his friends from various parts of the district entertained together at the same place. Of course, there are homes that want them all. And they don't care how much trouble it makes to tear up and rearrange your whole schedule for them. They must flock together.

7. *The Inattentive Delegate.* He sits in the convention and reads the newspaper, or perhaps is busy figuring on some problem of his business while the convention is in session. Or he sits in a corner or in another room of the church, giving little heed to what is going on in the convention. Or worse still, he remains on the porch of his host's home, or takes a walk through the town at the time the convention is in session. He is not much interested in the work of the convention. He is a delegate for the "fun and feed" there is in it. He will not likely take much information and inspiration home to the local league. Moral: Send as delegates persons who have an interest, who are determined to carry some good and valuable impulse back home with them.—J. H. M., in Pennsylvania Methodist.

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John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, April 18, 1903.

Volume XIII—Number 47.

An Abundant * By Hope Daring.

Chapter II.—The Coming of Nellie.

MR. SHURTZ and his niece arrived one day before the time mentioned in the letter. Agnes had returned to Gregory Hall from the adjacent building where she had gone for her German classes, when she was informed that a gentleman and lady were waiting in the office.

Miss Grant thought at once that it might be her niece. She opened the door, and Nellie bounded forward, crying:

"Dearest Auntie Agnes! Oh, I am so glad, so very glad to see you! Do you think I have changed any since you saw me last?"

Agnes drew the girl close in her arms, murmuring words of tenderness. After a little she held Nellie off at arm's length and looked at her.

"You have grown, darling. No, you have not changed."

Nellie Grant was very pretty. She was tall and slender. Her features somewhat resembled those of Agnes, but the young girl was fair, with brilliant blue eyes and curling hair of the soft golden tint seldom seen save upon the head of a young child. Her face denoted a gentle, affectionate nature. Agnes' eyes were accustomed to reading countenances, and they noted the yielding, almost weak lines of the mouth and chin. With a sudden feeling of blended fear and love Agnes again drew the girl to her.

"I am glad you are to be with me."

Then she turned to greet Nellie's uncle. Carl Shurtz was a stalwart German with a kindly face and a long blonde beard.

All arrangements were soon completed. Mr. Shurtz placed at Agnes' disposal \$500. He tugged at his beard as he said:

"I want her to have the best, the very best of everything. Of course I would have liked to have kept her with me at the ranch, but there was no use of her going there to school any longer. No, I don't care what you teach her, only so it is what she wants to learn. Nellie has always had her own way."

Agnes smiled a little ruefully, but her eyes frankly met those of Mr. Shurtz. "You can trust her with me. Here Nellie must obey the rules of the institution, but they are not stringent. You will be brave and true, dear little girl, for my sake and because what we ask is right."

Nellie clung to her aunt's arm. Once more, as so often in her intercourse with girls, Agnes had sounded the right note.

"I will do anything for you, Aunt Agnes. I love you," Nellie said, her eyes shining like stars.

"She will do anything for love," Mr. Shurtz said, as his niece turned away.

Agnes shot him a keen glance. "You are right. We must see that she loves only the noblest and best. One unworthy attach-

ment might ruin her life, and make her unhappy forever." "Oh, she can be trusted," was his careless reply, and the conversation drifted to other matters.

Mr. Shurtz returned to his home the next day. At first, the novelty of her surroundings kept Nellie amused and happy. While she was a preparatory student, as a special favor to Agnes she was allowed to room in Gregory Hall. The continued ill-health of Elsie Blake's roommate had compelled her withdrawal from school, so Nellie took her place.

That arrangement completely cured Elsie's homesickness. Now that she had a companion who was even more of a stranger than herself, the older girl was roused to care for and help the younger. The fact that Nellie was the niece of Miss Grant was enough to interest Elsie in her.

Agnes feared that the often unwise indulgence of Mr. Shurtz would tend to make Nellie restless under the restraints that must be placed upon her. There were a few crying spells, but Nellie soon adjusted herself to her surroundings.

"I am a little homesick," she admitted to Elsie one clear, cold morning. "If I were at home I'd saddle Bonny Belle, my own dear pony, and go for a long gallop with Uncle Carl. To go swiftly mile after mile over a hard road, with the free windswept plain stretching away as far as eye can—"

Her voice faltered and stopped. Elsie nodded her head.

"I know. Not about the horseback ride, but about the lump that comes up in your throat. When I feel it I long for the shabby old couch in the little mother's room, where I've always snuggled down and talked out my joys and sorrows."

Just before the holiday vacation Mr. Shurtz sent Agnes a check, proposing that she take Nellie for a visit to the early home of the Grant family.

Agnes' sister, Mrs. Whitney, still lived upon a farm in the neighborhood where all her life had been spent.

Agnes knew the trip would be a pleasant one, both for Nellie and herself. She appreciated the generosity and self-sacrifice that had prompted Mr. Shurtz's offer, but she felt that the holiday season would be a lonely one to him without Nellie.

"Would you rather go home, dear?" she asked. "I am sure your uncle has missed you greatly."

"I would rather go to Aunt Jennie's. Of course Uncle Carl misses me, but he wants me to go East. Uncle Carl always wants me to do what I like."

"That is very kind of him. But, Nellie, always to do the things one likes best does not promote the growth of that spirit of loving self-sacrifice that is life's best grace."

Nellie laughed gayly. "Dear old Uncle Carl practices that grace."

"Her face mirrored the melody."



*Copyrighted, 1903, by Anna Johnson.

"When can we start, auntie?"

Agnes said no more. She understood that Nellie was not really selfish. She loved her uncle, and had he asked her to come to him for the vacation, pleading his loneliness, she would have gone willingly. But Mr. Shurtz had never taught her to place his wishes before her own. Any pleasure he proposed for her, Nellie took as her right.

"How can I give her the strength of mind that will enable her to decide a question on its claims to right and wrong?" Agnes asked herself. "Now, her standard is either her own inclination or the desire expressed by some person whom she loves. Neither of these will stand the test of the world's stern trials."

Agnes greatly enjoyed the visit with her sister. The Whitneys had no children, and they took Nellie to their hearts.

The two sisters loved each other devotedly. Years had only strengthened Agnes' appreciation of all Mrs. Whitney had done for her in the years of her girlhood.

Once back at Vernor, the school work went on bravely. Agnes was grieved to see a change in Vera Ashley. Ever since that twilight hour when the dean had told the young girl the story of Genevieve Marchmont, Vera had given Mrs. Wright far less trouble. Agnes had seen that she was trying to do right, trying blindly and in her own strength, yet making a sincere effort. In every possible way Miss Grant had helped and encouraged the girl.

Now all was changed. Vera had spent the vacation at her home in Omaha. There she had been allowed to see much of society. On her return to Vernor she found the enforced quiet of her life most distasteful. Soon Mrs. Wright was complaining to Agnes.

"It is not so much the things I know she does as those I think her guilty of," the matron said, frowning. "She spends too much time in the town, and I am sure she does things in defiance of the rules."

Agnes looked grave. "I do not like to hear you accuse Miss Ashley without proof of her faults. Both her teachers on the piano and the violin speak highly of her progress."

"Progress in music and behavior are two different things," Mrs. Wright retorted, tartly. "I've warned you, Miss Grant. Should there be any trouble, I am not to blame."

Agnes was uneasy. Vera avoided meeting the dean when possible, and when they did chance to be together, the girl was cold and distant.

One evening the Gregorys, who often invited a few of the students for dinner, entertained Miss Grant, Elsie, Nellie, and Vera. Agnes had talked to Dr. Gregory about Vera, and the dinner party was planned to give the president a chance to observe her more closely.

The evening passed pleasantly. After they had returned to the library from the dining-room, Dr. Gregory stood a little apart, watching the three girls. They stood on the hearth rug, while Agnes and Mrs. Gregory were seated near.

"It's easy to classify them," the doctor thought. "Miss Blake is a little commonplace, but gentle, affectionate, and honest as the day. Agnes' niece is pretty—too pretty, for she is weak. If she can always be shielded from temptation she will be a loving, generous, pure-minded woman. As for Vera Ashley, she belongs in the class of problems—a not inconsiderable class of femininity."

He frowned as his keen eyes rested on the girl's face. It was illumined by the flashing firelight, and as she talked on, convulsing her girl hearers with laughter, Dr. Gregory's frown was followed by a sigh.

"It is a fascinating face. There's a world of power in the lines of those lips, all a musician's magic in her eyes, but it's a hungry face for all that. Life's pleasures beckon and tantalize her, but they do not satisfy the real Vera Ashley. Hers will be no tranquil, summer-day existence. How can I help her to become the woman she might be?"

Suddenly the girl's countenance lightened and glowed. She was talking of music.

"Perhaps that will lead her aright," the doctor thought. Then he joined the girls.

"Are we not to have some music, Miss Ashley? I have a creditable violin, and it is my favorite instrument."

He brought the violin, a fine old Cremona, from the adjoining room. Vera bent over it, her eyes shining with delight.

"I love the violin. It is—it really is alive," and she looked confidently up into the doctor's strong, bearded face.

After tuning the instrument Vera stood looking fondly down upon it for a minute. Then she raised it to position, threw back her head, and began to play.

Notwithstanding her youth, the girl had a sympathetic touch and a power of expression that promised well for her future. Her face mirrored the melody her fingers evoked. It alternately grew tender, sparkling, grave, and gay.

It was Dr. Gregory who took the violin from her when her playing ceased.

"You are a born musician," he said in a low voice. "Have you the self-will and strength to become a trained one?"

Her eyes met his. "Sometimes I think so. Again I echo the cry of the age: 'Nothing really matters.'"

Once more Dr. Gregory frowned. "That is a false and misleading cry. Life matters. God has given you talent, and it may be genius. Will you not let your life be a true service to him?"

"I cannot promise that, because I—weil, I do not accept your view of life."

"What view do you accept? What are you living for?"

Her gray eyes wavered and fell. "I sometimes ask myself that question," and a look not good to see came to the girlish face. "So far I have found nothing but so-called pleasure, and that has a sting."

The strong man shuddered. Before he could speak Elsie joined them, and Vera began to talk of something else.

Agnes tried in many ways to rouse in Vera's mind a sense of honor regarding the regulations of the school. Mrs. Wright continued to complain, although there was little she could charge the girl with save a polite indifference. Vera had become very intimate with Mabel Lenox, a young lady whose home was in Vernor. Miss Lenox often came to the college, and the two were much together.

Some inquiries were made by Agnes regarding Miss Lenox. The girl was apparently frivolous and under no restraint at home.

"No, we cannot allow Vera to associate with her," Agnes said to Mrs. Wright. "I will tell her myself."

The next afternoon an unexpected opportunity came for Agnes to speak to Vera. The dean had been to Lee Hall to call upon a student who was ill. As she descended the steps she came face to face with Vera, who was ascending them.

"Have you a little leisure?" Agnes asked, with a sunny smile. "If so, come with me. I am going for a brisk walk twice across the campus and back."

Vera consented a little reluctantly. Agnes talked of the sunset and of the wide expanse of snow-covered plains to be seen from the slight elevation they were ascending. Vera replied in a cold, constrained manner.

"You remember, Vera," Agnes said after a brief silence, "that last week I gave you permission to spend the evening at the home of Miss Lenox. I did it reluctantly, and regret that I did not withhold my consent until I had made inquiries concerning her."

Vera's head was thrown back proudly. "Miss Lenox is a friend of mine, and I have enjoyed the hospitality of her home."

Miss Grant stretched out one hand and slipped it through the girl's arm. "How truly are you the friend of Miss Lenox? Are you stanch enough a friend to show her that, in order to retain your companionship, she must aspire to a higher plane of living?"

"I am satisfied with Mabel as she is. What do you mean?" Vera asked, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson.

"Perhaps you do not know her as she really is. I have learned of things that will compel us here at Vernor to say we do not wish you to associate with her."

Vera stopped. The two were in a secluded spot where a group of low-growing evergreens shut off the view of the college buildings. The girl turned her eyes away from her companion and looked across the level campus down to the town.

"What do you mean? Please put your charge against my friend into specific words."

"I mean your good, Vera. Remember I have nothing against Miss Lenox. Indeed, my heart yearns over her as it does over any young person who is not making the most of a God-given existence."

Vera threw out her hand impatiently. "You are not replying to my question. What has Miss Lenox done?"

"For one thing she has entertained students at her home in a way that set at defiance the well-known rules of the college. Again, in her mother's absence she invited a party of young men and—"

"What of that?" Vera cried hotly. "Surely, Miss Grant, you are not one to think evil where none was intended. Mabel may be thoughtless, but she is pure at heart."

"I think she is. But Vera, we are responsible to your father for your conduct. Remember, too, dear girl, that in laying these restrictions upon you we are prompted only by a desire for your welfare. I am older than you and know the world better. It is not alone the appearance of evil I wish you to avoid. It is anything which will lower your ideal of life."

Again Vera looked away across the wintry landscape. When she did lift her eyes Agnes shrank back from their cold glitter.

"Am I to understand that you forbid me to hold any further communication with Miss Lenox?"

Agnes waited a moment before replying. She saw she must be firm.

"Yes, Vera. You are not to go again to the home of Miss Lenox nor to invite her to your room."

For the first time Agnes saw open rebellion in the girl's dark eyes. Without a word Vera turned and began to retrace her steps. There was nothing for Agnes to do but to accompany her.

Before they reached the college buildings Miss Grant made several attempts at conversation, but Vera replied only in monosyllables. In front of Lee Hall Agnes halted and held out her hand.

"Will you not believe I am your friend, Vera?"

Once more the two looked straight into each other's eyes. Vera Ashley spoke slowly, as if weighing each word:

"Miss Grant, I do believe you mean to be my friend, but it is no

use. I think I have a right to act for myself. I cannot promise to be what you would call good. More than that, I shall do in these matters, as near as I can, what I wish to. Good-bye, and don't be sorry for me. I am not worth it."

Agnes opened her lips to remonstrate, but Vera passed up the steps before another word could be spoken.

(To be continued.)

WHAT KIND OF FICTION SHALL WE READ? By Myra Goodwin Plantz.

I TAKE it we all read more or less fiction during our leisure hours. Some read to relieve the intensity of brain tension after severe mental labor, as one unstrings a highly pitched violin. Others forget the sorrows and perplexities of life in the enchanting world of romance. Again, some read fiction for the mental development it may bring, the stimulation of the imagination, the quickening of the poetic in the nature, the study of the best use of language, and the analysis of character, where not only the actions, but the hidden motives are brought to view.

Ministers and public speakers who have a picturesque and fluent style of speaking are apt to read much of the best there is in fiction. Those who understand the emotions and struggles of the human heart are those who know *book-nature* as well as human nature. Some who have had limited opportunities in school life read to know about different ages and countries, in historical novels, and to study social questions and different creeds in novels written for a purpose. There are others who read fiction for the sake of gaining high ideals. Such souls drink in the lofty aims of the story, and the strength and sweetness of the best characters, as the bee seeks the honey in the lily bell. I heard one noted minister confess he read the late literature as it came out so as to be in touch with his members.

Fiction will be read by saint as well as by sinner, because there is something in the human mind that demands innocent diversion. One may understand "Locke on the Understanding," and Herbert Spencer's views on "Education"; he may enjoy history, science, and theology, but at times even the scholar will seek his mental playground. For ordinary mortals fiction seems to be the first thought in reading, as any public librarian will tell you.

Fiction, if rightly chosen, may be beneficial. Such books as "Uarda," "Ben Hur," and "Quo Vadis," give more vivid pictures of historical scenes than more accurate, but less convincing histories. The young student may find in the best fiction better training in the use of words than in any text-book on the subject. If fiction is rightly chosen it may have a moral influence on the life, second only to the pulpit. Jean Valjean, Romola, John Halifax, and thousands of noble book men and women are exerting in the world to-day as great an influence for good as if they had been living beings, instead of the creations of genius.

A deplorable change has come into the realm of fiction of late that makes it necessary often to give a word of caution to young readers. I notice, in several literary essays that have lately come my way, that "the current fiction is true to the life of the people, and that the tendency toward the 'realistic' in literature is because our people are leaving the ideal for the real and practical." It seems to me that much of the modern fiction which fills the bargain-counter was written merely for its selling qualities, selling the buyer as well as the book, rather than to give a true portrayal of the times.

Hamilton Wright Mabie says: "Never before has there been such a universal confession of sins to a confessional devoid of any power of absolution; never before such a complete and outspoken revelation of the things which belong to our most secret lives. An impartial spirit of revelation presides over the world of our time, and uncovers the unclean and loathsome as persistently as the pure and good."

It is this uncovering of "the unclean and loathsome" in society that we deprecate in modern literature. The English literary critic, Charles Johnson, says: "The modern standard English novel will very likely be regarded in the next century with the distaste with which we regard 'Amadis of Gaul' or 'Le Grand Cyrus.' Men will wonder how their ancestors could have read such uninteresting books." Let us hope this author means the "storm and stress" kind, of the "Tess," and "To Have and to Hold" order, rather than the calm, clear writings of Thackeray, the picturesque world of Dickens, or the high moral philosophy which George Eliot gives in her fascinating creations.

One great hope for the near future in fiction is the introduction of the study of the best literature in the public schools, as well as in the higher institutions of learning. To-day, at school, my ten-year-old daughter read Ruskin's "King of the Golden River." In a room two grades higher they have been studying Irving's writings. In our high-schools the literary work would compare well with college work twenty years ago, and in colleges much attention is given to the study of the best fiction.

But our young people need help to stem the tide of "realistic" impurity that is rising in modern literature. A young lady of superior mental attainments said to me not long ago: "I can read fiction that is suggestive of evil without thinking of it again, but many girls are hurt by such books, I have to admit." All girls, and men and women, too, are harmed by reading books, the chief interest of which centers around some unholy passion often attained by revolting crime. The more fascinating the story, the greater the harm. In "The Scarlet Letter," "Faust," "Romola," "Anna Karenina," and "On the Heights," the sin is lost sight of in the retribution that follows. They are studies in *conscience*, rather than in crime. Yet I would not advise too much contemplating of sin, even for the sake of studying its evil consequences, any more than I would advise everybody to hang over infectious disease to watch its development, and to study its probable cure.

The mistake in much of the modern fiction is that everything hinges in the plot upon the passionate love between man and woman, as if that were the only absorbing thing in the world. I lately read "Cardigan," one of the better class of new historical novels. The setting was good. One can believe that life in the Mohawk Valley was as it is in this picture, and that it gives a good representation of the causes that led to the strife with the Indians, just before the Revolutionary War. But the story was marred by the excessive passion and stress of the love-making. It was a relief to have their troubles end, or begin, when the hero was seventeen and the heroine sixteen, for they could not have stood the strain if they had waited until they were grown up to leave the turbulent waters of courtship for the safe harbor of marriage. Alas, in modern fiction you are not sure that with marriage it will be as it was in the good old fairy tales: "And they lived happily ever afterwards."

It is a matter of no hindrance to the modern novelist that one or both parties happen to be married. In "Bylow Hill," a late novel by a writer who has formerly done strong, high-grade work, the young husband goes insane from jealousy, for which he has no cause, except that the lover his wife refused lives near. After the untimely death of the young clergyman, the wife marries the man who had loved her so ardently, and they are perfectly happy. It is hard to escape the conviction that the wife, in her secret heart, returned the love her rejected lover was not able to conceal. It is a distressing tale, and neither amuses nor uplifts the reader.

The teaching of many such books is little better than that of the yellow-backed horrors the trainman leaves on your seat, while you wonder what can be "The Hidden Shame," "A Double Life," and all the other crimes darkly hinted at on the covers. They all make me think of a verse in Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," and which cannot be inelegant with the Browning stamp upon it:

"Or, my scrofulous French novel
On gray paper with blunt type,
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe."

There are modern novels that are on high plains of thinking. Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis" is a gospel in itself. Maclaren and Barrie lift the soul, as well as please the imagination. Ralph Connor pilots us toward the sky every time. Miss Jewett gives charming pictures of New England life, as Mrs. Stowe did once, and without giving the painful exaggeration of New England firmness that mars Miss Wilkins' stories. Alice Caldwell Hegan, bless her! has made Mrs. Wiggs rise out of the Cabbage Patch to tell us: "I've made a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then sit on the lid and smile."

It is well, occasionally, to seek the fiction that makes us forget the real in a happier ideal. I found taking up the "Vicar of Wakefield," lately, brought a restful diversion, and I often drop in on Cranford, and take a cup of tea with those delightful old ladies. I have tried conscientiously to laugh over "Don Quixote," but it seems a very serious tale to me, especially where he battles with the windmills and loses his own wind. It does us good, occasionally, to read romances, for "all the world loves a lover." But let us seek charming "Lorna Doone" and her noble-hearted hero, or "John Halifax" and his devoted wife.

It is a wise rule to read first the books that have stood the test of time—the great masterpieces of literature, the books that have brought about changes in human conditions, or have been the inspira-

tion of noble souls. And when we take up the modern novel, let it be the pure, true kind, which alone gives a fair representation of the home-life of the American people. A Christian is not free to choose the diversions that the children of the world may find fascinating by

their very danger. He must keep his high calling ever in view. He must choose even in his fiction that which will elevate and refine, and help him a little nearer the purpose of his life—the imitation of Christ. Appleton, Wis.

“GIT YER GAIT, SAM!” By Ada Melville Shaw.

“SAM, Mr. Henderson’s been here to know when y’ can finish that barn-door fer him. I thought y’d got that done ages gone!” Sam dropped his hammer and looked decidedly aggrieved.

“Y’re like a colt we hed to hum, Sam. Twuz the disappointin’ est animal! But I ain’t comparin’ ye p’int fer p’int with the colt, Sam!”

“Git on with yer story, then,” he grumbled in semi-goodnature. It never was wise to fall out with Aunt Belindy. She had a way of being right, in the main.

“She hed a good strain of blood, an’ she showed amazin’ p’int. We’d thought she’d be a pacer, an’ she *did* pace—some. But she’d trot, an’ then she left that an’ took reel skillful to canterin’. We didn’t know but we’d got a fortune—or a freak. But declare t’ goodness, if she didn’t jest settle down, good blood an’ all, to bein’ the pokin’ est! If y’d whip her she’d start up—pace ‘r trot ‘r canter, y’ never could foretell. But when she fergot the whip she’d drop ‘em all an’ jest *poke*.”

Sam rather abused the uncomplaining nail under his hammer. Aunt Belindy gave her dish-towel a final snap and hung it up. There was an expressive gleam in her clear eyes, but her mouth was as composed as a well-made buttonhole.

“Well,” said Sam, after a minute or two of dumb swearing with his hammer, “p’int the moral. Is the colt me?”

“What d’y’ think?”

“I think sev’ral things. I think I work fr’m dawn till dark an’ don’t complain none. And *yet* we’re discouragin’ poor. I don’t believe in luck, neither, good ner bad. I don’t jest see what yer freak colt has to do with it, but I know I’m slippin’ back with my load, an’ I can’t grip the ground with my feet. If y’ can tell what’s the matter I wish’t y’ would!”

But he did not wait to hear any more. He flung his hammer down and went into the yard. He felt that life was rather hard on him, and his feelings were not wholly wrong. It was his birthday—twenty years old that day, and no one to remember or care. The five-year-old brother, Teddy, playing with the chickens, could hardly be expected to be “up” in ancient family history. As for Aunt Belindy, she was too ancient, he thought, to care about such juvenile things as birthdays. So he would say nothing.

He had spoken truth about his work from dawn till dark. That is to say, he was “at” something “most all the time.”

Teddy and he had been left orphans several months before by one of those catastrophes before which human reason bows in helpless grief. A cyclone had taken its way through the land, and nothing in its path escaped. Sam’s father and mother had gone to town on one of the few holiday jaunts that relieved the work-a-day monotony of their simple lives. Sam had stayed behind to care for wee Teddy. The path of the storm was a mile from the home, but it crossed the path of the two who would never come back to its shelter.

Aunt Belindy gave up her life of maiden independence and came “to take holt fer the boys.” Sam took up his father’s tools, sat down beside his father’s carpenter-bench, and tried to fill a double relationship to Teddy. His purpose was a noble one. But it was certain that he was “slippin’ back” with his load. They had less and less money, and he was determined that Aunt Belindy’s private purse should not be encroached upon. Whatever was the matter, Sam certainly made long jobs out of short ones, hard work out of easy, much out of little. “He’s terrible capable an’ trusty,” said his neighbors, “but land to goodness! it takes him forever to get through! He means all right, but his work don’t match up to his word, somehow.”

Sam spent a good half-hour in very plain thinking. Then he went back to the kitchen out of which his little “shop” opened. It took some courage to face Aunt Belindy’s candor, especially when its edge was as keen as it seemed to-day. But Sam was no toward. Those who were with him in the day of the cyclone knew that they had been with a hero.

“I’ve been thinkin’, aunt, ‘bout that there colt o’ yourn. Y’ couldn’t make it plainer, could y’?”

Aunt Belindy was making pie—an unusual proceeding in the middle of the week.

“I *could*.”

“An’ would y’?”

“Depends.”

“What made y’ say that in the first place?”

“What’d y’ think?”

“I’ve been thinkin’ several things,” the young man answered bravely.

“Well, I’ll tell ye. It’s yer birthday, Sam. I ain’t fergot. There’s a box in my room, too, a-waitin’ fer ye. An’ I’m makin’ lemon-cream pie. I can’t be father ‘n mother t’ ye, poor lad, but I can do a thing heré an’ there they might o’ done. Don’t think I’m hard on ye—ever. It’s only truth I’m after. It’s a kind of a rough tool now ‘n then. Are ye *reely* wantin’ to know what I was aimin’ at?”

“Reely.”

“Well, then, set down. I’ve been watchin’ ye—clost—seven months come Christmas, an’ I think I read ye pretty clear. I may show ye some things ye won’t enjoy, but there—house-cleanin’ and settin’ to rights is terrible satisfactory when it’s all done up.”

Yes, Sam quite agreed with that.

“Go ahead,” he said. “I ain’t feared. Don’t everyone know what I’m aimin’ at?—to care fer *him*?” He nodded toward the little brother who was making Biddy’s life miserable in the yard. “I thought *sure* I could make things go—like father did, so long as you could do the mother-end fer Ted.”

“An’ fer Sam,” amended Aunt Belindy with unwonted softness in her voice.

“I want to see him grow up good—that’s *all* I’m aimin’ at.”

Aunt Belindy’s eyes were good to see as she laid her rough, stained hand on the young fellow’s arm.

“It’s a big ‘all’ for ye, Sam, an’ I think ye’re a soldier even to dream of it, let alone tryin’ to carry it out. I ain’t never blamin’ ye, but ye *do* need a tech—jest a tech—of a whip, lad—the good old whip of a true tellin’, laid on firm.”

Sam winced. It is not in nature to court the whip—even “jest a tech” of it.

“Don’t ye know how ye jest tech the old mare up when ye’re crossin’ the tracks? She hez sense; she knows ye ain’t punishin’ her, only stirrin’ her blood so she’ll not lose time in the place o’ danger. Ye’re at a crossin’ yerself, Sam, an’ if someone don’t tech ye up a leetle mite ye’ll get run over shure’s the world! I tell ye what ‘tis—ye must change yer gait; *git* yer gait, Sam!”

“What d’y’ mean, aunt?”

“Jest this, lad: ye’ve got splendid plans an’ splendid hopes. None splendifer. Ye mean to do wonderful things fer Teddy an’ the home an’ me. Ye’re as clear-brained as the best of ‘em when it comes to thinkin’ things out. An’ ye’re fine—none finer—at beginnin’s. But if ye ain’t jest like that colt! Forever an’ *always* changin’ yer gait. Now, don’t start an’ run!” for Sam showed unmistakable signs of growing restive under the “whip” of Aunt Belindy’s words. “Here’s the hull truth: ye’ve a most miserable fashion of leavin’ the canter fer pacin’, an’ that fer a trot, an’ that fer a walk, an’ that for pure poke, until it strikes you to try ‘em all over again.”

Sam winced, but just then the old mare, tethered near the house, whinnied, and he remembered how sensible she was—never bolting nor rearing under the sharp touch of the judicious whip. So he held his ground.

“Go on, aunt.” She gloried in his grit.

“Tain’t that ye’ve any lack of ability, ‘cause what ye c’n do well to-day ye’ve the identical same set of brains to do well with to-morrow. Canter once, canter twice. ‘Tain’t wantin’ to break over the traces, for I’m free to say there ain’t no stidder young fellow in the county than Sam Morse—stiddy to hum an’ in yer habits. ‘Tain’t any lack of affection ner any selishness, for there ain’t nothin’ love ‘nd money could do fer Ted ‘nd me thet yer love ‘nd money ain’t ready to furnish.”

“Then, what *in* time is it?” cried poor Sam, though secretly he was beginning to see light for himself.

“Well, it’s several things, an’ I’ll name ‘em as I see ‘em. Mostly, it’s takin’ clear comfort in t’morrow—the day that never comes, *never*, Sam! Ye’re so sure of what ye’re goin’ to git done t’morrow that to-day slips by like a poor beggar not worth noticin’, an’ when that splendifer t’morrow is t’day ye fergit how splendifer *t’was*, and put all the shinin’ glory onto the next day. That’s what they call procrastination, Sam. Next, ye don’t seem to know how to concentrate. Ye’re so sure of Sam—an t’morrow—that you scatter over a hundred miles what’d make one mile glorious if ‘twas concentrated. So, y’r promises are big an’ y’r fulfillments are little, an’ so y’r losin’ ground an’ work an’ money an’ all those splendifer t’morrows. See?”

Surely Sam saw. The light was so sharp it almost brought tears to his eyes.

"Jest exactly how many diff'rent jobs have ye got on hand now, Sam?"

"Six."

"Which one are ye workin' on to-day?"

"Why, I was aimin' to—"

"Don't aim f'rever—fire! Want I should help ye? I've helpt ye make houses out'n blocks when ye was Teddy's age."

"I'd be glad."

"Git a smooth shingle an' y'r pencil—there. Now, write plain—ye *do* write a beautiful round hand—the six jobs one after the other. Put the one that *must* be done first a-top."

Sam wrote with swift precision. He had led his classes at school.

"All done? Sam, lad! If I'd y'r quickness an' trainin' with saw an' plane an' pencil, too, I'd make things hum!"

"They seem to be hummin' now, ma'am."

"Be they? Well, let's keep the gait. Now, if ye work *hard*—t'day, not t'morrow—how long will it take ye to finish Number One?"

"Till night, I reckon."

"Then mark that t'day, We'n'sday—an' git it *done*. Git yer gait, an' keep at it. Now, what d'ye reckon on fer Number Two?"

Thus the practical woman, who knew more about stints and day's works than she could tell Sam, held the young man to the line till three weeks' work was closely mapped out.

"There, now. Hang that shingle here, where ye can see it three times a day when ye eat. That'll help ye keep y'r gait. Ye've heard y'r mother say: 'It's dogged as does it.' Stiddy canter, 'r stiddy trot, 'r stiddy walk. Even stiddy *poke* ain't noways to be despised. It's away ahead of several fast gaits, an' none of them holdin' out. There, I guess that's enough 'whip,' Sam. Ye're to say now whether ye'll go over the crossin' at a winnin' gait 'r not. Git the box out o' my bedroom."

Sam had forgotten all about birthday and box. He came out with the heavy chest—a load even for his strong arms. Aunt Belindy handed him a key to the padlock that guarded the contents.

"Mebbe these'll help ye git yer gait, boy—these an' the pie. Birthdays ought 'er be beginnin's, an' I thought ye'd like to begin with a bran, span, shinin' kit o' tools."

"Well—I—yum!"

A country boy's thanks are sometimes brief, and almost sure to be genuine. Sam's were emphatically so, and Aunt Belindy never again had reason to refer to the colt of brilliant promise whose ultimate had been "jest poke."

"Git yer gait, Sam," he would say to himself when "t'morrow" was looming up "splendid," and in time even this was unnecessary, for the gait had become habit, and acceleration was well under way.

Chicago, Ill.

THE WHITE TRAIL.

CHARLES COKE WOODS.

I saw a snowy butterfly,
At birth of morning light,
Creep o'er a space of sable soil,
And leave a trail of white;
Then, in my soul, I said: "O God,
Hear thou my day-dawn prayer—
When men shall find the path I leave,
Let naught but white be there."

Parson Brownlow in 1864.

Perry Mapes.

I WAS much interested in the article lately published in THE EPWORTH HERALD concerning Parson Brownlow, the more so as I had the privilege of seeing him almost daily during most of the year 1864, while on duty as messenger in the military telegraph office at Knoxville.

Parson Brownlow had returned to Knoxville after its occupation by our forces under Burnside in the fall of 1863. He resumed the publication of the *Whig* in a low brick building on Gay Street. The paper was worked off on a hand press, the motive power being furnished by a gigantic negro. As I was a messenger in the military telegraph office in the city, I had frequent occasion to visit both the office of the *Whig* and also the modest home of the parson on Cumberland Street.

Most of the troops, then under Schofield, left the region in April '64 to join Sherman on the Atlanta campaign. This left only a small force at Knoxville, composed principally of a negro regiment of heavy artillery.

Matters went on smoothly enough until some time in August, when a force of rebel cavalry, under "Joe" Wheeler, appeared on the railroad near Athens, and did much damage to railroad and telegraph lines.

Leaving the line of the road they made a circuit to the south through Marysville. Passing up past Knoxville they struck the railroad again at Flat Creek, between Knoxville and Strawberry Plains, and instead of tearing up the line at once they put on a ground wire,

attached an instrument, and waited for the Knoxville office to call Strawberry Plains. Then they replied, probably expecting some important news.

But the operator at Knoxville knew at once that the reply was not from the operator at the Plains, and commenced "quizzing," until the strangers declared themselves to be the operators with Wheeler's rebel cavalry. They said they wanted to send a message to Brownlow, one of them stating that he had formerly lived in Knoxville.

Boy-like, I copied the message, and sent it home in a letter. It is now before me. It reads as follows:

H'DQ'RS ON A R. R., AUG. 24, 1864.

Parson W. G. Brownlow: How are you, Old Smut? And how is Jim since his visit to the cold-water baths? Answer. I await your answer.

BILLY ALLEN, DAVE NORRIS,

Rebel Operators.

In explanation it should be stated that "Jim" was Colonel Brownlow, the parson's son. He had been on the McCook raid some time previously, and had escaped from the rebels only by swimming his horse across the river.

I delivered the message to the parson, whom I found on the street, and explained the situation to him. His lower jaw seemed to take a little firmer set as he listened; then he asked me to step into a store while he wrote the following reply:

To the Rebel Operators up the Road: We are all right here, and if your thieves and murderers will visit us or even remain longer in East Tennessee, we will give you a cold-water bath, as the river is in good bathing condition.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

No reply was sent to this, and the "rebs" were soon on their way to carry destruction elsewhere.

John Morgan was killed at Greenville, Tenn., in the evening of Sept. 4, 1864. On account of there being no telegraph communication further east than Strawberry Plains, sixteen miles east of Knoxville, the news did not reach us until late in the evening of the 5th. A message was received from General Gillem to Generals Tillson and Ammen and Parson Brownlow, giving an account of Morgan's death.

I was on duty in the office, and took the message to the Brownlow residence.

The parson had retired, but his wife was still up. She invited me in, and I took a chair, as I had some curiosity to see how he would receive the news.

His bed was in the sitting-room, and his wife opened the message, and read it aloud to him. When she had proceeded far enough to make it plain that John Morgan was really dead, the parson leaped out of bed, clapped his hands, and shouted: "Glory! Glory!" He ran to the door, and called in some of the neighbors, to whom he explained matters before they had reached the house. When I came away they were all rejoicing together.

Vincent, Ia.

Living Waters.

George Howard Studley.

A BROOK is a lovely, fertilizing thing, as it gushes along in its ceaseless flow. The flowers dip their heads in it; the insect-life sports in it and around it; the birds fly down to sip from it with uplifting head; and men are refreshed by it, as it babbles by in its hurrying course. The strong river is a grand thing, as it sweeps along, watering fields, bringing commerce to towns, and rushing away to its embrace with the sea.

But there is also a force in that quiet lake, that reservoir of stored strength, with its calm expanse, fed by the rain from heaven, and the streams which trickle down the mountainside. Underneath its calm surface there are going out life and health to some great center of commercial activity.

So God, in his good providence, may mean your life to gush along like the brook, with deep pools here and there, even if its general course be the shallowness of rapid movement. He may so order that your activity shall be that of the strong river, and take you past great seats of learning and worldly business. Or he may call you to be the calm reservoir in the mountains, in the prolonged responsibility of a quiet life.

But whatever sort of life you may live, whether brook, river or lake, God's purpose is that it shall be a *life-giving* life. It is to be spent in service. The brook sings no less merrily because flowers have sprung up near it and a bird has slaked his thirst in it. The river is not less majestic in its course to the sea because of the commerce it has carried. The lake is the better, and not the worse, because it gives its water to the city. The motto of all true life is ever, "*Ich dien*," "I serve."

Chicago.

Say not some evil instinct is inherited, or that some trait inborn makes your life forlorn and brings down punishment unmerited. Back of the parents and grandparents lies the Eternal Will; that, too, is your inheritance, sure lever to success to him who tries.

Matters of Current Interest.

Unguarded Gates.

Wide-open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds—East, West, North, and South:

Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold;
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers, sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bounds
But if a slave foot press, it sets him free!
Here, it is written, toil shall have its wage,
And honor, honor; and the humblest man
Stand level with the great before the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And, with the vision brightening in their eyes,
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.
Wide-open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild, motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These, bringing with them unknown gods and rites;

Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws
In street and alley. What strange tongues are these

Accents of menace, alien to our air?
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty! is it well to leave the gates unguarded?

On thy breast fold Sorrow's children, if thou wilt,
And soothe the hurts of fate with tender care;
Lift the down-trodden; but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome;
And where the palace of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf, unmolested, makes her lair.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Deaf Hear and the Blind See.

It is a strange coincidence that, early in the month of March, accounts should be published of two marvelous inventions, similar in principle, yet differing in application, by one of which the blind are made to see, and by the other the deaf to hear.

The account of the first comes from Paris; and is contained in an article by Dr. Caza, published in *Revue des Revues*. The invention is that of Professor Stiens. Dr. Caza explains how Professor Stiens tested the invention by blindfolding him and taking him into a dark room. The professor put an apparatus around his temples, and instantly he saw a dim light by which he could distinguish surrounding objects. Soon the light became stronger, and the doctor could count the fingers on a hand held up before him, and the number of chairs in the room. Just as he was feeling that if the experience were continued he would recover his normal clearness of vision, the professor removed the apparatus, and the doctor was plunged in total darkness. Professor Stiens' theory is that man sees with his brain, not his eye. The latter only serves to receive the image which the optic nerve transmits to the seat of perception. If, then, the image is transmittable to the brain without eyes, the blind can see. His apparatus has the same scientific basis as the telephone, and in it the transmission of light rays plays a part identical with that performed by the telephone in the transmission of sound waves.

The other account comes from New York, where three children, deaf, dumb, and blind, heard a pianist play Sousa's marches, and listened to their own voices. Miller R. Hutchinson had invited some friends to his laboratory to witness the workings of his new instrument. The invention consists, primarily, of a transmitter, an ear piece, and a small electric battery. The penetrating quality of the electric sound-wave apparently disregards the mechanism of the outer ear and affects the inner ear direct.

The first patient brought out was blind, deaf,

and dumb. The little instrument was clapped to his ear, the current switched on, and Mr. Hutchinson said in an ordinary conversational tone, "papa." The lad raised his sightless eyes to his friend, Professor Van Tassel, and worked his fingers rapidly in sign language. "He says he can hear something, but does not know what it is," remarked Professor Van Tassel. The current was made stronger. The boy's eyebrows were raised, and he smiled. Then he tried to repeat the syllables, and in a weird treble cried, shrilly, "pahh-pahh." A girl eighteen years old, who had lost sight and hearing through exposure a dozen years ago, was led into the room. She could not hear a sound, no matter how loud, but when she had the ear piece of the instrument fastened to her head, and a person at the end of the room began to play a Sousa march, her cheeks flushed crimson, and her fingers beat time on a table. Another girl, born blind, deaf, and dumb, clapped her hands in ecstasy when she heard her own voice say "mamma," and reached out wistfully toward the piano when the musician stopped playing, and the new harmonies died out of her ear.

Kipling's New Poem.

Rudyard Kipling has made another remarkable appeal to the public sentiment of England in a poem entitled "The Settler." Its theme is the reconstruction of South Africa. Four of the principal stanzas of this poem are as follows:

Here where my fresh-turned furrows run, and the
deep soil glistens red,
I will repair the wrong that was done to the living
and the dead;
Here where the senseless bullet fell, and the barren
shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well against the heat
and the thirst.

Here in a large and sunlit land, where no wrong
bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand, and to-
gether we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach and the black
waste of it all—
Giving and taking counsel each over the cattle-
kraal.

Earth where we rode to slay or be slain our love
shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again the waters
of ancient strife
From the far and the fiercely guarded streams and
the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams, and the young
corn our hate.

Here in the wastes and the troughs of the plains
where the healing stillness lies,
And the vast benignant sky restrains, and the long
days make wise—
Bless to our use the rain and the sun and the blind
seed in its bed,
That we may repair the wrong that was done to
the living and the dead!
—(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)

How Persia Deals with Drunkards

Drunkards have been regularly black-listed in Persia for at least twelve hundred years. It is no joke, either, for the individual thus held up to opprobrium. He is not permitted to enter any place of public amusement. When at prayers he must hold himself aloof from the other members of the congregation.

Nor may he even frequent the bazar in order to purchase provisions and other necessities, except at certain stated hours and under police surveillance.

Moreover, if after having been "listed" he again offends, he is punished with eighty lashes. There is no escape, no "law's delay." If the offender is seized while in a state of intoxication, or while his breath smells of drink, the punishment is inflicted forthwith.

Even more harsh is the system in vogue among the wild clansmen of Albania and Montenegro.

Drunkenness is here regarded as a political rather than as a moral offense. It unfits a man

for fighting. And this, in a region where fighting, or, at all events, the cultivation of the ability to fight if required, is the prime duty of all good citizens, is upardonable. Consequently the habitual toper is looked upon with loathing and contempt. It is recognized that he is alike a danger and a disgrace to his country and his clan. And in the end, if all attempts at reclamation are found to be in vain, he is quietly assassinated by order of his chief.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Some Postal "Dont's."

Don't forget to put your name and address in the upper left-hand corner of envelope or package, so that it may be returned to you, or a notice sent, in case it is not deliverable.

Don't use poor paper, envelopes or wrappers.

Don't use weak ink; have it blueblack if you can.

Don't leave off the name of street, postoffice, state, or county when addressing country mail.

Don't say "City" or "Town," instead of writing the full address.

Don't let the address take up all the space; leave room for postage stamp and postmark.

Don't fail to weigh your matter before buying stamps.

Don't forget that the slightest fraction over the exact weight requires another rate of postage.

Don't neglect to seal your letters, but leave packages and printed matter open for inspection.

Don't buy envelopes or wrappers having mutilage that won't stick.

Don't post letters on the top of a box or in a package box.

Don't drop circulars in a letter-box in large quantities; take them to the postoffice.

Don't overlook the time-card on boxes if you are in a special hurry with your mail.

Don't have any hesitation in calling for a foreign mail schedule when you want to be informed on mail steamers, parcels-post regulations, and foreign mails generally.

Don't put valuables or money in unregistered letters.

Don't send money in an ordinary letter; buy a money order or register it.

Don't look upon a letter-carrier or a clerk as a postal encyclopedia; call up the inquiry division on technical matters.

Don't forget the postal clerk and carrier would like to eat Christmas dinner at home. Post your holiday mail early, and it will be delivered early.

Living on a Pittance.

The cost of living in Porto Rico is perhaps less, gauged from the natives' view of necessity, than in any other quarter of the globe where modern civilization has obtained a foothold. Dr. Ryder, secretary of the American Missionary Association, who has recently returned from an inspection of the island, tells the following story to illustrate the scale of wages and living in the island:

"I was riding through the interior on horseback, on my way to Ponce," he said, "when I saw ahead of me, in the road, a native carrying a log on his head. It was a log twelve feet long, and must have weighed 200 pounds. He seemed to trot along with it without any trouble. I requested my companion to stop and ask him about it. He did so, and the man said he had cut and 'ripped' the log, that is, got it ready to split into timber, although it was not loosened enough to fall apart, the day before; he had brought it fifteen miles on his head that morning, and had three miles farther to carry it in to Ponce.

"And how much will you get for it?" asked my companion.

"I hope to get 15 cents," replied the man, "but I may only get twelve."

"But that sum would buy as much as \$1.50 would up here," continued the doctor, "so the man was really working for about 75 cents a day. It is estimated that a man can support a family by three-days' work a month. Food is practically free. Fruit is to be had for the taking, and the poorer classes practically live upon fruit. And as for a house, a convert borrowed a dollar from one of our missionaries to put up a house when he wanted to get married, and it was plenty."

Crumbs Swept Up.

Didn't Know Himself.

Congressman Jenkins of Wisconsin, who recently introduced a measure looking toward the governmental seizure of the coal mines, was talking the other day about the vanity that inflates some men when they achieve success in life.

"In my boyhood," he said, "I remember how a man from my town was elected to a minor political office, and got so puffed up about it that he would hardly speak to anyone on the street.

"One day a blacksmith who had electioneered for this man entered his office, and extended his hand. But the other failed to see the hand, and said: 'I don't remember you, sir.'

"The blacksmith looked around. A half-dozen men were present, and to these he addressed himself.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this here reminds me of the mayor that they elected once in my wife's town. They elected, more for a joke than anything else, an old rag-picker to the mayoralty. They made him buy a frock coat and a white tie and plug hat, and they persuaded him to ride around in a fall-top buggy. It was a change, I tell you.

"Well, his wife met him at the house door on his first day in office, and he passed her by without looking at her. He was grand, you see, in his plug hat and white tie, but she only had on her working clothes, and her sleeves were rolled up. 'Why, James,' she says, nearly crying, 'why, don't you know me, James?'" "How can I know you, Mary?" says he: "how can I know you when I don't know myself now?"

"There are other men besides that rag-picker mayor," the blacksmith ended, "who don't know themselves." And he grinned at his embarrassed audience, and walked out.

The New Woman.

The other day a man and a woman called on the real estate man about taking a house. The woman did all the talking, and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her, and did it very meekly:

"Well," said the woman, "we're willing to take the house at \$20 a month. Ain't we, John?"

John replied: "Yes."

"And we'll pay the rent promptly, too, won't we, John?"

"Yes."

"And we'll take good care of the house. Won't we, John?"

"Yes."

"And we don't mind taking it for three years. Do we, John?"

"No."

"By the bye," the agent inquired, "of course you are man and wife?"

"Man and wife," exclaimed the woman sharply. "Indeed we're not. Are we, John?"

"No, my dear."

"What?" said the agent. "Not man and wife?"

"Not exactly," she retorted. "I'd have you know in this instance we are wife and man. That's so, isn't it, John?"

And John meekly agreed.

A Doubtful Remedy.

A lecturer in Australia told a story of a Scotchman in a hospital, who, sick and apparently nigh unto death, longed for the pibroch of his native hills.

The doctors saw a gleam of hope for the poor man, and a piper was hired to play on the bagpipes. At the end of the first day there was a slight improvement in the Scotch patient. The second day's music resulted in his being able to rise from his bed, and by the third day the weird strains had completely restored him to health. "But," said the lecturer, with excellent dramatic effect, "every other patient in the ward died."

Weak on Spelling.

Mr. Jowders looked gloomily at the letter to which he had just painfully affixed his signature, and then cast a dubious glance at his wife.

"Do you want to just run this over before I send it to son James?" he inquired; and when Mrs. Jowders shook her head he hastily folded the sheet, which bore the marks of hours of toil, and thrust it into an envelope, which he sealed with trembling expedition, and then leaned back in his chair with an air of relief.

"I was afeard you'd want to read it, and then most likely 'twould be all to do over again, mother, like the last one," he said. "But I'm glad James wrote he didn't mind a word misspelled here an'

there. There's some things I can do, but I never could seem to get a good purchase on the system of spelling someway.

"As I view it," continued Mr. Jowders, "there's some words you can spell by the looks and some you can spell by the sound; then I can most gen'ly manage. But when you come to spelling by judgment and main stren'th, my chances are about as slim as they make 'em."

He Was "at Sea."

A clergyman who had no knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors.

He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is to anchor."

A half-concealed snicker spread over the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said: "Mr. —, have you ever been at sea?"

The minister replied:

"No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."

Theory and Practice.

The following story is told by a city minister: Two women were riding on a trolley car a short time ago, and one of them was endeavoring to secure her companion's consent to become a member of her church.

"I only wish I could interest you in the church work," said the first speaker. "It is so interesting, and, besides, it would do you so much good spiritually."

"I have been thinking seriously of joining the church," confessed the other; "but, you see, I have so little time, and if I should become a member I should go into it heart and soul."

"Oh, I wish you would," said the first. "I am on my way to a missionary meeting now, and do you know that I got a transfer out of the conductor, and he punched it two hours late for me, so that I beat the old street-car company out of a nickel."

"And so I've lost a new church member," said the minister in concluding his story. "I labored with that woman for hours after that, but the Christianity of the first woman was too much for her, and she refused to join."

Where He Could Have Stopped.

Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, the pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Memorial Church of Philadelphia, was recently entertaining President Patton of Princeton, Gen. John B. Gordon, and other eminent men at dinner. The guests were speaking in strong praise of a sermon the minister had just preached, and those who were versed in theology were discussing the doctrinal points he had brought out.

Dr. Hoyt's young son was sitting at the table, and President Patton, turning to him, said:

"My boy, what did you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently to it;" at which praise Mrs. Hoyt smiled cordially, and all listened to hear what sort of a reply the lad would make.

"I guess it was very good," said the boy; "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

The Usual Form.

The reader for the publishing-house was doing a little marketing, and the grocer had handed him in change a suspicious looking dollar bill.

He looked at it absent-mindedly, and handed it back.

"I find myself unable to use this," he said, "and herewith return it. You are not to understand, however, that it is declined on account of a lack of merit, but because for my particular purpose it is unavailable."

An Addition to the Text.

The late Dr. Joseph Parker, following a custom of the generation in which he began to preach, used to begin his sermon by repeating the text three times. He did not, however, do even this in

the way that others did. One of his early sermons opened thus: "The children of Israel cried all night (solemnly). The children of Israel cried all night (dramatically). The children of Israel cried all night—the babies!" At that point the doctor and his audience began the full enjoyment of the sermon.

A Neglected Opportunity.

"You have appendicitis and lung trouble," announced the physician, as he peered through the patient with his X-ray apparatus; "also traces of liver complaint and a mild form of dyspepsia; also \$28.10 in your pocket. My fee will be \$28."

Here he turned off the current and told the patient the examination was over.

"It's all right, doctor," said the patient, "but it seems to me that you have neglected an opportunity to secure 10 cents and the other things you mentioned."

The Rebate.

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman.

"Always. Are you a minister's wife?"

"Oh, no! I am not married," said the lady, blushing.

"Daughter, then!"

"No."

The tradesman looked puzzled.

"I am engaged to a theological student."

The reduction was made.

"Wuth It."

It is told of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, for many years presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in America, who lived all his life a bachelor, that he was talking one day with a young man from the West about a tax a Western state was trying to impose on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent. for every ten years of bachelorhood. "Why, bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year." "Well," said the bishop, quietly and in his old-time vernacular, "it's wuth it."

No Burglars in the House.

One of Senator Lodge's stories relates to a member of the Massachusetts legislature, who was much impressed with the dignity of his position.

One night his wife woke him and whispered:

"John, there are burglars in the house."

"You must be mistaken, my dear," said her husband. "There may be a few in the Senate, but in the House—oh, no; the idea is simply preposterous."

Authors like to get honest opinions of their works; but such opinions are so difficult to come by that they sometimes fish for them. President Roosevelt was once traveling in Idaho, and passed a bookstore in the window of which was a copy of his "Winning of the West." Going into the bookstore he inquired:

"Who is this author, Roosevelt?"

"Oh," said the bookseller, "he's a ranch-driver."

"And what do you think of his book?" asked the President.

"Well," said the dealer, slowly and deliberately, "I've always thought I'd like to meet the author, and tell him that if he had stuck to running a ranch and give up writing books he'd have made a powerful more of a success at his trade."

Mrs. Woodby: "There's nothing like a college education to open the way to exclusive society. Since my son started to go to the university, he's got into the Four Hundred."

Mrs. McGinty: "My son's doing even better at college. He's on the nine."

The minister was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trellis work near his front gate, when a small boy stopped and watched him with great attention. "Well, my young friend," he said pleasantly, "are you looking out for a hint or two on gardening?" "No," said the youth, "I be waiting to see what a parson do say when he hammers his thomb."

The Weekly Devotional Meeting.

MISSIONARY MEETING: MISSIONS TO FOREIGNERS IN OUR OWN LAND.

(Jonah 3: 1-10; Matt. 25: 35-40.)

Topic for April 26.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—The penalty of neglect (Heb. 1: 13-2: 4).

Tuesday.—The place of Christ in home mission work (Luke 11: 29-33).

Wednesday.—The fruit of the labor (Matt. 13: 1-9).

Thursday.—An admonition of duty (Ezek 33: 1-9).

Friday.—An unheeded call (Jonah 1: 1-17).

Saturday.—A clear call to service (Jonah 3: 1-10).

Sunday.—A practical service (Matt. 25: 35-40).

The Stranger Within Our Gates.

From 1840 to 1870 something like 6,000,000 foreigners came to our shores. Famines, oppressions, and overcrowding at home helped to start them. On this side there was the attraction of a large demand for labor, and cheap lands. This immigration was made up largely of Irish and Germans, Scandinavians and English.

Between 1870 and 1900, 8,000,000 more foreigners landed in the United States. The increase in numbers was accompanied by a decided change for the worse. Northern and Western Europe sent fewer people, while Southern and Eastern Europe sent a steadily increasing volume of much less desirable immigration.

More than one-third of our total population is of foreign birth or foreign parentage. A great part of this foreign element is in the cities, many of which are more foreign than American. Of Chicago's population, seventy-six per cent. is of foreign stock. Milwaukee and Detroit are even more foreign than Chicago. New York, Cleveland, and San Francisco are not far behind. The cities of Buffalo, St. Paul, Boston, Jersey City, Minneapolis, Newark, Rochester, Providence, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Toledo, and Philadelphia are all more than half foreign.

"The immigration problem has revolutionized the appeal of home missions. Hitherto that appeal came from our own people, and often from our own kin. To follow close after them on the western trail, and to stand with them in planting the church and the school in their infant settlements was the whole of home missions. While that feature has never lost its claim, and never will, another claim has divided the attention and concern of the churches. To the peril of domestic heathenism has been joined the larger fear of imported barbarism, and thus for many years foreign missions at home have been a distinct interest of organized American home missions."

The work among foreigners in the United States has had one remarkable fruitage. Foreigners have been converted. They have gone back to their native lands, and there have told the story of their finding a Saviour in the New World. Such incidents as these led to the founding of our missions in Northern Europe. We did not send missionaries there unasked. We were urgently entreated to send men who could teach to others the way of salvation.

German Methodism in the United States is the great tree that has grown from the conversion of one boy, William Nast, in 1835. It now includes ten annual conferences. The Scandinavian work dates from the admission into the New York Conference of O. G. Heiström, in the same year. Five conferences are part of the result to date.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will spend this year, for foreign-speaking work in our own land, a total of \$183,500. The workers at the New York Immigrant Home of the Woman's Home Missionary Society last year met 750 steamers, and rendered some sort of assistance to 660 immigrants of fourteen nationalities. Among the number were 334 girls, who were sent to their friends, and so saved from the danger of falling into the hands of extortioners or even worse enemies of the unwary foreigner. A

similar work of about the same extent is carried on in Boston.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has seventeen conferences and missions, with over 80,000 members among foreign-speaking peoples in this country. These include Germans, Swedes, Spanish, Norwegian, Danish, and Japanese. Besides these, work under the direction of English-speaking conferences is carried on among the Chinese, the Jewish, the Italians, the Welsh, the French, the Bohemian, the Hungarian, the Portuguese, and the Finnish populations in various parts of the country. That is to say, the work of the church is carried on in fifteen foreign languages in the United States. No wonder there are those who say: "All missions are foreign missions."

Some Pointed Paragraphs.

The work of the Oriental Bureau of the Woman's Home Missionary Society is practically foreign work when it comes to the Chinese. We need not cross the ocean to be foreign missionaries, for in San Francisco are 30,000 human beings speaking a foreign language, and for the most part encased in their foreign superstitions and practices.

There is one ward in the city of Boston—Ward 6, known as the North End—that is a little world. By its environment it is cut off from the rest of the city and is quite by itself—shaped something like a piece of pie, having the straight sides bordered by the gas houses, the great markets and warehouses, and the curved side by the water front, lined thickly with wharves. The character of the people would keep them rather isolated, for they are nearly all foreigners. There are so many Italians that it is often called "Little Italy." Fifty-six and eight-tenths per cent. are foreign-born, while those of American parentage can hardly be found. Almost every land is represented, and there is about the same number of Jews as Italians. It is a crowded place, with a population of nearly 30,000. If the whole city of Boston were as populous, it would number eight millions.

There are more Jews or Italians or Germans in Boston to-day than the entire population of the city when Jesse Lee introduced Methodism by preaching on Boston Common.

We have no need to cross the seas and penetrate the jungles of far-away tropical lands to find missionary work; a heathenism as dark as any found in the wilds of Africa or the islands of the South Seas is to be found at our own doors. Ever since the Chinese set foot upon the shores of California human chattel slavery has existed. Five thousand Chinese women in California—1,500 slaves in San Francisco, 200 of whom are little slave girls—are slaves in free America, the America that once spent money and blood to put down African slavery! These slave girls on our Pacific Coast have been bought or kidnaped in China, brought to this free country, sold in the silent slave markets of San Francisco, and doomed to a slavery that passes description!

The devotee of India, measuring his bodily length over and over for hundreds of miles on his pilgrim journey to some idol shrine where he hopes to find peace for his soul, excites our deepest commiseration, as well he should; while the red pagan of our western plains, engaged in the ghost-dance—an equally intelligent form of blind worship—appeals to the average mind as not worth saving. The filth and squalor of the southern cabin and the city slum arouse our resentment rather than a desire to help. We are prone to trace these conditions in our own land to a willful perversity rather than to an absence of gospel light. We see these people "out of focus." They are too near at hand.

One serious hindrance is that we see our home heathen at too close range. Perspective is lacking. Distance does lend enchantment.

There is a strong spice of picturesque interest in the story of Bishop Taylor's self-sacrificing band immured in the wilds of Africa, with the

world looking on. There is neither picturesque nor romance in the work of the home missionary. Men seldom praise him. The deaconess in the slums creates but a passing interest; the conditions that environ her work are too repellent. Not often do great crowds come together to hear the faithful home worker tell the story of her patient toil and quiet service. But the record is on high, and He who holds the balances of eternal truth will weigh ever these temporal hindrances in his estimate of that work.—Mrs. T. L. Tomkinson.

"Home missions" means that America must be won for Jesus Christ throughout all her borders, so that she may conserve a high Christian life, and may do her God-appointed work as the evangelist among the nations. More and more, as our history develops, we are forced into a wider world-activity, and as we go, the church must see that the civilization we carry is filled with the spirit of the gospel. If we fail to come to large Christian achievement and fruitage at home, how shall we be empowered to do, permanently, our work abroad? The whole foreign missionary work of the United States rests back upon an effective and adequate program of home missions."

Here is a glimpse of life in the Hawaiian Islands, as seen by a long-time worker among the Japanese:

"The 168,000 Japanese in these islands maintain their heathen rites and customs, and are as decidedly heathen as are their countrymen in Tokyo and Yokohama. Most of them are of the lower class, living in little huts on the plantations, in poverty, ignorance, and superstition. There is comparatively no home life. Both women and children are shamefully abused and neglected. Many women are compelled to live immoral lives to support their husbands and fathers, while little girls from eleven to thirteen years of age are sold for the paltry sum of \$10. And yet these are our own people in free America, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, but without a gleam of the glorious light that has made America what she is to-day."

The nationality of immigrants in the year ending June 30, 1902, was as follows: Austria-Hungary, 171,989; German Empire, 28,304; Italy, 178,375; Norway, 17,484; Sweden, 30,894; Roumania, 7,196; Russian Empire and Finland, 107,347; England, 13,575; Ireland, 29,138; Scotland, 2,560; Wales, 763; China, 1,649; other Asia, 20,622; West Indies, 4,711; all other countries, 34,136. Total, 648,743. It will be noted that more than half of the total number came from Italy and Austria-Hungary, whence we have received our least desirable immigrants.

What Can We Do?

We can pray for our foreign-born neighbors.

We can, in many cases, become foreign missionaries without going out of our own street.

We can take more interest in our foreign-born fellow-citizens.

We can support the three great institutions—the home, the church, the school—which make America a refuge for the oppressed of all lands.

We can discourage ignorance, lack of patriotism, and unbelief.

We can give. Nearly half of every missionary dollar is spent on home missions.

For the Leader.

A good way to utilize the opportunity offered by this subject is to make the meeting educational. Use facts and figures concerning our foreign population, and discuss the best means of transforming irreligious aliens into Christian citizens.

Two members may discuss the question, "Is the immigration of to-day a blessing or a danger?" Select for one speaker a member who believes that the present immigration is a danger to the country, and for the other one who believes it a blessing.

Ten minutes may be profitably spent in a rapid review of what is being done to reach and help our foreign population.

Ask a good reader to recite Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem, "Unguarded Gates," which may be found on page 6 of this paper.

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for April 26: Paul's Journey to Jerusalem.

(Acts 21: 3-12.)

Golden Text.—"The will of the Lord be done" (Acts 21: 14).

Home Readings.

Monday.—Paul's journey to Jerusalem (Acts 21: 1-12).

Tuesday.—Arrival at Jerusalem (Acts 21: 13-19).

Wednesday.—"One of the seven" (Acts 6: 1-7).

Thursday.—Taking up the cross (Mark 8: 31-38).

Friday.—More than conquerors (Rom. 8: 31-39).

Saturday.—Almighty protector (Isa. 51: 9-16).

Sunday.—Not ashamed (2 Tim. 1: 1-12).

A Model Study of the Lesson.

We have to-day a study of decisiveness in the Christian character. Many events in Paul's life show this, but none more than his "steadfastly setting his face to go to Jerusalem," as his Master did twenty-seven years before. Consider, first, the motives that impelled Paul to go; second, what hindrances opposed him; third, his decision and the results; fourth, the lesson for us.

I. *The motives.* At least three good reasons impelled Paul to leave Corinth when he did, and hasten to Jerusalem: 1. His opportunity at Corinth was greatly lessened by the increasing hostility to him, aroused by the Jews. 2. He felt moved to do what he could to bring together the Jewish and gentile factions of the church by telling at Jerusalem what wonders the gospel had wrought among the gentiles, and by carrying to the poor among the Jerusalem Christians a liberal collection raised among the gentiles. 3. As Pentecost was near at hand, and as that great feast would give him the best opening for his errand, he desired to set out at once and hasten his journey.

II. *The hindrances.* These were numerous and weighty, and would have daunted any man less determined than Paul. They were:

1. His own forebodings (Acts 20: 22-25). He knew that prisons and afflictions awaited him, but he did not count his life dear. He was proud to be "a prisoner of Jesus Christ" (Philemon 1).

2. The tears of the Ephesian elders (Vs. 37, 38). They were his old-time comrades in Christly toil, and they bade him a last farewell. How great the temptation must have been to settle down for another three years in Ephesus!

3. The scenes through which he passed. He saw the panorama of the Asiatic shore, where he had labored so happily. He passed Cyprus, where first he had preached as a foreign missionary. And over yonder was Antioch, and Tarsus, the home of his boyhood! How they all must have drawn the travel-worn apostle!

4. The freedom of the sea. With what a dread he must have anticipated exchanging its wide horizons and exhilarating breezes for a noisome dungeon.

5. The insignificance of his party—for the Greek verb implies that at Tyre he had quite a hunt to find the disciples—and the poverty of his cause must have been a depressing contrast to the wealth of that flourishing city.

6. The alleged witness of the Spirit against his further progress (V. 4). These prophetic disciples knew of Paul's coming sufferings, as he also knew, but drew from their knowledge the wrong conclusion. And how the presence of the women and children (V. 5) and their prayers must have added to this temptation to turn back!

7. The repeated temptation. Very likely the disciples at Ptolemais (V. 7) added their entreaties, as did those at Casarea. This repeated opposition, that would have conquered a weak man, only strengthened Paul's decision.

8. Philip's family life, with his four daughters, so accomplished and devoted, must also have said to Paul: "Stay!"

9. The prophecy of Agabus, after the pictorial fashion of Jeremiah, was well calculated to shake Paul's resolution.

10. His own comrades, Luke and all, joined in

dissuading the apostle, and this must have been the severest test.

III. *The decision.* "But none of these things move me" (Acts 20: 24), Paul might have said. Indeed, his protest against the disciples' entreaties has a note of indignation, like Christ's "Get thee behind me, Satan," on a like occasion (Matt. 16: 21-23). Paul was a man who saw what absolute trifles are health, happiness, and life itself, compared to even a slight advancement of the kingdom of heaven.

The result of this superb determination was, as had been foretold, imprisonment, peril, anguish. But it was also, as was not foretold, a new unity for the Church, and for Paul the compulsory accomplishment of his dearest ambition, to go to Rome and preach Christ at the center of the world.

IV. *The lesson for us* is quaintly put in Edward Everett Hale's maxim: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Every generation should read Foster's superb essay on "Decision of Character," but the substance of it all is in Paul's example. Get so close to Christ that you know his will, and then adopt it as your own. Listen to the advice of men, but far more to the counsels of God. When the two conflict, turn a deaf ear to your own desires, your dearest friends, your noblest impulses, that are only secondary, and count them all as temptations of Satan to lure you from the right path.

And remember: "Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."—Westminster Teacher.

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ARE REVIVALS OUT OF DATE?

IN an article by Dr. David J. Burrell in the *Homiletic Review* he propounds the question: "Are revivals out of date?"

The doctor quotes this saying by a young minister: "I doubt whether we shall ever again have an old-fashioned revival. If we have any it will be an ethical revival, and we who are preaching ethics must have the credit." This prediction the doctor laughs at, and tells a good story of what a young teacher said to her Sunday-school class:

"Now, boys, about these commandments. You know, if you keep them, you will go to heaven; and that will be perfectly splendid. But if you break them, if you lie and steal and disobey your parents, and so on, you will go to hell; and, boys, *that would be simply ridiculous.*"

Who does not see the force of Dr. Burrell's words when he says that "preaching ethics without the vital preposulate of the atonement is unlikely to bring in a revival or to accomplish the salvation of men?" The New York minister is right when he declares that "revivals will not be out of date while there is trouble in the world, while there is salvation in Christ, while the church is more or less indifferent to her work, or while the Holy Spirit is abroad."

Dr. Burrell properly discriminates between genuine and spurious revivals. "One comes naturally, as if of its own motion, and spreads from city to city, from state to state, justifying its name by reviving the churches and bringing in large accessions to their memberships. Let it be hoped that the country has not seen the last movement of this description. The other is a forced product, nurtured by sensational and often hysterical methods. It is not the genuine article, and it is not promotive of genuine Christianity."

And he might have added that the real spiritual revival nearly always has its genesis in the personal effort of one or two or a half-dozen people who are aflame with zeal to save their friends. The revival which counts both in the genuineness and permanency of its results is the revival where individuals toil tirelessly for the salvation of individuals.

THE RAILWAY PERIL.

THE unusual number of recent and fatal railway accidents in this country has set inventors and railway men to thinking. In England there has not been a passenger killed on the railways in fifteen months. Compare that record with the record of the last three months in this country. It is something worth thinking about.

There are several reasons assigned for the great disparity between the two countries in this regard. We have thousands of grade crossings. England has very few. We have tens of thousands of miles where there is but a single track. English railways are almost entirely double-tracked.

But the greatest cause of these accidents is the American willingness to take risks. An engineer has only ten minutes to make a certain siding, where a train from the opposite direction is to meet and pass his train. The schedule time for the run is twelve minutes. But if he doesn't try to make it he will lose perhaps half an hour. So he puts on extra steam. And usually he gets out of the way of the other train. Usually, but not always. When he fails, he is probably one of the victims of his own venturesomeness.

As a result of the recent accidents there has been a great revival of interest in safety appliances which will operate in time of danger without depending on the engineer. Something must be done. We believe in American pluck and daring. But when pluck and daring degenerate into recklessness the penalty is exacted at too fearful cost. We are a traveling people. We have built our railways into what were otherwise inaccessible places. We spend untold wealth in making travel comfortable, and even luxurious. We pay willingly for speed, elegance, and convenience. It is time we insisted more strongly on greater precautions against danger. It is better to be

carried safely in a day-coach than to be hurled to death in a vestibuled limited.

THE TREND OF THE TIMES.

THE supplement sent out with this issue will be of interest to many of the young laymen who read THE EPWORTH HERALD. It contains a historical statement of value, and outlines a plan for the unification of our denominational publishing business. This report was prepared by a subcommittee of the General Book Committee. It was referred to the latter body in February last. After exhaustive consideration the document was approved, and sent on to the General Conference. It will be duly considered by that august body, with what result no man knoweth.

A good many changes are proposed by the document. But most of them are not particularly radical. The whole scheme is in harmony with the spirit of our times. That spirit is one of consolidation.

The plan to have one central publishing house for the whole church will commend itself to the approval of most business men. Whether so great a business as we are doing could be conducted as efficiently under the direction of one publishing agent as under the guidance of four, is a problem about which much can be said on both sides.

If the plan should be adopted by the General Conference it will not affect THE EPWORTH HERALD or the other publications of the Epworth League. It is quite likely that our paper might be printed by the great central publishing house instead of at Chicago. But that would be all right, especially if the reduced cost of production gave us more funds to put into the pages of the paper.

A casual reading of the report furnishes evidence of the fact that it was not hurriedly nor carelessly put together. It will furnish food for thought, and ought to have a careful reading.

A WORTHLESS SYMPOSIUM.

SOME weeks ago we asked for a free expression of opinion on the proposed plan to create a distinct missionary department in the Epworth League chapter. A large number of replies have been received. Nearly all these replies are on one side. And they are practically worthless.

Why so?

Because some overzealous advocates of the proposed change packed our jury. In other words, they compiled lists of missionary leaders and workers throughout the league, and wrote them, asking them to write us, strongly urging the amendment. Many of these communications state the fact frankly that Mr. — had written them asking them to write THE EPWORTH HERALD a letter favoring the missionary department.

It will be readily seen that letters which have been "worked up" in this systematic manner are almost worthless as an impartial expression of country-wide Epworth League opinion on this issue.

THE EPWORTH HERALD is in favor of the proposed change. We think the reasons for the creation of the new department are valid, and will appeal to the better judgment of the league and the church. We, therefore, sincerely regret that, when this free and full expression of opinion was invited, any effort was made to "work up" a side of the case which upon its face is so logical, and which needs no such artificial assistance.

This explanatory word is due the correspondents who have written us. They will understand why the symposium does not appear.

MISS KATE W. GROVE.

MISS KATE W. GROVE, who has been connected with THE EPWORTH HERALD since its beginning, and has served as an assistant editor for the past eight years, has just severed her connection with the paper. Miss Grove has literary and expert newspaper ability of a high order. She has filled her position with great devotion, and has contributed not a little to whatever success this paper has achieved. Her familiarity with all the mechanical details of a newspaper office has made her work of special value. Miss Grove leaves the office with the best wishes of her late associates. The editor wishes for her the largest success in any journalistic field she may enter.

The Station Plan will be continued and extended. It is justifying the expectations of its friends, and is responsible for a large increase of missionary knowledge, and consequently of missionary interest.

Will district secretaries please send to this office the date and place of their respective conventions? We desire to make our Convention Calendar a complete index to these gatherings.

There would be a great advance in religious work if the shirkers could be transformed into workers, and if the jerkers could settle down to do one thing well.

The man who finds it an easy matter to deceive others, finds it a different matter when it comes to deceiving his conscience.

A PEEP AT THE SUNFLOWER STATE.

I AM just home from a visit of three weeks in Kansas. Three great weeks they have been. The sun shone brightly on every day but one. That day it snowed and hailed. But a few hours later the earth was dry again, and vegetation smiled as though nothing serious had happened. Kansas in the springtime is a garden. How green the wide prairies grow! What a prophecy they speak of a harvest more than abundant!

* * *

Kansas has a population which any commonwealth might be proud of. New England is well represented. So is New York. So is Ohio. So is every state east of the Missouri. The educational system of the state is one of the best. The ratio of illiteracy is low. Kansas people are not all saints. Some do not even live in the same county with sainthood. But the sentiment of the masses of the people on all moral issues is good, and far in advance of ten states we could mention.

* * *

I had opportunity to talk with all sorts of people about the prohibitory law. I obtained the views of ministers, teachers, lawyers, merchants, politicians, editors, and hotel men. There is not the slightest question but that prohibition is more thoroughly entrenched in the confidence of the people of Kansas than ever before. During the session of the legislature recently adjourned an agitation looking toward the resubmission of the issue to the voters of the state was begun. I do not think those who started the agitation had strong hope that such a movement would succeed. It was intended to test public sentiment. Well, it *did* that very thing. The proposition was buried under an avalanche of "nays," and the agitators wished they had not invited the protest. It will be many a day before anyone will make another attempt to secure resubmission. And even if the legislature could be induced to submit the issue to the voters of the state, prohibition would be reaffirmed by a majority which would fairly startle the country. The temperance people of Kansas are not yet through wondering what could have possessed the people of Vermont at the recent election.

* * *

Speaking of prohibition sentiment reminds me of Topeka. They had a city election there the other day. It was a definite battle between a set of candidates pledged to the enforcement of the prohibitory law, and a set of candidates representing the "jointists." The issue was debated for several weeks, and was clearly understood. The former won by a decisive majority. Of these clean ballots several hundreds were cast by the women of the city.

* * *

I spent half a day at Baker University. The welcome of president, faculty, and students is still ringing in my ears. When you make up a Methodist educational procession you will need to put Baker near the head of the column. That is the way Kansas Methodist preachers and people feel. I have found in no section of the country a greater measure of loyalty to an educational institution. And Baker is worthy of the confidence of her friends. Dr. Murlin has made a record there which any college president in the republic might well covet. The young president is a human bundle made up of optimism, energy, graciousness, and persistency. I have not made an analysis to ascertain the relative proportions of those qualities, but I do know that the compound is just right.

* * *

The two other Methodist Episcopal colleges of the state are looking up. A decided forward movement has been made at Winfield. The citizens of the town have just pledged \$25,000, upon condition that the Southwest Conference shall raise \$75,000. That the conference has resolved to do. And the resolution was made with the sort of determination which stands for success. The college at Salina has earned its right to live. It needs friends and funds. The school stands in the center of a literal empire, and friendships and money invested there will return the hundredfold harvest.

* * *

My special object in this Kansas trip was to look in upon the four conferences. Rev. W. E. Grose, the state president, had arranged an Epworth League anniversary at each of the sessions, and also a league workers' conference at three of them. This plan proved to be admirable. The young people came in considerable numbers from the surrounding villages and rural districts. They not only enjoyed the special Epworth meetings, but were greatly interested in the business and devotional meetings of the annual conference. Crowds at all the league anniversaries. The same at all the other anniversaries. How those Kansas folk do go to meeting!

* * *

The Kansas Conference convened at Holton. That is where Dr. Edwin Locke has been pastor. The fine new church was used and enjoyed by the conference. Locke entertained in the most approved style, and, when the session closed, found himself a presiding-elder. The league anniversary was in charge of President Johnston of the Conference League. Dr. W. I. Haven led the devotions, and Bro. Grose helped in the speech-making.

* * *

The South Kansas Conference met at Fort Scott. Rev. Frank Lenig, once a member of our General Board of Control, is pastor. Our jubilee occurred on Sunday night. A jubilee, indeed! The prediction that Kansas would send a thousand delegates to the Detroit Convention was received with special enthusiasm. Fort Scott is one of the "wet" cities of Kansas. The temperance forces have fought many a hard battle there. They are not in power just now, but this perennial campaigning will produce due educational results, and the city will yet be redeemed.

The Southwest Conference was held at Sterling. A charming little city. The people are notably intelligent. Moral sentiment is high. Hence, no saloons. It is the seat of the United Presbyterian college, and it has one of the largest United Presbyterian congregations in the state. Dr. Strong, the pastor, was my host. That pastor believes in missions. Also in the duty of paying for the salvation of the world. Last year his people gave an average of \$3.72 per member for missions. Other benevolences in about the same ratio. He says they will easily make it \$4.00 per member this year, and that without an atom of begging. Three cheers for the Sterling Presbyterians! The league anniversary was a monster. Or rather there were two of them. One was held in the beautiful new Methodist Episcopal Church, and the other in the United Presbyterian Church. Both meetings at the same hour. Dr. W. F. McDowell preceded me at the Methodist, and followed me at the United Presbyterian Church. Did mortal man ever face crowds whose responsiveness was more evident? A speaker who could not speak with some effect under such conditions should be sentenced to perpetual silence. Another league meeting on Sunday afternoon before the ordinations. And another multitude. Pastor Pollard and his gracious wife have gone to a new pastorate in Wichita, but they will live in the hearts of appreciative parishioners at Sterling.

* * *

The Northwest Kansas Conference gathered at Stockton. This is on the fringe of the "short-grass" region. Two Epworth meetings. The first was a workers' conference. The other a mass-meeting at the opera house. All the presiding-elders, and some who are to be presiding-elders, were on the big platform. Judge Postlethwaite, conference president, was in the chair. Mention of plans for the new Epworth assembly at Beloit was received joyfully. The conference is behind that enterprise. All the presiding-elders are its steadfast friends. The approaching assembly has a rich program. It will win now and for years to come.

* * *

Bishop Foss presided at all these conferences. He was in excellent health, and I have not seen him preside for many years when the work of conference and cabinet seemed to fatigue him so little. What comrades I had! Thirkield and Parr and Jennings and Spencer and Hart and McDowell and Little and Haven and George and Betts, and that Kansas veteran, Dr. H. D. Fisher! How could time move slowly or travel prove a burden, while moving over the prairies with such a crowd?

* * *

Writing Spencer's name reminds me that the *Central Christian Advocate* is immensely popular throughout the Kansas territory. The editor received a real ovation at all the conferences. The circulation has grown rapidly during the quadrennium, and is still growing. If the General Conference had no other business than the election of an editor for the Kansas City paper, it would not need to assemble. Almost every white ballot will contain Dr. Spencer's name. Not less popular with pastors and people is Mr. W. E. O'Kane, the manager of the Kansas City house. He was greeted with remarkable cordiality at the conferences, and was formally and warmly praised for the systematic and gentlemanly manner in which he does business.

* * *

Meanwhile, I ran over the line into Missouri, and got a glimpse of our three conferences in that state. The Missouri Conference met at Carrollton. Dr. Christie, the pastor, had arranged to give an afternoon and evening to the Epworth League. Both meetings were good. That is, the brother on the platform felt that way. Reports from the pews might not be likewise. Bro. Burris, our conference president, was appointed a presiding-elder by Bishop Hamilton, and he will take his place in the "A No. 1" class. St. Louis Conference met at Marshall. That is the town where our Dr. D. L. and Marvin Rader were born. The dear old mother lives there still. That conference has grown markedly in ten years. The saying does not apply so much to quantity as to quality. The pastors of these Missouri Conferences have a difficult field. The two major Methodisms jointly occupy it. The old differences between our Methodist families have been somewhat distinct. Missouri was a border state. Political and race prejudices are more intense in a "border" state than in one more remote from the dividing line between North and South. Those prejudices are not all dead. But there are symptoms of approaching dissolution. The Central Missouri Conference met at Sedalia. It is a colored body. Its membership is made up of intelligent and devoted men. Several of its leaders are well known throughout the denomination. Assistant Secretary Penn presided at the Epworth anniversary, and Dr. W. D. Parr contributed a ringing speech. The singing and the collection were special features. Both were good. J. F. B.

There is a time to be skeptical, and that is when one is being approached by a confidence man.

If not, why not? That interrogation refers to this year's celebration of Anniversary Day.

A Frenchman who has been visiting New York says that the big city has "telephonitis."

It is easier to acquire a good reputation than it is to lose a bad one.

Many a man thinks he is unlucky when he is merely a fool.

Drinking in moderation is the first symptom of dissipation.

Only the unlearned man ever boasts of his learning.

Purely Personal.

William E. Gladstone's statue has been placed in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. Geo. L. Haight of the Missouri Conference will enjoy a year of rest.

Rev. M. A. Rader and wife are on the ocean, en route to the Philippines.

Senator Dolliver is in urgent demand for the assembly platform again this year.

Dr. B. B. Hamlin is the "old man eloquent" of Central Pennsylvania Conference.

Dr. Geo. B. Smyth is conducting a missionary campaign in Oregon and Washington.

Rev. J. W. Mahood has been assisting Dr. Warner in a revival at First Church, Pueblo, Col.

Dr. S. C. Swallow continues as superintendent of the Methodist Book Depository at Harrisburg.

Mr. J. M. Black again led the singing at the Central Pennsylvania Conference. And such singing!

Dr. C. W. Lewis of Moores Hill College, Ind., is one of our most alert and successful college leaders.

Rev. E. Combie Smith of First Church, Omaha, is making a superb record in that important center.

Dr. S. S. Murphy begins his seventh year as pastor at Baldwin, Kan., the seat of Baker University.

Dr. E. M. Taylor has been delivering some captivating missionary addresses at the spring conferences.

Rev. Eugene Allen of Detroit is doing excellent service as chairman of the press committee for the International.

Governor Mickey of Nebraska has been asked to participate in the Des Plaines (Chicago) Camp-meeting next July.

Bishop Hoss' address before the Chicago preachers' meeting was particularly happy, and pleased the brethren much.

Dr. Ezra H. Yocum transfers from the presiding-eldership of the Harrisburg District to the pastorate at Lewistown, Pa.

Prof. F. S. Goodrich of Albion College has been engaged for six lectures at the Maumee Valley Chautauqua this summer.

Rev. W. J. Calfee of Council Bluffs, Ia., has been thundering against the Sunday saloons of that city, and with telling effect.

Dr. Homer C. Stuntz writes us of the multiplication of gospel opportunities in the Philippines, and there is fire on his pen-point.

Bishop Cranston will take Bishop Merrill's place at the session of the Northern New York Conference, which meets next week.

Dr. J. B. Trimble, missionary field secretary, is out getting acquainted with his new work, and is cordially received everywhere.

Rev. Henry Ostrom, the evangelist, has been doing effective work with the Central Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

Dr. Albert Carman, general superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, will participate in the Detroit Convention program.

Rev. C. R. Rice is the oldest effective preacher in the South Kansas Conference. And there is no doubt about the "effective," either.

Rev. A. W. Hayes, D.D., of Tabernacle Church, Binghamton, N. Y., was the speaker at the last rally of the Syracuse City Epworth Union.

Rev. A. H. Thompson, Rev. J. W. R. Sumwalt, and Rev. Don S. Colt were down for addresses at the Baltimore Conference League anniversary.

Bishop Foss went through his round of Kansas Conferences in splendid health. In fact, he appears to be better than he has been for several years.

Dr. C. M. Giffin of Scranton, Pa., has returned from his southern trip greatly refreshed. His great Elm Park congregation rejoices to have him back.

Dr. William I. Haven of the American Bible Society addressed several of the conferences in Missouri and Kansas, and was most cordially received.

Rev. M. C. Hickman, who has been pastor at Jennings, La., is now pastor at La Porte, Tex. His friends at Jennings presented him a fine gold watch.

Dr. J. T. Crippen of the Upper Iowa Conference will celebrate in July his ministerial jubilee. He has dedicated ninety-two churches in his useful career.

Rev. S. B. Keeney of Harford, N. Y., is to take a superannuate relation at the coming session of the Wyoming Conference. He has made an honorable record.

Dr. A. E. Buriff of Council Bluffs, Ia., has preached some stirring sermons against the Sunday

saloon in that city. Sunday closing has been at last attained.

Dr. C. S. Nusbaum begins his sixth year in the pastorate of First Church, Ottawa, Kan. The elegant new church edifice will be ready for dedication within a few weeks.

Andrew Carnegie has offered to pay all expenses incurred by those students of Cornell University who were the victims of the recent epidemic of typhoid fever at Ithaca.

Dr. James O. Wilson of St. Andrew's Church, New York, was presented a check for \$2,600 at the conclusion of the last prayer-meeting of his seven-years' pastorate.

Dr. Judson S. Hill of Morristown, Tenn., is spending some days in Chicago in the interest of his school. He receives an annual gift from the Union Church of Kenwood, Chicago.

Miss Bertha May Clark, Baltimore, and Miss Nancy Higginbotham Catching, Atlanta, Ga., have received the two fellowships given annually by the Woman's College of Baltimore.

Mr. E. E. Clark of Cedar Rapids, Ia., chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, who was a member of the anthracite strike commission, becomes assistant secretary of commerce.

Miss Adams, the granddaughter of President John Adams, has just celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday. She has witnessed the inauguration of every president from John Adams to Grover Cleveland.

Mrs. W. F. Sheridan of Louisville, Ky., teaches a young men's Bible-class which has an enrollment of 200. She is a most effective and popular teacher, as every member of her great class will gladly testify.

Mr. J. W. Powell of Buffalo, the church-debt annihilator, has sold out his commission business, and will devote his entire time to the church-debt business. Mr. Powell continues to be a phenomenal success.

Secretary Edwin Locke of the Kansas Conference is a hustler from Hustler Center. He began to send out the printed minutes—an eighty-page pamphlet—within two weeks after the conference adjourned.

Dr. H. J. Coker goes from the presiding-eldership of the Emporia District to the pastorate of First Church, Chanute, Kan. The doctor was urged to accept another district, but he turned eagerly to the pastorate.

Mr. Thomas Neall of Kent, O., who died last month, left by his will \$20,000 to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for use in India. He also left \$20,000 to the various hospitals of Cleveland, O.

Dr. John Thompson, pastor of Grace Church, Chicago, has just returned from the Pacific Coast, where he was the guest of Mr. Joseph Stubbs, one of his members, and a prominent official of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Rev. Charles L. Bovard made war upon the gamblers at Helena, Mont. They became enraged, and sent him warning that they would dynamite his house. But Bovard did not become alarmed and move out. The Bovards are not that kind.

Dr. C. W. Millard has a plan which contemplates the unification of the three churches on the west side of New York, the disposal of their properties, and with the proceeds the erection of a building after the fashion of Tremont Temple, Boston.

Mr. T. S. Lippy of Seattle has been in attendance upon a Y. M. C. A. Convention at San Francisco, and spoke on "A financial study." He argued that only as we overcome selfishness, covetousness, and the love of money can we abide in Christ, and have his Spirit abiding in us.

Dr. B. W. Hutchinson, president of Lima (N. Y.) Seminary, visited his old conference, the New England Southern. He accepted an invitation to speak at the educational anniversary. That doctor has very definite and correct notions about the mission of the Christian college.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who has been in an English prison for thirteen years, under sentence of imprisonment for life, will probably be released next year. Mrs. Maybrick is an American woman who was charged with poisoning her husband. Her case has aroused much sympathy ever since her imprisonment began. A great many people are confident that she is innocent.

▲The late Chester C. Corbin of Boston left \$5,000 to each of the following organizations: Wesleyan Academy, Boston University, the Missionary Society, the Board of Church Extension, Freedmen's

Aid Society, the New England Home for Little Wanderers, and the Boston City Missionary and Church Extension Society, besides \$2,500 to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and \$17,500 to the Methodist Church of Webster, Mass. This does not exhaust the list of his benefactions.

METHODIST MENTION.

At Indiana, O., a new organ, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, has just been installed.

First Church, Omaha, is getting ready to be jubilant. The \$40,000 debt has nearly all been provided for.

First Church and Grace Church, Des Moines, Ia., each held special Lenten services on the first eleven days of this month.

Newton, Ia., raised \$686 on March 29, on a benevolent apportionment of \$648, under the leadership of Presiding-elder J. C. Willits.

The church at Sac City, Ia., which was dedicated on March 17, is a model of modern church construction. It was dedicated without debt.

The new church at Gilden, Ia., which is to be dedicated next month by Bishop Hamilton, is valued at \$27,500, and will seat 700 people.

Miss Catherine Johnsthor of St. Paul, Neb., has forwarded through her pastor, Rev. P. T. Yost, a contribution of \$300 to the Missionary Society.

The revival services at Christ Church, Denver, have greatly helped all departments of the church. Rev. J. W. Mahood and Mr. Large assisted Dr. H. E. Warner, the pastor.

A portrait of Bishop Levi Scott has been hung in the board rooms of the Missionary Society in New York. It is the gift of the sons of Rev. Alfred T. Scott of Wilmington Conference, who are grandsons of the bishop.

Central Pennsylvania Conference this year has an advance of \$3,500 in its missionary collections. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that much of the conference territory is in the region of the recent anthracite strike.

During the week before Easter Bishop Hoss of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishop Hartzell conducted a remarkable series of daily services in St. James Church, Chicago. Since the first of January 165 members have been added to this church.

Trinity Church, Cincinnati, has had an addition of 150 members to the Sunday-school and thirty-three to the church as a result of a three-weeks' campaign. Mr. B. H. Cox of Kansas City engineered a house-to-house visitation, which was fruitful of great good.

A great revival has swept over Oberlin, Kan. Some 250 conversions are reported. During the services a "midweek Sabbath" was observed, during which all business was suspended in the interest of the meetings. Many leading business men are among the converts.

The church at Eureka Springs, Ark., has had the services recently of several brethren who were visiting that resort in search of rest and recreation. Rev. Parker Shields of Quincy, Ill., and Rev. W. T. Beadles, presiding-elder of the Quincy District, Illinois Conference, each rendered helpful service.

The church and league chapter at Carroll, Ia., were blessed recently by a fine revival. Many were led to a reconsecration, a goodly number of adults and a large number of Sunday-school scholars were converted, and the church quickened as it has not been before for years. The pastor, W. J. Stratton, is president of the Boone District Epworth League.

There is a movement on foot in Chicago to put scripture text cards in all the street-cars and elevated cars, after the fashion of the enterprising advertiser. Cards have been displayed on two lines for the last year and a half, and the work is being rapidly extended. It is estimated that an expense of \$750 per month will keep one of these cards in every surface and elevated car in the city. Dr. A. D. Traveller is one of the advisers of the movement, and Mr. John H. Hunter, 80 Institute Place, Chicago, is the treasurer.

It ought to be of interest to all Americans, and especially to all Methodists, that Dr. Hastings, the learned editor of Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," in the March issue of *The Expository Times*, gave a list, for the use of librarians and ministers, of the best commentaries on each book of the Bible. He selected Coburn's "Ezekiel" (Whedon series) as the best commentary published for students on that most difficult book of the Bible, with Toy (Polychrome Bible) or Davidson (Cambridge Bible) as second choice. And yet some ministers think it a sign of scholarship to buy foreign commentaries, and ignore those which are home-grown. And other ministers are insisting that in this age of the world a man cannot excel as a pastor, or even

Supplement to The Epworth Herald

Chicago and New York, April 18, 1903

Report of the Committee on the Unification of the Publishing-houses of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Appointed at the Session of the Book Committee, February, 1902, and Approved by the Book Committee at Its Session held in New York City, February, 1903.

To the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

At your meeting of February, 1902, held in Cincinnati, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed by the Chairman to consider the possibility of the unification of the Publishing-houses, with request for report on the subject at an executive session of February, 1903."

Under this resolution, the undersigned were appointed, and respectfully submit the following report, the theory of which is the concentration of thought, effort, and capital in the manufacturing department, without diminishing either in the sales or distributing departments of the business.

As the elimination of all suggestion of sectional lines and divided administration will tend to focalize responsibility in the Publishing Agent, as well as serve to broaden the interest and secure the co-operation of the members of the Book Committee in the Book Concern, rather than on either of the Publishing-houses, all mention of either an Eastern or Western House, or an Eastern or Western section of the Book Committee, is omitted from the suggestion herein made.

Your Committee disavows at the outset any disposition to go beyond the scope of this resolution, and if in presenting the conclusions growing out of its investigations there appear somewhat lengthy historic statements, they are submitted with the view of securing a clear understanding of the whole matter rather than to persuade favor or argue the question.

Whether our present organization admits of the "publishing" interests being managed "as the interests of the Church require," is not a new question. The consolidation or unification of the Publishing-houses has been much in the thought of the Church, has been the subject of special attention by several General Conferences, and was a question before the Book Committee in 1894 or 1895.

Heretofore the statement of the question has been dual: "Is it advisable?" "Is it practicable, if advisable?" Opinions were divided. Some thought it advisable, but not practicable; others thought it practicable, but not advisable; while still others thought it both advisable and practicable; and still others, neither. It was to be expected that under these circumstances an adverse report would be made, and not unreasonable that a strong minority report should also be presented; Mr. Clem Studebaker, a former honored member of the Book Committee, and a man of remarkable business abilities, being strongly in favor of unification.

It is a matter of doubt whether there has been such an investigation of the conditions lying at the foundation of this question as its gravity and importance demand.

The excitement and pressure of a General Conference session are altogether unfavorable to such investigations, and important legislation is consequently either superficially done or left entirely undone. It is for this reason your Committee has gone into its historic detail so much at the expense of your time, in its effort to place this important matter clearly before you, the primary object being to show that while the dissemination of Christian knowledge was a part of the original purpose of the publishing business, it was only a part, and not the whole of that purpose.

THE ORIGIN AND OBJECTS OF THE BOOK CONCERN.

The first mention of the publishing interests of the Church is in the first edition of the Discipline (1787), as follows:

"TITLE OF SECTION XXXI.

"On the printing of Books, and the Application of the Profits Arising Therefrom.

"As it has been frequently recommended by the Preachers and People that such books as are wanted, be printed in this country, we therefore propose:

"1. That the advice of the Conference shall be desired concerning any valuable impressions, and their consent be obtained before any steps be taken for the Printing thereof.

"2. That the Profits of the Books, after all the necessary Expenses are defrayed, shall be applied according to the discretion of the Conference, towards the College, the Preachers' Fund, the Deficiencies of the Preachers' Salaries, the distant Missions, or the Debts of our Churches."

In 1790 Section 2 of the above was changed so as to read as follows:

"2. That the profits of the books, after all the expenses are defrayed, shall be applied as the Bishop and the Council shall direct."

In 1792 the provisions of this chapter were considerably elaborated, but that which relates to our inquiry is as follows:

"Ques. 1. Who is appointed to manage the Printing business?

"Ans. John Dickins.

"Ques. 4. Who shall form the Book Committee?

"Ans. John Dickins, Henry Hillis, Thomas Hoskins, and the Preacher who is stationed in Philadelphia from time to time.

"Ques. 5. How much shall be annually allowed out of the Book Fund for Cokesbury College till the next General Conference?

"Ans. Eight hundred dollars for the ensuing year, and one thousand and forty-six dollars and two-thirds for each of the remaining years.

"Ques. 7. What sum of money is allowed distressed Preachers out of the Book Fund, till the next General Conference?

"Ans. Two hundred and sixty-six dollars and one-third per annum.

"Ques. 9. What sum shall be allowed the Bishop out of the Book Fund, for the benefit of district schools, till the next General Conference?

"Ans. Sixty-four dollars per annum.

"Ques. 10. How shall the surplus of the Book Fund be applied till the next General Conference, after the provisions above named are made?

"Ans. To the forming of a capital stock for the carrying on of the concerns of the books."—(Note "the concerns of the books.")

From the foregoing, it appears "the profits from the printing of books" were applied to various purposes, and only the remainder, if any, to "the forming of a capital stock with which to carry on the business." And here is the first suggestion of the Publishing Agent, of the Book Committee, of the name of the business, and, also, of Restrictive Rule VI.

In 1796 this application of the profits was limited to a single object, as follows:

"Ques. 5. What sum shall be allowed distressed preachers out of the Book Fund till the next General Conference?

"Ans. Two hundred and sixty-six dollars per annum."

A very earnest and interesting Note was also appended to the chapter, of which the following is a part:

"The propagation of religious knowledge by means of the press is next in importance to the preaching of the gospel."

"And in consideration that all of the profits shall be lodged in our Chartered Fund for the benefit of the distressed preachers, both traveling and superannuated, will, we trust, prove a considerable additional inducement to our brethren to purchase our books."

In 1804 this entire chapter was rewritten, and has come down to the present day substantially unchanged.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

The words, The Book Concern, were used by the General Conference as the comprehensive name of our publishing interests for the first time in the year 1800, as will be found by reference to the Journal of that year.

It is of Methodist origin, and not "an importation." By long use it has come to have the full value of a trademark as the title of our publishing interests, and is defensible as such under the laws of our country. The propriety of its continuous use on the title-page of our publications, as our "imprint," in order to perpetuate this value, may not be unworthy the attention of your Committee,—with corresponding instructions to the Publishing Agents.

THE INCORPORATIONS.

The Book Concern has never been incorporated—the Eastern and Western Publishing Agents, and their successors in office, were incorporated. The first reference to incorporation is found in the General Conference Journals of the year 1804, as follows:

"Dr. Coke moved, that the Book Committee and the General Book Steward take such legal steps for security, to the General Conference, of the stock and cash in hand, and of what may be in future in the possession of the General Book Steward, as may appear necessary, to some person or persons well versed in the law of the land, but without any incorporation whatsoever; and if no other security but an incorporation be devised, the matter of security shall lie over to the next General Conference. Carried."

But, for some reason, no steps were taken to carry out this resolution until 1820, when the following resolutions were passed:

"Resolved, By the delegates of the Annual Conferences in General Conference assembled: 1. That it is expedient for the Book Concern to be located in the city of New York.

"Resolved, &c., 2. That the Book Agents be authorized, if they should judge it advisable at any time between this and the next General Conference, with the advice and consent of the superintendents and Book Committee, to purchase a suitable lot of ground in New York City, and, so far as they can do it without going further into debt, to erect buildings thereon proper for the use of the Concern.

"Resolved, &c., 3. That the superintendents be authorized and requested, with the assistance of the Agents and Book Committee, if they shall jointly judge it expedient and necessary, to adopt some measures for the purpose of obtaining an incorporation or incorporations for the better security of the stock of the Concern permanently to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in conformity to the rules and regulations which now are or hereafter may be in our Discipline upon that subject.

"Resolved, &c., 4. That the Book Agents shall have authority to obtain insurance on property belonging to the Concern so far as they may judge it expedient.

"Resolved, &c., 19. That an additional Book Agent shall be appointed, whose duty it shall be to reside in Cincinnati, and manage the Concern in the Western country under the direction of the editor at New York, and who, by virtue of his appointment, shall be a member of the Ohio Annual Conference, under the same regulations by which the agents at New York are members of the New York Annual Conference."

In 1836 there appears the following action:

"The chairman of the select committee to whom was referred the subject of obtaining an act of incorporation for our Book Concern presented and read a report, which was adopted, to wit:

"The committee to whom was referred the twenty-third resolution in the report of the Committee on Book Concern, report:

"That they have examined the opinions of three eminent lawyers, to whom were submitted sundry questions in relation to the manner in which the property of the Book Concern is held in the city of New York; and, taking these opinions as a guide, we recommend to the Conference the adoption of the following resolutions:

"Resolved, 1. That the surviving joint-tenant, the Rev. Beverly Vaughn, be, and he is hereby, requested to convey under the advice of able legal counsel, the real estate which he now holds, in trust, for the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the Revs. Thomas Mason and George Lane, as joint-tenants, and not tenants in common, in trust, for the sole use and benefit of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Resolved, 2. That the said Thomas Mason and George Lane be, and they are hereby, directed to apply to the next legislature of the State of New York for such an act of incorporation as shall secure the real estate in the city of New York, belonging to the Methodist Book Concern, to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be used and applied as the Discipline of said Church shall from time to time prescribe.

"Resolved, 3. That the Book Agents at Cincinnati be, and they are hereby, instructed that whenever it is thought advisable, in conformity with a resolution passed at the present session of this Conference, to purchase a lot for the purpose of erecting buildings for the branch of the Book Concern at Cincinnati, to take measures for securing the premises legally to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be used and applied as the Discipline of said Church shall from time to time direct.

May 27th, 1836.

Respectfully submitted,
N. BANGS, Chairman."

No. 3 of the above resolutions refers immediately to the following, contained in the Report of the Committee on Book Concern, found on page 488, Journal of 1836:

"There shall be an establishment of the Book Concern in the city of Cincinnati, under the superintendence of an agent and an assistant, who shall manage the business in the Western country so as to co-operate with the agents at New York. They shall have authority to publish any book in our catalogue when, in their judgment and that of the Book Committee, it shall be advantageous to the interests of the Church; provided, that they shall not publish type editions of such books as are stereotyped in New York. And there shall be an editor and assistant, who shall have charge of the Western Christian Advocate, and all the editorial business of this establishment, and who, together with the agent and assistant agent, shall be chosen from among the traveling preachers, and, by virtue of their appointment, shall be members of the Ohio Annual Conference. The Book Committee for the establishment shall consist of seven members, including the editors, to be chosen annually by the Ohio Annual Conference, and whose duties shall be the same as those of the Book Committee at New York. And the proceeds of this establishment, with the exception of what may be necessary to conduct the business, shall be paid annually to the agents at New York, to be added to the profits arising from that Concern, and appropriated for the same purposes. In case of removal by death, resignation, or otherwise, of the agents or editors, or any of them, the Ohio Annual Conference shall have authority to appoint a successor until the ensuing General Conference.

"4. That the Book Committee in New York shall consist of all the preachers stationed, for the time being, in that city by the New York Annual Conference, including the editors, the resident corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, and the presiding elder of the district; and that the fifth division in the eighth section of Part One of the Discipline shall be so amended as to read in conformity with this resolution.

"5. That the agents at Cincinnati be authorized, with the advice and consent of the Book Committee, to procure ground, and erect a suitable building for a printing-office, book-room, and bindery; and for this end they shall be allowed to appropriate such moneys in their hands as can be spared, together with any donations that may be made to the Concern in the West for that purpose."

The original purposes for which The Book Concern was instituted seem nowhere in the legislation of the Church to have been changed, but remain the same to-day as an hundred years ago; namely, "for the propagation of Christian knowledge," and "for the benefit of traveling, supernumerary, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, their wives, widows, and children." The fact of two incorporations does not, and could not, affect these purposes. Incorporation must have been designed, therefore, to meet conditions and secure objects which, at the time it was authorized, could be thus better secured than by the organization previously existing. New conditions demanded new adaptations.

Such is the history of the incorporation of the Publishing-houses, the immediate object of which would seem to be to vest in the corporations authorized by these several resolutions, the title to the real estate and other property, rather than continue it in the Agents, as Trustees. (See the Journals.)

It is interesting to note that, while the Book Concern existed in New York City for sixteen years prior to the authorization of an Assistant Agent in Cincinnati, and for twenty years prior to the election of Martin Ruter as "the Book Agent at Cincinnati," the incorporation of both the New York and Cincinnati Agencies was authorized in the same year (1836). These Charters, expiring by limitation in thirty years, both were renewed with "power of perpetual succession," and are the Charters now in force.

Under these Acts of Incorporation and the subsequent provisions of the Discipline, the fundamental condition of "authority to regulate the publications and other business of the Concern" was, and is, that it shall be done, whether by the Book Committee or the Publishing Agents, "as the interests of the Church may require," as follows:

"The General Conference shall quadrennially elect two Agents for the Publishing-house in New York, and two Agents for the Publishing-house in Cincinnati; which Agents shall have authority, under the supervision of the Book Committee, to regulate the publications and other business of the Concern,—except that which belongs to the Editorial Departments,—in such manner as the interests of the Church may require."

These last words seem "to be of the full force and effect of a Constitution," and any consideration of new methods, or a revision of the old, can proceed on no other basis.

It may not be unimportant for us to inquire as to the extent of the supervision of the Book Committee. It is given in Paragraph 420 of the Discipline, as follows:

"Such Committee shall have general supervision of the Publishing Interests of the Church,"—

and "It shall have full power to discontinue any Depository or periodical when the interests of the Church or Book Concern demand it."

It is not now our business to discuss the full significance of these words, further than to say that, as they are of the full force and effect of a Constitution, they may be understood as authorizing the supervision of the administrative acts of those whom the General Conference has authorized, by Paragraph 410 of the Discipline, to "have authority under the supervision of the Book Committee." The "Editorial departments" also seem "under the general supervision of the Book Committee," by Paragraph 421, according to which "the local Committees of New York and Cincinnati, acting jointly, have power to suspend an Agent or Editor, for cause to them sufficient," and "the fourteen members from the districts into which the Annual Conferences are distributed, may remove said Agent or Editor during the intervals of the General Conference," and they are authorized, also, to proceed to fill such vacancy. The further right and duty of the Book Committee to fill the vacancies occurring in its own body can be understood to mean nothing else than full authority to have general supervision over all departments of the Book Concern during the intervals of the General Conference; the only concurrent action mentioned being that of a majority of the Bishops present when a vacancy in an Agency or Editorial office is filled.

The only limitations placed on this authority seem to be "as the interests of the Church and the Book Concern require," and the further limitations of Restrictive Rule VI, which apply to all supervision, whether by the Agents, the Book Committee, or the General Conference itself.

Any suggestion of reorganization, therefore, which in your judgment the interests of the Church or the Book Concern demand, would seem not only possible, but eminently proper.

THE CONDITIONS CHANGED.

It may be well to consider the changes that have occurred in our country since the dual incorporation of the Agencies in 1836. What was then a frontier country, whose "settlements" were envied by the dangers of savagery and semi-civilization, has become, by the expansion of our social, industrial, and political life, successively, "The Far West," "The West," and "The Middle West," filled with teeming fields, bustling cities, busy factories, and millions of active people in almost daily intercourse by means of interlacing systems of railways that have forced the receding frontier of the former days till it has now disappeared far beyond the shores of the Pacific. Time no distance any longer intervene to embarrass immediate business intercourse.

When the incorporations of 1836 were effected there was no railway, mail, or express service by which to reach the scattered people quickly. Transportation, if effected at all, was by the ponderous "Pennsylvania Schooner"—a great four-horse wagon adapted to freighting through the mountains—by the hardly less ponderous "coach," and by means of the still slower and more dangerous water-craft of the coast and river service of that day. The "solitary horse-man," with his mailbag, was then pioneering the way for the shrill whistle of "The Postie." The letter then sent by mail was at a cost of a quarter of a dollar. Every man carried his own parcels, and the electric devices of Morse and Bell were unknown. No express, no telegraph, no telephone.

Since that time, the steam-engine takes the "Ocean Greyhound" across the seas, the "Twentieth-century Flyer" and the "Merchants' Dispatch" across the continent, bearing men and merchandise with precipitate speed, to which the devices of Morse, Bell, and Marconi now add the charm of safety.

This transformation is alluded to only that we may consider and fully realize the wide expanse that lies between the conditions in the business relations of our country to-day and those existent at the time of the fathers, who devoted their best effort to developing what has since become an engine for the dissemination of "Christian knowledge among the people," and, at the same time, a messenger of comfort and helpfulness to the veteran followers of John Wesley and Francis Asbury. They used the best means they knew to accomplish their godly and patriotic work of "scattering Scriptural holiness throughout these lands," that they might make men better. As in those days it was impracticable to carry the productions of the Publishing-house to the people quickly, they determined to have "an establishment in the West, and located it in Cincinnati, then a frontier point. Shall the sons be less wise than their fathers? Or, shall we adapt the Book Concern to the new conditions that now surround it, and by a readjustment extend its power and perpetuate its usefulness?"

WHAT ARE THE NEW CONDITIONS?

Somewhere along what in 1836 was the line of the Western frontier is now found the center of our country's population; and not remote from that, by a singular coincidence, is the center of Methodist population,—the constituency of the Book Concern. Systems of railways converge at these centers, by means of which every crude material required by the publishing interests may be quickly and cheaply assembled, and, having been touched by skillful hands into forms of beauty and utility, be again as quickly distributed, over direct radial lines of railway and express transportation, to the very doorways of the homes of our people.

Here, sheltered from the distracting turmoils and burdensome expense of a more metropolitan center, the artisan may hope to find peace in his craft, comfort in his home, a balance in his bank, and recognition in his social life—always the handmaids of industry and the harbingers of content. So much for the changed conditions in the geographic relations of the country since the incorporation.

Large cities and metropolitan centers are no longer the most desirable points in which to operate great manufacturing enterprises. They no longer possess superior advantages as distributing points. Other points far removed from these centers of costly real estate, costly rents, costly homes, costly modes of living, and consequent high wage-rolls, are now equally central for manufacturing and distributing, therefore vastly preferable as points of production and distribution. Let metropolitan points be used as sales centers, and some one of these cheaper points as the center of productive activity, thus securing direct and focalized supervision over our publishing interests from a single center of production, almost, if not altogether, impossible from two.

With these changes in the physical relations of the various sections of our country have come others equally great in the conditions of the Book Concern itself, and with them problems correspondingly grave.

THE BOOK CONCERN OF TO-DAY.

In an hundred years the Book Concern has grown, from a borrowed capital of \$600, to an investment of over \$3,000,000, and now consists of two separately incorporated Publishing-houses, seven Depositories, eleven official papers, two or more "Special Publishing Commissions," authorized to publish other papers, known as "subsidized papers," besides the Sunday-school, Tract Society, and other publications.

It is all these which, in Paragraph 410, "the two Publishing Agents elected for the Publishing-house in New York, and the two for the House in Cincinnati, shall have authority to regulate," "as the interests of the Church may require;" and over which the Book Committee is appointed to have general supervision in the intervals of the General Conference.

Though two generations have passed, and with them the business methods of that day, the old organization remains, and we still have two Publishing-houses, each armed with a distinct and almost independent corps of administrative officers, either of which would be nearly equal to the needs of both, if under one executive direction.

The condensed statement of the Report of the Agents for the year 1901 is taken to illustrate the investment of the capital of these Houses, as follows:

	New York.	Per Cent.	Cincinnati.	Per Cent.	Total.	Per Cent. of Entire.
Real Estate...	\$1,050,000.00	52.28	\$725,000.00	44.88	\$1,775,000.00	48.98
Merchandise...	121,500.23	06.05	183,900.18	11.88	305,400.41	08.43
Mfg. Dept...	281,070.03	14	216,666.58	13.35	497,736.61	13.70
Furniture and Fixtures...	7,372.00	00.37	14,666.84	00.91	22,038.83	00.61
Notes and Accounts...	534,958.10	26.63	241,447.23	14.94	776,405.33	21.42
Cash...	13,510.75	00.57	135,029.23	08.35	148,539.98	04.10
Fire Reserve...			100,000.00	06.19	100,000.00	02.76
	\$2,008,411.20	100%	\$1,615,910.06	100%	\$3,624,321.26	100%

Or one million seven hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—48.98 per cent of the combined capital—in real estate.

The New York House, having a capital of \$2,008,111.20, has \$1,050,000, or more than one-half its own capital, and nearly one-third the combined capital, in real estate, distributed as follows:

Pittsburg	\$120,000 00
San Francisco	70,000 00
Twentieth Street, New York City	90,000 00
150 Fifth Avenue, New York City	770,000 00
	\$1,050,000 00

The "Joint Rent Account" of 1902 shows that the property at 150 Fifth Avenue yields a gross income of \$66,192.41, which, after deducting expenses, leaves \$16,047.47 net; or 2.08 per cent on an investment of \$770,000. No statement appears for the earnings of the other real estate.

The Cincinnati House, having a capital of \$1,615,710, has \$725,000, or about 45 per cent of its own capital, and over 20 per cent of the combined capital, in real estate, distributed as follows:

Cincinnati	\$285,000 00
Chicago	410,000 00
St. Louis	30,000 00
	\$725,000 00

The "Real Estate Report" of 1902 shows that the property in Cincinnati yields a gross income of \$22,181.22, which, after deducting expenses, leaves \$3,090.56 net; or 1.08- per cent on an investment of \$255,000. That at Chicago shows a gross income of \$42,061.20, which, after deducting expenses, leaves \$23,810.37 net; or 4.43 per cent on an investment of \$410,000.

A part of the deductions are the rents charged against the manufacturing and mercantile departments at New York and Cincinnati as legitimate expenses of the business done in the property by ourselves. As little manufacturing is done in Chicago, more rentable space is available, and that property shows a correspondingly large net income.

Just how so large a real estate investment may have seemed defensible under the limitations of the Sixth Restrictive Rule, or is now justifiable under the commonly observed requirements of good business management, is a question that well deserves the considerate attention of your Committee. The argument of the statements seems to be that the publishing business has been carried on in the interests of real estate rather than for the benefit of the legal beneficiaries and claimants of all the profits of the business not required to carry on the business. That the publishing business, or the interests of the Church, "requires" this investment can hardly be maintained.

That 50 per cent of the entire capital of a manufacturing and mercantile business should be invested in comparatively unproductive real estate, 25 per cent in past due notes and outstanding accounts, 13 1/2 per cent in destructible machinery and implements, while less than 10 per cent is in merchandise, and still less in cash, would be considered an alarming reflection, if not a grave embarrassment, in ordinary business enterprises.

That one-third the amount now invested in real estate would be more than sufficient for the actual requirements of our publishing business, if judiciously applied to one plant located more remotely from metropolitan centers, does not seem doubtful.

UNIFICATION NOT NEW IN THE DISCIPLINE.

But it will be seen by Paragraph 410 that, while the principle of unification is plainly indicated by the law of the Church, provision is made at the same time for conjoint and co-ordinate authority by four executive heads over one business—that of "the Concern." Note the language of this Paragraph:

"¶ 410. The General Conference shall quadrennially elect two Agents for the Publishing-house in New York and two Agents for the Publishing-house in Cincinnati; which Agents shall have authority, under the supervision of the Book Committee, to regulate the publications and other business of the Concern, except that which belongs to the Editorial Departments, in such manner as the interests of the Church may require."

Whatever conditions in the past may have led to it, such an organization is now so extraordinary as barely to escape absurdity, and finds its only defense in the fact that these distinct plants must have been established under conditions totally different from those now existing.

Who will affirm that if the Book Concern were to be organized to-day four Captains would be put at its head? Or, that two incorporations would be provided, each having two Captains?

Coupled with this arrangement, there is necessarily a duplication of employees in the manufacturing, in the accounting, in the sales, in the shipping, and in the mailing departments of the House in New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago—not to speak of other duplications incident to such an organization—the contemplation of which begets a wilderness of astonishment that this strange elaboration should still remain to be told.

A conservative estimate of a part of what may be saved annually by a consolidation of the manufacturing departments and their operation at a single point, serving to illustrate the principle involved, is as follows, the figures being obtained from an expert in the printing departments:

On Sunday-school Periodicals—Saving on electro-plates and make-ready.....	\$10,000 00
On Wages of the various manufacturing plants.....	50,000 00
On Salaries in same departments.....	10,000 00
Combining the Counting-rooms of the Publishing-houses East and West.....	10,000 00
Salaries of Publishing Agents.....	10,000 00
	\$90,000 00

If the Real Estate now occupied by New York Manufacturing Plant were released and rented to other tenants, it would yield..... \$20,000 00

Total annually.....\$110,000 00

The above \$20,000, added to the rents now obtained at New York (\$16,047), would make an income of 43 7/8 per cent, instead of 2 per cent, now received on a valuation of \$770,000.

That occupied in Cincinnati and Chicago for manufacturing purposes, which now yields 1.08- per cent and 4.43 per cent on the valuations, respectively, would easily rent for enough to secure accommodations ample for all the manufacturing now carried on at New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, if our manufacturing plants were concentrated at some point where real estate is less valuable. This is an annual saving of \$110,000.

If, in addition to this, the property now occupied by the publishing interests were released, and rented to other tenants whose business requirements would justify the use of such property, while we obtained by lease or purchase other for our own requirements; or if our Real Estate investment were liquidated and funded into 4 per cent Bonds, while we became tenants rather than landlords, the financial gain is obvious.

It is easy to see that a large saving can also be made by doing the special Sunday-school work and other special work on one set of machines, rather than on two—one in the East, and a duplicate in the West—plus an extra set of men. Nor is it difficult to see that a much larger amount of work per man can be done in a consolidated plant than under our present system.

A wider restriction than your Committee has had opportunity or facilities to make would doubtless reveal other economies not mentioned in this report, but these are thought sufficiently pointed to show the general principle involved.

To harmonize and make uniform the methods of a double force of accountants so remotely adjusted to the work has been, now is, and will continue to be, well-nigh, if not wholly, impossible.

Besides which, such a force, properly concentrated, would seem to be sufficient for business transactions many times larger than those of all our departments.

What shall be said of the needless duplications of printing-presses, engines, bolters, and other appliances, plus the necessary duplication of employees' and other expenses to operate them?

Why should there be two or more purchasing departments with the incidental duplication of stocks of the same material at several points? Over-organization has led to expenditure otherwise needless, in every department of our business, until the elaboration is a weariness.

It is a startling and suggestive fact that there is no similar organization in a correspondingly simple business in this country. With a constituency such as ours, a commercial credit such as ours, and a capital of plus \$3,000,000—if organized and managed on modern lines it should easily do a business of much larger volume at greatly reduced costs and correspondingly large profits.

But what plan for remedy is possible?

1. The release of our present Real Estate from occupancy for manufacturing purposes, and the reduction of that occupied for mercantile purposes, with a view to its utility for rental to other tenants.

2. A reduction of the number of high-salaried executive officers, the number of employees of the Concern, and of expenditures in every department, now almost unavoidably duplicated under our present organization, together with various other outlays that might be avoided by unification.

3. The concentration of executive administration with a view to consequent direct responsibility for the management of the publishing business as an entirety—now almost, if not altogether, impossible.

4. Uniformity and harmony in conducting all Departments of the business, and direct effort to reach from one central point the entire country in the interests of the Book Concern.

5. To bring the management of the business of the Church into harmony with that adopted for other large business of the day; notably, with those that have consolidated their capital, focalized their energy, and concentrated their thought at central points of production, with corresponding adaptation of effort and resources at points of distribution and sale.

For ours is a day of concentration of thought, energy, and capital. It is the age of Brain, Brawn, and Bullion. Under the magic power of this trinity of forces the rock-ribbed mountains have yielded their ores; the obdurate hills have revealed their store-houses of coal and oil; the sterile fields have donned robes of floral beauty and bounteous fruitage; the turbulent waves of the seas have become the peaceful thoroughfares of commerce; while "the invisible powers of the air" leap from their hiding-places and become the messengers of thought, the motive force of the industrial world, and the pilots of the life-burdened craft that plows the uncertain waters that divide the continents of the earth.

Life has become an impetuous activity that knows no abating, and itself abates no difficulties before which courage quails, energy flags, or purpose hesitates.

Nor does it close its highways to any who would seek the summits of human usefulness under a holy inspiration to be the most for God and the best for man.

If this busy world has built its palaces of Industry, set up its Kingdoms of power, and established its supremacy by these means, "how shall we escape if we neglect so great means" to achieve the best we can for those who have trusted tasks to our hands before which they themselves dare not stand?

Your Committee respectfully suggests the revision of the Discipline so as to provide for changes in the present organization of the Book Concern, hereinbefore indicated, briefly summarized above, and hereinafter more fully elaborated into the substitute which follows:

Substitute for Chapter VII of the Discipline, Suggested by the Committee on the Unification of the Publishing-houses, and Approved by the Book Committee at Its Session held in New York City, February, 1903.

THE BOOK CONCERN.

1. The General Conference shall authorize and establish The Book Concern, and shall quadrennially elect, as hereinafter provided, the Book Committee, the Book Cabinet, the Publishing Agent, the Editor of all official publications of the Church, not otherwise provided for, and shall appoint or authorize and direct such Special Publishing Committees as it may determine, and shall have general control and direction of the Book Concern and all other publishing interests of the Church.

THE BOOK COMMITTEE.

2. The General Conference shall elect a Committee to be known as The Book Committee, which in the intervals of the General Conference shall have general supervision of the publishing interests of the Church, examine and report into their condition and make report of the same to the Annual Conference and to the General Conference.

2. The Book Committee shall consist of one member from each of the General Conference Districts into which the Annual Conferences are distributed, and of those who are elected as members of the Book Cabinet.

4. Beginning with the year A. D. 1900, the General Conference shall quadrennially elect one member from each of the Districts which have been numbered by the General Conference with even numbers, to serve for a term of four years; and one member from each of the Districts which have been numbered by that body with odd numbers, to serve for a term of eight years. After that time, each General Conference shall elect a successor for each member, whose term is expiring, to serve for a term of eight years, and shall also fill for the unexpired term any vacancy that may have occurred in the Committee during the interval of the General Conference.

5. Vacancies occurring in the Book Committee during the intervals of the General Conference, occasioned by the death of a member, or his transfer, or removal beyond the bounds of the District to which he belonged, or by expulsion from his Conference, or by his separation from the Church, shall be filled, from the same Conference territory, until the next General Conference, by the Committee, at its next session succeeding such death, transfer, removal, expulsion, or separation, and the Committee may determine at what time during such session the vacancy shall be filled.

6. The Book Committee shall also provide, until the next General Conference, for any vacancies that may occur during the intervals of the General Conference, in the Publishing or Editorial Departments authorized by the General Conference, as soon as practicable; provided, that at least three of the General Superintendents shall be present; and provided, further, that a majority of the General Superintendents present shall concur.

7. The General Superintendents shall vote separately from the Committee, and shall participate in the discussions only by and with the consent of the Committee.

8. The Book Committee shall convene in annual session on the second Wednesday of February, and beginning with New York City, the sessions shall be held in New York City, Cincinnati, and Chicago in rotation. The Book Cabinet shall meet in annual session on the Tuesday preceding the meeting of the Book Committee. But if this order shall for any cause be interrupted, the Chairman shall select the place of the meeting and advise the members accordingly.

9. The Book Committee shall have full power to discontinue any Depository or Publication when in its judgment the interests of the Church and The Book Concern demand it. But such action shall not be taken except by a three-fourths vote of the Committee present, and notice of such contemplated action having been given the Publishing Agent.

10. The Book Committee shall have power to elect a Censor, who shall be known as the Book Editor, whose duty it shall be to edit all manuscript offered the Agent for publication in Book form, and report to the Book Cabinet.

11. The Book Committee shall also have power to order expenses curtailed in any department of The Book Concern when it deems it necessary for the welfare of the same; and when such action as above specified shall have been taken, the Publishing Agent shall proceed at once to carry out the instructions of the Committee.

12. It shall be the duty of the Book Committee to fix the salaries of the Bishops, as hereinafter directed, of the Publishing Agent, of the Sub-Agents, and of the Official Editors not otherwise provided

for. And it shall also determine the amounts to be allowed the several periodicals for correspondence.

13. It shall be the duty of the Book Committee to make an estimate of the amount necessary to furnish a sufficient salary to each Effective Bishop. In fixing the allowance for Superannuated Bishops, and for the widows of Bishops, the Committee shall inquire carefully into the financial condition of each one of them, and fix the allowance in each case at such a sum as may be required for their comfortable support; provided, the amount so fixed for a Superannuated Bishop shall not exceed one-half the amount of his salary during the last year in which he was classed as Effective.

14. The Book Committee shall apportion the aggregate sum required to be raised for the Episcopal Fund among the Annual Conferences, on the basis of the total amount raised in the respective Annual Conferences for ministerial support, exclusive of missionary appropriations, and the Annual Conferences shall apportion the same to the several Districts, and the District Stewards, to the several charges.

THE BOOK CABINET.

15. The General Conference shall elect quadrennially a Book Cabinet, consisting of nine members, three of whom shall be from New York City or vicinity, three from Cincinnati or vicinity, and three from Chicago or vicinity, which shall be the Advisory Board of the Publishing Agent. The Publishing Agent shall be ex-officio President of the Book Cabinet, but shall have no vote except to decide a tie vote. The Publishing Agent shall neither preside nor vote during the investigation of the official conduct of himself or of an Editor, as hereinafter provided. The Auxiliary Depositories shall be in charge of Superintendents who, being annually nominated by the Publishing Agent, may be elected and their salaries fixed by the Book Cabinet.

16. The Book Cabinet shall attend to all matters referred to it by the Agent or Editors for its advice or counsel.

17. It shall be the duty of the three members of the Book Cabinet elected from New York City or vicinity, Cincinnati or vicinity, and Chicago or vicinity, to advise the Sub-Agent at these places respectively in all matters relating to the business under his charge.

18. The Book Cabinet shall have power to suspend the Publishing Agent or an Editor for cause to them sufficient, and a time shall be fixed at an early day as practicable, for the investigation of the official conduct of said Agent or Editor; due notice of which shall be given by the Chairman of the Book Committee to the Bishops, who shall select one of their number to be present and preside at the investigation.

19. The investigation shall be before the fourteen members from the districts into which the Annual Conferences are distributed, or a majority of them; two-thirds of whom present and voting may remove said Agent or Editor from office, in the interval of the General Conference.

THE BOOK CONCERN.

20. The Book Concern comprises the publishing interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and shall consist of one Publishing-house, the Depositories, and the Publications, authorized and established by the General Conference from time to time.

THE PUBLISHING-HOUSE.

21. The Publishing-house shall be established and located as the General Conference may determine, and shall be incorporated under the corporate name, The Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and shall be the successor of the "Methodist Book Concern in New York City," and of "The Western Methodist Book Concern."

THE DEPOSITORIES.

22. There shall be a Principal Depository of The Book Concern located in New York City, in Cincinnati, and in Chicago, for the sale and distribution of the publications; and Auxiliary Depositories at such other points as the General Conference may from time to time direct.

23. The Principal Depositories shall each be under the direction of a Sub-Agent who shall be elected annually by the Book Committee, to which he shall be amenable for his official conduct.

24. The Principal Depositories under the supervision of the Book Cabinet shall be the principal distributors of the publications, and shall be supplied by the Publishing Agent in such manner and in such quantities as the Book Cabinet may direct, subject to the approval of the Book Committee.

25. The Auxiliary Depositories shall be under the immediate direction of the Sub-Agent of the Principal Depository nearest to which they may be located respectively, and shall receive their supplies from such Depository, unless otherwise directed by the Book Committee.

26. There shall be Auxiliary Depositories of our books and other publications at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; at Boston, Massachusetts; at San Francisco, California; at Detroit, Michigan; and at Kansas City, Missouri; under the jurisdiction of The Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They shall be furnished by the Publishing Agent with the supplies of the books of our General Catalogue, Sunday-school Books, Tracts, and other publications, to be sold for The Book Concern under the direction of the Agent and Book Cabinet.

27. Full statements shall be made by the Superintendents of the Auxiliary Depositories to the respective Sub-Agents having charge of these Depositories at such dates as shall be fixed by the Sub-Agents, and shall show the amount of sales made and expenses incurred—distinguishing cash sales from those made on credit—and, after deducting all expenses incident to the transportation, management, and sale of the books at the Auxiliary Depositories, from the amount of sales, the net proceeds shall be sent promptly to the Sub-Agent having charge thereof. And annual statements shall also be made of the amount of stock on hand, taken at its cash value.

28. No books shall hereafter be sold on commission, either from New York, Cincinnati, or Chicago, or from any Auxiliary Depository or establishment under our direction.

THE PUBLISHING AGENT.

29. The General Conference shall quadrennially elect one Publishing Agent, who, under the supervision of the Book Committee and the Book Cabinet, shall have authority to regulate all departments of the publishing business as the interests of the Church may require,—excepting those which belong to the Editorial departments. The several Editorial departments, under the general supervision of the Book Committee, shall be regulated by the Editors elected from time to time, by the General Conference, to have editorial charge of the authorized publications of the Church,—other than books.

30. The Publishing Agent shall be the principal executive officer of The Book Concern, and, under the supervision of the Book Committee, shall select such assistants as he may need, and shall have authority to regulate the publications and sales and such other business of The Book Concern as may belong to his department. But that which pertains to the Editorial departments of the business, under the supervision of the Book Committee, shall be regulated by the Editors elected by the General Conference to have charge over such departments. In cases of difference or dispute, the Book Committee shall have power to decide—subject to the final decision of the General Conference.

31. The Publishing Agent is authorized, by and with the consent of at least sixteen (16) members of the Book Committee in session, to purchase or sell such Real Estate as may be deemed

advisable for the interests of The Book Concern and the Church, provided at least ten days notice of such contemplated action has been given to said Committee.

32. The Publishing Agent shall publish such books, tracts, periodicals, etc., as are ordered by the General Conference or by the Book Committee, and shall make uniform prices for all our books and publications at all of the Depositories, unless otherwise ordered by the Book Cabinet.

33. The Publishing Agent may publish such Tracts authorized by the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church as, in his judgment, the interests of the Church and The Book Concern may require.

34. The Publishing Agent shall keep an accurate account with each department of the business separately and with each periodical under his supervision, and shall set forth in his annual reports to the Annual Conferences and to the General Conference an accurate account of the same, as directed by the Book Committee.

35. The Publishing Agent shall furnish the Book Cabinet, at each of their meetings, a full and satisfactory statement of the business, and present for examination the vouchers for all payments made; and he shall afford the Cabinet every possible facility for a full and intelligent understanding of the business.

36. The Publishing Agent shall annually take an account of the stock of The Book Concern, including in the inventory all the assets of the Publishing-house and Depositories of whatever nature, estimated at their cash value, as shall be agreed upon by the Publishing Agent and the Book Cabinet, or as directed by the Book Committee, and it shall contain a full and detailed statement of all liabilities, profits, and losses.

37. All the Real Estate belonging to The Book Concern shall be appraised by the Book Cabinet at the beginning of each quadrennium, and this valuation shall not be changed during the quadrennium, except by the purchase or sale, improvement or destruction of property, and shall be so carried into the statements annually and quadrennially made, until changed by the Book Cabinet.

38. The Publishing Agent shall hand over to his successor in office such statement of assets and liabilities as shall be approved and certified by the Book Cabinet, and shall thereupon be entitled to receive a proper voucher therefor.

39. The Publishing Agent shall give his undivided attention to the duties of his office, and shall require of his assistants and employees the faithful performance of the work assigned to them.

40. The Annual Conference shall appoint a Committee which, in the absence of the Publishing Agent or his appointee, shall attend to the collection of the accounts forwarded from The Book Concern, and make accurate and prompt return of the same. Every Presiding Elder and Pastor shall do all in his power to collect debts due The Book Concern, and any Minister or Member of our Church indebted to The Book Concern shall refuse or neglect to make payment or come to a just settlement, upon proper report thereof, he shall be dealt with in the same manner as in other cases of debt or disputed accounts.

41. The profits arising from The Book Concern, after a sufficient capital to carry on the business is retained, as annually determined by the Book Committee after full conference with the Publishing Agent, shall be regularly applied to the relief of Effective, Superannuated, and Superannuated Ministers, their wives, widows, and children. The Publishing Agent shall every year forward to each Annual Conference a statement of the dividend to which it is entitled, together with a draft for the same.

42. The appropriations made by the General Conference or the dividends authorized by the Book Committee shall be paid as the General Conference or the Book Committee may from time to time direct.

SPECIAL PUBLISHING COMMITTEES.

43. The California Christian Advocate shall be published at San Francisco, California, by a Commission appointed by the Book Committee, to whom a report shall be made annually.

44. There shall be a Publishing Committee for The Pittsburg Christian Advocate, consisting of three members from the Pittsburg Conference, two from the Erie Conference, two from the East Ohio Conference, and two from the West Virginia Conference, to be chosen by the General Conference. The Committee shall fix the salary of the Editor, keep an account of the receipts and expenditures for the paper, and shall report annually its financial condition to the patronizing Conferences and to the Book Committee. A copy of said report shall also be sent to the Publishing Agent, and any balance remaining after defraying current expenses shall be subject to the order of said Agent, and be included in his Annual Reports.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

45. The General Conference shall elect quadrennially an Editor for each of the following periodicals:

The Methodist Review, The Christian Advocate, The Pittsburg Christian Advocate, The Southwestern Christian Advocate, The Western Christian Advocate, The Northwestern Christian Advocate, The Central Christian Advocate, The Epworth Herald, The Christian Apologist, The Pacific Christian Advocate, and Haus und Herd.

46. These shall be known as the official organs of the Church, and shall be under the editorial management respectively of the Editors elected thereto by the General Conference or by the Book Committee. The Editors shall give their undivided attention to the duties of their office.

47. The Editor of Haus und Herd shall also be Editor of German Sunday-school books, periodicals, and tracts.

R. T. MILLER, Esq., Cincinnati, O.
J. E. ANDRUS, Esq., Yonkers, N. Y.
G. F. BOVARD, D. D., Los Angeles, Cal.
C. C. WILBOR, D. D., Syracuse, N. Y.
E. B. RAWLS, D. D., Indianapolis, Ind.

Committee on Unification.

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II. Rev. Henry Spellmeyer.....97 Fourth Avenue, Newark, N. J.
III. Rev. Carlton C. Wilbor.....1111 E. Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
IV. Rev. W. L. McDowell.....2134 N. Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
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VII. Mr. Oscar P. Miller.....Rock Rapids, Iowa.
VIII. Rev. John E. Farmer.....537 Oak Street, Appleton, Wis.
IX. Rev. Robert A. Carnine.....The Ethlyn Hotel, Denver, Col.
X. Rev. E. B. Rawls.....The Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.
XI. Mr. Hanford Crawford.....4396 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.
XII. Rev. G. C. Logan.....Box 179, Corinth, Miss.
XIII. Mr. H. A. Salzer.....La Crosse, Wis.
XIV. Rev. Geo. F. Bovard.....1329 Linwood Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Mr. John E. Andrus.....Yonkers, N. Y.
Mr. Thos. J. Preston.....160 Park Avenue, Orange, N. J.

LOCAL COMMITTEE IN CINCINNATI.

Mr. Richard Dymond.....742 W. Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mr. James N. Gamble.....Union Trust Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mr. Robert T. Miller.....504 Johnston Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

as a preacher, if he keeps up his critical studies. Dr. Coburn succeeds in holding his pulpit, and does not neglect either pastoral work or revival work.

The people of Preston Church, Detroit, dedicated their handsome auditorium Sunday, March 29. Pres. J. W. Bashford preached the morning sermon, and Dr. George Elliott that of the evening. The finances were attended to by Joseph W. Powell of Buffalo. Eight thousand dollars had been provided, and it was necessary to raise \$23,000 more to clear the church. There was raised during the day over \$24,000. The new church is one of the most complete in Detroit.

The Philadelphia City Missionary and Church Extension Society is doing a great work. It has added to Philadelphia Methodism fifteen churches, and saved to it three others. In these are 3,000 members and 5,200 Sunday-school scholars. The property valuation is \$275,000. It is conducting missionary work among the French, Hebrew, Italian, Polish, Russian, and Swedish population of the city. For these there are, besides regular religious services, boys' clubs, cooking-schools, gymnasiums, Harold kindergarten, laundering hours, children's luncheons, temperance meetings, mothers' meetings, reading-rooms, savings fund, and sewing-schools. Special care is given to the sweat-shop district.

It will be recalled by students of missionary history that the work at Wyandot Mission resulted in the organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church more than eighty years ago. A missionary convention was held March 23, at Upper Sandusky, O., the site of the historic mission. The convention, which was held in connection with the district conference, had some of the features of a pilgrimage. The principal speakers were: Dr. J. C. Floyd, Mrs. J. F. Hayner of Tientsin, China; Mrs. Martelliet Elliot of Poona, India; Rev. J. M. Avann of Delaware, O.; Rev. J. W. Waugh of Lucknow, India; Rev. Dr. A. E. Smith of Marion, O.; Mrs. Della L. Williams of Delaware, O.; Rev. C. L. Bare of Lucknow, India; Rev. Morris Ehnes of Umtali, East Africa; Mrs. Jennie T. Waugh of Lucknow, India; Rev. Dr. L. K. Warner, presiding-elder of Mansfield District; Mrs. B. R. Cowen of Cincinnati, and Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard of the Missionary Society. During the convention a meeting was held in the restored mission church, when the history and results of the mission were recalled.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

The chapter at Niobrara, Neb., after two years of inaction, has been reorganized and revived, with a most favorable outlook.

THE EPWORTH HERALD subscription list from St. Paul, Neb., has been increased by twenty-four names, through the efforts of the pastor, Rev. J. P. Yost.

On Nov. 27 representatives from most of the chapters of Kansas City, Kan., met at the Central-avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, where a subdistrict missionary rally was held. Mr. Terry Brigham of Kansas City, Mo., Miss Ida Bohannon of Mexico, and Mrs. Dr. Dease of India encouraged the company in the belief that it is possible to "evangelize the world in this generation." Several chapters reported both libraries and study-classes, and the prospect is good for more. The district cabinet offers to the chapter conducting the most successful mission study class a large map of the world. The prize will be given at the next convention, and it is hoped that many chapters will compete for this map. It will be given to the chapter having the largest average attendance of class membership.

MINNEAPOLIS DISTRICT ITEMS.

Foss and Lake Street Chapters are conducting helpful Bible-study classes.

Franklin-avenue has added twenty to its membership list as a result of a contest.

The Central German Chapter is affiliating with the district organization, and is always represented at the district meetings now.

Several chapters are having group pictures taken for the new "District Manual," soon to be issued. The chapters outside the city have been especially prompt in sending in their pictures.

The president of this district, Mr. W. G. Calderwood, read a paper before the preachers' meeting Monday morning, March 30, on "Creed, trust, deed," and by request of the preachers the paper will be published.

Miss Grace C. Blood, second vice-president of the district, had a committee meeting of the second vice-presidents a short time ago, and as a result of this meeting some new lines of work will be under-

taken by the mercy and help departments this season. Reading tables, supplied with good papers and magazines, will be placed in railway stations, and there will be some Epworth League flowerbeds, the products of which will be devoted to mercy and help work, and Asbury Hospital. Representatives of two chapters will call at the hospital each day with their contributions of flowers.

The bi-monthly meeting for May will be an anniversary celebration, and General Secretary Berry will deliver the address. Upon invitation of Fowler Chapter, the meeting will be held in that church.

A series of subdistrict socials has been announced for this spring, and the first of these was held at Fowler Church Tuesday evening, March 31. It took the form of a mid-summer picnic, and the ladies came dressed in white, with fans and umbrellas, as for a sure-enough picnic. A program of sports included a paper race, potato race, three-legged race, and some guessing and voting contests. The entertaining chapter was at great pains to decorate the parlors to simulate picnic grounds, and served refreshments in baskets in true picnic fashion.

The city chapters take turns at conducting services at Asbury Hospital on Sunday afternoons, and many chapters also have certain evenings when they take charge of the meetings at Union Mission and Florence Crittenton Home. North Church young people were at the hospital the last Sunday in March and the first Sunday in April. First Church Chapter sent its young men to conduct the services, following a suggestion of Miss M. Lotte Whittaker, second vice-president. It would seem that the singing and speaking by male voices were especially pleasing to the patients and attendants, for a change, as Miss Whittaker received more than the usual quota of thanks.

The Minneapolis District Union has not forgotten the International Convention to be held in Detroit in July, but on the contrary is much interested in taking an enthusiastic crowd of Epworthians from the district and state. A manual is to be issued by the district cabinet in the interests of this convention, similar to the one issued two years ago in the interests of the convention held in San Francisco. This book will contain details regarding the trip, as well as pictures of the officers of all the local chapters in the district. The last regular bi-monthly meeting at Wesley Church was also in the interests of the convention. Rev. F. W. Hart, pastor of Western-avenue Church, delivered an address which made his hearers more than ever anxious to go.

For the first time since its organization the Minneapolis District will hold a district convention. It now has an appropriate place for such a meeting at Lake Minnetonka, where the Methodist young people have purchased a large tract of land for an assembly grounds. A committee, of which Mr. Charles R. Ellis, past president of the district, is chairman, has a program already outlined for a three-day convention commencing June 19. Dr. Wm. Fielder, our presiding-elder, Mr. W. A. Olds of Wesley Chapter and Dr. C. P. Berkey of First Church Chapter, are working with Mr. Ellis on the committee, and already announce a program of sports for Saturday afternoon, with a moonlight excursion on the lake in the evening. A pavilion and several cottages will be built on the grounds

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during the spring, and the season promises to be a busy one.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

April 20.—Cambridge District, Hudson, Mass.
April 28-30.—Nevada Mission Conference, Reno, Nev.
April 29-May 1.—New Jersey Conference, Tabernacle Church, Camden.
May 4-6.—Perry District Institute, Newkirk, Okla.
May 5-6.—Saginaw Subdistrict Convention, Vassar, Mich.
May 5-7.—Enid District, Woodward, Okla.
May 6-8.—Omaha District, Gretna, Neb.
May 12.—New York District, North Tarrytown, N. Y.
May 15-17.—St. Paul District, Faribault, Minn.
May 15-17.—Platteville District, Mineral Point, Wis.
May 22-23.—Cazenovia District, Cortland, N. Y.
June 1-3.—Vincennes District, Bicknell, Ind.
June 1-3.—Des Moines District, Winterset, Ia.
June 3-5.—Keokuk District, Eldon, Ia.
June 4-5.—Altoona District, Curwensville, Pa.
June 4-5.—Allegheny District, Allegheny, Pa.
June 9-10.—Connersville District, Rushville, Ind.
June 9-11.—Guthrie District, Hennessey, Okla.
June 9-11.—Goshen District, Bourbon, Ind.
June 10-12.—El Reno District, Lawton, Okla.
June 10-12.—Galesburg District, Carthage, Ill.
June 16-17.—Richmond District, Middletown, Ind.
June 16-18.—Joliet District, Joliet, Ill.
June 16-18.—Lafayette District Institute, Otterbein, Ind.
June 16-18.—Muncie District, Alexandria, Ind.
June 16-18.—Oklahoma City District, Tecumseh, Okla.
June 16-18.—Hastings District, Superior, Neb.
June 17-18.—Evansville District, New Harmony, Ind.
June 17-18.—Mattoon District, Oakland, Ill.
June 17-18.—Poughkeepsie District, Tivoli, New York.
June 18-19.—Harrisburg District, Mechanicsburg, Pa.
June 18-21.—Colorado State, Trinity Church, Denver.
June 18-21.—Ashland District, Stanley, Wis.
June 19-21.—Grand Traverse District, Central Lake, Mich.
June 22-24.—Marshalltown District, Conrad, Ia.
June 23-24.—Lancaster District, Basil, O.
June 23-24.—London District Institute, Alton, O.
June 23-25.—Ft. Wayne District Institute, Oshtian, Ind.
June 23-25.—Moore's Hill District, Aurora, Ind.
June 23-25.—Rock Island District, Keokuk, Ill.
June 24-26.—Mansfield District, Ashland, O.
June 24-26.—Council Bluffs District, Council Bluffs, Ia.
June 24-26.—Wheeling District, McMechen, W. Va.
June 25-26.—Boone District, Madrid, Ia.
June 29-July 1.—Decorah and Dubuque Districts, Joint Convention, Fayette, Ia.
July 16-19.—Sixth International Convention, Detroit, Mich.
Aug. 18-20.—Oklahoma Conference, Enid, Okla.

Henry Ward Beecher was exceedingly happy in meeting an insult and turning it to good account. Once he read to an audience various letters received by him during the previous week. One of these contained the single word "Fool." "Now," said Beecher, "I have known many a man to write a letter, and then forget to sign it, but I never knew a man to sign a letter, and then forget to write it."

Why Modify Milk

for infant feeding in the uncertain ways of the novice when you can have always with you a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect cow's milk from herds of native breeds, the perfection of infant food! Use it for tea and coffee.

For the Social Department.

[The following reports of social gatherings were received and prepared for publication by L. A. Robertson, fourth vice-president of the Indianapolis District Epworth League.]

A Peace Council.

Irvington Chapter.—The invitations, which were after the style of "Hiawatha," were handed out informally, and to all, none being slighted. They read as follows:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman."

"Braves and squaws of this fair village,
Of the tribe of Epworth Leaguers,
By these signs we give you welcome.
Ere full seven moons have withered
Count the suns till five and twenty
Have made fierce the heat of noontide;
In the eighth hour of the evening
We will gladly bid you welcome
On the lawn at Mazie Branham's.
Come, but leave behind your hatchet,
Leave the lasso, spear, and war-paint;
Be again a papoose romping,
Play as little paleface children.
Come and see what fate has for you
In the wigwam 'neath the beeches.
Test your skill with bow and arrow;
Come, and bring your friends and welcome."

Slips of paper were prepared with the longest and most unpronounceable Indian names possible to obtain, which were to be pinned on the back of each guest as he arrived, the object being to mix the crowd, as each person must find out what his name was by having someone else read it or spell it, and then pass judgment as to whether the name was that of a squaw or a brave.

Simple children's games were played.

At 9:30 it was announced that the famous magician, Princess Parmachene, would, for the next half-hour, give all who desired audience at the wigwam under the beeches, and at the same time there would be a test of skill with bow and arrows at the other side of the lawn, where a handsome target made by one of the members had been placed. A large watermelon would be awarded to the victor, whose only obligation would be to cut it in as many pieces as there were guests.

One skilled brave succeeded in piercing the bullseye, and when the contest ended there was a lusty call for the prize, when lo! it was discovered that the melon had disappeared from the cooler. A council was called, and it was decided that an enemy was lying somewhere in ambush. Several braves volunteered to form a searching party, and go on the warpath, but the melon soon reappeared as miraculously as it had gone.

Predicaments.

Hall Place Chapter.—Slips of paper were previously prepared, containing the statement of some predicament. About fifty of these were made up, and were drawn promiscuously. The evening was spent listening to what each would do or say were he placed in the predicament suggested by his slip. Here is a sample predicament: "Suppose while in a great hurry to dress to call upon your lady friend, your only collar button should slip from your fingers into the register, what would you do and what would you say?"

Our Anatomy.

Roberts Park Chapter.—Papers containing the following conundrums were passed to each one, and prizes given for highest and lowest number answered:

1. A necessity on a journey. *Trunk.*
2. A small animal. *Hare (hair).*
3. The top of a hill. *Brow.*
4. Where a carpenter keeps his tools. *Chest.*
5. Something he has in it. *Nails.*
6. Part of a saw. *Teeth.*
7. Flowers. *Tulips (two lips).*
8. Pagan churches. *Temples.*
9. Shell-fish. *Muscle.*
10. What a good salve does. *Heals (heels).*
11. Part of a river. *Mouth.*
12. Part of a bell. *Tongue.*
13. That which decides a vote. *Ayes and Noes (eyes, nose).*
14. Necessary part of a school. *Pupils.*
15. A fish. *Sole.*

16. Found in an artist's outfit. *Palette (palate).*
17. Part of a stove-pipe. *Joint.*
18. What soldiers carry. *Arms.*
19. A great achievement. *Feat (feet).*
20. A kind of boat. *Skull (skull).*
21. A letter furnished with bows. *Elbows.*

Names of Wives.

A guessing game similar to the preceding. Adapted by a Fletcher Place Epworthian from the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

- What is the name of the fisherman's wife? *Nettie.*
What is the name of the gardener's wife? *Flora.*
What is the name of the minister's wife? *Mary.*
What is the name of the pianist's wife? *Octavia.*
What is the name of the upholsterer's wife? *Sophia.*
What is the name of the milliner's wife? *Hattie.*
What is the name of the humorist's wife? *Sallie.*
What is the name of the porter's wife? *Carrie.*
What is the name of the sexton's wife? *Belle.*
What is the name of the civil engineer's wife? *Bridget.*
What is the name of the chemist's wife? *Ann Eliza.*
What is the name of the shoemaker's wife? *Peggy.*
What is the name of the dancing master's wife? *Grace.*
What is the name of the life saver's wife? *Caroline.*
What is the name of the astronomer's wife? *Stella.*
What is the name of the gas man's wife? *Meta.*
What is the name of the doctor's wife? *Patience.*
What is the name of the gambler's wife? *Bettie.*

Friday Afternoon at District School.

Irvington Chapter.—Features of this social were an old-fashioned spelling match, in which prizes were given to the lady and gentleman last on the floor; small boys' essays were read by very large boys, and recitations, such as would be expected in a country school, were given. For refreshments, gingerbread and lemonade were served.

A "Swap" Social.

Broadway Chapter.—Each person brought some article tied into a bundle. These were taken up, and afterwards distributed, whereupon each "swapped" his bundle as many times as possible before direction was given to stop. When the "swapping" stopped the packages were opened.

Reception to Graduates.

Fletcher Place Chapter.—This was to enable the Junior graduates to become acquainted with the older Epworthians. Small blank books were passed, and each person secured as many autographs as possible. An autograph album was given as a prize to the person obtaining the largest number of autographs.

A Cobweb Social.

Roberts Park Chapter.—This is for a small gathering. Do not attempt it if more than forty or fifty are expected. It should be held, if possible, in a fairly commodious home; the larger, the better. Secure a plentiful supply of colored string. Cut this into lengths of forty yards each. Beginning with some one place as a center—the chandelier, for instance—twine each piece of string around furniture, posts, etc. Go upstairs, downstairs, out on the veranda, etc. The object is to make each person travel as far as possible. Intertwine the strings as much as possible—make them look cobweb-by. At the end of each string some trifle may be secured. A prize may be given to the one who succeeds in reaching the end first. Have the young people assemble on the veranda, or lawn, then, at a given signal, all enter the house and commence operations at once.

A Social for Raising Flowers.

"There will be a social in the lecture-room of the church after Epworth League business meeting, next — evening. All Epworthians and friends are cordially invited, and while admission is free, we hope everyone who can raise a nickel will bring it, and exchange it for something else—to raise. We guarantee full value to carry home." On the appointed evening the room was deco-

rated with branches from blossoming trees. A short literary and musical program was given, with "Flowers" as the theme. Then all were invited to produce their nickels, and exchange them for packages of flower seeds. Purchasers were asked to take the seeds home, and plant them. As soon as flowers appear they will be brought to the prayer-meeting, and afterwards will be used by the mercy and help department. Almost everybody bought seeds. We cannot tell yet how they will grow, but we expect to remind all, later in the season, of the flowers.

Result—a good business meeting, a busy social department, a busy literary department, the mercy and help department had something to look forward to, and there was a small profit on the flower seeds.

The Adverb Game.

We find in *The Youth's Companion* the following capital description of what must be a capital game:

One player is sent out of the room, and the others choose an adverb; then, when the absentee comes back, she tries to guess what that adverb is. She asks each player a question in turn, and he—or she—has to answer it in the manner of the chosen word.

For example, should the adverb be "enthusiastically," the players, in making their replies, must, by expression of countenance, tone of voice, and choice of language, indicate a condition of enthusiasm.

We generally start with an easy adverb, such as "briefly," "primly," or "laughingly," and work up to the hard ones. "Verbosely" is a capital word; so is "ambiguously"; and "untruthfully" gives opportunity for the wildest and most erratic answers.

We make it a rule that the questioner must go down the entire line before venturing a guess; and, as there are many adverbs that are almost—but not quite—synonymous, she must be a careful and attentive observer. Indeed, the game is a very good study in synonyms.

When Kitty went out we chose the word "flatteringly." She came in and asked the first player if he had gone to a recent party.

"No," he answered, "I did not care to go since you were not to be there."

"Why does Tom talk such nonsense?" she demanded of the next player.

"But, Kitty, it isn't nonsense. It is just the way we all feel," was the touching reply.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Kitty, abashed. "I really must change the subject! Emma, do you read the —?"

Here was a poser! How was that to be answered with a compliment? But Emma proved equal to the emergency.

"Yes," sweetly, "whenever I cannot talk with you."

One of the funniest words was "roguishly." It was droll indeed to see the attempts of our grave and reverend seniors—for this time we had drawn the older ones into the game—to look roguish. Tom watched the agonized attempts, while everyone was convulsed with merriment, and then exclaimed, disdainfully: "Pshaw! That's dead easy. The word is 'idiotically!'"

Pasted Proverbs.

Prepare printed or written slips with proverbs or old sayings, such as "Every cloud has a silver lining," and so on until you have one hundred or more, then cut each slip in three or four pieces and place all about the rooms, upon tables, stands, picture frames, mantels, etc. After all the guests are assembled provide each with a good-sized piece of cardboard, or heavy paper, and explain that each one is to find enough pieces to complete a sentence. When completed they are to be pasted on the cardboard with brush and mucilage, which are placed on a convenient table. After all slips have been used, each person hands his paper to his next neighbor for correction. The one who has the most complete sentences may be awarded a prize. This is a good way to get acquainted, as all must necessarily meet while they are collecting their slips. Light refreshments should be served.

THE THREE CHICAGO DISTRICTS.

(From our own correspondent.)

Chicago Northern District.

Emmanuel Chapter, Evanston, furnishes a monthly program for the Forward Movement entertainment course.

Mr. H. S. Shenson, district president, led the devotional meeting of First Church (Evanston) Chapter, Sunday evening, March 1.

This year the college Young Men's Christian Association of Northwestern University is being supplied with some of our church papers by the following Evanston chapters: *The Christian Advocate* by First Church Chapter, *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* by Wheadon Chapter, *The Western Christian Advocate* by Emmanuel Chapter, *THE EPWORTH HERALD* by Central-street Chapter.

The quarterly convention of Humboldt Park Subdistrict was held at Hermosa Church, Thursday evening, March 26. A very large attendance. Elsmere Chapter won the banner, having eighty-seven per cent. of the membership present. Rev. G. Grant Stewart of Hermosa Church, and Rev. W. B. Leach of Wicker Park Church conducted the devotional exercises. Rev. John Thompson of Grace Church addressed the convention on the importance and necessity of the work of the third department. A social hour, with refreshments served by the home chapter, brought the enthusiastic gathering to a close.

Mr. J. Caleb Justice, first vice-president of Wheadon Chapter, Evanston, has succeeded in increasing the attendance at the Sunday evening devotional meetings from an average of forty to about 150. This has been accomplished by careful advertising, house-to-house visitation, and invitations. An attractive feature of these meetings is a volunteer choir, composed of students from the Northwestern University, with a band of eight instruments. This, with the organization of a "personal workers' prayer-meeting," which precedes the Sunday evening devotional meetings, has created much interest, and contributes largely to this very creditable increase in attendance.

The quarterly rally of Evanston Subdistrict was held Friday evening, March 20, at Epworth Church, Edgewater. It was a social rally, advertised as a midwinter picnic. The ladies were requested to bring lunch for two. Each of these boxes was tagged with a number, other tags bearing similar numbers being distributed among the gentlemen. This resulted in a lady and gentleman lunching together. A card was given each person on entering the church, with blank spaces for signatures, with requests to circulate them and get as many signatures as possible, and in this way get generally acquainted. Games were played. Musical selections and readings alternated. The rooms were prettily decorated. Signs bearing the warning "Keep off the grass" were numerous, though the grass was not in evidence. The local chapter served popcorn and lemonade. About 150 were present. Central-street Chapter, Evanston, was awarded the banner for attendance.

Chicago Western District.

Paulina-street Chapter is the latest to report a Bible-study class.

Western-avenue Chapter reports all departments busily engaged in all branches of league activities.

Twenty-one Bible-study classes have thus far been reported in this district. Another is reported about to organize.

Fowler Chapter reports a recent successful literary and musical program. On Sunday, March 8, the Wesley Praying Band stirred the league and church by fruitful revival services.

As a result of a recent visit by the district third vice-president, Marcy Home Chapter has organized a class in "Studies in the Apostolic Church," with fifteen members.

Union-avenue Chapter has a very hard-working Bible-study class. Average attendance, thirty-five. Harmony work and daily home-study are a part of the individual obligations faithfully followed.

Thoburn Chapter has the distinction of having two Bible-study classes in operation, one in "Studies in the Life of Christ," the other in "Studies in the Apostolic Church." Both doing good work.

The third department of Cuyler-avenue Chapter, Oak Park, issued the first number of "The Church Bulletin" in connection with the recent dedicatory services. A magazine of thirty-two pages, beautifully printed on heavy enameled paper, with many half-tone illustrations, renders it a souvenir worthy of preservation. The history of the church is given in full, together with many interesting articles, also items on the different departments of the church work. A profit of \$350 was realized on the adver-

tisements. The chapter has experienced a great uplift as a result of the dedicatory exercises. Large results, both spiritual and material, are looked for. Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., recently delivered his lecture on "Savonarola" in the new church.

A most enjoyable "soap" social was given by Riverside Chapter, March 7, for the benefit of the Methodist Deaconess Orphanage and Epworth Children's Home at Lake Bluff. The price of admission was a bar of soap (soft soap being debarred). Fifty bars were received. With 112 children in this worthy institution, good use will be made of the receipts. The entertainment consisted in guessing soap advertisements clipped from newspapers and magazines. Coffee and cake were served.

The semi-annual convention of Southwestern Subdistrict was held at Forty-seventh-street Church, Thursday evening, March 19. It was a success in every way. Those having the arrangements in charge deserve much credit. Department conferences followed the social half-hour, and were well attended. The address by Rev. Dan B. Brummit, on "The league devotional meeting," also the stirring presentation of the work and conditions in Africa by Rev. E. H. Richards, D.D., who is in America on furlough, keyed the spirit of the convention to a very high pitch. The music of the evening, furnished by a quartet from the Gage Park Choir, and by Miss Ethel Bird of Union-avenue Chapter, won warm commendation. The affiliated chapters were well represented. Gage Park secured the banner awarded for the largest proportional representation, only one of their members being absent, and that by reason of illness. Elsdon Chapter won honorable mention. It secured second place, falling short of Gage Park by one per cent.

Chicago District.

Auburn Park Chapter gave the second in its series of entertainments March 24—a concert by the Slayton Jubilee Singers.

Asbury Chapter recently gave a literary and musical program. Proceeds, \$15.60. The class in "Studies in the Apostolic Church" is doing good work.

The South-side Union Cabinet is doing good work in "Studies in the Life of Christ," meeting every two weeks. The district secretary has also joined the class. What other union or subdistrict cabinet officials have a similar class?

St. Andrew's Chapter held their usual monthly social March 27. A number of games were played. About sixty young people were present. A very enjoyable evening. The first and fourth departments cooperate in developing Epworth activities in this chapter.

The South-side Union has revised its constitution and by-laws, and now operates under what is considered a model in every respect. The rallies have been changed from bi-monthly to quarterly. Executive authority is vested in the cabinet of the union. Several other important changes are made. This union comprises some of the largest churches in the district, and is doing effective work. Mr. Myron Tremaine, 57 East Washington Street, is the president.

The third department of Marie Chapel Chapter shows an excellent record for the past winter. A member of the department has been corresponding with a prisoner in the Iowa state penitentiary, who writes gratefully, telling of the joy and peace of sins forgiven. Fifty medical magazines have been given to a physician. Magazines and papers to the number of 485 have been distributed in police stations, lodging-houses, homes, and to men in different occupations. All have been thankfully received.

The Woodlawn Park Chapter membership contest, which has been in progress for some time, closed March 30. The two divisions of the chapter, the Reds and the Whites, were distinguished by emblematic buttons bearing the league colors. The result is about forty-five new members. The Reds scored fifty-one points, and the Whites forty-one points. Securing one active member counted two points, one associate member one point, and persuading an associate member to join the active ranks counted one point. A feature of the contest was that the losing side was to give a banquet to the winners.

The Calumet Union rally was held Thursday afternoon and evening, March 12, at Vincent Church. The afternoon session, in charge of Rev. C. V. LaFontaine, was well attended. Department conferences, led by the district officers, proved very helpful. Standing-room was at a premium in the evening, when Mrs. Mattie Guild Squires gave an address on "Society and the saloon," the appreciation of the audience being several times expressed by vigorous applause. Vincent Chapter won generous praise for the abundant luncheon, hearty

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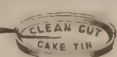
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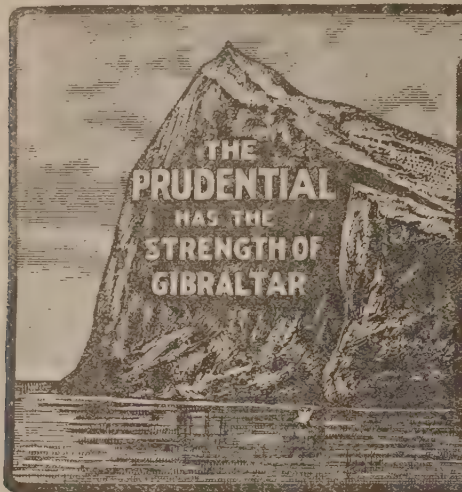
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welcome, and the musical selections rendered by the choir. The pastors of the affiliated churches were present in force. It was unanimously voted a very successful rally.

A union rally of the Epworth Leagues, Baptist Young People's Unions, and Christian Endeavor Societies of Englewood was held at the Englewood Baptist Church March 12. After the address of welcome by Mr. H. A. Bartlett, president of the local Baptist Young People's Union, Mr. H. H. Marcusson, president of the Illinois Christian Endeavor Societies, spoke on the work of that organization. Rev. Dan B. Brummitt sketched the work of the Epworth League. Rev. M. P. Boynton, pastor of the Lexington-avenue Baptist Church, presented the work of the Baptist Young People's Union. A very enjoyable and most profitable evening was spent. Fraternal cordiality was predominant. A marked unity of purpose in the advancement of Christ's kingdom and upbuilding of Christian character was manifest.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

Bishop Mallalieu conducted the meetings of the annual conference with sweet religious skill. The business sessions, though at times lively with discussion, were always free from harsh words and looks. The morning devotional services, directed by the bishop himself, were largely attended and unusually full of divine unction. Many ministers said these services were the best ever held at any session of our conference. The pentecostal services at 4 p.m., conducted by our own members, were seasons of great spiritual power. Many persons were converted in them, and many others were given a fresh start in the religious life. On Sunday night thirty-nine professed conversion. Old St. George's, in which the meetings were held, was stirred as by the fathers whose portraits, names, and relics were seen and read by our young people.

Rev. R. H. Crawford had a great revival in his church at Middletown. About 150 professed conversion, and the field is yet ready for harvesting. The young people were always there to do any work suggested by their leader.

The Epworth League chapter at our Italian mission is in a flourishing condition. It has a large membership, and its meetings are well attended. During the year it contributed \$200 for all purposes. At its recent anniversary Bishop Foss, who, with Mrs. Foss, is earnestly interested in this work, made a very helpful address. Encouraging remarks were also made by President Appido.

Our French mission is doing much for people from France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Canada. Great credit is due Mrs. D. Malan, who is the leading spirit in the work. The young people's society numbers 50, and at its anniversary they showed by word and gift their appreciation of what has been done for them. Pres. P. Jallard made a good address.

A cane, made from wood taken from a tree under which Asbury preached in North Carolina, was presented to Rev. W. B. Wood, the oldest active member of the Philadelphia Conference. Dr. Wood entered the ministry in 1854, and has wrought well for Christ and men. He frequently marches at the head of his young people when they come to our Epworth League rallies. The presentation was made at the Historical Society Anniversary. It will be an annual custom.

Mr. W. A. Gillespie, who has shown himself specially qualified for such work, is arranging a splendid tour for Epworthians and their friends in connection with the Detroit Convention.

The Philadelphia Sabbath School Association held a very profitable two day convention in the Baptist Temple. Important phases of modern Bible school work were presented and discussed by men skilled in such work. Rev. W. H. Pearce, E. C. Foster, Esq., and Mrs. H. H. Hubbert of our church had prominent places on the program. The singing was led by Prof. A. Lincoln Hall, the music director of the Epworth League of Philadelphia and vicinity.

Rev. C. W. Bickley has returned to Mariners' Bethel for the eighth year, at the unanimous and urgent request of the church. His spiritual and financial success at this charge has been remarkable. Bethel has maintained its standing, under his ministry, in a down-town district, and its congregation is large and enthusiastic. The Epworth League there is a strong organization, and a valuable aid to the pastor.

At Grace Church the young people are conducting a free course of lectures by notable men. The last one, by Dr. Talcott Williams, was on "Social service," and was exceedingly timely and appropriate.

Bishop Mallalieu recognized the young ministers and workers in our Methodism by appointing as presiding-elder Rev. J. G. Wilson. Dr. Wilson is thirty-seven years old, and a strong man intellectually, socially, and evangelistically. He has been a frequent speaker at young people's meetings, and will undoubtedly rally many for aggressive service in the interest of our denomination.

The rescue work at 242 North Eighth Street has grown so rapidly that the conference appointed Rev. M. R. Howells to take charge of it. Ministers and young people will cooperate with him in a great year's work for Christ and humanity.

York District Convention.

The eighth annual convention of the York District Epworth League met in the Methodist Church of Ulysses on March 24.

An address, "Bible scenes," by Rev. F. A. Colony, was very interesting and helpful.

On Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock Rev. E. M. Reid of Phillips conducted the prayer and praise service. An address of welcome was given by Mr. Reynolds of Ulysses.

A symposium was then taken up, on "The Epworthian's spiritual life." "The devotional meeting" was discussed by Mr. Eberhart of York. The second paper, "Bible study," was read by Rev. J. M. Wilson.

Discussion followed this paper, and the Morning Watch was also emphasized. Several chapters reported interesting classes in Bible study. "The Methodist's doctrines and polity" was discussed in a paper by Rev. C. B. Lenfest—read, in his absence, by Rev. G. Wash. The fourth paper, "Missions," was read by Rev. Geo. Cobb. "Prayer," said he, "is the keynote of missions, for men will support what they are praying for." A sentence was quoted from Melville Cox when he was going to Africa. It was: "Prayer, better than gold; but if only one can be had, I will take the first, for the second is sure to follow."

The committee on nominations reported as follows: Pres., Rev. M. A. Wimberly; V. P's, Anna

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It was decided that the next convention be held during the month of March, and extend over two days.

The York Chapter invited the convention of 1904, and the invitation was accepted by a unanimous rising vote.

A symposium, "The Epworthian's daily life," was taken up. 1. "Socially," by Miss Mae Stonecker of Seward Chapter. The discussion showed doubtful amusements to be those which dull the appetite for spiritual things, and which cause others to doubt one's Christianity. The second paper, "The Epworthian's intellectual life," was read by Mrs. D. C. Cole of Osceola. Mr. S. A. Miller of Garrison read a paper on "An Epworthian financially."

During the day Rev. Mr. Hampton and Rev. Mr. Nickleson, the pastors of the Congregational and Christian churches of Ulysses, were introduced to the convention, and made brief speeches. The Surprise and Ulysses Juniors were present in a body, and at 4:50 p.m. a Junior meeting was held. The school of Juniors was conducted by Miss Anna Gray Bemis of York. She gave a very interesting talk with the aid of the blackboard to illustrate object lessons and stories.

Rev. O. T. Moore also spoke to the Juniors. Several Juniors took part in the exercises.

A beautiful solo was rendered by Miss Floy Harnel, after which four ministers occupied the evening. At the evening session Rev. J. T. Roberts spoke on "The Epworth League filled with the Holy Spirit." Rev. J. W. Embree spoke on "One man." The third speaker, Rev. John Galliger, spoke on "The loyalty of an Epworthian." The last speaker, Rev. J. R. Woodcock, spoke on "Mouth, hands, and feet." (Reported by Miss Victoria A. Hedden.)

Somerset Group Meeting.

The Somerset group on Niagara District, Genesee Conference, held a thorough-going missionary meeting at Hilton, N. Y., March 28-29. On the evening of March 28 Rev. H. A. Crane, a former presiding-elder of Bombay, India, gave an illustrated lecture on missionary work in India. The audience was very attentive, and at the close many said they never before had any idea of the magnitude of the field in India, or the work being carried on there. Saturday the young people gave papers upon different phases of the subject of missions. The interest kept increasing, and by three o'clock in the afternoon it had become the liveliest and most enthusiastic group meeting of the year. Much credit is due Rev. T. D. Woodmancy for arranging and conducting the program.

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From the Wide Field.

EASTERN STATES.

Orange, N. J.—The vesper service of the Orange Chapter has an average attendance of eighty. Some twenty members have been added to the chapter since Jan. 1. The chapter members have undertaken the raising of \$500 for the new church. The membership now totals 135. Anniversary Day will be enthusiastically observed.

MIDDLE STATES.

Kishkin, Ind.—There is a new chapter here, with twenty-five members, and a Junior League of eighty members.

Clinton, Ill.—The missionary committee of the Clinton Chapter publishes a monthly "Missionary Budget," in which items of missionary interest are attractively set forth.

Big Foot, Ill.—The chapter of the Epworth League, recently organized at Big Foot, was named "The Taggart Chapter," in honor of Field Deaconess Miss M. A. Taggart.

Canton, Ill.—The chapter at Canton gave the program, "Diamond Fields of Africa," Sunday evening, March 29. It took the place of the regular service. It was a gratifying success.

Frankfort, Ind.—The Frankfort Chapter will hold a May festival, for which a fine array of talent has been secured. The members of this chapter will shortly pay their pledge of \$250 to the Deaconess Hospital at Indianapolis.

Elkhart, Ind.—Bishop Joyce Chapter, Elkhart, gave a reception to the new members of the church March 27. About seventy-five guests were present. A literary and musical program was provided, followed by the serving of refreshments and a social hour. The decorations were abundant and appropriate.

WESTERN STATES.

Kansas City, Kan.—At the Sunday night meeting of March 29 sixteen members of the Central-avenue Chapter pledged themselves to give 2 cents a week for missions.

Myrtle Point, Ore.—The chapter at Myrtle Point has taken a new start. There is increased interest, both spiritually and socially. The members have started a fund to build a parsonage. Miss Laura J. Pierson, a deaconess from Cincinnati, O., is president.

Abilene, Kan.—There is a wide-awake chapter here, which added to its membership list forty new members the last year. The attendance is good, averaging for the year between sixty-five and seventy. The chapter members have furnished a bed in the Bethany Hospital at Kansas City. A number of the younger members have banded together as a choir, and a greater interest is shown in the music than heretofore. Twenty-six copies of THE EPWORTH HERALD are taken.

Newton, Ia.—The Newton Chapter observed Fanny Crosby's birthday recently. Miss Libby Dean, the county superintendent of public instruction, spoke of Miss Crosby's verses, and showed that the songs were suited to every phase of religious experience, from the sinner convicted to the Christian triumphant. The choir sang selections from about twenty of Fanny Crosby's songs in connection with Miss Dean's address. The chapter secured over \$100 for its new piano through the concert of the Iowa Wesleyan Glee Club.

SOUTHERN STATES.

Hill City, Tenn.—Hill City Chapter 4063 has had an unbroken existence since its organization Nov. 16, 1890. Many have gone from this chapter to various parts of the country. The written reports

which are read at each business meeting are credited, and all papers are preserved by the secretary, C. W. Catlin, who is also chapter historian. The reading circle meets weekly, and the pastor, Rev. Bernard Gibbs, conducts the mission study on "The Price of Africa."

A Striking Lesson in Honesty.

From his efforts to find who are the successors of some firms that were doing business a generation ago, there has lately been discovered a man that would well have rewarded Diogenes for his search. A New York firm in which he was partner failed when the war broke out. They paid their creditors what they could, and were legally released from further claims.

The head of the firm has now been seeking out the old creditors, or their successors, and has sent to each a check for the full amount of his share of the debt, with the announcement that he proposes to add interest at four per cent. Instead of doing this in a way to attract notice, he charged each person receiving a check not to make the fact known. The whole sum to be paid out by him is thought to be not far from half a million dollars.

But few public gifts of that amount will be likely to do so much good as will be done in this case by what may seem to be a very commonplace use of money in paying debts. One of the firms receiving a check for several thousand dollars said that they thought of not having it cashed, but of keeping it and framing it as a lesson in honesty worth as much as the money it represents.

Growth of New York and London.

During the nineteenth century London grew at nearly a constant pace from 500,000 people to 6,500,000—eightfold. New York grew more rapidly, but less regularly—in general doubling in about twenty years. During the century it developed from a town of 60,000 people to a great city of 3,500,000, thus increasing fifty-eightfold.

With the rate of increase in both cities slightly slower than it has averaged for a century, New York is still growing twice as fast as London. New York is growing thirty-five per cent. in ten years, London seventeen per cent. If this rate of increase remains constant for half a century, New York will have, in 1950, 15,610,000 people, and London 14,274,000.

QUIT AND EAT.

Some Coffee Tales.

Show a woman an easy, comfortable and healthful way to improve her complexion, and she is naturally interested.

Coffee is one the greatest enemy of fair women, for in the most of cases it directly affects the stomach, producing slight, and sometimes great, congestion of the liver, and therefore causing the bile to be absorbed into the system instead of going its natural way. The result is a sallow, muddy skin, and a train of diseases of the different organs of the body which, in all too many cases, develop into chronic diseases.

A lady speaking of how coffee affected her, says: "I was very fond of coffee but while drinking it was under the care of the doctor most of the time for liver trouble, and was compelled to take blue mass a great deal of the time. My complexion was bad, and I had a pain in my side steadily, probably in the liver.

"When I concluded to quit coffee and take Postum Food Coffee I had it made carefully, and from the very first cup we liked the taste of it better than any of the old coffee.

"In a short time the pain left my side and my friends began to comment on the change in my complexion and general looks. I have never seen anything equal to the good I got from making this change.

"A young lawyer in Philadelphia named —, whose life was almost a burden from indigestion and its train of evils, quit coffee some months ago and began on Postum Food Coffee. He quickly recovered and is now well, strong and cheerful, and naturally loud in his praises of Postum.

"Another friend, an old gentleman of seventy, named —, who for years suffered all one could suffer and live, from dyspepsia, and who sometimes for weeks could eat no bread or solid food, only a little weak gruel or milk, quit coffee upon my recommendation and took up Postum. He began to get better at once. Now he can eat rich pastry, or whatever he likes, and is perfectly well."

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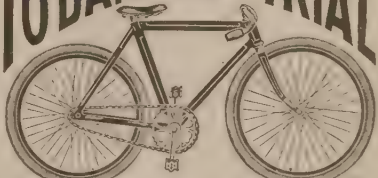
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Henry T. Coates & Co., New York.

"Four Little Indians." Ella May Coates. 80 cents.
 "Mollie and the Unwiseman." John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.00.
 "Jim and Joe." Edward S. Ellis. 80 cents.
 "The Haunted Mine." Harry Castlemon. 80 cents.
 "Whimlets." S. Scott Stinson. 80 cents.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"A Daughter of the Pit." Margaret Doyle Jackson. \$1.50.
 "William Ellery Channing." John W. Chadwick. \$1.75.

"John Percyfield." C. Hanford Henderson. \$1.50.
 "Phillips Brooks." William Lawrence. 50 cents.
 Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati, O.

"Faith's Christmas Letter." Jennie M. Bingham. 10 cents.

"Programs and Pointers for Young People's Societies." Mabel Wells and J. A. Geissinger. 25 cents.

"Christ, the Apocalypse." James Cooke Seymour. \$1.00.

"Methodist Constitutions and Charters." \$1.00.

"Terra Cotta." Alice McAllilly. \$1.00.

"The Blue Flower of Methodism." Claudius B. Spencer. 25 cents.

F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

"An Uncrowned Queen; The Story of the Life of Frances E. Willard." Bernie Babcock. 75 cents.

"Mary North." Lucy Rider Meyer. \$1.50.

"The Homeland of the Bible." Rev. J. P. Macphie.

"Pilgrim Sermons." A. C. Kempton.

Miscellaneous.

"The March of Christ Down the Centuries." Rev. W. F. Crafts. International Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C. For sale by P. Anstadt & Sons, York, Pa. 25 cents.

"A Wanderer's Legend." Maxwell Sommerville. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

"Under the Sun." Charles W. Buck. Shelton & Co., Louisville, Ky. For sale by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

"The Rational Memory." W. H. Groves, Gloucester, Pa.

"The Daily News Almanac for 1903." The Daily News, Chicago, Ill. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

"The National Temperance Almanac for 1903." National Temperance Society and Publishing House, New York.

"A Woman Who Went to Alaska." May Kellogg Sullivan. James H. Earle & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

"Explorations in Bible Lands." Prof. H. V. Hilprecht. A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia. \$3.00.

"We Shall Live Again." George H. Hepworth. E. P. Dutton, New York. \$1.00.

"Studies in the Life of Paul." W. H. Salmon. International Committee Young Men's Christian Association, New York. 25 cents.

"Twenty Years History of the Woman's Home Missionary Society." Mrs. T. L. Tomkinson. Woman's Home Missionary Society, New York.

"Nancy's Easter Gift." Myra Baldwin. The Abbey Press, New York. 50 cents.

"The Lord's Supper." William E. McLennan. Eaton & Mains, New York. Paper, \$5.00 per hundred.

"Triumphs of Science." Ginn & Co., Boston. 25 cents.

The Quizzer's Corner.

Submitted to Readers.

Where can I find a high-class magazine (or paper) of out-door sports, such as fishing and hunting, and which does not contain liquor advertisements? (*Recreation and Field and Stream* contain these).—M. B. C.

Will you kindly tell me in "The Quizzer's Corner" where I may find the words of the song "Come, Jesus, Redeemer," adapted to the melody of "A dream"?—An Epworth Leaguer.

The newspapers refer to a favorite poem read at the recent funeral of Mrs. U. S. Grant, "The land beyond the sea." Can any of your readers furnish it?—G. M. Smiley, Lowell, Mass.

"L. M." would like to know where she can ob-

tain a book entitled "Gathered Thistles," written by Mrs. Sisson of Norfolk, Neb.; also, price of same.

Will you please tell me the author of the following quotation, and name of poem?

"The lives that make the world so sweet
 Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
 We pass them by with our careless feet,
 Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower,
 And cheers and comforts us, hour by hour."

—C. B.

W. D. White, Bath, Ill., would like to know who is the author of "St. John the Aged."

A reader wishes to know where he can secure a copy of the poem entitled "The miller's dream."

Will you please publish, or tell me where to find the poem, beginning:

"If we knew when friends around us
 Closely press to say good-bye,
 Which among the lips that kiss us
 First should 'neath the daisies lie."

Will some reader of THE HERALD kindly tell me in what poem, written by Kipling, these words are found, or something like these:

"It's go, go, go,
 On the other side the world you're overdue."

I heard it given by an elocutionist last summer, but have never been able to find it.—I. M. C.

Lawrence Brody, Walla Walla, Wash., wishes some HERALD reader would send him the words of the song beginning: "Twilight is stealing o'er the lea."

The chorus is:

"Far away, beyond the starlit skies,
 Where the love-light never dies," etc.

Mary J. Pittard, Brockport, N. Y., would like to



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Detroit, San Francisco.

know where she could get the poem entitled "Col-
lege oil cans," beginning with the words:

"In a richly furnished barroom," etc.

A. P. Thompson wishes to know the name of the
first person who said: "United we stand, divided
we fall." The first record we find of it is in the
poem by George P. Morris (1802-1864).

"United we stand, divided we fall!

It made and preserves us a nation!"

As the author quotes the expression, he must
have found it elsewhere.

He Made the Biggest Lens.

After a life occupied in religious study and teach-
ings, and crowned with successful scientific re-
searches, Rev. Dr. John Peate, manufacturer of
the largest reflecting telescope in the world, died at
his old residence in Greenville, Pa., March 23, after
a short illness.

Dr. Peate was the inventor of the largest reflect-
ing telescope lens in the world. Until in his sev-
enty-fifth year he had absolutely no technical
knowledge of the laws of optics, nor any practical
experience in the making of lenses.

Dr. Peate's parents came to America from Ire-
land when he was but twelve years old, and set-
tled in Buffalo, where the boy learned the bricklay-
ing trade. While in his young manhood he was
converted in a Methodist revival, and left his trade
to make his own way through Oberlin College, and
fit himself for the ministry.

Just after his college days he married Mary
Tilden of Buffalo. He saw some service as chap-
lain of the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Ohio Vol-
unteers, and, while in the service, officiated in the
first burial in the Arlington Heights cemetery. For

over fifty years he served the Methodist Episcopal
Church in various towns and cities in northwest
Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, both as pastor,
and in later years as presiding-elder.

Advancing years decided him to withdraw from
active clerical work. He traveled and studied and,
when about seventy-five years old, became inter-
ested in astronomy. He decided to undertake the
making of lenses. Excepting such little informa-
tion as he got from Dr. Wythe and some slight
technical instruction from John A. Brashear, Dr.
Peate relied upon his own skill and inventive abil-
ity in the performance of his delicate work.

He made, at first, several small glasses more or
less successfully, presenting them to colleges in
which he was interested, where they were mounted
and are still in use. The crowning task was the
making of the immense 62-inch lens for the Ameri-
can University, Washington, D. C., a task which
occupied two years of his declining life.

Dr. Peate made several attempts to find a large
glass manufacturer who would cast the lens for
him, but without success. He then turned from the
big glass-molding concerns to the smaller manu-
facturers, who had much to gain if the cast should
be successful, and nothing to lose in case of failure.
He went to Butler, Pa., and got a plate glass com-
pany to agree to make the attempt. Four times
the molten glass was poured into the great mold un-
successfully, but the fifth cast was pronounced per-
fect. In the meantime Dr. Peate built, according
to his own specifications, a workshop for the ac-
commodation of the glass when it should be trans-
ported from Butler. He also had made, according
to his own ideas, an enormous convex and circular
grinder, the first tool of its kind to be successfully
used in making a telescope lens.

Before shipping his great glass to Washington he
opened one end of his workshop and wheeled the
lens out to have the satisfaction of testing it upon
the heavens.

Naturally, his scientific work attracted world-
wide attention. German and English universities
corresponded with him, and American scientists
came to visit him at his little workshop in Green-
ville. He was offered many honorary degrees and
fellowships in many scientific societies, but refused
them all, being content with his honor as doctor
of divinity and Methodist preacher.

How the Resurrection Is Like Spring.

If you have ever planted a lily bulb, you have
wondered how such a dry, dead thing could have
life. But by and by spring came and whispered to
the lily bulb something that you could not hear.
The dead, dry thing awoke and put on beautiful
green garments, and blossomed forth in white.

That is what Jesus has promised that the resur-
rection shall do for those that sleep in the grave.
The resurrection will be the springtime of the dead.
Paul speaks of the body that is buried in the
cemetery as a seed that is planted that it may give
life to a new and spiritual body that shall never die.

Harry's mother was taken to the cemetery; the
casket was covered with beautiful flowers. His
sister was sobbing bitterly. "O Harry," she said,
"just think of dear mamma in the casket."

"I am thinking of the flowers on the casket,"
said Harry. "They are more like mamma; for you
know Jesus told Mary of her brother Lazarus,
'Thy brother shall rise again.' The flowers are
like mamma, because they spring up anew every
spring, just as she will rise up more beautiful than
ever when Jesus bids her."—*Junior Endeavor*
World.

COOKING CONTEST

Right in the Family Kitchens.

The ladies have a champion interested in the bet-
terment of family cooks.

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prizes, to stimulate family cooks to better service.

Less burned and greasy meat and potatoes; less
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The girls are to compete in the preparation of
good, everyday dishes, and in general cookery.
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in for some attention incidentally, but the tests
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housewife, and 735 cooks will win varying cash
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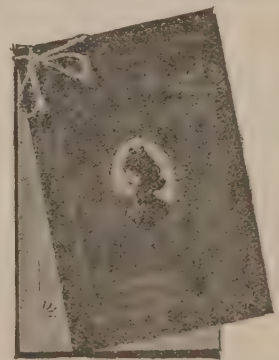
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THE JUNIOR HERALD

VOLUME XIII.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1903.

NUMBER 47.

The Children's Story.

THE LOST VASE.

N. A. M. Roe.

Chapter III.—Making Amends.

THE orchard was such a beautiful place to play in that Kittie and Bess could be found there almost any time. They liked particularly to sit under the golden sweeting tree. It was near the wall, which, in a measure, sheltered them from the highway which ran on the other side. Only a short distance away was a giant elm, whose wavering shadows fell and united themselves with those of the more humble apple tree. An oriole sat on the topmost twig nearly all day long, and whistled as if he would send his song of praise to heaven, having perched as far from earth as possible. His nest swung from one of the drooping branches, and he was not alone in his occupation of the big breezy tree. Robins and finches flew through it. Maryland yellowthroat was always telling of the "witchery-witchery-witchery" of the waving branches, and robin's note was a sort of mild advice to—

"Jonathan Jillett, scour the skillett.

Scour it bright, scour it white,
Scour it clean, clean, clean."

A golden woodpecker hammered away at some of the older trees, and song sparrows filled the air with their rippling music. It was a pleasant place, truly. The children brought a low bench from the shed, and placed it here where the shade was thickest. They had a tiny tea set, and served real chocolate in a wee decorated china pot, and sometimes Mrs. King allowed them to eat supper there under the trees.

Bess had been very sober since she tried to make friends with Peter, and met with such a rebuff. She could not bear to have anyone unhappy. She had laughed at Peter. How could she help it? She smiled now to think of the funny situation he was in.

"Oh, my, what is that?" she exclaimed one day, as she saw hanging from a long string tied to the apple tree what seemed to be a paper bag. "What do you s'pose it is?"

"Let's guess," said Kittie.

"It's a bag of Bridget's cookies, and auntie put them here for our s'prise."

"Oh, pshaw! Mamma couldn't get up there to tie it on. I guess it's some of Lord Henry's work. Maybe it's frogs," she said, as the bag moved and rustled a little in the wind.

"I don't care about frogs, and if it is I'm going to take them right back to the brook."

"We'll hurry and let them out before they suffocate."

Bess ran and jumped, but failed to catch the bag. Kittie tried, and failed, also. It swung just out of reach.

"Horrid thing! Let's leave it there, and just let him know that we don't care anything about

his tormenting us. That will tease him, too.

"But if it's frogs they will die. We can set the bench up endways, and you hold it while I climb up. I most know we can reach it that way."

Success crowned this latest effort, and Bess took down the mysterious bag. "It's soft"—and she squeezed it. "It isn't alive; it doesn't move. I'm glad it isn't frogs, because I know they must be uncomfortable out of the water."

"Come, get down, and we'll see," said impatient Kittie.

"Oh, look! Did you ever see anything so pretty? Peter did it. I am so glad he isn't angry any more."

Two baskets of birch bark, smooth and white, with almost perfect markings, and in each one a tiny rook fern with a bit of partridge vine, and the earth about the roots covered with green moss.

birch baskets to show her aunt, and they tramped hastily down the hill, full of the new plan of making a wild garden under the sweeting tree.

"I'm afraid they won't grow if you transplant them," said Mrs. King. "If Uncle Jason were only here he could tell you all about it, and what would be most likely to live in the orchard."

"May we try, Aunt Carrie?" asked Bess.

"Yes, indeed, you may try, and I will look up my fern book, and perhaps I can find some items that will help you."

Bess found the short-handled, three-tined fork used for digging weeds, and Kittie took the trowel. At first they dug up everything they found in the edge of the woods, but they kept seeing things with finer leaves or more flourishing foliage, and as the baskets filled they had to throw many away.

"Suppose we set these out first, because if they die we ought not to dig up more," said Bess.

"There doesn't seem to be anything here but this same kind of fern, and those great tall brakes. I want Jack-in-the-pulpit and bloodroot and wind flowers, and, oh, everything! I don't think just ferns will be much of a garden."

Back they trudged to the apple tree.

"Oh, we ought to have dug up a place before we went."

"Well, we can dig it up now," said Kittie, and she went at it with great force. But the sod was strong, and the grass roots so woven together that she found it hard to turn over a small part of it.

"What you doin' now?"

Kittie jumped. "My, how you scared me!"

"Oh, Peter, the baskets are beautiful, and we are ever so much obliged!" said Bess.

"That's nothin'; I can make better things 'n that," he said, trying to turn the thanks aside. "What you goin' to do here? Let me dig it for you," and he vaulted the wall and took the trowel from Kittie's hand. She was very willing to give it up.

"We're going to have a wild garden of ferns and—"

"Bloodroot and violets—"

"And lady's slippers. Do you think I could set out those you gave me?"

"Naw; they won't grow nowhere but right where they want to. My father tried 'em. He set 'em in the dirt right from the woods where he took 'em up, an' they never did a thing. Contr'y, I think."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I like them so. Perhaps you will tell us what will grow here," she said, doubtfully.

"I'll git you some things," Peter said, and he dug away, turning up little bits of hard sod, cutting it and crumbling it in his fingers till it was soft and fine.

"What's that! It's Major. It is, Kittie, I believe Major's come!" She stopped to listen.

There was a great barking, and in an instant a black dog was seen coming up the hill. Peter looked too. "Is it your dog?"



"'S'pos'n you sit on the wall, and I'll tell you something," said Peter."

"Wouldn't it be fine if we could have wild things grow right here, and call it our garden?"

"Why, we could, I believe. We could have ferns all along by the wall where it's shady, and we could have violets—they grow anywhere; and I do wish we could have some of those yellow lady's slippers! I wonder if any of those had a sign of a root?"

"You know mamma takes just a leaf of her gloxinia, and it roots; and perhaps, if we left those in the water forever, they would root just the same."

"We'll take the dolls back to the house, and get a basket and go over in the woods and see what we can find to set out."

"I don't seem to care much about dolls out of doors; they'll do well enough in the house rainy days," and Kittie gathered her arms full of dolls and dolls' clothing, while Bess took the bag of

"Yes, our Major. Well, well, nice old fellow!"
 "Here, Major," said Kittie. "When did you come? Oh, you are a beauty! Isn't he a beauty, Peter?"

"I—yes—I guess I'll have to go now," he said as he turned away. His dog had been sold when he went to the poor farm. All his treasures had been taken from him at that terrible time.

"I'm afraid he doesn't like Major."

"Well, we don't care, he needn't," said Kittie.

"We like him, and that's enough."

Peter's heart was filled with bitterness. These new people had everything, and the contrast with what he had was certainly very marked. Into the onion bed to weed he went after his season under the shady tree with the children. Crazy Maggie was close beside him, and he must watch her, and now and then tell her what to pull and what to let alone. It was hot here in the sunlight, and his head ached. He took out his handkerchief, which was one of the round, sparse cloths laid over the top of the tubs of butter, and which Mrs. Perkins declared was good enough to use in the field. Going to the brook, he wet it in the cool, limpid water, and put it inside his hat. Maggie, seeing what he did, also took an old rag she had in her pocket, solemnly took it to the brook, and, when she brought it back, removed Peter's hat, and placed it over the cloth already there. Peter laughed, and she settled down to her weeding with fresh energy, pleased because he was. Poor Maggie! Her only comfort was Peter. She would follow him about all day. She would do nearly always as he said, and, in her wildest moods, he could often quiet her when the overseer could not. She spent much of her time in a strait-jacket, for she would tear her bed to pieces, and often her dress and cap were found in rags. She declared that Adeline Snow did it, and that that Snow woman was always doing something to plague her. Adeline Snow was a foolish girl who knew so little that she was called an idiot. She could not walk without help, and must be fed and dressed just like a baby. She held a rag doll hugged close to her breast all day, and cried if she couldn't have it.

"Now, Maggie, you mustn't pull those; they're onions. Just pull up them weeds like this, see?"

Maggie pulled several, and then forgot what he said and pulled the onion plants, for they were bigger.

"S'pos'n you go sit on the wall, and I'll tell you something," said Peter, hoping to get rid of his troublesome helper.

She went, and Peter began a story of a wonderful vase that he was going to buy for her to put her daisies in, and they would live and live, and turn to gold.

"The grand fiddle dee will bring it to me, and the daisies tell me things about the scarlet and green, and the caps they wear are made of turtle's feathers, and the shoes of the queen are silver." Maggie had started to amuse herself by talking, and picking the leaves off a bush that grew close to the wall. Peter had diverted her, and he was free now to think his own thoughts. Maggie would mutter to herself and twist her fingers and look at the clouds for hours, and when Peter neared the end of the row she was lying on the ground gazing up into the blue sky. Three inmates of the farm were kept behind grated windows, and they slept, when they slept at all, on iron beds that were fastened to the floor. He had seen the bare rooms, and in his sympathy he tried to keep Maggie quiet, lest she, too, be kept in solitary confinement. Her lot was hard enough at best.

When the chores were done that night, Peter went to his beloved woods and dug up two fine roots of Jack-in-the-pulpit, and though it was so dark he could not see where to set them very well, he did put them close to the wall under the sweet apple tree. Then he went to the brook some distance away, and brought water in an old tin dipper to water them, and with a last look at his work went back to his attic bed in the hot, stifling air of the poor-farm. The next night he took bloodroot, and one night a handful of anemones were set in the new garden. They would not blossom this year, but next year he hoped to find them putting

forth their best efforts. False Solomon's seal, a giant seal and a meadow rue stood side by side before the summer was over. As for the children, they learned to look upon Peter as knowing even more about flowers than Uncle Jason did, and they told Peter one day that Uncle Jason knew everything. He got acquainted with Major when no one was looking, and many a hug did he give the black head when he was so lonely it seemed as if his own heart must break. He had a friend in Maggie, but she only laughed when he did, and wept when he did. She could not understand. Major, however, tried his best to show his sympathy for this new friend he had found.

(To be continued.)

The Faithful Standard Bearer.

AN old elephant was taken into battle on the plains of India as a standard bearer, and carried on his back the royal ensign, the rallying point for the Poona host. The *New York Press* tells this story:

"At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The 'mahoot,' or driver, had just given the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound, and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood while the battle closed round him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again around the colors.

"And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood, straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying round, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it.

"They sent to a village, a hundred miles away, and brought the mahoot's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away."—*Selected.*

My Neighbors.

Up in the apple tree over the way,
 Robin, my neighbor, is busy all day;
 When the sweet morn is beginning to gleam,
 Through the white blossoms he flits like a dream;
 Trills a wild carol so mellow and clear,
 Through all my dreaming it streams on my ear;
 Robin's my gardener, honest and bold;
 Robin's my minstrel, unpaid by my gold.

Under my window, where roses entwine,
 Lives the brown sparrow, a neighbor of mine.
 Close by the lattice, among the green boughs,
 Rocks, like a cradle, her snug little house;
 Up in my face with her innocent eyes,
 Looks my wee neighbor with timid surprise;
 Nestles a little, as if she would say:
 "Touch but a feather, I'm up and away."

Swallows are twittering under my eaves,
 Thrushes are singing among the green leaves;
 Blackbirds are piping a musical lay,
 Bees in the clover are humming all day—
 Blithe little neighbors, so merry and free—
 Sparrow and Robin and Swallow and Bee.
 One loving Father keeps watch over all,
 Caring alike for the great and the small.

—Emily H. Miller.

How a Snake Moves.

ANYONE who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—will have been struck by the great number of ribs, which may be as many as 1,050 pairs. In these lies the secret of the ability of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower end of each rib is connected with one of the broad scales that run along the under side of a snake, and when a rib is twisted slowly backward, it pushes on the scale, the edge of the scale catches

on the ground or whatever object his snakeship may be resting on, and the body of the snake is pushed just a little bit forward. Of course, each rib moves the body but a mere trifle; but where the ribs are so many, and they are moved one after another, the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead.—*St. Nicholas.*

Her Answer.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too;
 But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
 Till my sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.

"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for awhile, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame

To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name).

And I called her my little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew

The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,

Said: "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!

But I wished I hadn't when teacher said: "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"

For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—I answered: "Mary Ann!"

—Anna M. Pratt.

A Boy-made Passenger Coach.

A MILWAUKEE boy fourteen years old, named Eugene A. Owen, has built a model of a railway passenger coach, seven and a half feet long, that is a wonderful piece of work. He got his plans from the railway shop, and spent in his work the evenings and Saturdays of four years, at the same time attending high school and delivering papers.

Everything in the car is complete. There are twenty-nine seats upholstered in red velvet. Its air-brakes actually work as perfectly as those on a full-sized coach. There are twenty-two electric lights in the ceiling.

The coach is named "Milwaukee," in gilt letters, and is painted exactly like the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul coaches. It shows what a boy's spare moments are worth, if wisely used.

Junior Jottings.

The Juniors at Burlington, Vt., contributed \$35 for missions last year.

Leando, Ia., has a brand-new Junior League, which starts out with fifty members. Mrs. Bassett is superintendent.

The Junior Chapter at Pittsford, Vt., is intensely interested in foreign missions. Its members are preparing a box for a girls' school in China.

Finley Church, Steubenville, O., has a Junior Chapter with forty members. During the revival services held recently, thirty of these children gave themselves to Jesus. A wonderful record! It is needless to predict that this chapter will do earnest and effective work.

The Junior League at Allerton, Ia., was reorganized on Oct. 19, 1902, with twenty members. On Feb. 15 it had a membership of fifty-two. These little people are enthusiastic workers, and are taking an active interest in the various benevolences of the church. They have contributed to the work of the Missionary Society and the fund for superannuated ministers. Mrs. W. E. Dean, the wife of the pastor, is superintendent.

Mt. Clemens, Mich., has a lively company of Juniors. The attendance at the devotional meetings is increasing rapidly, having more than doubled in the past three months. An "experience social" was held recently, at which some forty enthusiastic little people told how they had earned the money to pay for their badges. Light refreshments were served, and the social was a tremendous success, judging by the enjoyment of those who were present. Miss Mildred Grosvenor is superintendent.

The Juniors of Rutland, Vt., had a happy time one afternoon in February. It was on the occasion of their annual sleighride to Mill Village and West Rutland. Over 100 Juniors enjoyed the ride and the bountiful supper which was served in the church parlors after they returned. In the evening

they were given a stereopticon entertainment, which greatly delighted them.

A Junior Chapter was organized at Ionia, N. Y., on Dec. 31, under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wood. The first devotional meeting was held on Jan. 4, with an attendance of seventeen children. Since then the enthusiasm has spread, and the attendance and membership are mounting upward in a way that is very encouraging. The little people are greatly interested in their work, and we shall expect to receive some exceedingly gratifying reports after a while.

The Intermediate Juniors of Harvard-street Church, Cambridge, Mass., recently gave a delightful reception to the members and friends of the church. The reception committee consisted of the superintendent, Miss Wentworth, and the members of the Junior cabinet. An interesting program was given, in which the pastor and superintendent took an active part. After the program refreshments were served. A large number of guests were present, and they declared the reception a success in every respect.

The older members of the Junior League at Endersin, N. D., are organized into what is known as the "Laurel Band." The members of this band wear a gold laurel-wreath pin. They meet once a week at the home of their superintendent, Mrs. Olsen, where they take up the regular course of study for the senior grade, enjoy a few moments of social intercourse, and spend fifteen minutes in physical exercise. They have recently presented to the church a handsome silver communion set, and have made seven picture banners for the children's ward in one of the hospitals.

Ashley, Ind., has an energetic Junior Chapter under the leadership of Mrs. W. H. Stowdes and Mrs. George Morse. Within a few months the membership has been increased from sixty-five to ninety. These active Juniors have for five years been supporting a girl in India, and have enabled her to finish her education at one of our Methodist schools in that far-away land. They recently paid their last installment, and have now turned their attention to the home church, by subscribing \$25 toward the church debt. After this is paid, they will again take up the effort to help the needy ones beyond the sea. On Sunday evening, March 23, nine of the Juniors were graduated into the Epworth League.

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

April 26: Mary and Martha.

(Luke 10: 38-42.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Willing service (John 12: 2).

Tuesday.—A good listener (Luke 10: 39).

Wednesday.—A friend in need (John 11: 32-45).

Thursday.—A loving gift (John 11: 2; 12: 3).

Friday.—Christ's invitation to us (Matt. 11: 28).

Saturday.—He careth for us (Matt. 6: 31-33).

Sunday.—Not a sparrow falleth (Matt. 10: 29-32.)

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Glad welcome we sing." Bible verses, with words "Love" and "Serve." Lord's prayer chanted. Drill on the books of the Bible. Singing, "Abide with me." Junior topic. Blackboard talk and object lesson. Singing, "I've given my heart to Jesus." Continued story. Memory hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Collection. Junior benediction.

To the Junior Superintendent.

There was such a small demand for copies of the leaflet containing the daily Bible readings for the year that the publishers were unwilling to bring out a leaflet for this year. If anyone cares enough for a copy of readings for the remainder of the year to pay for a typewritten copy—fifty cents—I would be willing to furnish it.

However, you can use the readings in the meetings, and if you have a hectograph you can copy them yourself, and give them to the children to use at home.

Every Junior League chapter should have a supply of Bibles, so that each child may have a Bible. Allow the one who finds the reference first to read it.

Now is the time to send for flower seeds to give out to the Juniors, in order to have a supply of flowers for the sick and the shut-ins.

If you send \$1.00 to Mrs. J. E. McLean, Box 109, Friend, Neb., she will send you 100 packages of choice flower seeds.

Pansy, aster, phlox, dianthus, candytuft, pe-

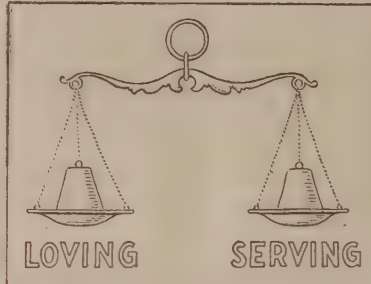
tunia, snapdragon, verbena, primrose, mignonette, and many other favorites are mentioned in her catalogue, and all these are furnished for 1 cent a package, if ten or more packages are ordered. All the money that Mrs. McLean receives for seeds she gives to the missions of our church, and it is her ambition to raise \$1,000 by the sale of seeds this year.

Blackboard Talk.

Mary loved and Martha served, but Mary also served and Martha loved.

There is no real service that is not prompted by love, while there is no real love that does not find expression in service.

Before Jesus and his disciples arrived at the home in Bethany Mary was doubtless busy about the house, helping her sister to prepare for company, but when the guests had arrived she could not bear to lose a word of what the Master, was



saying, and, for that reason, she neglected her work. Whittier fitly describes these sisters when he says:

"When the good Master, tired, and longing sore
For love's sweet service, sought the sister's door,
One saw the human, one the heavenly guest,
But who shall say which loved the Master best?"
Mary's time for service came when she anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped them with her hair.
(Show perfume bottle or narrow-necked vase.)

If we love Jesus and want to show our love by our service let us bring our alabaster boxes and break them at his feet. The reason the ointment Mary offered was so sweet was because it contained the following ingredients:

Consecration.
Humility.
Righteousness.
Intercession.
Sacrifice.
Trust.

The first letters of these words spell the word Christ, and Christ means anointed.

Judas called it wasteful to spend so much money on an offering for Jesus, but Jesus accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was given, and said that this deed of the woman should never be forgotten.

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Suggested a Food Cure.

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"My last physician advised a sanitarium, but my husband, who had been reading one of your articles, said: 'Not until we have tried the boasted virtues of Grape-Nuts.' So we got some, and I have now used Grape-Nuts for 8 months. When I began its use I weighed 85 pounds, now I weigh 105½; my stomach has grown strong and normal, my bowels are so regular that I have thrown cathartic physic to the dogs, the vertigo has left me, and my whole system has gained vigor and tone. I can now take a 25-mile ride on my bicycle and enjoy it.

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Colleges.

Demson College, Newark, O., has announced that John D. Rockefeller has promised that institution \$60,000 if the faculty and trustees will raise a like sum by Jan. 1, 1904. The money will be used for additional buildings.

At the thirteenth annual oratorical contest to determine who should represent the University of Michigan in the Northern Oratorical League, Eugene Marshall, a negro student at that institution, was declared the victor.

Pres. J. T. House of Kingfisher (Okla.) College has announced that Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago has offered \$25,000 to the college, provided an additional \$75,000 is raised within a year. An effort to meet the condition will be made.

President MacLean of the Iowa State University, when in Washington during the holidays, extended an invitation to Senator Hoar to deliver the commencement address at that institution. The senator has recently accepted the invitation.

The cost of maintaining the educational work of Columbia University for the year 1903-4 has been estimated at \$1,703,994.80, and that amount has been appropriated by the trustees according to the budget prepared by President Butler.

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., of Princeton University, has accepted the invitation from the class of 1903 at Harvard University to deliver the baccalaureate sermon on June 14. Dr. Van Dyke received his doctor's degree from Harvard in 1884.

Sir William Turner, who has been elected principal of the University of Edinburgh, occupied for thirty-six years the chair of anatomy in that institution. It is the best endowed chair in Great Britain, if not in the world, being worth \$10,000 a year.

Mt. Holyoke College has always been famous for its foreign missionary work. It has now entered upon home missionary work also. A college settlement association has been organized with a membership of 175—almost one-third of the whole student body.

Amherst again defeated Bowdoin in the second debate between these colleges. Amherst upheld the affirmative side of the question: "Resolved, That it would be for the public interest for employers to recognize trade unions in the arrangement of wage schedules."

The Royal Commission of Irish University Education recommends that the Royal University of Ireland be reconstituted as a federal university, having as constituent colleges the existing Queen's colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, and the new

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Dr. E. C. Laird, *Resident Physician, Hot Springs, N. C.*: "No intelligent observer can fail to note the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as a Nervous Tonic. In view, then, of the fact that a healthy condition of Nervous Endowment is essential to all vital process, it is readily understood that it is a remedy of great potency and wide adaptation in morbid conditions of the human system. In the condition known as Nervous Dyspepsia Neurasthenia, and broken-down conditions generally of the Nervous System, it is often a wonderful restorative."

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The steady pressure which has been brought to bear upon Turkey by the United States government, demanding that our colleges, schools, and other educational institutions in Turkey shall have the same rights as have been granted to other countries, is proving successful.

Rev. A. Wirt Lowther, M. A., delivered a series of lectures before Grand Prairie Seminary at Onarga, on "The Literary Bibles," viz., "The Illad," "The Divine Comedy," "The plays of Shakespeare," "Paradise Lost," and "Faust." These lectures were preceded by an introductory lecture on "The value of the study of poetry."

That the small college has powerful friends is strikingly demonstrated every now and then, in spite of the vast stir which the big universities are constantly making in the world. Not long ago Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard of New York City gave a magnificent library building to Bowdoin, and now Lake Forest College has been given a magnificent building by James H. Smith of the same city.

The debate between Union and Rutgers Colleges was recently held in the State-street Methodist Episcopal Church at Schenectady, N. Y. Rutgers won. The subject was: "Resolved, That it is for public interest that every man should be able to do any lawful work at any rate of wages which may

be agreed upon between himself and his employer." Rutgers had the affirmative side of the question.

The Illinois Woman's College had a rally-day March 24. Dr. W. F. McDowell made an inspiring address to students and guests, and a college conference was held. The friends of the college are full of enthusiasm and hope over its remarkable growth and prospects. Dr. J. F. Berry will deliver the commencement address June 3.

About 200 college students, now deciding on their life-work, recently attended a conference at the Union Theological Seminary. The conference was called to give information on the opportunities in the ministry in this country. Men were present from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Williams, Brown, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, Rutgers, Columbia, and New York University. The conference avoided setting forth the claims of any denomination or the needs of foreign lands.

The Jacob Tome Institute of Port Deposit, Md., will hold a unique and important celebration in connection with the dedication of its new buildings in May. The program will include the names of Commissioner W. T. Harris, National Bureau of Education; President Remson of Johns Hopkins, Provost Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania, Robert Ogden, well known for his interest in the development of educational progress throughout the South, and other men prominent in educational work.

Undoing the Volcano's Work.

The scientific men sent out by the Royal Society of England to study the volcanic eruptions in the West Indies have made their report. It contains a very interesting statement of the work the torrential rains are doing in removing the deep layers of volcanic dust under which a large part of the surface of northern St. Vincent was buried by the ebullitions from the Soufrière volcano.

South of the volcano were a number of deep valleys, extending nearly or quite across the island from east to west, and clothed before the eruption with the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. The great black clouds discharged from Soufrière, and heavily laden with incandescent dust, fill these valleys with outpourings to a depth in some places as great as 200 feet.

Very little of the mass was deposited on the ridges between the valleys, for the force with which it was hurled was too great to permit it to lodge on the ridges. The hollows received most of the volcanic sand, which lay in rolling masses like drifted snow. This was the first geographical alteration which the outburst made in the appearance of that region.

Six weeks later another change had taken place, and the appearance of the valleys was again strangely altered. The wet season had set in, and as much as five inches of rain were recorded in a single day.

The torrents pouring down the great hill slopes were playing havoc with the loose material that had filled the valleys. The surface was everywhere scarred with rain furrows that joined together, in a sort of feather pattern, into larger streams which cut still deeper channels into the soft material. These channels also united, forming rivers to take the place of the old ones which had been buried out of sight. In some places they re-excavated the old channels, while in others they cut new and quite independent ones.

The amount of denudation accomplished in a few weeks would seem incredible to one accustomed to the leisurely rate of change in temperate climates. The Wallibu excavated a new bed in the still hot volcanic sand nearly eighty feet deep, and left in places as many as five or six terraces to mark the successive stages of its excavation.

The torrents of water, after digging a channel, would undermine the steep banks on either side, starting landslides of hot dust which fell into the river, causing explosions of steam, which threw showers of hot mud to a height of perhaps 150 feet, while great clouds of steam rose to a height of many hundred feet, and were carried away to the sea by the trade winds.

There was another interesting phenomenon. Sometimes the fallen dust dammed the streams, and when the water at last overcame the obstruction it descended no longer as water, but as a gush of boiling hot mud which made the river beds impassable, and built up alluvial layers of mud, spreading out like fans at the mouths of the rivers.

Thus the forces of nature are rapidly changing the new topography that was introduced by the eruptions. A vast amount of the volcanic débris is being washed down to the sea.

If the two West Indian volcanoes, which have done so much damage, return soon to their former quiescent state, it will not be many years before all the land surface they so completely desolated will be covered again with tropical verdure; and the present desert-like aspect will be wholly replaced by myriad forms of vegetable life that will hide the scars and blisters on the surface which were produced during a few terrible hours.

Faraday's Resolved Cup.

This incident comes to us from the workshop of the great chemist, Faraday. One day when Faraday was out, a workman accidentally knocked into a jar of acid a silver cup. It disappeared, having been eaten by the acid, and could not be found. The acid held it in solution. The workman was in great distress and perplexity. It was an utter mystery to him where the cup had gone. So far as his knowledge went it had gone out of existence forever. When the great chemist came in and heard the story, he threw some chemicals into the jar, and in a moment every particle of silver was precipitated to the bottom. He then lifted out the silver nugget

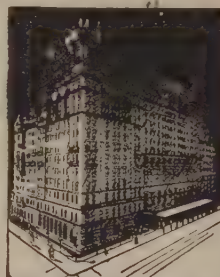
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and sent it to the smith, where it was recast into a beautiful cup. If a finite chemist can handle the particles of a silver cup in this way, what cannot the infinite chemist do with the particles of a human body, when dissolved in the great jar of the universe? He can handle the universe as easily as Faraday can handle an acid jar, and can control it at will. Whatever the particles of the resurrected body may be Paul says it is going to be changed so as to become a spiritual body. It is sown a natural body, i. e., a fleshly or animal body—it is raised a spiritual body. Can God do that? Yes, he does things equal to that. He changes the black unsightly charcoal, or carbon, into the everlasting and sparkling diamond.

"Are we fearful lest this cannot be? The inspired apostle says: "Be not fearful, for all this is the work of God, and God is omnipotent." He brings forward the works of God in nature, and shows us

that in nature God is doing things just as marvelous.

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80
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I DESIRE A LEAGUE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WITH EVERY SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST
John Wesley.

JOSEPH F. BERRY, Editor.

Chicago and New York, Saturday, Dec. 26, 1903.

Volume XIV—Number 30.

When Justice Erred in Judgment. By W. Bert Foster.

MY earliest recollection of my father—indeed, my only recollection, I may say, until I was allowed to see him for a moment before they closed the coffin—was of a gray, sorrowful face, a face of sharp lines and pallid from long confinement, out of which blazed blue eyes of wonderful depth and power. The face was always behind a close steel screen. I could never touch it, nor could I clasp the hand of the man himself.

I remember puckering up my baby lips to "kiss papa," and seeing the gray-faced man do the same with his thin, shaven lips. But the warm flesh never met; cold steel intervened.

And then, he dressed differently from other men whom I saw. His clothing was rusty gray for the most part, though I could distinguish a wide black stripe here and there in the goods. He usually wore a small Scotch cap. If he removed it I was inclined to laugh, for his poll was always closely cropped.

Once, when we had callers at home (my aunt who brought me up was a retiring woman and seldom had visitors; so it was an event, I remember) some old photographs came to light. "That is Fred's father," my aunt said.

"Let me see papa! Let me see!" I cried, as children will, and squeezed in to see the pictured face. But I was disappointed.

"That isn't my papa," I declared. "He's always looking through a screen when I see him."

I remember that the visitor laughed heartily and said: "Mr. Brennan must be a very busy man. In a bank, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied my aunt, and her pretty face lost all its color, and she looked very much as my father looked whenever I saw him. "He has always been a banker."

After that nobody ever saw my father's photograph; but I did not mind that she hid it away. It did not look like my papa.

We continued to make our tri-monthly trips to a distant town, and to the monstrous stone building where my father lived, until I was six or seven years old. Then, as I said, he died and we never went again.

Before this time it had somehow been impressed upon my youthful mind that I was not to speak of my father, or the place where he lived. From my early reading I thought the stone cage must be a castle; but as I grew older I knew that it was a prison.

Once, some time after my father died, I asked my aunt what he had been. She wept and told me: "A martyr, Fred; and now he is with your mamma in heaven. You will know all about it when you are sixteen."

This reminded me of the last time I had seen my father through the screen. It is strange how children's minds will unconsciously receive impressions which come back to them so acutely in later years.

I could hear his hollow voice again: "I have written it all out, Mary. The chaplain will give it to you when I am dead. I put no

further burden upon you, but when my son is sixteen he will be a man, and he shall assert his father's honor and learn the truth."

Somehow, I always felt myself set apart from other boys. I made few friends—none whom I really trusted with my deeper thoughts. As my father prophesied, I had matured at sixteen. I was a man. It needed but the proper current of thought to awake the manhood in me.

My aunt had died, but there was some small property left in charge of an old lawyer of the town—an ancient, honest man, who had probably taken no active part in any court proceedings for a score of years. He was not one with whom I could advise.

I had remained at school but a short time after my aunt's death, being a plodding boy rather than a brilliant one. For a year now I had been working in a machine shop, showing much aptitude for the trade, even my employer said.

A note one night at my boarding-house called me to the home of the old lawyer, and he put into my hands the remainder of my patrimony, in cash—not too large a sum—and a sealed document.

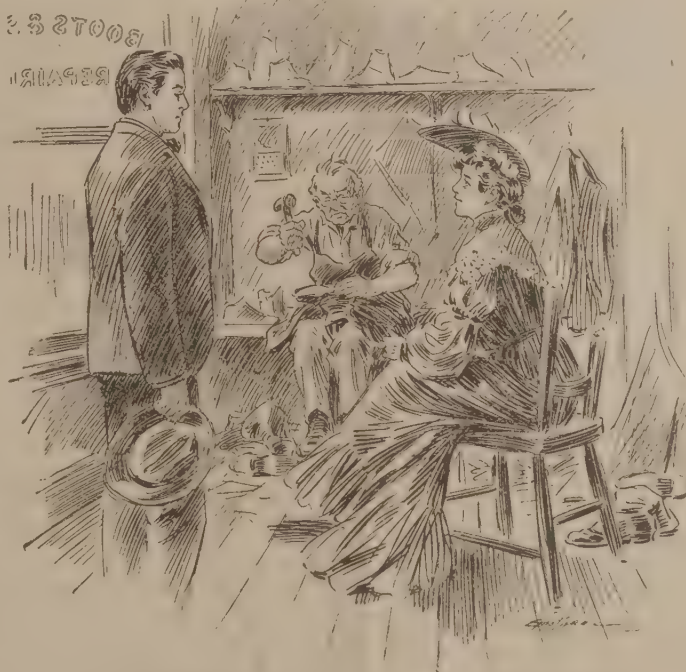
"This is according to the instructions of your aunt's will, Frederick," the old man said. "Not that I approve of making a boy his own master at the age of sixteen. So much money in ready cash will likely send you to the dogs."

And probably the good old man believed that his prophecy had come true when he learned that before daylight the next morning I had left my boarding-house and, indeed, had shaken the dust of the town itself from my feet. The good people of that place never heard of

Frederick Brennan again, I believe. For I was not Frederick Brennan. At least, that was not *all* my name, although I continued to use it after my departure from the town in which I had spent my boyhood. I could not proclaim my real name, for my father had forbidden it until the time arrived when I could clear that name of dishonor. I had indeed left my old home behind me; but I had an objective point solemnly indicated by my father's hand, and the document he had written so long before I carried in my breast, to read over and over again as I journeyed:

My Son: When this your father's instruction from the grave, is placed in your hands, you will have known that this place of shade to which you were brought as a child, was a prison. Your father was, in the law's eyes, a felon. I commanded you to be brought to me that my situation, impressed unconsciously on your child's mind, should later spur you to follow your task to the end. Remembering as you will my sufferings, you cannot fail me. You will not rest, I believe, until you have cleared my name of all dishonor.

At Wilmington, in this state, I was born, lived all my life, was married. You, my son, were likewise born there, and your mother—God rest her!—died there. I was in the county bank; had entered it a junior clerk, and risen to be cashier. The bank had a man for messenger and general runner, named Isham Cassamajor. He was considerably older than I, and disliked me because I had obtained a position of trust while still a young man. One



"I am very sorry—and very thankful to you, sir."

day I made a painful discovery, and was obliged to report it to Mr. Luke Newell, our secretary. He was acting at that time in the place of his uncle, Mr. Franklyn Newell, the president of the bank, who was in Europe.

I shall never forget the look which came into Mr. Luke's face when I made my report. It was as though he had been himself smitten. The bank had never before had a dishonest employee.

"What do you mean, sir?" he asked. "Whose books are wrong?"

"I did not discover it by the books, sir," I declared. "It is not so bad as that." And I told him how I had observed Isham Cassamajor extract two twenty-dollar bills from a bundle of notes. Cassamajor was called in, accused, searched, the money found, and he himself discharged, all within ten minutes. The Newells were both very stern men, but just.

Cassamajor blamed me for his downfall; but he had hated me before. Once or twice I saw him afterward. He was preparing to leave the town, for the news of his defection had somehow got abroad, though I swear I had never told of it.

One day Mr. Luke called me into the private office. There was a sum of thirty-five thousand in cash to be taken to the Norfolk Bank for a special purpose. It was a sudden call which had not been planned for in the usual way. "You must take it, Ford," he said.

The money was packed in an ordinary handbag—not one of the bank's bags—to avoid causing suspicion. I hurried to the railway station as though I were merely going on a private trip and had my linen in the handbag. There was not time, as I said, for extra precautions.

I had a few moments to wait for the train. I went into the lavatory to wash my hands, having left my work in such haste. Of course I carried the bag with me. As I entered I saw Isham Cassamajor. He scowled at me and, I thought, left the room. But while I stooped above the basin I received a blow on the head which knocked me to my knees.

I did not lose consciousness—indeed, there was scarcely any swelling raised upon my head as the result of the blow. But it stunned, or dazed me, for a moment. Then I was on my feet again, instinctively grasping the handle of my bag. The room was empty. I hurried out; the scoundrel who had struck me had disappeared. My train came along and I boarded it, reached Norfolk, went to the bank, opened the bag in the director's room, and found in the receptacle nothing but dummy packages of banknotes and bags of metal filings!

I will not relate all that followed; how they believed me honest at first, but that finally even Mr. Luke turned against me. When his uncle came home they were determined to prosecute. Cassamajor was proven to have left the town several days before the loss of the money; my story was sneered at in the papers. Finally I was arrested, the web of evidence woven tightly about me, and as my lawyer could find no trace of Isham Cassamajor our case was lost, and I came here to this terrible place for a long term.

But I shall not live out my sentence, my son. I shall go soon. I feel it.

I write this because recently I learned something. A fellow convict came here from Pennington. He declares there is a man named Cassamajor in business in that town. He has seen him, and his description tallies with that of Isham Cassamajor. Besides, the name is uncommon.

I am too near death now to follow this clue. I will not burden your aunt more, poor soul. But you, my son, shall go to Pennington, find this villain, and never leave him until you have secured the evidence to convict him, and to clear my name. When you can go back to Welington and convince the Newells that I was innocent, your task will be done; your dead father will not absolve you from it until his name is cleared.

FREDERICK BRENNAN FORD, SR.

Therefore, the next day I walked the streets of Pennington. I can scarcely explain the emotions which the paper inspired within me, excepting that I felt a dull, consuming hatred for Isham Cassamajor and was determined to hunt him down, and fit his crime upon him, whatever the cost of time or effort.

But my coming to the town was marked by an accident that put me back in my search. Wandering through one of the rather somber streets before nightfall, I beheld a big, high-headed, hard-bitted cob, attached to a high cart, doing his vicious best to wreck the vehicle and kill its single occupant, as pretty a girl as ever I saw.

She wasn't much, if any, older than myself; but how plucky she was! I learned later that the groom had got down to fix a part of the harness, and the cob had bolted. She clung to the reins with set lips and white face, around which her hair was flung like a halo; but she did not cry out.

As I came upon the scene the cob had dashed upon the walk, scattering pedestrians right and left. He seemed aiming for a little shop—a cobbler's it was—and I caught his wicked head just before he went through the window.

The brute stepped on me; but I would not let the girl see that I was hurt. The groom came running, climbed in beside her, and hurried to drive away before a policeman should come and inquire into the excitement.

The cobbler had come to the door—a little old man with weazened face, wearing a skullcap and a green shade. He saw that I was hurt, and he led me into his place without a word, taking me into one of the two back rooms in which he carried on his household arrangements.

He was a strangely silent man, not much sought by his neighbors, I found later, because of his unsociable and taciturn ways; but he was kind to me. With his own hands he removed my shoe and sock, bathed and bound up my bruised foot, made me eat supper with him, and, finding I was a stranger in the town ("looking for work," I told him) he made me a bed upon a couch in one of his living rooms.

I was laid up a day or two. During that time I suppose I became as well acquainted with him as I would have, had I known him for years. Everybody who came in called him Sam. And those three

letters were cemented to the outside of the cobbler's broad window. He never asked me my last name, so I never asked his.

It was by his advice, when my foot was better, that I went to the power-house of the street lighting and railway company and obtained a job. I thought it much better to have regular employment while prosecuting my search for Isham Cassamajor. I asked no questions regarding the man for whom I was looking, believing that if he were in Pennington I should find him in good time.

I would take nobody into my confidence, not even Sam. Perhaps my silence was what made the cobbler take to me. We sometimes sat during the entire evening without speaking to each other; yet I know Sam liked to have me around, and I felt that the place was home to me.

After working a week I put a certain portion of my wages on his plate at supper-time; I had not let him know I was possessed of a considerable sum of money given me by the old lawyer back in my former home-town.

This attempt to pay my board displeased the old man much. "What's it for?" he gruffly demanded.

"My board."

"Have I asked you board money?" he demanded, his little eyes sparkling angrily under his grizzled brows.

"I can't stay here if you won't let me pay my way," I declared, quite as obstinate.

He ate his meal in silence. Finally he reached down a battered old teapot from the top shelf of the cupboard, and dropped the money into it. "You can pay the teapot," he said, shortly, and after that I placed the same sum in the receptacle every Saturday night; but Sam refused to see me when I did it, and, to my knowledge, he never touched the thing.

Sundays, and some evenings, I spent walking about Pennington, and looking for the name of the man who had injured my father. Ten or twelve years is a long time. Isham Cassamajor might have died, or moved away; at least, he seemed forgotten.

I could not find his name in any directory extant; I was shy of speaking to people or asking questions, so I did not progress very rapidly in my search.

One night, soon after going to work, I returned to the cobbler's and found a visitor. The pretty girl who had figured in the dogcart episode sat in one of Sam's broken-backed chairs, and watched him while he tapped away at a boot.

"Ah, you have come!" she said to me. "I heard quite accidentally that you had been hurt in stopping my horse. I am very sorry—and very thankful to you, sir."

"The injury was slight, but I am glad to know that you have thought of me," I answered. "I shall likewise be grateful if you do not mention the little service again. It's all right."

"Well!" she exclaimed, making a little mouth at me, "you and Mr. Sam seem very well fitted. I can't get a word out of him, and you are quite as grumpy. Nevertheless, I shall not forget you," she added, more brightly, preparing to depart. "There is my card," pointing to a square of white pasteboard on the bench by Sam's side. "You must come and see me, and meet father. Now, if you will put me on the car I will relieve you both of my presence."

I suppose I was very awkward and gruff about it. No wonder that she never came again. I was not used to feminine society.

But when I went back to the cobbler's shop the card she had left was gone. Sam said nothing about it, or about her, and I did not like to speak. So gradually I forgot the incident.

My life for these few weeks was uneventful, and I advanced little in the task imposed upon me by my father's instructions. I advanced in the powerhouse, however, until I was trusted a good bit. Frequently, when repairs were to be made upon the machines used during the day, I was the workman delegated to the task.

Old Sam, although he so seldom spoke to me, seemed more and more to crave my company. Sometimes, when I went back to the powerhouse for an hour or two of work, he would stroll down with me and stand near, smoking his pipe, while I worked over the huge flywheels or silent dynamos. The night power machines were in another part of the building, and we were usually alone.

One night I had to readjust some overhead pulleys. To reach them I was obliged to stand upon the circumference of one of the great flywheels. As the dynamo connected with the wheel was stopped, there was positively no danger; that is, under ordinary conditions.

But, for the moment, it had slipped my mind that on that day the switches had not worked well. There was something wrong there that needed attention, for twice the machine had stopped, and once the dynamo had started without my touching the switch. The insulation was bad somewhere, and I determined to look into the matter after fixing the pulley.

Suddenly, while I was stretched upon my tiptoes, holding the pulley in place and driving in a screw more securely, I felt the wheel beneath me jar. At the same time the whir of the dynamo began. I was vastly startled, and yelled to old Sam, who was smoking in the doorway.

"Turn that switch! It's slipped!" I shouted.

He knew what I meant, and I saw him dart toward the board at the other end of the room.

I could not jump; the broad belt would have caught me fairly had I tried it. Clinging with my finger-tips to the overhead pulley, I was obliged to "tread" faster and faster as the wheel increased its speed.

Old Sam reached the switchboard. I saw his hand outstretched to move over the brass handle which had slipped from its socket.

Then came a flash—like a bolt of blue lightning! The half-darkened corner of the power-room was lit up with the ghastly glare. I saw poor Sam hurled backwards by the shock, and roll over and over again upon the floor, writhing in agony. But the dynamo stopped.

Leaping down, I ran to the old man's side. The odor of scorched flesh told me enough. But the poor old fellow was not dead.

The ambulance came, and he begged to be taken home; he would not go to the hospital. "It won't matter," whispered the doctor to me. "If he can be cared for there for a few days—"

"I'll care for him," I said. "He saved my life. It's the least I can do."

It was but a few days, as the doctor prophesied. The papers told the story, and everybody who knew Sam came in to ask about him. Despite his taciturnity and gruff manner, he had evidently done many secret favors for people poorer than himself.

And they all called him "Sam;" even the newspapers spoke of him so. His real name seemed to have been forgotten by everybody.

His unfinished work had to go to a neighboring bootmaker. I swept out the shop and put away his tools, and pulled down the old faded window-shade, which had ever been rolled to the top of the window, day and night, since I had lived with the old man, and, judging from its appearance, had not been drawn for years.

A few minutes before he died he said to me: "Fred, the teapot is yours. There's a bit of my own money in with yours. And there's something else that I don't mind your knowing, when I'm dead."

I brought it down, and turned its contents upon the table, after the funeral. There was a considerable sum of money, but I paid little attention to that. There was also a sealed envelope and a card.

The envelope bore the inscription: "For Fred." I opened it, and found a letter written in the old man's cramped hand, and dated but a few nights before the accident at the power-house. He must have had some intuitive idea of his approaching fate. The letter said:

When I am gone you will read this. I write for fear I might die without warning you of a danger that may menace you. If I see the danger approaching while I am yet alive I can tell you this by word of mouth, though it would not be pleasant to do so.

Never since my sister died have I cared for anybody around me but you. She died fourteen years ago; but while she lived the little shop and these back rooms were very comfortable, and as neat as wax. Sally was a good housekeeper, although she was not quite bright.

She and I were alone in the world. I had to leave her alone days, before we came here to Pennington, and the neighbors bothered poor Sally, and made her worse than she would have been. So I wanted to get something to do where I could have her with me all the time, and watch over her.

And to do this—to move from Wilmington and get this little shop—was a passion with me. Finally, I even tried to steal from my employer to swell the sum I was saving. But a fellow employee discovered my theft, and I was discharged, and threatened with exposure.

I fled the town, came here, found that I could get the shop by paying part down, and, having learned the trade in my youth, was sure of success. Then I stole back for my sister, although I had been threatened with arrest if I visited Wilmington again.

In the Wilmington station, while waiting for the train that was to bear Sally and myself away from the hateful place, I saw the man who had denounced me to my employer for my theft. He passed into the lavatory, and as I came out I saw another man following him. It was his employer, the man who had discharged me.

Both men carried small hand-satchels, and Mr. Newell (the employer was Luke Newell, and in his uncle's absence was the controlling partner in the county bank) had something gripped tightly in his right hand. I believe now it was a blackjack.

Nobody else was near. I wondered what it could mean—the one man following the other so stealthily.

But in half a minute Newell came out again. The thing in his right hand was gone. He still carried a satchel. And he saw me then, and knew I was watching him.

There was murder in his eyes when he approached me. "How dare you linger in this town?" he demanded. "Get out at once, or I'll have you arrested."

I begged him not to be harsh, and told him why I had come back, pointing to my sister, who sat in the corner of the ladies' room. "My train is already due," I said. "Let me go."

He saw me on board the train with Sally, and then disappeared. It seemed strange. I did not see the other man come out of the closet while the train waited.

Months afterward I read in an old paper how the Wilmington County Bank had been robbed of a large sum of money, and that my former fellow-employee, the man whom I had seen Luke Newell following, was accused, and had been sentenced. The circumstances of the robbery, and the defense of the prisoner reminded me of the occasion on which I had seen both men in the railway station.

I believe to this day that Luke Newell had something to do with that robbery, and that perhaps an innocent man suffered for it. But I dared not tell what I knew.

Luke Newell could still prosecute me for stealing. Who would believe me, anyway? And Sally needed my care.

But I followed the course of the Newells after that. Luke committed suicide not many years later, and his uncle ceased his connection with the bank. Mr. Franklyn Newell lives now in Pennington, and I knew his daughter the day she entered my shop.

But there is danger in having aught to do with those people. I hid her card so that you should not be drawn into any acquaintance with her. Remember what I have told you here, and beware of them all.

If I die before you learn these facts, take all that I have left for yourself. There is nobody else in the world who has a claim upon Isham Cassamajor.

I read the paper over slowly. Then I looked at the card. It read: "Miss Laura Newell." She was the daughter of old Franklyn Newell, and the cousin of the man who had sent my father to prison for his own crime, but whom my father had never suspected.

The next day I called at the Newell mansion, and asked for an interview with Mr. Franklyn Newell. I met him in his magnificent library, and we sat before the open fire in the twilight, while I told him who I was, and related my story.

At the first mention of his nephew's name, he shrank and paled as though a blow had been struck him. While I read to him the two accounts of the mystery of the lost thousands, he listened in silence, his hand shading his face.

Finally he said: "Mr. Ford, you have your duty to perform. You must decide what it is for yourself. Those papers will clear any breath of suspicion from your father's name, and Cassamajor's letter is stamped with truth."

"In raising your own name up, you will pull mine down. I have known for years that my nephew was—was not honest. He died by his own hand to escape exposure, and I made good his defection at the bank."

"Nobody knows this but myself—and you. I feared then that your father might have been unjustly accused. But he was dead, and you and your aunt had disappeared. I could do nothing then to right the wrong."

"Now it lies in your power to rake up the past, to bring to the surface all the festering scandal of that old time."

"Your father wished you to learn the truth, and he was right. But he is where all things are known. Do you think he would say to you now, 'Go on'?"

"I am an old man. The shame of this exposure I shall not bear long, thank God. But my daughter, who believes the family name unsmirched, and believes in our family honor as she does in her religion—what of her?"

As he fell silent I heard someone singing outside. From where I sat, through the open door I could observe the girl I had once assisted, and who had called upon me at the cobbler-shop, descending the stairs.

What was I to gain by bringing trouble and sorrow to this old man and this young girl? I looked again at Mr. Newell's drawn face, and stretched forth the hand which held the convicting papers.

"My name is Frederick Brennan; forget that it was ever Ford," I said, and the papers fluttered into the fire, and were in a moment consumed.

New York.

"Then I Will Quit Dancing."

W. R. Goodwin, D.D.

SOME years ago I was the pastor of a charge where the leading alto singer in my choir was the wife of a prominent congressman. She was the largest contributor to our finances, and was the daughter of one of the best women I ever knew. Soon after reaching the charge I, as usual, read the General Rules, and made some comments. In commenting on the rules, I insisted that we wanted only those among us who would obey the requirements of the church.

At the close of the services this lady came into the pulpit, and asked me if I meant what I said. I told her that I never joked in the pulpit. She then informed me that my predecessor had not opposed dancing, and that when in Washington, she attended social functions where she engaged in dancing, and that she loved the pastime.

She then said: "I suppose, then, I must either leave the church, or quit dancing."

I replied that seemed to be the alternative.

She hesitated a moment, and said: "Then I will quit dancing!" And she did! She maintained her integrity to her death. She became one of my warmest friends, and when my official board gave permission for a raffle in the church, she stood by me, and helped to stop the proposed gambling.

A little firmness on the part of our pastors, and a little less of the spirit of conformity to the world, would save to the church many who are now spiritually dead or dying. Let us us hold fast to our rules concerning probationers, and enforce our rules on forbidden amusements. I hope our next General Conference will not lower the bars, or make the way so broad to heaven that there will be no difference between that and the easier and lower road.

Los Angeles, Cal.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE

By ELIJAH P. BROWN
The "RAM'S HORN" MAN

THE only way to get away from childish things is to grow away from them. It never can be done by resolution, even when we put the whole thing in italics. You might as well try to keep a boy still on the Fourth of July by passing a law against noise. It is one of the things that "can't be did."

Babyhood of any kind can be left behind only by growing away from it. That is the way Paul got away from infancy, and it is the only way for us. So we might as well stop trying to lift ourselves into manhood by tugging so hard at our own bootstraps. We must get there by entering in at the straight gate of growth through which all giants pass.

We cannot get to be giants by stepping high and trying to look big, or by putting on long-tailed coats, as children do when they play at being big folks. I knew a man who had a Prince Albert coat, a vest and pantaloons made for his two-year-old boy who was to have his picture taken. But do you suppose he fooled anybody into thinking that baby was a man by dressing him like the mayor of the town? Not by a very considerable. He couldn't have fooled a blind man with a glass eye. And yet how many little folks keep on trying to fool real giants into thinking they are somebody, by putting on airs and looking wise.

To remain small when we might grow is to have the contempt of those who have grown. A midget in body can be turned to account as a freak in a dime museum, but midgets in mind and soul are too common to be worth anything.

A wife was telling her spouse that she saw in a dream husbands sold at auction. One magnificent husband brought \$10,000. "Was he anything like me?" asked her husband. "Not at all," was the reply. "Husbands like you were sold like toothpicks, at a nickel a bunch."

It is as impossible to look up to a runt in mind and character as it is to look up to a little man anywhere—unless you are married to him and have to.

To be without ambition to grow is to be without backbone, and as much like a jelly fish as anything I know. It is like being an engine without steam, a furnace without fire, or a body without blood. To fail to improve a talent is as bad as to let a good farm grow up in weeds.

Physically it is beyond our power to make ourselves grow, for no man by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature. But mentally, morally, spiritually, and in other ways we can do it. The size of our bodies is determined by causes we cannot control, but in the size of our hearts and brains we ourselves have the casting vote.

We can plan and work for character-building as certainly and as surely as an architect can plan and work for the building of a house. So if a man remains a Tom Thumb in such ways he has no one to blame but himself. There is no trouble about growth, but if we want it we must take it at the market price. This is a supreme court decision from which there can be no appeal. You can't go to sleep a pigmy and wake up a giant, as I was afraid I would do when a little boy.

When I was about six years old, my grandmother made me a suit of clothes like a man—pants, vest, long-tailed coat and all. I was very happy with that suit, until one day the preacher patted me on the head, and said I would soon be a man. I can't tell you how frightened I was, for fear I would become a man while I had that suit on, and tear it all to pieces.

There are plenty of grown-up people to-day who are trying very hard to do something like that. They want to be big lawyers, big doctors, big merchants, and even big preachers, all in a minute, and I won't say but that some of them do bloom out in a wonderful way—in their heads.

I saw a moving picture some time ago, in which a man took his own head, and blew it up with a bellows until it was bigger than the head of a barrel, when it suddenly burst with a puff of smoke, and there wasn't anything left but a red nose and a little curled hair. There is no greater enemy to growth than self-conceit, and it is a pity that it so often takes the "big head" so long to burst.

One of the most common ways of trying to do a large business on a small capital is by being conceited. When buying a turkey you do not pay anything extra for the gobbler's strut, but the conceited man acts as if he thought you ought to do it.

The conceited man is large only in his own estimation. He is a midget in every other respect, and the curious thing about it is that he never fools anybody but himself. The more pompous he is, the more evident his true size becomes. It only takes one tap of the drum to show how empty it is, and it is the same with the conceited man. Somebody said to a puffed-up preacher: "They tell me you are going to be pastor of the big church at Blankville. Is it so?" "Oh, no," was the pompous reply; "they don't want me there; they want a kid." The more the bantam rooster crows, the more he tells the whole neighborhood how insignificant he is. The same is true of the conceited man.

Some folks are all front door. All they care for is outside appearance, and the moment you open the door, you find yourself in the back yard.

Indianapolis Ind.

Radium and Things Spiritual. By Rev. Walter G. Procter.

WHAT a wonderful substance is the new metal, radium, recently discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, of Paris, France, and about which we see so much in papers and magazines!

There seems to be no end of the things that "give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." "The kingdom of heaven is like unto"—can be indefinitely extended.

Radium is extracted, after numerous processes and infinite pains, from uranite dust, which is found in Colorado, Cornwall, Bohemia, and Saxony. It is like hunting for the proverbial needle in the haystack, though, as it takes eight tons of uranite dust and twenty-four months' labor to produce one gramme of pure chloride of radium—enough salt-like substance to fill a salt-spoon. As a result it is worth three thousand times its weight in pure gold.

I would not like to say that this analogy is exactly true, but it is, to say the least, solemnly suggestive. "Many"—from all parts of the earth—"are called, but few are chosen." "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." "And they"—that feared the Lord—"shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up"—extract—"my jewels"—precious metals—from the teeming masses of humanity.

Radium possesses marvelously active properties. It radiates heat and light. It sends out emanations that will kill mice or men, affect organic development, distinguish real from false diamonds, and cure lupus and other skin diseases. But, what is more marvelous, it can communicate these properties—and thus the ability to effect the same results—to other objects. These are rendered "radio-active" by contact with radium, and are effective so long as they retain their radio-activity.

We recall how Christ sent seventy of his disciples by twos to heal the sick and preach the gospel of the kingdom; how they performed miracles in his name and by his power, and how he told his disciples, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater than these shall ye do." In order to accomplish their tasks he rendered them "Christ-active." He imparts his Spirit to all those, of whatever social position or moral condition, who come into contact with him by the touch of faith. His virtue flows into them. They are endued with power from on high, and thus do they carry on his work in the earth.

But we must constantly renew our spiritual power by frequent contact with its source, or it will die out, even as an article rendered radio-active loses its properties unless renewed by new contact with

radium. Prayer is re-contact with Christ. The world cannot help noticing when we have been with Jesus.

I have often wondered why God did not reveal himself in his pure divinity, and why Christ, instead of being born and living as other human beings, did not come to earth in all his spiritual and heavenly glory. But when we think of it, it seems to be a law of the universe that power to be of any service to man, must be embodied in some force and express itself through some tangible agent.

• We cannot have radium in its pure form, because it would immediately be oxidized by the atmosphere and destroyed. It exists only as a chloride or bromide, and thus is rendered stable and usable.

So the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and has been with us ever since, embodied in the lives of his true disciples and combined with their talents, energies, and individualities. God will always be in the world so long as there are consecrated lives through which he can express himself. Is it possible for such a calamity as God utterly forsaking the earth? Not so long as one of his people is here.

There are different intensities in radium. "When radium of a certain activity is spoken of, say 100 or 100,000, it is meant that the radio-active energy of the compound referred to is that number of times greater than that of metallic uranium taken as unity." The intensity of the radium brought from the Curie factory, just outside of Paris, where it is separated from the crude ore, is 2,000. M. Curie and his wife subject it to numerous crystallizations, attaining intensities as high as 1,500,000. A higher intensity means a higher degree of purity, the complete elimination of foreign and coarser elements, a greater radio-active capacity, and a considerable enhancement of its value.

Christian character is one, as is radium, but there are degrees of development, and refining processes are necessary. "No chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Christian character approximates perfection, communicates its qualities more vigorously and irresistibly, is worth more to the possessor and to God in the measure that the coarse, the impure, the earthly, and the sensual are eliminated and the spiritual intensified. Herein lies the secret of a successful and happy Christian life. It is a life in which the Great Refiner can see his own image.

Nicodemus was perplexed by the mysteries attending Christian conversion, and Christ referred to the action of the wind as mysterious, yet evident. Had radium been known in those days Christ might have used it as an illustration. The emanations of radium cannot be seen or felt, but their effects are both seen and felt.

Mr. Cleveland Moffatt relates this conversation which he had with M. Curie:

"You see the radium in this tube is very active, it has an intensity of 1,500,000, and if I were to lay it against your hand or any part of your body so"—he touched the bare tube to my hand—"and if I were to leave it there for a few minutes, you would certainly hear from it later."

"But I feel nothing."

"Of course not, neither did I feel anything when I touched some radium here," and pulling up his sleeve he showed me a forearm scarred and reddened from fresh-healed sores. "But you see what it did, and it was much less intense than this specimen."

The regeneration of the human soul is the result of the touch of the divine Christ, and the whole life is affected in consequence. The marvelous work itself is unfelt at the time. The method is mysterious to the wisest of us, but the effects are soon apparent. "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him."

The facts of the Christian life and experience can and should be accepted, as science accepts the facts of radium, and other things in nature equally mysterious. And, like science, religion may wisely leave the future to explain the mysteries. We are willing to benefit by the facts now; the mysteries will be explained, at the farthest, when we shall "know even as also we are known."

Arlington, Ind.

AT the battle of Crecy, where Edward, the Black Prince, then a youth eighteen years of age, led the van, the king, his father, drew up a strong party on a rising ground, and there beheld the conflict, in readiness to send relief when it should be wanted. The young prince, being sharply charged and in some danger, sent to his father for succor; and as the king delayed to send it, another messenger was sent to crave immediate assistance. To him the king replied: "Go, tell my son that I am not so inexperienced a commander as not to know when succor is wanted, nor so careless a father as not to send it." He intended the honor of the day should be his son's, and therefore let him with courage stand to it, assured that help would be had when it might conduce most to his renown. God draws forth his servants to fight in the spiritual warfare, where they are engaged, not only against the strongholds of carnal reason and the exalted imagination of their own hearts, but also in the pitched field against Satan and his wicked instruments. But they, poor hearts, when the charge is sharp, are ready to despond and cry with Peter: "Save, Lord; we perish." God is too watchful to overlook their exigencies, and too much a Father to neglect their succor. If help, however, be delayed, it is that the victory may be more glorious by the difficulty of overcoming.—*Spurgeon*.

Memory Guild for Learning Best Hymns. By Bishop H. W. Warren.

Glimpses of Glory.

GLIMPSES of glory have not been rare nor faint. Moses, Isaiah, Ezekiel, the Baptist, Stephen, Peter, and John are not the only ones who have seen the heavens opened. The disciples saw Jesus taken up into heaven, and heard the assurance that he would come again.

Rocks and dirt are not the only entities in existence. They are only resistances. They are only a field for the display of such activities as gravitation, electricity and vegetative energy. Light and the celestial ether are a million times more active and attractive. A city where gold and pearl and gems are only fit for pavement, gates, and walls is of a much higher grade. Its inhabitants should be fit for harmony, praise, and achievement of good, not fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Higher orders of beings throng its assemblies, and go thence for higher grades of service. Spirits of just men, even, must be made perfect before they are fit to join in those rapturous delights.

"Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"All space is
One grand cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome—the sky."

Bernard of Cluny was born of English parents, early in the twelfth century. He prayed for inspiration to write these raptures of heaven. He claimed that he had it, and who can deny? It may have been worth spending a life in ecstatic meditation as a monk in an abbey, to give the delvers in the material things of this world such rhythmic sweetness about the world to which we hasten.

Fortunate indeed is such a writer to have such a translator.

THE HOME OF GOD'S ELECT.

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed;
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

—Bernard of Cluny; translated by J. M. Neale.

Hints and Helps for the Spiritual Life.

WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT.

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

A few evenings ago I was walking down the street of a great city. The electric lights had been turned on, and were shedding their rays cheerily over everything. Suddenly, without any warning, one of the lights near me dropped its radiance. I looked up quickly to see why the shadow had come so swiftly. The carbon in the lamp was still burning with a dull, fiery glow, but it became fainter and more faint, until at last it went out into darkness. A wide circle of night lay all about me. The light was out.

A little while later I sat in a great church, watching the people who came in. Among others was a man who stepped along slowly and carefully, one hand resting on the shoulder of a friend, who led him gently along until they came to a vacant seat. Into this they went, and I saw that the man was blind. The light had gone out of his eyes. It seemed to me this was a deeper gloom than that which followed the going out of the electric lamp on the street. I do not suppose any of us can really know the awful shadow resting upon a soul whose eyes have been closed to the light forever.

But I know of a darkness more deep than any of which I have yet spoken. I knew a man whose life was given to the better way. He seemed to find his chief joy in high living. He shed a beauty over every life with which he came in contact. To do good things and to live them was heaven to him. His was a lovely life—pure, true, unselfish.

There came a day when his love turned cold. His life became self-centered. The things which once gave him so much delight no longer had a charm. The house of God, the study of his Word, were seemingly forgotten. From being bright and sunny, his face grew dull and inexpressive of the love which once burned there. Surely and silently something was chiseling out a dark angel in that man's character.

And the worst of it was, as the light went out of this man's life, darkness settled about many who had once walked by his side. It could not help being so. We may say, "I will shut my love all up in my own heart. I will tell no one about it. I will be my own master;" but we cannot thus live a life apart from our fellows. When our light burns it must light the way for others. If it goes out, darkness falls all around us.

The thought in these little stories from life? This: Don't let the light go out of your lives. The electric lamp could not help itself when the power failed to come along the line. It must go out. Some terrible accident, growing out of no act of his, may have darkened the sight of the blind man. But God himself has said that he will never forsake the man who gives his life fully into his keeping. The light cannot go out unless we will it to be so.

Then live so near to the heart of the loving Master that you can feel his life coursing through your own, giving light and peace and blessing to all who come across your path. Then no one can say his life has been darkened by yours.

Maine, N. Y.

The Irreverent Use of Scripture.

Church Sunday-School Magazine.

He was a doctor in divinity, a man of power and of influence. The occasion was a school commencement. This highly respected minister was the leading speaker. In the course of his address he quoted a text from the scriptures, from the words of our Lord. There was a laugh all over the room.

He seemed greatly delighted at his success as a fun-maker. He knew that the text thus quoted in this entirely unintended application would create that ripple of laughter, but he might have known that he was giving pain to some who were present, and that he was destroying for others all possibility of their ever being seriously impressed with the weighty truth contained in the text which he had

so flippantly used that day. He had brought holy words into ludicrous surroundings. He had treated the sentences which fell from his Master's lips as if they were the jests squeaked out by the clown in a circus. He did not know how great was the harm he had done.

How can anyone use the scriptures irreverently? We might think that the slightest realization of what they contain would check every attempt at making merry with its words or incidents. We are not considering now that irreverent use which indicates utter unbelief and hatred, and which becomes shocking, but simply the quotation of the words and incidents of the scriptures to point a jest and raise a laugh.

In many instances no harm is intended, but harm is done all the same. Without going very far into the subject, and without the many reasons against this species of irreverence, let it be said that if there were no other reason for omitting it, it would be sufficient to know that when ludicrous association is made with a text or an incident it is apt to stick to it. Whenever you think of the text the other is recalled.

Let it be a part of our reverence, then, to treat the sacred scriptures as containing God's revelation of truth and life to men.

Let the Light Shine Out.

Baptist Union.

It is night. There are flickering gas jets on a city street. They struggle ineffectually to light up the gloom. On both sides long rows of brick houses with solid shutters closed tightly—within, brightness and cheer, cozy drawing-rooms, happy family circles. The throng without struggles on in the darkness. The groups within are content in the good cheer of the fireside. Only a wooden shutter between. One day a stranger from another city moved into one of these houses. When the night drew on the shutters were left open, as was the custom in the city from whence he came. His new neighbors beholding, pondered; and in a little while nearly all of the shutters remained opened. The street was transformed. Tired pedestrians stumbled no more. People weary of loneliness and the dark sought this street, and lingered. The light within shone into the gloom without.

Is there "sunshine in our souls?" Are the shutters closed? Then open them wide. Let the light of God's love flash forth upon the drear night of the world's sorrow and sin. "A radiant countenance, a voice of divine melody with the ring of faith, hope, and love in it, will inspire the hopeless with hope, the doubter with trust, the joyless with joy, and energize the lifeless. When the heart is weary, and tears like mist hide heaven's blue, the unveiled luminous face is an antidote for pessimism and despair, and to the soul sitting in darkness and the shadow of death it brings a message of the larger, fuller, nobler life. Throw open the shutters.

"Father! Father!"

Unidentified.

My friend is one of those men who carry perpetual sunshine with them. You shake his hand, look into his face, hear him laugh, and you instinctively feel that you are in the presence of a royal good fellow. His children know that better than anyone else. Especially is this true of one of his little girls. She came into this world a few years ago, and grew up as other children grow. Her parents looked and listened anxiously for her first words. But she seemed exceedingly slow in learning to speak. At times she was listless; they called her, but she gave no heed. At last the sad fact dawned upon them that their child was by nature deprived of two of life's greatest blessings—hearing and speech.

Before she was five years of age they took her from her home, and put her in a Philadelphia school for mutes. She had never spoken a word. After about six months, the anxious father re-

ceived a letter, asking the privilege of taking her to a conference of teachers in Washington. The request was granted. A few days later he stood on a Washington street, unobserved, and saw a company of little folks taken from a carriage into a church. Presently he was seated in the back pew of that church. The exhibition began. His child, with others, appeared on the platform in the presence of their teacher. A picture was held before the little one. With a clear voice she uttered the word "Father." The man in the back seat heard it. The tears streamed down his face. The performance was finally concluded. The big, broad-faced man came rushing down the aisle of the church. His countenance was a curious mixture of smiles and tears. The little child on the platform saw him, and rushed to meet him. He clasped her in his arms. She clasped her hands about his neck, saying as she did so: "Father, father, father!"

You must hear him describe the experience to appreciate it fully. But it is suggestive. There are men, and women who spiritually have ears which hear not, and tongues which are dumb. What a glad day in heaven when such tongues are unloosed, and men begin to cry out, "Father, father!" And with what joy does the Father receive the child who for the first time calls upon his name!

The Wondrous Book.

This book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers.

Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable.

Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy.

It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you.

It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter.

Here Paradise is restored, heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed.

Christ is its grand subject, our good its design, and the glory of God its end.

It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet.

Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully.

It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure.

It is given you in life, will be open at the judgment, and be remembered forever.

It involves the highest responsibility, rewards the greatest labor, and condemns all who trifle with its holy contents.

Looking for Stamps.

A missionary was some time ago addressing a large congregation. He noticed a boy intently listening, who seemed greatly interested. The earnest face of the little fellow led the missionary to say that even children might preach the gospel in foreign lands by their prayers and gifts. At the close of the address the boy pressed his way to the platform, and, with eager face, took the hand of the missionary.

"Do you want to give something to the cause?" asked the missionary.

"No, sir," replied the boy, "I was just wondering if you had any foreign stamps to give away."

The spirit of this boy too aptly illustrates the spirit of some Christians. They come to church, and do almost anything just for what they can get out of the church, rather than for what they can give to it, and thus they remain famished and lean, for in the spiritual life we feed better upon what we give than upon what we receive.

"Affection is the only remedy for diseased souls and evil characters. How many souls have died in impenitence who would have been saints had they encountered in their path a soul who pitied them, who loved them, and had simply told them so!"

For the Ambitious and Thoughtful Young Man.

Without Civil Service Protection.

In the seventies, John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, then a young man with a wife and two children, received an appointment in the New York State Insurance Department, in return for work done for his political party.

When he entered upon the duties of his position, which was that of clerk at \$1,200 dollars a year, he dropped politics and attended to business. This fact did not save him from being marked for dismissal when a Republican insurance commissioner was appointed to succeed the Democrat under whom Mr. McCall held office.

Things looked pretty black for the young clerk. Out of his salary he had been able to save little or nothing after providing for his family, and the prospects for getting another place were almost hopeless.

But the fact that he was going to lose his job did not interfere with Mr. McCall's conviction that he ought in the meanwhile to earn the salary he was still drawing.

The new insurance commissioner, in passing the Capitol late at night, noticed on a half dozen occasions that lights were still burning in a room of the insurance department; this made him curious and he decided to investigate. Going upstairs he found young McCall bending over ledger and record, and working as though his term of office were to extend forever.

"How is it you are working here so late, when everybody else has gone home?"

"Well, there is a lot to do, and when I go out I want to leave everything cleaned up."

"Was it you who was here last night and the night before, and the night before that, burning the state's gas?"

"Yes, I was here."

"Are you in the habit of working nights?"

"Whenever it is necessary."

"And have been in the past?"

"When there has been work on hand, I have thought it a good scheme to get it out of the way, because it proves troublesome if I let it accumulate."

"H-m!" grunted the new commissioner. "I am glad to see that somebody is anxious to earn his salary. Good-night."

The next day the Republican commissioner saw the Republican governor, and said: "I guess that fellow McCall is all right. He is the sort of chap I want, even if he is a Democrat."

As a result the notice to Mr. McCall, advising him that his services were to be dispensed with, was withdrawn, and he remained in the insurance department in successive capacities until 1883, when he was appointed by Governor Grover Cleveland as insurance commissioner. After his term expired he accepted an offer from the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and when the New York Life was reorganized he was, by a unanimous vote of its directors, elected president.

One Way to Get a Position

You can never be sure that Mark Twain (Samuel M. Clemens) is serious, and, least of all, when he seems to be most solemn. But his advice to a young man who wanted to become a journalist is worth thinking about, whether it would be wise always to act on it or not. The young man had asked Mr. Clemens to help him get a position. The humorist replied:

"If you will obey my instructions strictly I will get you a situation on a daily newspaper. You may select the paper yourself; also the city and the state."

Of course, the young man answered promptly, promising to do whatever Mr. Clemens required, and naming the paper he would like to serve. Whereupon Mr. Clemens sent him full instructions.

"Almost any man will give you a situation," he wrote, "if you are willing to work for nothing. The salary will follow presently. You will only

have to wait a little and be patient. Therefore—

"You are to apply for work at the office of your choice. You are to go without recommendations. You are not to mention my name, nor anyone's but your own. You are to say that you want no pay. All you want is work—work of any sort. You are so tired of being idle that life is a burden to you. All you want is work, and plenty of it. You do not want a penny's worth of remuneration. You will get the place, whether the man be a generous or a selfish one.

"When you have got it, do not sit around and wait for others to find work for you. Keep watch and find it for yourself. When you cannot find it, invent it. This will make you needed friends among the members of the staff. When you see a thing that is worth reporting, go to the office and tell about it. Soon you will be allowed to put such things on paper yourself. Thus you will drift by natural and sure degrees into regular reporting, and you will find yourself on the city editor's staff, without anyone's quite knowing how or when you got there.

"Meantime, though you may have made yourself necessary, possibly even indispensable, you are never to mention wages. You can afford to wait, for that is a matter that will take care of itself. By and by there will be a vacancy on a rival paper. Some reporter of your acquaintance will speak of you, and you will be offered the place at current wages. You will report this good fortune to your city editor. He will offer you the same wages, and you will stay where you are. After that, when higher pay is offered you on another paper, you are not to take the place if your original employer is willing to keep you at a like price."

The young fellow was not looking for such instructions as these. But he kept his promise, and he got the place he applied for. Inside of thirty days he was on the regular staff of reporters. Soon another paper offered him a place, with a salary attached, of course. He followed Mr. Clemens' orders, and was offered the same salary by the paper with which he was connected. He stayed. His salary was raised occasionally, and now he is editor of a prominent daily paper in a southern state.

Fragments of Spencer's Wisdom.

Mental power cannot be got from ill-fed brains.

The saying that beauty is but skin deep is a skin deep saying.

Precepts often heard and little regarded lose by repetition the small influence they had.

In our tender regard for the vested interests of the few, let us not forget the rights of the many.

Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringe not the equal freedom of any other man.

All breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then, and not till then, will the physical education of the young receive the attention it deserves.

It will become a matter of wonder that there should ever have existed those who thought it admirable to enjoy without working, at the expense of others who worked without enjoying.

Free institutions can be properly worked only by men each of whom is jealous of his own rights and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others—who will neither himself aggress on his neighbors in small things or great nor tolerate aggression on them by others.

We hear a great deal about "the vile body," and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But nature quietly suppresses those who treat disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Do but gain a boy's trust; convince him by your behavior that you have his happiness at heart; let him discover that you are the wiser of the two; let him experience the benefit of following your advice and the evils that arise from dis-

regarding it, and fear not that you will readily enough guide him.

People are beginning to see the first requisite in life is to be a good animal. The best brain is found of little service if there be not enough vital energy to work it, and hence to obtain the one by sacrificing the source of the other is now considered a folly—a folly which the eventual failure of juvenile prodigies constantly illustrates. Thus we are discovering the wisdom of the saying that one secret in education is "to know how wisely to lose time."

Not to be impulsive—not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire which in truth comes uppermost, but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed with the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—this it is which moral education strives to produce.

Whoever thinks that men might have full sympathy with their fellows, while lacking all sympathy with inferior creatures, will discover his error on looking at the facts.

The Test of the College Graduate.

Good, roundabout common sense has never been superseded by the college diploma. *Alma Mater* is no match yet for *Mother Wit*. Nothing is more common than to see our so-called educated men, that is, our academy-trained and college-bred men, surpassed in mental and moral power and out-distanced in the race of life by men who have known little if anything of our set forms of school training.

In taking an inventory of a man, it is a matter of trivial moment to know whether he was graduated from this or that preparatory school, or any preparatory school; from this college, or that college, or any college. The plain, blunt question which the world asked yesterday and has been asking to-day and will ask to-morrow is, What of the man? How much is there of him and to him and in him? What can he do?—do in fields of labor—do at the bedside of the patient—in the pulpit or at the bar?

This is the question of our times, and it is a fair, honest question. The popular test is making havoc of diplomas and certificates. It says not, Tell us the educational groove the young man has been sliding in and which he has slid through; its demand is not whether he hails from this school, or that school, or no school; whether he comes from a mansion or a cottage or a log hut. Put him on the scales and let us weigh him.

The question is not, Have you studied arithmetic, algebra, geometry, astronomy, Latin, Greek, French, German? but, If you have studied these branches of knowledge, what have they done for you?

The question is not, Have you graduated from Harvard or Yale or Dartmouth? but, If you have graduated from one of these schools of learning, what has your college done for you?—*Ex-President Hurlbut of Middlebury College*.

The Music Set the Pace.

A Scotch Calvinist minister who had employed a man to chop wood came out from his study after a while to see how the work was progressing. He found the man chopping vigorously, his strokes keeping time to the lively air of "Bonnie Maggie Lauder," which he sang with energy.

The minister was shocked at what he considered the man's levity, and rebuked him for singing such an "ungodly" air.

He suggested that he sing instead one of Watts' hymns, leading off himself with one of the most lugubrious of the collection.

The worker obediently followed, and again, unconsciously, his strokes kept time with the melody.

The minister watched him a while, and then, with an apologetic air, said: "Weel, mon, I think ye'd better gang back again to 'Bonnie Maggie Lauder.'"

A man is sufficient for himself, yet were ten men united in love, capable of being and doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—*Carlyle*.

The Epworthian on the New Year's Threshold.

WEEKLY DEVOTIONAL MEETING.

Topic for Jan. 3: The Kind of Growth I Need in 1904.

(Eph. 4: 11-16.)

Daily Readings.

Monday.—From childhood to maturity (Heb. 5: 12-6: 2).

Tuesday.—Christ's lesson as to growth (Luke 12: 22-31).

Wednesday.—An apostle's prayer for the church (Eph. 3: 14-21).

Thursday.—How made perfect? (Heb. 13: 20-21.)

Friday.—Stability and completion in Christ (Col. 2: 1-10).

Saturday.—A motive to steadfastness in the truth, and to growth in grace and knowledge (2 Peter 3: 11-18).

Sunday.—Topic: The kind of growth I need in 1904 (Eph. 4: 11-16).

Three Essentials of Growth.

Food. The body is dependent on supplies outside itself to repair waste, and to provide material for growth. Withhold food, and the body begins to die. Death by starvation is not sudden, but if the food supply is not restored, death is certain to occur.

The soul is dependent on supplies outside itself. The cares of the world, and the burdens of daily life, constantly tend to decrease one's stock of spiritual vitality. Temptations assail the weak places, as well as the strong ones. A starved soul has less power of resistance. The soul without food begins to die. In time the process of death, if unhindered, will be complete.

The food of the spiritual life is the gift of God. You cannot feed the soul without finding that, by whatever method the supply comes, its source is God. His great provision for soul-nourishment is his Word. Man shall not live by bread alone—he needs that for his physical life—but by the Word of God—for his soul. The great source of God's Word is God's book. He speaks through other channels, but, in one form or other, most of them have their origin in the Book of God, the Bible.

Air. The need of air for the body is so great and so constant that we are completely immersed in air, and the sufficiency of the air-supply has been insured by making the process involuntary. You breathe without conscious effort. Indeed, it takes great effort to stop breathing, even for a little while.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

If we were in a normal spiritual condition prayer would be as easy as breathing. "Prayer without ceasing" has often been a misunderstood text, because we tried to interpret it by the standards of a life which struggles to get a breath of prayer once a day. Long training will enable divers to stay under water for several minutes at a time, but it is at fearful cost. We can do without prayer, too, but we cannot long maintain our Christian life without it. A prayerless Christian is an impossibility.

Exercise. Some people maintain a sort of "pretty well, thank you," state of health, without exercise. But it is a flabby, pale-faced, undesirable life. It has no spring to it, no appreciation of the stimulus to all life-forces which comes with work, no knowledge of that delicious weariness which makes rest so sweet at the end of a good day's toil. The processes of the body's life work sluggishly and ineffectually. Artificial stimulation is often resorted to. The indolent man spurs his appetite with intoxicants, with highly-seasoned foods. But the man who is not afraid of work knows that hunger is the best sauce.

Indolent Christianity is unhealthy. It is the sort that has its "ups and downs," its times of great depression, and its times of great excitement. It is always abnormal. It needs tonics and stimulants before it will respond. Out of the perfectly proper earnestness of a revival season it gets nothing but a temporary emotional spurt. It does

nothing, and then wonders why it does not delight in God's work between times.

The Scripture Lesson Analyzed.

THE GROWTH I NEED.

Its provider.

God.

Its agencies.

Apostles.

Prophets.

Evangelists.

Pastors.

Teachers.

Its aims.

To fit me for service.

To make me a source of strength to the whole Christian brotherhood.

Its signs.

Oneness of faith with others.

Consciousness of communion with Christ.

Its end.

Maturity of character.

Likeness to Christ.

Its negative effects.

Childishness of conduct will cease.

Doctrinal fickleness will end.

Religious credulity will vanish.

Its positive results.

Truthful living.

Fellowship with the saints.

Christlikeness.

There Must First Be Life.

If the evolutionist is right in all his theories, which is not yet determined, he is still face to face with the fact that only living things can grow. He has not found the secret of life.

There is no such thing as growth *into* the kingdom of God. Growth *in* the kingdom has no limit, but entrance to the kingdom is not secured by growth. It comes by birth. Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter.

Have you been born into the kingdom? Are you a child of God, and a member of the new society which centers in Jesus Christ? Then you can seek the growth you need. Otherwise seek first to find an entrance into the new life. Seek Jesus Christ. He is the way, the truth, the life. Accept him as Saviour. Obey him as Lord. Then you can begin to grow into his likeness, as his spirit works in your life.

Everybody Desires to Grow.

Some seek to grow richer in purse.

Some seek to become more skillful in their work.

Some seek to grow stronger in body.

Some seek to increase in knowledge.

Some seek to become more famous.

Some seek to exert more power over others.

Some seek to become more attractive.

All these desires for growth may be entirely proper. But the results they seek are not the chief ends of life. Every one of these desires might be gratified in a single person, without adding to his permanent possessions, and without giving him real happiness.

These desires, when they alone are the end and aim of life, are snares for the unwary. The greatest life is the life of service, the life which gives, as well as receives; the life, in short, that is moved by the Spirit of Christ. If that spirit is allowed to win supremacy within us, all other desires will be controlled by it, and the attainment of them will be a real and lasting blessing.

It Must Be Growth or Failure.

The more thorough a man's education is, the more he yearns for and is pushed forward to new achievement. The better a man is in this world, the better he is compelled to be. That bold youth who climbed up the Natural Bridge in Virginia and carved his name higher than any other, found, when he had done so, that it was impossible to descend, and then his only alternative was to go on and scale the height and find safety at the top. Thus it is with all climbing in this life. There is

no going down. It is climbing or falling. Even an upward step makes another needful; and so we must go on until we reach heaven, the summit of the aspirations of time.—H. W. Beecher.

A New Year's Prayer.

I want my heart made pure, O Lord,
I want to know and love thy Word;
To be all glorious within,
Freed from each spot and stain of sin.

I want the New Year's opening days
To fill with love and prayer and praise.
Some little things to do for thee,
For thou hast done great things for me.

I want some other soul to bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King.
Thou wilt not, Lord, my prayer deny,
For thou canst all my wants supply.

In Jesus' name our prayer we raise,
Whose guiding hand has blessed our days.
And may we, Lord, in godly fear
Serve thee through all this coming year.

—Selected.

Looking Forward.

What the last Sabbath of the old year was, a period, has sprung up into an interrogation-point—what of the future?

1. It is a pathway ready for our feet. God carves a path for the river; much more for a man. We may break away from the path, but it is there.

2. Life is a failure apart from the divine path. God's intent touches all our purposes, and every thought not fitted into his is worthless. Even his forgiveness does not retrieve the loss of willfulness.

3. How find the line of God's purpose?

(a) Life is so intricate that it needs a chart—the Bible.

(b) Each step well taken prepares us to see the next.

(c) If we desire to do his will he will show us the way. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

4. To take God's will for ours is the consummation and acme of destiny; not the destruction of our will, but harmony with God's, so that both sound but one note.

5. The church labors to bring us to this. We enter the kingdom of heaven on our knees. So shall we rightly enter the new year.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

The Theme's Relation to League Work.

The Epworth League offers admirable opportunities for personal growth. If you have not used them, begin this year.

Your need of regular and systematic use of the Bible can nowhere be better supplied than through the league Bible-study course. Join the class in your own chapter. If there is no class, start one. Three or four earnest people will make the nucleus of a fine class. It will give definiteness and purpose to your reading of the Bible. It will make the reading a pleasure, instead of a task performed for duty's sake alone. And it will help you to be a better member of the league and church, because it will help you to be a more intelligent Christian.

Then the daily communion, which should bring a more intimate and satisfying sense of the presence of God, may be greatly helped by the observance of the Morning Watch. This is not an elaborate or difficult matter. If you can find time to give fifteen minutes of the first hour of the day to it, you will find that it will be a great means of growth.

Send your name and address to the Central Office, and full particulars of Bible-study plans and of the Morning Watch enrollment will be forwarded to you.

The third essential of growth, as indicated elsewhere on this page, is exercise. What is your relation to the work your chapter is doing? Are you doing your share? Is your chapter doing all the helpful, constructive, inspirational work that needs to be done in your community? Let these questions be carefully and honestly considered, and it is certain that you will find opportunities for spiritual exercise that have not yet been fully utilized.

The Sunday-School.

Lesson for Jan. 3: The Boyhood of Jesus.

(Luke 2: 40-52.)

Golden Text.—"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man" (Luke 2: 52).

Home Readings.

Monday.—The boyhood of Jesus (Luke 2: 40-52).
Tuesday.—The Passover feast (Deut. 16: 1-8).
Wednesday.—A youthful seeker (2 Chron. 34: 1-7).
Thursday.—The principal thing (Prov. 4: 1-9).
Friday.—Excellency of wisdom (Prov. 8: 1-17).
Saturday.—Wisdom from God (Prov. 2: 1-9).
Sunday.—Herod's cruelty (Matt. 2: 13-23).

The Human Development of the Son of God.

In thirteen short verses of the second chapter of Luke is found the scriptural account of the boyhood of Jesus. So very incomplete is this account, that of the first thirty years of his life we know nothing, except the mere incident of his visit to Jerusalem, when he was twelve years of age. It is not difficult, however, to imagine at least some of the influences which would materially aid in the development of that "wisdom" with which he was filled in his early childhood.

His training. 1. He was reared in a family that was deeply devoted to the service of Jehovah.
 2. He had a father who commanded the regard and respect of his family.

3. His mother was possessed of a pure and lovable character, which closely corresponded to the ideal portrayed by Solomon in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs.

4. It was universally the practice among Hebrew children to hold their parents in deepest reverence. The example of Isaac was ever held before their eyes as a model of unhesitating obedience and praiseworthy loyalty to his father.

His religious and intellectual advantages. Jesus doubtless had the advantage of an excellent training at a Jewish religious school. The enthusiasm of the Jew for education was remarkable. Said one of their writers: "A town in which there is no school must perish." Josephus says: "We interest ourselves more about the education of our children than about anything else, and hold the observance of the laws, and the rules of piety they inculcate, as the weightiest business of our whole lives. If you ask a Jew any matter concerning the law, he can more readily explain it than tell his own name. Since we learn it from the first beginning of intelligence, it is, as it were, graven on our souls."

Philo, a contemporary of Christ, bears testimony to the fidelity of the Jews in this matter. "Since the Jews," says he, "look on their laws as revelations from God, and are taught them from their earliest childhood, they bear the image of the law on their souls." Josephus boasts that at fourteen he had so thorough a knowledge of the law that the high priests and first men of the town sought his opinion.

That such schools were common in the days of Christ cannot be doubted, since Joshua, the son of Gamaliel, had ordained that, "as in every district, so in every town, teachers should be appointed to whom the boys from the sixth or seventh year of their age should be committed."

The daily routine. The daily life of Jesus was replete with religious observances. At home, on the street, in the synagogue, he ever had before him the godly example of some of the most devout masters in Israel.

His father, on arising in the morning, took not four steps from his bed before washing his face and hands. The rabbis taught that this was necessary in order to cleanse one from the defilement of sleep.

The day began with private worship, as a preparation for morning prayers at the synagogue, before the labors of the day could be begun. Each day formal prayers were thrice repeated.

A few sentences from a modern writer will further emphasize the religious influences of Christ's life. "In every week there was a preparation day for the Sabbath. Public worship was held twice weekly, each Monday and Thursday, and

on feast days and holy days. Three pilgrimages were required yearly. A whole week was occupied by the feast of Unleavened Bread, and by that of the Tabernacles, and by the feast of Dedication. Every Jew was, moreover, occupied through his connection with the temple, by tithes, sacrifices, and vows."

Then he had to pay particular attention to the laws regarding clothing and cleanliness of person. These requirements and a multitude of other religious duties served to keep the mind continually fixed upon the law.

The influence of these surroundings. These immediate material and spiritual advantages had definite influence on the child Jesus.

1. He waxed strong in spirit. (a) He showed the shade of character that marked him as a leader among men. (b) He was strong in patient waiting for the call to the ministry. (c) He was strong in submitting in all things to his parents, that thus all righteousness might be fulfilled. (d) He was strong in resistance to all temptation to evil. (e) He was strong in virtuous conduct among his fellows. (f) He was strong in having an ever-broadening vision of spiritual realities and in the inspirations that followed. (g) He was strong in devotion to God's will.

2. "Grace . . . upon him." In this connection the word grace means favor. God looked upon him with complacency and blessed him. As a youth he must have been exceedingly attractive, since he possessed a holy character, adorned with gentleness and illumined with the light of heaven.

3. "He grew in favor with God and man." God delighted daily in the development of him whom he had ordained to be the Saviour of men. Men looked with astonishment and admiration upon the youth developing in their midst and characterized by rare wisdom, unexampled devotion, and ever-increasing love.—*Practical Commentary.*

Dyspepsia

What's the use of a good cook if there's a bad stomach—a stomach too weak properly to digest what is taken into it?

The owner of such a stomach experiences distress after eating, nausea between meals, and is troubled with belching and fits of nervous headache—he's dyspeptic and miserable.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia and have suffered almost everything. I have tried many different remedies, but could get no relief until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the use of this medicine I could eat without distress, and today I am as well as ever, but I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand." Mrs. J. A. CROWELL, Canajoharie, N. Y.

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THE EPWORTH HERALD

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HOW WE GROW.

Subscription list reported last week.....122,886
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Total list.....123,552

What will it be next week?

BOOKS FOR THE MILLION.

THE editor of the *Publishers' Weekly* gave, in a recent number of the *Independent*, an interesting statement about the literary output of the world.

According to that editor's estimate Germany leads the world in the number of new books. Then follow France, Italy, England, the United States, and the Netherlands. Did you not suppose that the United States was the great book-producing country? That impression is abroad because we advertise our books more, and make more fuss about them.

England leads the world in creative work, having by far the largest output of novels, romance, and works of pure imagination. Germany leads in educational and theological works, and books for the young. Italy leads in religious publications. France is ahead in historical works.

The largest number of books published in the United States falls in the department of fiction, but works of fiction are generally duplicated in the English and American statistics, as novels of merit written in the English language almost invariably appear on both sides of the Atlantic.

Stated in figures, the average of books produced to every million inhabitants is as follows: The German Empire, 354; France, 344; Switzerland, 338; Belgium, 337; Italy, 309; Sweden, 300; Norway, 262; Great Britain, 175; Russia, 85; United States, 81; Spain, 66.

On the other hand, in an average of periodicals to a million inhabitants, the United States is far ahead, having 510, and Switzerland coming next with 320. Germany has 161, France 156, and Great Britain 113. So that while Germany leads the world in book production, the United States leads in the production of periodical literature, showing, perhaps, that the Germans are a nation of thinkers, and the Americans a nation of readers.

Truly, we have books for the million.

The person who has a taste for reading need not long in vain for something to read. If he cannot buy books, the public libraries are open. They are multiplying rapidly, and he must be a captious individual who cannot find something adapted to his needs.

MR. WASHINGTON AND HIS SCHOOL.

HAS Mr. Booker T. Washington a press agent?

The space given to his school both in the North and the South indicates that he has.

You can scarcely pick up a daily paper without coming upon some telegraphic reference to that particular colored brother. And the editors' columns contain numerous references to his educational work.

We do not object to this. It is an evidence of Mr. Washington's sagacity.

But what we do object to is the assumption by the newspapers of this country that the Tuskegee school is unique—that it is the only institution in the South which is furnishing an opportunity for manual training.

Long before Booker T. Washington was heard of, the Methodist Episcopal Church had founded her industrial plants and professional schools for the colored youth of the South. From these schools there has gone out a great army of young men and women into the life of the Southern states.

All these schools combined do not receive any more money than is given to the Tuskegee school alone.

Is it not about time the newspapers of the country were being told

that there is a good deal of industrial instruction in the South besides that furnished at Tuskegee?

We suggest to our Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society the propriety of hiring a press agent.

ARMY DESERTIONS.

IT is reported that the number of desertions from the United States army is "phenomenal."

During the past year one out of every sixteen enlisted men ran away.

Various reasons are given for this state of affairs. But really, it is not so wonderful.

Most young men do not enlist in the army for the pay. They enlist because they are attracted by the glamor of adventure and glory and the glitter of uniform, and all the romance of the accoutrements of war.

During time of war, even when there is no actual fighting, there is always the chance of excitement.

Hence there are few desertions during time of war.

It is when peace reigns that the desertions begin.

The young man of adventurous spirit is the very one to whom the dreary round of drill and the monotony of barrack life become unbearable.

You may raise his wages to \$18 a month or to \$20, but that will not keep him.

He chafes under the restraint, the monotony and the complete loss of his individuality.

All this is not strange. How would you feel if you were put in the soldier's place?

And we should think that the arrogant assumptions and social superiority assumed by the officers and their families must add to the offensiveness of the situation.

No plan is suggested to stop desertions.

Army officials must simply keep right on gathering in recruits from the ranks of the foolish boys who, in nine cases out of ten, will live to regret their enlistment.

THE MEN THEY FEAR AND HATE.

HERE is an extract from an editorial in *The Liberty Bell*, an organ of the liquor abomination:

We have every respect for a minister of the gospel who attends to his own business. Many of these we believe are sincere in their belief. It is their duty to preach, and so long as they preach salvation we don't care, but whenever they go howling about the liquor traffic and gambling and horse-racing, and about saloons being the curse of the country, and even condemn dancing and such like innocent amusements, it's time for a halt to be called on them. But there is a class of preachers—and we are sorry to say their number is increasing—who are not content to stop at this, but have the audacity to declare from the pulpit that no man can consistently serve the Lord and vote with any political party that does not, in its platform, condemn our business. THESE ARE THE MEN WE FEAR AND HATE.

If we were not hated by that crowd we should straightway repent.

A GROWING MOVEMENT.

THE annual meeting of the American Anti-saloon League was a decided success. Delegates went to Washington from almost every part of the country. It was a representative company of men and women. The various phases of anti-saloon work were discussed with intelligence and zeal. It is doubtful whether a temperance convention ever had a larger number of really able speakers.

Reports from the general officers and state superintendents were cheering. Special gratification was expressed over the successful launching of the new Lincoln Legion—a movement to circulate the pledge and secure a great army of total abstainers. The advance made in securing temperance legislation was also the occasion of much joy.

The convention was inspirational. Its influence will live.

The anti-saloon movement has now been upon trial long enough to prove pretty conclusively that it has come to stay. It is an important addition to the anti-whisky forces of the nation. From the first we have been in hearty sympathy with its aims and methods. We wish its leaders godspeed!

HID BEHIND THE BIBLE.

WRITING in the *Sunday-School Times*, Louis Albert Banks tells of a conversation which he once had with a remarkably brilliant man, who had gone to hear Mr. Moody out of pure curiosity. He was an outspoken critic, and had many outbursting sins. But he was converted, and when asked the reason for the sudden change, his reply in substance was this: "I went to hear Moody just to pick flaws in him. From what I read in the papers, I thought he was an uneducated, plain sort of a man, and I expected to have plenty of points to joke about afterward. But when I got there, I found that I could not get at Moody at all. He stood there on the plat-

form, and hid behind the Bible, and just pounded me with Bible texts, and after a while they went home to my heart, straight as bullets from a rifle. I tell you, Moody's power is in the way he has his Bible at the tip of his tongue."

Without doubt this was a secret of the evangelist's power. The Word is a sword. It has an edge most keen. It will do great execution. It is practically resistless.

Are you making all possible use of the Bible?

WHAT THE WORLD WANTS.

IN his first sermon in his big Boston pulpit, Dr. Henson said several things that have the true Hensonian ring.

This is one of them: "It is no new gospel I bring to you. It is old, yet ever new. What the world wants, what Boston wants, is not the truth as it is in Darwin, Huxley, Emerson, nor any mortal man, but the truth as it is in Jesus."

Dr. Henson is right. And the wonder is that the preachers who face empty pews and listless hearers do not realize the fact. The man who turns aside to preach anything else commits a gigantic mistake, and compels speedy failure.

SEASONED WITH SALT.

NEVER before in the history of the world did apt speech count for so much as it does to-day.

The man who does not waste his words, but gives to his phrases a clever turn, has the ear of the world. He gets attention. And he gets results.

There is really nothing new in the process. St. Paul understood it centuries ago. He wrote to the Colossians: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt."

IT IS GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD—

THAT obedience usually settles doubt.

That disobedience points toward anarchy.

That aimless young people soon drop behind.

That there is not much chance for slow coaches just now.

That the hatless woman (in church) is more than welcome.

That egotism makes a man look like a dollar minus ninety-nine cents.

That the pot was probably boiling over when it called the kettle black.

That some people make enemies instead of friends because it is less trouble.

That much of the talk we hear about Christian union consists chiefly of sentiment.

That backbone is a portion of the anatomy which the modern Christian cannot get along without.

That the wise man never tries to appear profound. It is an infringement upon the rights of the shallow.

That some of the brethren who expect to speak to the General Conference are already preparing their extemporaneous remarks.

No more important temperance legislation has been proposed for over a decade than the Hepburn-Dolliver bill. This measure is designed to make state legislation on the liquor question effective by allowing the laws of the state to have complete jurisdiction over liquor shipped into the state both before and after delivery. Prohibition, whether state wide or local, and all forms of local-option legislation will not have a fair test without this law. The bill is before the judiciary committee in both houses of Congress. Friends of temperance will do well to write their representatives in the Senate and House of Representatives, urging them to vote for the bill when it comes up. In the Senate the bill is numbered 1,390, and in the house the number is 4,072.

A court was hearing a case of "drunk, third arrest." The judge turned to the woman who stood near, whose worn, sorrowful face had touched his heart, and said:

"I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband."

The injured wife, victim of the legalized liquor traffic, one of many who "take the consequences while the husband takes the drink," had no thought of touching deep moral and economic problems, but only of plain, everyday common sense, when she replied:

"Your honor, wouldn't it be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon, and let my husband go to work?"

The selection of Rev. W. S. Bovard to the vacant professorship in Grant University Theological School was one of the very best which could have been made. He has superb natural ability, a thorough classical and theological training, and personal qualities which will make him a popular teacher. All who know Bovard will cordially approve.

It was the privilege of this editor to preach at the dedication of the new St. John's Church, Davenport, Iowa, on Sunday week. The building cost \$80,000, and is probably the finest Methodist Episcopal

edifice in the state. Mr. J. W. Powell was present. That is the same as saying that all the debt and more was subscribed. Dr. Thompson and his people are more than jubilant. A picture of the splendid church will appear in our next issue.

"The Epworth League Year-Book for 1904" will be on the market by the time this paragraph reaches the reader's eye. It is a valuable little publication, and should be in the hand of every young person who desires to have at hand all sorts of facts and figures about Methodism in general and the Epworth League in particular.

"He scatters too much." That was said of a young man living on our street who has, so far, not made much of a success of life. The statement gives the key to the failure of more than one young and older man. The young fellows who have only one thing to do, and do it well, will be found at the head of the procession.

A pastor writes common-sense in this sentence: "The harvest here is plenteous, but no self-binder will work. Sickle in hand, I must do the work." Exactly. Self-binders in the gospel harvest make a great noise and a big show. But it is the individual, sickle in hand, who brings in the golden sheaves.

You are anxious to go to China to work for the salvation of the heathen? It is well. But while you are waiting, how about the heathen on your street? That field does not possess so much romance, but it is a good place to get your hand in.

The *Northwestern* is printing the portraits of delegates selected to the next General Conference. We notice two or three brethren who evidently were not elected for their surpassing beauty.

The inauguration of Dr. E. H. Hughes as president of De Pauw University will have proper attention next week. It was a great event, and the arrangements were carried out perfectly.

A colored pastor in Texas, demanding his salary, said: "Bredern, I can't preach hea'h and boad'n in heb'n." Same with your minister. How about supplies for his boarding-house?

The statisticians who announce that there is nearly \$30 in circulation for each man, woman, and child, do not undertake to explain why so many people are unable to get their money.

We are told that the dog is never a hypocrite. When he wags his tail he always means it. Can as much be said of friendly manifestations on the part of some people?

Stop praying "Thy kingdom come," unless you are resolved at the next election to go to the ballot-box, and strike the other party's kingdom a stunning blow.

When the Liberty Bell goes to St. Louis to be exhibited at the World's Fair, it will be the first time the historic relic has crossed the Mississippi River.

The more a man has to say about himself the less he likes to hear others talk of themselves.

The organ-grinder is not the only man who is always asking for mercy and never has any.

The Christian who does not yearn to have everybody else saved should rise for prayers.

The successful man rides in a palace car. But he did not ride to success in it.

We never get hold of a great truth until we are willing that it shall get hold of us.

Come to think of it, would you not prefer a truthful enemy to a lying friend?

First genuine revivals, and then generous collections. That is the logical order.

Fashion is a tyrant. It is surprising how many of us are its willing slaves.

Did you ever see a day which did not bring its opportunities of doing good?

Charity suffereth long, but one is not likely to find it out from her lips.

As a snowy day in spring, so is an act of kindness that comes too late.

Take time for a little recreation, or you will work yourself out of a job.

The Epworth League and Sunday-school should practice reciprocity.

Do not mourn the failures of yesterday. Look at to-morrow.

He knows his strength who knows his weakest point.

PEOPLE.

Edward Everett Hale is chaplain of the Senate. Dr. E. M. Mills dedicates the fine new church at Canton, N. Y.

Dr. O. L. Fisher improves in health, and is able to preach again.

Bishop Fitzgerald will be off for his work in Mexico about Jan. 10.

Rev. L. S. Fuller of Columbus, O., has a lecture on "Tom, Dick, and Harry."

James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana poet, was born in a Methodist home.

Bishop Moore has just been holding the West China Mission Conference.

Dr. Baker of the Anti-saloon League believes the anti-canteen law has come to stay.

Dr. Munhall has just closed a successful evangelistic campaign at Princeton, Ind.

Rev. Hugh E. Smith has met with his usual success in a gracious revival at Medina, O.

Dr. Frank Gamewell is to deliver the address at Allegheny College on the Day of Prayer.

Dr. L. E. Prentiss has been assisting in a gracious revival at North-avenue Church, Allegheny.

Rev. Geo. M. Fowles and Rev. J. Alexander H. Leo have been appointed missionaries to Porto Rico.

Dr. W. B. Pickard of Epworth Memorial Church, Cleveland, has a taking lecture on "The man with a tight grip."

Bishop Warren's visit to the Philippines will long be a blessed memory to the workers and converts in that field.

Mrs. Dalton, the wife of Dr. C. B. Dalton of Kansas City, Kan., is regaining health and strength in New Mexico.

Rev. R. S. Borland is doing good service as the builder of a superannuated preachers' fund for the Erie Conference.

Dr. J. W. Hancher of Iowa Wesleyan University has been spending several days in Chicago in the interest of that institution.

Rev. George Wood Anderson of Troy, N. Y., was in Chicago last week, and favored Methodist headquarters with a cheery visit.

Dr. W. W. Lance has begun his pastorate at William-street Church, Delaware, O., under the most auspicious conditions.

Dr. G. W. Switzer of the Lafayette District is the newly-elected vice-president of the Indiana Young Men's Christian Association.

Rev. S. J. Miller has been appointed president of the Parkersburg (W. Va.), district league in place of Rev. A. A. Kelly, removed.

Dr. John H. Coleman, president of Willamette University, Oregon, has been spending several weeks among his friends in the East.

Bishop Hamilton, who preached at Cobleskill, N. Y. recently, is said to be the first Methodist bishop to preach in Schenectady County.

Rev. E. S. Gaddis of the Cincinnati Conference will give all his time to Epworth Heights, and the summer meetings which are held there.

Dr. J. M. Buckley lectured at the Drew Settlement, New York City, on Dec. 14, on "Un-Christian, Anti-Christian and Christian Socialism."

Rev. C. W. Sutton transfers from Kentucky to St. Mary's, Ohio. He is a unique and scholarly preacher—altogether out of the ordinary.

Rev. J. A. Neill has been transferred from West Wisconsin Conference to Northwest Iowa Conference, and is now stationed at Fostoria, Ia.

Dr. W. F. King of Cornell College is anticipating that the semi-jubilee of that institution will be the educational event of next year in Iowa.

Dr. Isaac Crook has been lectured to the Epworth Chapter of Staunton, O., on "Betsy and I are out." Lecture emphasizes divorce inquiry.

Dr. Homer Eaton picked up more information about China during his recent brief visit there than many people would in a year's investigations.

Miss Helen F. Barnes of the Young Woman's Christian Association recovers from a dangerous illness at the home of her parents in Hoytville, O.

Rev. Dr. James Mudge is delivering a course of lectures on "Missions" before the middle and junior classes at Boston University School of Theology.

Rev. W. A. Newing of Sheboygan, Wis., has the pleasure of preaching in the new First Church, one of the most complete houses of worship in the state.

Rev. Luther E. Lovejoy, pastor of Trinity Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., has made an extraordinary record as a missionary pastor. Trinity is one of the newer churches of the city, but last year it led the whole state of Michigan in its offerings to missions.

Rev. J. W. Magruder of Portland, Me., delivered

a strong sermon on "The Christian's civic duty," to his Chestnut-street congregation a week or two ago.

Rev. Joseph E. Appley, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Nyack-on-Hudson, was a welcome caller at THE EPWORTH HERALD sanctuary.

Dr. F. E. Day writes optimistically of the outlook for commercial, educational, and religious growth in Oklahoma. Says Methodism is getting a great start.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has been holding some interesting and profitable conferences with the ministers in San Francisco and Oakland and Bay cities.

Dr. Lewis Curtis of the Rock River Conference leaves this week for Southern California, where, with his wife, he expects to spend the rest of the winter.

Dr. G. L. Hanawalt of Cleveland has for years been a singing parson. He now has daughters who join him in a concert, which is decidedly attractive.

Gen. A. W. Greely and Mr. David H. Bates were the guests of the New York Methodist Social Union at its last banquet. They spoke on wireless telegraphy.

Rev. Joseph H. Smith has been engaged by the local evangelistic committee to conduct special meetings during the entire session of the General Conference.

Dr. C. W. Millard, presiding-elder of the New York District, is attending to regular and extra work just as though he had not passed through such a serious recent illness.

Dr. F. G. McCauley of Ohio has a pretty clear conception of what the new Catechism should be. He set forth his sensible views in a recent number of the *Western*.

Rev. P. L. Hewson of Tamarack Church, Calumet, Mich., is in the midst of one of the most remarkable revivals which ever visited that region. It is of the old-fashioned sort.

Dr. D. W. Knight of the Wade Park Church, Cleveland, writes us that his young people have developed great usefulness in building up the attendance at the Sunday-school.

President Samuel Dickie is a layman, but he preached at the dedication of the new Methodist Episcopal Church at Charlotte, Mich., last Sunday and did as well as a bishop.

Dr. David Gregg, who succeeded Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler as pastor of Lafayette-avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, becomes president of Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa.

Dr. S. M. Kean of Troy is the son of a Methodist minister. The united ministerial work of father and son covers more than 100 years of service, all performed in the territory now included in the Troy Conference.

Mr. Peter Sheets, the oldest member of Broad-street Church, Philadelphia, died recently, aged 92. His grandfather fought under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. Mr. Sheets was a Methodist Christian of the old school.

Rev. Charles Coke Woods, the author of "A Pilgrim Jew," is receiving warm words of praise for his poem. In our review of the book we erred in giving New York as its place of publication. It is published by the Gorham Press, Boston.

Dr. John Lanahan's death has been widely commented upon. Thirty years ago he was a notable man in the denomination, and he retained his leadership and influence in the Baltimore conference almost until the close of his eventful life.

Dr. Charles O. Merica has returned to Lawrence University. He is to be professor of sociology and field representative. That doctor is an attractive platform speaker, a popular teacher, and a very valuable accession to the faculty of the university.

Rev. William E. McLennan, D.D., of the Rock River Conference, has united with the Presbyterian Church. The doctor was brought up in that communion, and feels that he will probably be more at home there. He is a man of fine character, and leaves with the goodwill of his brethren.

Prof. Francis W. Hanawalt of Iowa Wesleyan has been elected to the chair of mathematics and astronomy in Albion College. The professor did good service as president of the Iowa Epworth League, and is a devoted and successful worker in the various departments of the church. He will be greatly missed at Mt. Pleasant.

Senator W. P. Dillingham of Vermont, and Hon. Frank Plumley of the same state, are examples of Methodist laymen in high public service. Senator Dillingham lately spent some months in Alaska, investigating conditions there on behalf of Con-

gress, and Mr. Plumley has just returned from Venezuela, where he represented the United States in an important arbitration.

THE LEAGUE AT LARGE.

The new constitution was translated into Bengali, and was in use by Bengali chapters in India by the end of July.

The Epworth League and the Brotherhood of First Church, Germantown, Pa., united in holding a week's revival services, at which thirty people were converted.

The chapter at Shelton, Neb., varied the usual devotional meeting by holding a service of song on Sunday evening, Dec. 6. Special music had been provided, and the quoting of favorite hymns was an interesting feature.

The chapter at Ravenswood, Chicago, has an exceptionally strong lecture course this year. The attractions include Prof. R. L. Cumcock, Prof. Walter Keller, Dr. J. F. Berry, the Mendelssohn Quartet, and the choir of the Ravenswood Church.

Hemenway Church Chapter, Evanston, Ill., has an entertainment course of five numbers which is remarkably attractive. The talent includes Chas. D. Kellogg, the bird warbler, the Weber Male Quartet, Dr. S. A. Steel, Col. G. W. Bain, and the Ravenswood choir.

The Epworth League Musical Union of Toledo, O., will give Handel's "Messiah" on New Year's Eve, with the assistance of the Symphony Orchestra. The soloists are Mrs. Albro Blodgett, Miss Charlotte Robinson, Prof. Charles H. Thompson, and Dr. Carl E. Duff. The union has been brought to a high state of efficiency under Professor Thompson's leadership.

J. M. Kelsey, first vice-president of the city cabinet of Cleveland Epworth Leagues, and Miss Laura Stewart, second vice-president, have organized a mission institute among the first and second vice-presidents of the city chapters. The first meeting was held Dec. 3, and was a success. Topics of vital importance to work in the local chapters were discussed, and much information as to how to overcome difficulties in local work was elicited. The institute will hold its next meeting Feb. 8, 1904.

The various young people's societies of Parkersburg, W. Va., are organized into a Young People's Union, which is composed of the Epworth Leagues of First, Elberon, and Riverside Methodist Episcopal churches, and St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, South; the Christian Endeavor societies of First and Beechwood Presbyterian churches, First Christian Church, and the Methodist Protestant Church; the Baptist Young People's unions of First and Calvary Baptist churches; the Young People's Christian Union of the United Brethren Church, and others. The union has a rally day once in each quarter, at which time its banner is awarded to the society having the largest percentage of attendance of members at devotional meetings for the quarter.

COLLEGES.

A revival of religion of unusual scope is in progress in the West Virginia Seminary at Buckhannon, W. Va.

The Woman's College of Baltimore has arranged a West India cruise for the Christmas holidays, to occupy fifteen days.

Baker University has met the conditions of the offer made by Judge Nelson Case, and the much-needed library is now assured.

The Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church has appointed Pres. B. P. Raymond of Wesleyan University, Pres. J. W. Bashford of Ohio Wesleyan, and Dr. W. F. McDowell, secretary of the Board of Education, as a commission to investigate conditions in the schools and colleges for colored people in the South. Practically all such institutions under Methodist control will be visited, with a view to ascertaining whether educational funds are now being spent economically, and whether changes in curriculums are advisable. The commission started Dec. 16, and is to be away most of the holidays, inspecting institutions of every type, including industrial and medical schools. Tuskegee Institute and Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., will be visited; also the schools in Greensboro, N. C., Atlanta, Ga., New Orleans, La., Holly Springs, Miss., and Nashville, Tenn. A report of the commission will be made to the University Senate of the Methodist Church, and ultimately to the General Conference.

The American Methodist Institution, Calcutta, India, is closing a prosperous year. Ever since the plague ceased its ravages in the early summer, the attendance has been steadily increasing. The boarding-school is the largest it has ever been, and

is still growing. The results obtained by the candidates sent up to the last university entrance examination were the most satisfactory the school has ever obtained, and this year's entrance class is larger and more hopeful than any for some time.

Southwest Kansas College, Winfield, Kan., has grown so rapidly that its class-room and chapel capacity is now taxed to hold the students. The attendance reached 360 for the fall term, an increase of fifty-five per cent. over the attendance one year ago. A strong faculty, confidence in the administration of Pres. Geo. F. Cook, the extensive field work of the vice-president and the educational secretary, and the great endowment movement, are prominent among the factors which have contributed to this happy result.

OUR SOUTHERN BRETHREN.

Epworth League work flourishes in Cuba.

The *Epworth Era* improves steadily, and its subscription lists expand.

It is proposed to establish an Epworth League Home at Monteagle, Tenn.

The Epworth League of the Church, South, is urging the claims of the Morning Watch.

The church history primers, written by Dr. H. W. Featherstun for the Epworth League Institute work, are in large demand.

There are now something over 6,200 chapters of the league in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and 1,000 Junior chapters.

METHODIST MENTION.

Many lecture courses.

Toledo has opened a deaconess home.

The joint hymn-book commission meets at Washington Dec. 30.

The church at Memphis, Mo., was burned Dec. 6. The people will rebuild.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has 28,213 church edifices, and 12,000 parsonages.

Lincoln's birthday will be celebrated by our Freedmen's Aid Society, Feb. 14.

King-avenue Church, Columbus, O., raises \$21,000 to complete its splendid sanctuary.

Methodist Episcopal Sunday-schools in this country have a membership of 2,884,000.

Thirty-seventh-street Church, New York, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary Dec. 13.

The East German Conference heads the list in Sunday-school contributions to missions.

The "Spiritual Culture Society" of the Methodist Episcopal Church has celebrated its first anniversary.

Some students of the Woman's College of Baltimore will make a fifteen days' pleasure cruise to the West Indies.

At Royersford, Pa., \$8,000 has been paid on the church debt, and a revival meeting has just been held with much good result.

DeKalb avenue Church, Brooklyn, is free from debt for the first time in nearly forty-eight years. Seventeen young men have entered the ministry from this church.

At Cresaptown, in the Baltimore Conference, the old log church in which Bishop Asbury preached has been made into a neat modern structure. But the logs are still there.

At Five Points Mission 900 children sat down to a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner this year. The mission is now doing some of the best work of its long and remarkable career.

The total subscription raised at St. James Church, Chicago, at the church's eighth anniversary, Dec. 6, was \$26,000. Of this amount \$11,000 is to be applied on the local debt, and \$15,000 goes to the "Chicago Church Debt" fund, and Wesley Hospital.

By a slip of the pen, or perhaps of the types, an item in a recent issue took up Chestnut-street Church, Portland, Maine, and transferred it bodily 3,000 miles across the continent to Portland, Oregon. But the church has not budged, though its floating debt has vanished.

At last Methodism in Stockholm, Sweden, has a suitable place for its activities. A building has been purchased and is now undergoing alterations to adapt it for its new uses. It will contain an audience room, a room for the Workmen's Institute, and some apartments for rental purposes. As the building was once a foundry, it is appropriately called a John Wesley memorial. The total cost will be about \$23,000.

At Westwood, Cincinnati, O., a new experiment is being tried. The pastor, Rev. D. G. Latshaw, is at the head of a circuit, with two assistants. A circle of near-by country churches had fallen into decay, and Westwood saw its opportunity to save

these societies, and provide the gospel for a population which otherwise would have no church privileges. One of the assistants is S. A. Kean, "a worthy son of a sainted sire."

DEACONESS DOINGS.

Deaconesses from the Toronto home have opened a new work in Hamilton, Ontario.

The Training-school for Deaconesses in Boston has an enrollment of twenty-four.

Central Illinois Conference pledges \$1,200 for the equipment of Chaddock Boys' School.

In a single Eastern city deaconesses helped in a year over 8,000 people through their travelers' aid.

Lydia Pool, a student last year at the Chicago Training-school, sailed for missionary work in India, Nov. 14.

Nine deaconesses in the Detroit home made nearly 10,000 calls last year. And this is only a small part of their work.

"The Deaconess Training-school, under Miss Spaulding, is making a most hopeful beginning." So writes Dr. Homer Stuntz of the work in Manila.

The Sibley Guild, devoted to the interests of Sibley Hospital, Wash., has spent \$1,413.31 in painting the building, and other repairs, during the past year.

The Buffalo Deaconess Home has had a change of superintendents. Mrs. E. B. Green succeeds Miss Artele Bever, who goes to El Paso, Texas, to teach in a home-mission school.

Montana Junior leagues are coöperating with the deaconess hospital at Great Falls by sending flowers, fruits, etc., for the use of the patients.

Miss Agnes Martin is the new superintendent of the Peoria Deaconess Hospital, succeeding Miss Lucy Hall, who has given excellent service to the hospital through a long term of years.

Three district nurses serve in connection with the Boston Deaconess Home. This home has twenty-one deaconesses at work in the city, besides sending women to several adjacent towns.

Bethany Hospital, Kansas City, reports more conversions among its patients than any church in the conference in which it is located. This hospital does a greater percentage of free work than any other hospital in Methodism. Fifty-five beds are open to all classes.

Walden University has an organized training school for colored missionaries and deaconesses. The school opened Oct. 19, and already has sixteen young women enrolled. Both the white and the African Methodist Episcopal Conferences of Tennessee have heartily indorsed this new work.

NEW YORK CITY NOTES.

(From our own correspondent.)

Rev. Frank S. Cookman, the pastor at Washington Heights, has had to give up his work for the rest of the conference year, on account of illness. Mr. Cookman will be greatly missed by all, but more especially by the young people of the church, with whom he was very popular. Rev. W. H. Seepie, for seven years past a missionary in Africa, has been appointed as preacher in charge for the unexpired term.

Very helpful and interesting revival meetings have been held at Chelsea Church, West Thirtieth Street, during the past few weeks. The young people of the league have assisted materially in the meetings, sustaining a large chorus choir at the services each evening.

Trinity Chapter held an interesting and enjoyable debate in the church parlors on Monday evening, Dec. 14. A large number of the church and congregation attended.

In connection with the special meetings in Grace Church, conducted by Dr. L. A. Banks, pastor, the league chapter will organize a chorus choir to lead the singing at the services. The chorus has already demonstrated its ability, and undoubtedly will help materially in the meetings. A special leader of the music has been secured, who will drill and conduct the chorus.

Mr. W. O. Gantz will be very happy to give any information in regard to the mission-study classes. If enough members can be secured classes will be organized in various parts of the city. Three or four chapters in one neighborhood could arrange for a group. Many of the chapters are reading, with much interest, "The Victory of Mary Christopher," a number of copies being distributed by a friend who is interested in Christian Stewardship.

Up to the present time it has been impossible to arrange for a joint committee meeting of the leagues in relation to the "headquarters" which is so much to be desired in this city. Every day shows the great need for a centrally located house, easily

accessible and giving out a welcome to the strangers who are pouring into New York every week. It is a duty to these young men and women to see that they get the right start in life in our great city.

Many of the churches are planning for special revival meetings during the month of January. This month has come to be set apart very largely by the Methodist churches for evangelistic work. It is hoped that the union Saturday night meetings will be held in connection with and to supplement the church services. By this meeting the Methodists of the city could be brought together as in no other way.

The chapter at St. James is in the midst of an earnest campaign for members, and the leaders are confidently expecting to report at least 250 by the first of January. This chapter is well organized, and in splendid condition.

Mr. W. A. Webb of Denver, Col., president of the chapter at First Church of that city, recently spent a few days in New York, and was a welcome visitor at the league service of one of the chapters.

St. Paul's Chapter has an exceedingly interesting course of lectures planned for the winter, Dr. Palmer giving the first of the series on Dec. 11. Dr. McDowell is the speaker for Jan. 8, Dr. Cadman for Feb. 15, Dr. Gillies for Mar. 11. All young people of the city are most cordially invited to these lectures.

John R. Mott is expecting to start soon after Jan. 1 on a trip to the other side. Mr. Mott is quoted as saying that never has there been greater interest in the foreign lands than at the present time. This is especially true in New York City, and it is encouraging to learn that similar conditions prevail in other parts of the country.

The physical-culture class of ladies at Grace Church has secured the services of Mr. W. S. Reiley as basket-ball coach. Mr. Reiley is one of the best-known authorities on the game, and is a splendid teacher, having had charge for several years of the Barnard College team.

The young people of the church of the Saviour have a large orchestra. Over thirty of the members of the league and Sunday-school are in the organization.

Cleveland's Fresh-Air Work.

The Cleveland Epworth Leagues held their first quarterly meeting for this year at the Euclid-avenue Methodist Episcopal Church Dec. 7. Between 800 and 900 delegates were present from the thirty-three chapters composing the City Union. For two years past the city cabinet, in connection with the deaconess home, has been conducting a "Fresh-air Camp" at Brecksville, O. The results of this work were reviewed in a series of especially interesting reports. A number of "snap shots" taken at the camp had been collected, and were thrown upon a screen with a stereopticon, thus giving the Epworthians who had never been at the camp a good idea of the work. Then came the surprise of the evening. A good Methodist layman from Painesville, O., who had been watching this work for some time, presented the city leagues with a permanent "Fresh-air Camp" in the shape of a large ten-room house and three acres of land, situated about a mile and a half from Painesville, and easily accessible. The property is valued at \$1,000. The enthusiasm for the work was wonderfully increased, and in about half an hour the city cabinet raised \$1,000 to carry on the work next year. At least \$300 more is in sight, and the cabinet expects to have at least \$1,500 in hand by March 4, 1904, with everything in readiness for a most prosperous year.

A great deal of other fresh-air work is being done in Cleveland, but the Epworth League is the first to put its work on a permanent basis. Then, in connection with the deaconesses, we are able to follow up the children after their return from camp, and secure permanent results.

Northern New York News.

The Epworth League of the Northern New York Conference has just completed raising a \$1,000 scholarship for Syracuse University. This is to be used in turn by the several districts of the conference. Any inquiries regarding it should be addressed to Mr. F. Dudley Corse, Sandy Creek, N. Y.

Plans are being perfected for the conference convention. It is to be held at Thousand Island Park, July 4-7. Coming, as it does, only once in two years, extra efforts are being made for an unusually successful meeting. One session each day is to be devoted to recreation. In the evening addresses will be delivered by leading men of the church, and of course July 4 will be devoted to patriotism; Tuesday will be educational day; Wednesday, missionary day; Thursday, the spiritual life.

Some Practical Fourth Department Work.

Five Michigan Plans.

Membership Canvass.

At one meeting of the committee on social work the names of several young people, not members of the league, were distributed among the committee. Each worker was to ask the people assigned her to become members of the league. In case of a refusal, the same names were to be given to other workers, in the hope that several such requests from different persons might have the desired effect, or at least show that we were interested.

Musical Plans.

Our chapter has a member who leads the music. Sometimes he uses a cornet. This is enjoyed very much. We have a male quartet which furnishes selections occasionally. Then, too, we have found that there are usually some who can sing nicely, who have to be looked up, and brought out.

The Securing and Use of Ushers.

Much of coldness in league services may be prevented by well-selected ushers. The social department may appoint one or more of its members to stand at the door, act as ushers, hand out songbooks, and welcome strangers. This committee may appoint others to act for a month at a time. Ushers should see that all who attend the meeting receive an invitation to come again, and also to attend the other church services.

Socials We Hear About.

One league chapter has divided its membership into three divisions, for the purpose of holding league parties. These are supported by free-will offerings, and are held at private homes which have been kindly opened for the evening. One was held at the pastor's home. Each person who was invited had been requested to represent some book or song. Many new and old books were represented. Some of the best were "Ivanhoe," "Innocents Abroad," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Lamplighter," and "Black Rock." While the young people were finding out the names, they were getting better acquainted with each other. Later in the evening the company was divided into two parts. Slips were given out, with conundrums on them. After the opposing sides had looked over their respective conundrums, these were read before the entire company. If the other side guessed, it was privileged to choose someone from its opponent's side.

Another was given especially for the young married people who belonged to the chapter. It, too, was given at a private house. The plan of entertainment was the familiar "cobweb medley." Each person was to follow up one of the threads until he or she found a partner at the other end. Then numbers were given, and the partners had to pay certain forfeits, which the committee had planned. These were some of the forfeits: A potato race for two partners. A search after slips of papers, put in different places in the house. Each slip told what to do next. At the end of one of the forfeits the partners found a bag of peanuts, which they had to share with the crowd. The other partners found two frosted cakes, which were to be passed around. Several other forfeits were given. After supper a short program was rendered. The most unique feature was a "pantomime" by a young gentleman. He mimicked, without speaking, the actions of a young lady getting ready to take a walk.

Petoskey, Mich.

MABEL COLLINS.

An Indoor Field-Meet.

We announced the "meet" at one of our members' homes and charged a small admission at the gate (door). Much secrecy was preserved in regard to the affair, so that everyone was expectant. After the company had arrived it was divided into six groups, each group representing a different college. To each group were given colors and yells. Six different rooms may be given over to the various events, but as we had large rooms, we held two events in each room, and one person

was put in charge of each of the events. Much merriment was created by the various yells, which sounded very enthusiastic in the confines of a private home.

The six events were as follows:

1. Vocal high jump.
2. Turn, step, and draw.
3. Standing broad grin.
4. Putting the shot.
5. Discus throw.
6. Football.

The winners for each college were given little silver cardboard medals. These were kept until later in the evening when the winners from all the "schools" contested for medals of gold cardboard.

In event No. 1 the contestants stood in line, one school at a time, and in succession were told to strike both low and high *dō* of the vocal scale. The efforts of the unmusical were very funny, while every looker-on was convulsed.

In event No. 2 each contestant stood in front of a blackboard, facing it; each was given a piece of chalk and then told to turn quickly, take a step and draw a line. The idea was to draw as long and straight a line as possible.

In event No. 3 each contestant stepped upon a slight elevation and, facing the other contestants, was told to grin as broadly as possible for the space of one minute.

In event No. 4 the contestants were each provided with little bottles and a quantity of shot, the idea being to put as many as possible of the globules into the bottle in a given length of time.

In event No. 5 Indian clubs were placed on the floor, and each contestant was given six little hoops which he tried to throw over the top of each club.

In event No. 6 two schools contested at a time, lining up on either side of three little sewing tables placed in an unbroken row. In the center of this "field" was placed an empty egg shell, and then with hands behind back each line-up endeavored to blow the egg off the other side of the table.

Other events can be arranged for, but with us this was sufficient for a delightful evening.

Dixon, Ill.

CLARENCE E. KRINBILL.

A Christian Culture Club.

This is the name of an organization that was formed about a year ago in Waterbury, Conn. The object of the club is to emphasize the need of a broad culture and do a little something towards supplying that need by arranging programs every two weeks, which we outline briefly:

1. Book night: Each in turn told of books recently read, and the same were discussed.
2. A debate on socialism.
3. An evening with hymns and hymn writers.
4. Address: "The producer and the consumer," describing the work of the Consumers' League, followed by discussion.
5. Bible night: "A temple of truth."
6. Denominational night: The distinctive features of each denomination, presented by a representative, even the Catholic Church being ably defended by an intelligent high-school teacher of that faith. Not a debate, but a successive presentation of salient points.
7. Art night: A round of visits to local artists with whom arrangements had been made.
8. Methodist night: An address by the pastor on "Our Methodist Discipline."
9. Music night: Biographical sketches of composers, illustrated by selections.
10. Literature night: Character sketches from standard writers.
11. Travel night: Venice, described by one who had been there, with photographs on exhibition.
12. Health night: An address on "Tuberculosis," by a local physician.
13. A debate on prohibition.
14. Nature night: Special topic, "Bees," with some live specimens on exhibition.
15. Vacation experiences.
16. An evening in sympathy with the persecuted in Europe, noticing Macedonia, Kisheneff, and Ireland.
17. A local night, with two round-table talks on "Waterbury's progress" and "Waterbury's needs."

This work has been in charge of the department

of literary work of the Epworth League, the brief constitution of the club requiring that the third vice-president be chairman of the club. The membership of the club is free and easy, and includes all who attend, whether league members or not. There is a program committee of five. The attendance varies from ten to fifty, and seventy or eighty different persons have attended from time to time. In a busy city, where it is hard to sustain interest in a consecutive course of study, some such plan as this would doubtless prove as successful as it has been in our city.

CLARENCE F. PALMER.

Unfinished Titles.

At an informal evening party, not long ago, a very pleasant variation of the old game of "Book-titles" was introduced. Each guest received a type-written paper, headed "A Modern Literary Romance," containing a string of incomplete rhymes, with the instruction that every blank was to be filled by the title of some book not more than four years old. The space of twenty minutes was allowed for the contest, at the end of which the person having completed correctly the greatest number of lines received a book as a prize.

The unfinished couplets were as follows:

1. "The girl and heroine, my friends,
Was known as—"
2. "She lived when Indians were in power,
And not—"
3. "And in those past times, quaint and olden,
She fell in love with—"
4. "Alas! How fickle women are!
She soon began to love—"
5. "And when at length he grew quite bold,
Said she was his—"
6. "She told him his aims were a trifle too high,
And left him to counsel with—"
7. "Now after she turned her lover down
—"
8. "Then, after ten days' sojourn there,
Bestowed her sweet self on—"
9. "The task he undertook, you'll guess,
Was—"
10. "Then, when her friends began to marvel,
A rival came, named—"
11. "These rivals met one summer day,
Neither would give—"
12. "They slew each other, alas! and then
She married a man called—"
13. "The merry bells rang in each steeple,
And loudly cheered—"
14. "They two rode off on a double bike,
And lived at—"
15. "After they reached their house of stone,
They had to live—"
16. "And now, lest you be moved to tears,
You ought to read—"

The book-titles, correspondingly numbered, appear below:

1. "Alice of Old Vincennes."
2. "When Knighthood was in Flower."
3. "Eben Holden."
4. "Lazarre."
5. "To Have and To Hold."
6. "D'i and I."
7. "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town."
8. "Monsieur Beaucaire."
9. "The Making of a Marchioness."
10. "Richard Carvel."
11. "The Right of Way."
12. "Bachelor Ben."
13. "The Voice of the People."
14. "Stringtown on the Pike."
15. "By Bread Alone."
16. "The Cavaliers."

Evidently one with a knack at rhyming could increase the list indefinitely.

S.

The Sunset Tea.

The chapter at Beatrice has for several years entertained the aged people once each fall. The event is called "The Sunset Tea," and 300 old folks are usually present. Carriages are sent early in the afternoon for the most feeble. The program is rendered at four and tea served at five. Each guest receives a little souvenir and a rose. How the aged saints do enjoy their annual reunion, and tears dim their eyes at "good-night" time, for to some it is the last "good-night."

Beatrice, Neb.

E. L. DAVENPORT.

From the Wide Field.

MIDDLE STATES.

Louisville, Ky.—The chapter at Wesley Church, Louisville, has a lecture course which includes such talent as Dr. Joshua Stansfield, Dr. Levi Gilbert, Mr. A. B. Davidson, and Dr. C. W. Blodgett. On the evening before Thanksgiving Day the friends of the chapter came to the prayer-meeting with a generous donation of groceries, which were distributed next day to a half-dozen worthy poor families. The Bible class is having a prosperous and profitable year.

Elkhart, Ind.—The third annual celebration in honor of the old people of the church at Elkhart consisted of a reception on Saturday and the morning service on the following Sunday. The reception, attended by sixty people over the age of sixty, was given at the parsonage. A literary and musical program, helpful hymns, and prayer were features of the entertainment. Refreshments were served in a prettily decorated dining-room. General class-meeting on the Sabbath, followed by a sermon by Rev. F. T. Simpson, was much appreciated. The recent death of Brother Andrew Stephens, who had been connected with the church over forty years, lent a sadness to the day. The old people expressed great pleasure over the attention shown them. The oldest person in attendance was ninety-six years of age.

Arlington Heights, Ill.—The Arlington Heights Chapter has been favored by a course of six lectures on "Old Testament revivalists," given by Professor J. J. Rapp of Garrett Biblical Institute, on successive Monday nights. Interest in the lectures has increased from the first, and the result is a renewed interest in a study of a part of the Bible too often neglected. The mercy and help department, besides doing some local work, recently sent a large box of clothing and supplies to the deaconess home in Chicago. Although there are but forty members, active and associate, the chapter supports a native worker in the Foochow mission this year.

Cincinnati, O.—During this quarter the first department of Trinity Chapter, Cincinnati, has been actively engaged. The devotional meetings have been well attended, averaging each Sabbath nearly 125. The mercy and help department has made eighty-two calls, furnished food, clothing, medicine, and delicacies to the needy and sick, and sent many bouquets of flowers to cheer the shut-in members. The literary and social department is by no means neglected. Entertaining and profitable programs have been arranged, and members and friends as well as strangers receive a hearty welcome. The membership is 329, being an increase of eighty-four over last year. A class in "Studies in the Life of Christ," with seventeen members, is proving to be very profitable.

WESTERN STATES.

Aurora, Neb.—The chapter at Aurora is doing much mercy and help work. Miss Grace Cozier, the third vice-president, two days before Thanksgiving, collected provisions and clothing to the amount of over \$20. The items secured included flour, potatoes, corn-meal, canned fruit, jelly, honey, sugar, soap, oatmeal, a couple of turkeys, a pair of blankets, and several articles of clothing. They were sent to the Mothers' Jewels Home at York, Neb. The chapter has fifty EPWORTH HERALD subscribers, though there are but seventy-eight members.

EASTERN STATES.

Blossburg, Pa.—During the past year the Blossburg Chapter has moved forward. The spiritual department did good work, making 298 calls and holding several cottage prayer-meetings. The department of mercy and help made 123 calls on the sick, and distributed eighty bouquets, besides making twenty-three calls on strangers. The department distributed sixty-nine garments, and expended \$32 for various charitable purposes. Many papers and tracts were distributed. A Bible-study class of thirty-five members has been successfully conducted. The social work of the chapter included a reception for the high-school graduates of 1903, a picnic, an entertainment for the members of the cradle roll department of the Sunday-school, and a musicale.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—The fourth department of the chapter of First Church, Parkersburg, has planned for its monthly Friday-evening meetings this year, so that the first part of the evening will be taken up with a lecture or practical demonstrations on some scientific subject, the remainder of the evening to be occupied in a social way. The



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scientific feature of the last few meetings has been under the charge of Prof. H. L. Willis, principal of the Parkersburg High-school, who is at the head of this department. Professor Willis has given some very entertaining talks on "Chemistry," illustrated by interesting demonstrations on the properties and uses of various gases. At the last meeting his subject was "Oxygen." The latter part of the evening was taken up with a "silhouette gallery." The profiles of various well-known members of the chapter and church were displayed upon the walls of the church parlors.

New York Training-School.

The object of this school is the preparation of young women for more effective Christian service, as deaconesses or missionaries in home or foreign fields, or lay workers in Sunday-school, Epworth League, and other departments of the local church.

The course of study includes the Bible, church history, sociology, psychology and child-study, Christian evidences, the history, Discipline and Catechism of the Methodist Episcopal Church; normal Sunday-school work, industrial training, medicine and nursing, public speaking, music, and physical culture.

Practical work in the mission fields of the great city, under the direction of experienced workers occupies a portion of each week, and gives the students valuable experience.

The location of the school is ideal, being only one block from Central Park, and within easy walking distance of Lenox Library, Union Theological Seminary, National Art Museum, Columbia College, etc.

Saturday afternoons these and many other places of interest and educational value are visited by the students.

Although occupying the same building with the New York Deaconess Home, the training-school is quite separate from the home. Training in the school does not obligate the student to enter the home, neither does it insure membership in the home.

The expenses of students are very moderate. Tuition is free, and \$100 pays for board and room for the school year.

Young women who cannot take the entire two years' course are free to avail themselves of such parts of the course as their circumstances may permit.

The board of instruction is made up of twenty-five instructors and a large number of special lecturers.

Recent Conventions.

Grand Forks District.

The annual convention of Grand Forks District was held at Cavalier, N. D., on Nov. 28 and 29. The state of North Dakota was divided into districts only last year, therefore this was the first convention. It was quite well attended, and was characterized by earnest thought and endeavor toward more efficient work in the various departments of Epworth League activity. Like so many conventions held during the past few months, this one took for its motto the Detroit watchword, "Forward."

The opening address on Saturday morning was made by W. M. Bryant of Grand Forks, the first vice-president of the district, on "Why we are here." After the opening address, a business session was held, in which resolutions were passed in favor of resuscitating all inactive chapters, of increasing the number of Junior chapters, and commending the reading, missionary, and Bible-study courses. The ensuing hour was devoted to the department of mercy and help. A paper was read on "Theory and practice in mercy and help," by Miss Mae Halcrow of Bowesmont. A short time was devoted to a symposium on the work of that department by various delegates.

Saturday afternoon was devoted to the departments of literary and social work, and to the Junior League. Herbert G. McMurray of Park River addressed the convention on "The relation of the Epworth League to the social life of the church." During the discussion of literary and social work which followed, it appeared that there were about three hundred EPWORTH HERALDS taken on the district. The presiding-elder, Rev. H. P. Cooper, who was in charge of the discussion, announced that Cavalier was the banner chapter of the district in that regard, fifty copies being taken, and that the number had been increased within a year from a very few, through the efforts of the pastor, Rev. R. Hocking.

The Junior League hour was opened by Miss Grace Parker of Cavalier, the district Junior superintendent, with a paper on "Our obligation to the Juniors." Two Juniors, Misses Lily Halfpenny of Drayton, and May Dishrow of Cavalier, read papers entitled, respectively, "Why I am a Junior," and "Our duty as Juniors." Rev. W. P. MacVey, the state president, delivered an address of thoughtful and earnest counsel to the chapter officers.

The evening session was devoted to world evangelism. C. W. Moses of Drayton, district president, spoke on "The Epworth League and our church benevolences." W. M. Bryant gave a talk on "Why we study missions." His talk was illustrated by charts and statistics, and was very effective. Rev. W. J. Hutcheson of Park River, second vice-president for the district, followed with another illustrated missionary talk, after which a good missionary collection was taken. The day was closed with a reception tendered by the Cavalier chapter to the visiting delegates.

The services of Sunday were begun by a Morning Watch meeting at seven o'clock, led by Rev. W. J.

Hutcheson. At ten a love-feast was held, led by Rev. R. Hocking of Cavalier. At eleven regular services were held, the convention sermon being preached by Rev. W. J. Hutcheson.

The afternoon was given to the department of spiritual work. A. E. James of Grand Forks spoke on "What constitutes a successful devotional meeting?" Mrs. C. W. Moses read a paper on "The Morning Watch and the prayer-life," written by Mrs. G. B. Wylie of Drayton. "Bible study for spiritual growth," by H. E. Pratt of Cavalier, and "The Bible-study class," by W. M. Bryant, followed.

"Personal evangelism" was the key-topic of the evening. Addresses were made by D. A. Willard of Grafton, and M. J. Ryan of Cavalier. The closing feature of the convention was a consecration service, led by Rev. W. J. Hutcheson, at which several persons gave themselves to Christ's service.

The following district officers were elected: Pres., W. M. Bryant, Grand Forks; V. P's, John Halcrow, Jr., Bowesmont; Rev. W. J. Hutcheson, Park River; Miss Hazel Kneeshaw, Pembina; Mrs. C. W. Moses, Drayton; Sec., Iorwerth C. Davies, Grand Forks; Treas., Miss Lily Poole, Forest River. (Reported by Iorwerth C. Davies.)

San Diego District.

The twelfth annual convention of San Diego District was held at San Bernardino, Cal., on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27 and 28.

Owing to the size of the district (it being larger than some Eastern states), several of the far-away chapters were not represented; nevertheless, it was a most successful and enjoyable gathering. There were present seventy delegates, representing eighteen of the thirty-six chapters on the district; and all came for earnest, faithful work. Notebooks were much in evidence.

Reports from eighteen chapters showed: Active members, 785; associate, 70; total, 855. Riverside with 245, and Redlands with 148, are the largest. The following officers were chosen: Pres., Mr. U. L. Dike, Redlands; V. P's, Mr. C. F. Larrabee, Corona; Rev. F. M. Moody, Elsinore; Mr. Merton Hill, Garden Grove; Miss Helen C. Porter, Riverside; Sec., Mrs. W. J. Morris, Redlands; Treas., Mr. J. N. Lillie, Arlington; Jr. Supt., Mrs. Addie C. Gano, San Diego.

The hospitality of the local chapter was bountiful and unstinted; luncheons were served in the league rooms at noon, and lodging and other meals were provided for all. On Friday evening a social session was held, and a fine musical program presented.

The papers presented showed careful, thoughtful study. That on the department of spiritual work by Miss Helen C. Porter of Riverside was exceptionally good. The department of world evangelization was considered by Mr. F. F. Thompson in an effective manner. The department of mercy and help was presented by Mr. Merton Hill of Garden Grove in a short, but very interesting paper, at the close of which he propounded the following questions: "In the absence of poor and needy in the locality, what is there for this department to do?" "If aid given by this department should tend to develop laziness in the head of the family, should help be stopped?" "What kind of physical aid results in the greatest good?" "What should be done if assistance is rejected because of pride, envy, or lack of confidence in the church?" These queries resulted in a spirited discussion, in which many helpful suggestions were made.

Mrs. U. L. Dike presented the claims and needs of the Junior League in a paper showing much care and study. Immediately following this was a discussion on, "Is there a need for an intermediate league?" opened by Mrs. Addie C. Gano of San Diego. The general feeling in the discussion which followed seemed to be that such a league was not needed, and that all demands could be met by a proper grading of the Junior League. Papers on "Bible study," by Rev. F. B. Ashleigh of Arlington, "Our district league," by Mrs. G. M. Moody of Elsinore, and "Tithing," by Mrs. Celestia Easton of Riverside, were also read.

The devotional meetings of the convention were well attended. A deep spiritual interest prevailed.

The last session began with a sermon by Rev. B. S. Haywood of Riverside on "Faces." He also led the consecration and altar service which closed the convention. (Reported by C. F. Larrabee.)

Alpha Subdistrict.

A meeting of Subdistrict No. 2, of the Rock Island District, was held at Alpha, Ill., Dec. 3 and 4. Thursday afternoon's session was devoted to discussing the subjects, "Relation of the fourth department to revivals," "Possibilities of the

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mercy and health department," and reports from the chapters represented.

At the evening session two addresses were delivered, relating to the general theme, "The league and revivals," closing with a consecration and testimony service.

At Friday morning's session an address was delivered on "The new department: What is it?" after which an open conference was held concerning the department. The pledge was then discussed, and an open conference was held, during which the question, "What opportunities have I as an Epworth League worker?" was discussed. (Report by Anna Peterson.)

A Convention in India.

The Calcutta and Diamond Harbor districts, Bengal Conference, have their headquarters at Calcutta, and therefore it is customary for district conferences and conventions to be held together. This year's annual league convention met in connection with the district conference, Oct. 21 and 22.

As all subjects have to be presented in two, if not three, languages, a great deal of time is required to get any matter before the delegates. As far as possible, the convention was a school of methods. The working of the new constitution, which had been translated into Bengali, and was distributed to the members, was discussed, and all young people's societies in the two districts were urged to adapt their work to it at once. Methods for the devotional meeting, for Bible study, and for the Junior League, were discussed by Mr. A. J. Atkinson, Rev. A. J. Barkley, and Miss Pyne, respectively. The two evening sessions were given to the study of Wesley, one service being entirely in Bengali, the other in English.

The convention selected books in Bengali for mission study, and also for a short reading course. It is expected that outlines for classes in the mission-study course on the life of John G. Paton will be published in the *Patrika*, the organ of the Bengali part of the conference. The selection of Bible-study courses was postponed.

On the two districts there are nine Senior, and four Junior leagues, with a membership respectively of 302 and 268, an increase of nearly 100 since last annual conference. One Senior League is English, one is Hindustani, and one Junior League is English. All the rest are Bengali.

Neponset Group Meeting.

On Nov. 30 and Dec. 1 Subdistrict No. 1, Rock Island District, was entertained very cordially by the chapter at Neponset, Ill. The theme of the institute was, "The Epworth League and revivals."

Rev. W. C. Scott of Wyanet spoke on "The relation of the fourth department to revivals." Rev. R. A. Brown of Kewanee gave a talk on "The possibilities of the mercy and help department."

The question, "What can the Epworth League do to help revivals?" was answered by two papers—"Before the special meetings," by Ada M. Parker of Atkinson, and "During the special meetings," by Mr. M. L. Lyon of Mineral.

Rev. J. W. Frizzelle, the presiding-elder, gave an unusually helpful and earnest address on "The Epworthian as a soul-winner." This was followed by a consecration service conducted by Rev. J. B. Bartle of Neponset.

An interesting and well-written paper on the subject, "The new department; what it is," was read by Rev. Arlo Brown of Atkinson. The pledge was considered in three discussions. Rev. W. S. Read of Sheffield spoke on "The New Testament standard of experience and life." Rev. V. Aten of Buda discussed "Questionable amusements," and Mr. C. L. Betz of Tiskilwa, and Rev. J. W. Frizzelle of Rock Island gave good talks on "The means of grace." (Reported by Miss Ada M. Parker.)

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PITTSBURG LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

The fall session of the Pittsburgh District Training-school was recently held in Christ Church. President Homer C. Renton was in charge. Afternoon and evening sessions were held. Each chapter was asked to give a condensed report of its most important work for the last six months. Most of the chapters reported on mercy and help work. Papers were read in connection with this department by Miss Belle Hammet and Mrs. O.A. Northrop on "The Epworthian as a temperance worker." The importance of reclaiming drinkers by personal effort was strongly emphasized by both the speakers.

The paper by William J. Groat on "The Epworthian and soul-winning" was unique. One of his illustrations was exceptionally impressive, and the allegory with which he closed clinched his point most effectively. Howard Phillips spoke on "The Epworthian and his Bible."

At the evening session Rev. M. H. Lichliter spoke on "Forward." He pleaded fervently for the manifestation among Epworthians of a sane and earnest piety. Dr. E. L. Eaton preached a great sermon on "Saving faith," and concluded the meeting with a consecration service.

The time seems not far distant when each district league in our conference will have its own missionary on the field, supported under the Station Plan. On the Washington and Allegheny districts the necessary money is practically all pledged, and the same will be true of the Pittsburgh District within a few weeks. The movement is being inaugurated in the other two districts, and there is now hope that all the missionaries may be selected in time to be present at the next annual conventions in June. The work on the Washington and Allegheny districts has been in charge of Miss Hunter and Miss Brooks respectively. The results achieved illustrate the effectiveness of systematic and persistent effort.

Rev. Harry P. Johnson of Jeannette has been elected president of the Blairsville District, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Will Sailer.

Mr. B. C. McGrew, president of the Washington District League, was the first layman elected to represent our conference at Los Angeles next spring. Mr. A. M. Schoyer, another of our lay delegates, is also a widely known Epworth League worker.

Rev. Titus Lowe, who sailed recently for India, had been for the past three years one of our most efficient league workers and counselors. Consecrated, highly gifted in public speech, unusually effective in evangelism, he had won a large place in the hearts of many of our Methodist people. His influence in our work will live yet many days.

The Emory Chapter is making glad the hearts of the "shut-ins." Their names and addresses are kept, and they receive a bouquet at regular intervals. They are systematically visited, and other means are resorted to, to bring sunshine into their lives.

A series of group meetings was held by the Washington District workers during the first week in December. B. C. McGrew and Miss Hunter were in attendance at all of them and had general supervision. Two day sessions and one evening session were given to each group. They were held at the following points: Carmichaels, Centerville, Charleroi, and Dravosburg. The evening sessions were mass meetings. The first one was addressed by Rev. Harry M. Chalfant, and the other three by Rev. N. L. Brown.

An all-day rally at Mars was productive of new interest in the chapter at that place. Among those who took part were Messrs. J. A. Rosensteel and Charles Yahres of the district cabinet, President M. L. Jordan, and Pastor S. A. Yumkins.

The chapter at Mount Washington gave a farewell reception in honor of their pastor, Rev. L. S. Wilkinson, and his wife, who go to Southern California for the winter for the benefit of their health. Dr. Wilkinson, Dr. A. C. Johnson, and various officials of the church made addresses, and the league served refreshments.

The Vandergrift Epworthians are "hustlers." This is especially true as regards missionary enterprise. They are supporting several native workers and students, and are now taking a prominent place in securing a district missionary. Mrs. Bellstein is the leading spirit in the missionary work of this chapter.

The Monday-night Bible-study class of the Duquesne Heights Chapter is hard at work, and has good interest. The average attendance is almost twenty, or about two-fifths of the actual league membership. This class uses "Studies in the Life of Christ." By the way, our book depository

in this city has done a rushing business with this book during the past two months, several hundred copies having been sold.

Two Great Gatherings.

The great conventions of the Missionary Society have hitherto been held so far east as to preclude the attendance, in large numbers, of those in the Middle West and Western states.

It is now proposed to bring the inspiration and help of two great state missionary conventions to Illinois and Iowa. The program committee has in charge the building of a strong program, of which the central thought is "The magnitude of the endeavor, and the difficulties to be met in evangelizing the world: Our sufficiency in God for the task."

The conventions will be held as follows: Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 23-25, First Methodist Church; Bloomington, Ill., March 1-3, First Methodist Church.

Each convention will consist of five sessions, with three evening sessions for addresses. The conventions will be delegated bodies, drawn from the conferences of the two states. The number of delegates will be limited to 1,000 at each convention.

Who are eligible? The conventions will be for the Methodists of each state, and those eligible are conference missionary society officers; presiding elders; district missionary secretaries; district, conference, and state Epworth League officers; conference and district officers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; conference and district officers of the Woman's Home Missionary Society; pastors; Sunday-school superintendents; presidents of Sunday-school missionary societies; presidents and second vice-presidents (department of world evangelism) of local chapters of the Epworth League; Junior League superintendents; five students from each college and university; two laymen from each pastoral charge; members of General Missionary Committee; educators; editors; returned missionaries; field secretaries and general officers of the Missionary Society, and bishops.

Admission will be by "delegate's ticket," which will be furnished at a charge of \$1.00, to enable the convention to pay its own expenses without drawing on the Missionary Society.

As the convention churches will only hold 1,000 persons, and invitations will be sent to many thousands more, it will be highly advisable for those intending to be present to forward their names early for registration. Credentials will be issued in the order of application. When 1,000 cards have been placed further registration will necessarily cease.

A striking feature of these conventions will be the *missionary exhibits*, which gave such an insight into the actual working and the outcome of missions in the "foreign fields" at the Cleveland, Detroit, and Philadelphia conventions. These exhibits convey, through the eye, the state of the case in Africa, Asia, and the islands of the sea, and are so arranged that, under trained guides, those present may visit all the mission fields of the earth, becoming acquainted with the social progress brought about by the impact of Christianity upon heathen society. The exhibit alone is well worth the attention of all who are invited to be present.

The speakers on the program will include several of the bishops, Secretaries Leonard, Carroll, Smythe, Oldham, and Trimble, and S. Earl Taylor, and many of the best-known missionaries of the church, including Dr. Wm. Burt of Italy, Wm. N. Brewster of China, Messrs. Jones, Simister, J. W. Robinson, and others; probably Bishops Hartzell and Warren, Drs. J. F. Berry, J. W. Bashford, J. F. Goucher, C. G. Little, A. B. Storms, T. P. Frost, and many other prominent men of the two states.

Further details of program, subjects, and speakers will appear later.

New Work for the Epworth League.

In the heart of one of Chicago's great manufacturing districts, for twenty-five years, the Lincoln-street Church has been sending its helpful influence into hundreds of homes, and during the past year has greatly enlarged the work by organizing according to institutional methods.

With the open saloon on every corner, enticing the young men every hour of the week, this church has begun to realize the necessity of competing with this enemy of manhood and the home.

The spacious Sunday-school room has been equipped for a gymnasium, and is used four evenings of each week by large classes under the supervision of a physical director from the Central Young Men's Christian Association.

Basket ball, indoor baseball, and a variety of drills and exercises give enthusiasm and novelty to the work.

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MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

dren, this department has been thoroughly organized. With a deaconess in charge, a well-equipped day nursery cares for the little ones whose mothers are the burden-bearers of the home, while through the kindergarten hosts of little ones are being trained and led into paths of righteousness. The nursery is also opened on Sunday during the public worship, so as to enable mothers to attend the service, while at the same time their babies are receiving every attention.

The visiting deaconess ministers to those in the home circle, bringing sunshine and hope into many darkened lives, taking the gospel message wherever she goes.

Under the supervision of another deaconess, a large industrial school gives careful training in sewing, basket-weaving, and bead-work to over a hundred boys and girls.

In the Junior League and Loyal Temperance Legion the childhood of the community is being guided in righteousness, purity, and truth.

The girls are being trained to be careful home-keepers in the domestic-science department. The privileges of the gymnasium provide the boys with opportunities of physical development and healthful contest.

A Sunday-afternoon gathering for boys only is a special feature. Helpful talks and special music attract the boys, who enjoy an hour of beneficial association. Assistance is needed to provide these varied programs. Here is an opportunity for the Epworthians of the city to lend their assistance.

If funds can be secured to meet the necessary expense, a leader will be engaged to form and train a boys' orchestra, which will provide music to make this the brightest hour of the week.

An attractive home center invites all who are in need of sympathy, companionship, and assistance. Here the deaconesses live, ready to be spent in the Master's service.

We urge the coöperation of the Epworthians to aid in this and in similar work in our great cities. If you cannot give yourself, give of your means, and thus enable those who are giving their lives to become your representative in this service to God and humanity.

The time is not far distant when our churches must be open doors, inviting all who pass by to enter, and receive physical, mental, and industrial training, as well as spiritual refreshment.

Chapters in the country can send provisions and supplies to help in the maintenance of the home.

The work at Lincoln-street was made possible by the long years of helpful service rendered by the late George W. Moss, and it is continued under the fitting designation, "The George W. Moss Memorial Institutional Work," Lincoln Street and West Twenty-second Place, Chicago.

Washington District Rallies.

Subdistrict rallies were held in Washington District, Pittsburgh Conference, Dec. 1-4, at Carmichaels, Centerville, Charleroi, and Dravosburg, Pa.

The entertaining leagues made careful provision for the comfort and pleasure of the visitors, and the pastors of the various charges were present and led in the discussions. Many of the pastors were engaged in revival services, and each day the convention paused to offer definite prayer for these meetings.

B. C. McGrew, president of the district league,

was unsparing of time and energy in planning for and carrying out these rallies. That part of the district reached includes forty-four preaching places and twenty-two active chapters. Thirteen of the chapters are reorganized under the new constitution, and the others are planning to reorganize at the beginning of the year. The new constitution was illustrated by a chart, and a brief outline of the different departments of work was given. The first two departments only were considered in detail, and the following topics were discussed: "Systematic Bible study," "How shall we become fishers of men?" "The Epworth League and the revival," "Results for which we labor," "Washington District and missions," and "The mission-study class."

An effort was made to follow the institute method and find out how to carry out the plans of the first two departments.

The rallies opened with a praise and testimony meeting and closed with evangelistic services. One rally was favored with "Best things from the Philadelphia convention," by Rev. U. B. Fierstone.

The district second vice-president conducted a conference on that department at each rally, and reported progress on the fund which the district is pledging, to send out its own missionary. Forty-two of the chapters of the district have responded to the call of "a penny a week" from each member, and the pledge now stands at \$1,050, with \$100 of the amount collected and in bank. In view of the fact that the Missionary Society made an appropriation of \$400 for work among the foreigners in Washington District this year, the suggestion was very popular that the next step for the district be to put a worker among these "strangers within our gates." (Reported by M. Elizabeth Hunter).

Allegheny District Rally.

The rally held in Bellevue Church, Avalon, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8, was a decided success in all respects. The meeting was opened with a devotional service in charge of the Bellevue Chapter president, Mr. Edward N. Parker. Following this were addresses on subjects of peculiar interest to Epworthians and their friends. Rev. Dr. Forbes of Philadelphia, assistant secretary of the Board of Church Extension, spoke on "Our young Methodists' opportunity."

Mr. John A. Rosensteel, president of the Allegheny District Epworth League, spoke on "The twentieth-century Epworthian." Rev. Richard B. Cuthbert, pastor of the North End Church, delivered an address on "The Epworth League as an elevating force."

At the close of the program the audience retired to the church parlors, where an informal reception was held, in which young people from the various chapters became acquainted. Refreshments were served, and an enjoyable two hours spent. The following chapters were represented, Union Chapter having the largest delegation of all the visiting chapters: Arch-street, Aspinwall, Bellevue, Buena Vista-street, California-avenue, Calvary, Millvale, North-avenue, North End, Perryville-avenue, Pleasant Valley, Seawickley, Simpson, Union, and Union Centenary of Sharpsburgh. (Reported by Herbert Dickson, secretary).

Exploration in Palestine.

The eyes of persons engaged in Bible study naturally turn toward Palestine, where the spade of the archaeologist is bringing to light so many traces of early civilizations. The Moabite stone, Shalmaneser obelisk, Siloam and Temple inscriptions, the walls of ancient Jerusalem, the ruins of Lachish and of other cities are all eloquent interpreters of biblical history. Such names as Robinson, Wilson, Warren, Conder, Guthe, Schick, Bliss, Dickie, and others are household words. And the work has hardly been commenced.

Difficulties attending the work are constantly increasing, and there is urgent need for prompt and energetic measures if we are to realize what it is possible for excavation to accomplish. The hostile jealousy of native populations, the strict censorship of the Turkish government, and that bog of all good enterprises, lack of adequate financial support, sorely embarrass the heroic efforts now being made by men—and women too—who are ready to toil and sacrifice provided even a meager provision is made.

In the first rank of such organizations, with a successful record of more than a quarter of a century, stands the Palestine Exploration Fund, with headquarters in London, but numbering many friends in America.

Already many expeditions have been conducted to a successful conclusion. The most reliable maps of Palestine are to be found among their publica-

tions; hundreds of photographs, views, and stereopticon slides; a library of valuable books, and facsimiles of coins, weights, and other finds are provided by the fund at merely nominal prices.

The *Quarterly Statement* keeps the reader abreast of the times and is one of the few recognized journals in this field.

Membership entitles the holder to this magazine and to large membership reductions on books, maps, views, and other materials issued by the fund. Those interested should send for circulars and for other information to Professor T. F. Wright, Ph. D., honorary secretary for America, 42 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Jerusalem convention of 1904 will do much to arouse public interest and enthusiasm. There is no better way to prepare for this wonderful opportunity than through the medium of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The Proposed Temperance Society.

Editor of THE EPWORTH HERALD: You were kind enough to publish in a recent issue of THE HERALD a chapter to be added to the Discipline, on temperance and prohibition, which I hope to see introduced and passed by the approaching General Conference, or some measure of like import. Will you allow me space in THE HERALD for an enumeration of a few of the many reasons why such action ought to be taken?

1. This proposed law is a result of my experience as a member of the permanent Committee on Temperance and Prohibition, appointed by the last General Conference.

2. The General Conference Committee on Temperance and Prohibition has now no legal authority to do anything to promote the cause of temperance and prohibition, as its powers are dependent upon a recommendation of the General Conference, which the church may heed or disregard at will.

3. To crystallize into activity, and make potential, the dormant sentiment of the church upon the question of temperance and prohibition, requires something more than the passage of resolutions, and the appointment of a committee without authority to do anything.

4. The cause of temperance and prohibition is of equal importance, and ought to have the same legal authority as that of missions, church extension, freedmen's aid, and education, as the legalized rum curse does more to prevent efficient work by these societies than all other causes combined.

5. The laws of the church ought to provide for the organization of the annual, district, and quarterly conferences, as well as the membership of the church, Epworth leagues, and Sunday-schools, for aggressive work in favor of temperance and prohibition.

6. It should be made the legal duty of bishops, presiding-elders, pastors, Sunday-school superintendents, and presidents of Epworth League chapters to see that this law is executed.

7. The great church to which we belong ought to keep at least one man, directed by competent authority, in the field all the time, to promote the advancement of the cause of temperance and prohibition.

8. The Methodist Episcopal Church ought to be so organized that its moral power can be made effective at any given point where the people are making an effort to secure prohibition or to defeat the repeal of prohibitory and the enactment of license laws.

9. The Methodist Episcopal Church ought to be as well organized and in a condition to do as efficient work as the great Presbyterian Church, with its permanent committee of twelve on temperance, which meets monthly, and has a corresponding secretary, Rev. John F. Hill, D.D., of Pittsburg, Pa., and which publishes and distributes annually thousands of pages of literature, and for which an annual collection is taken in every presbytery in the United States.

10. If ever the legalized rum traffic is destroyed, and it will be, the church of Jesus Christ must grid herself for an aggressive, unceasing warfare of education and agitation, and cease to be satisfied with less than a supreme effort until this accursed traffic is dead.

In closing this article I desire to call attention to the following, taken from the report of Cyrus C. Turner, general manager of the National Liquor Dealers' Protective Bureau, at the eighth annual convention of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, Baltimore, June 3, 1903: "Up to this time the bureau's activities have extended to 22 states, and over 70 percent of the contests in which it has participated have been brought to a successful issue. Vermont and New Hampshire, after fifty years of disastrous trial, have thrown off the yoke of prohibition. The bureau has partici-

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pated in 181 local-option elections. In the 144 elections, the results of which are known, victory has crowned our efforts in 103; we have met defeat in forty-one. In the course of the year the bureau has printed 2,515,000 pieces of literature. Of these 1,355,500 have been mailed directly to voters, and 826,900 have been shipped to points where elections were pending, or anticipated." How many pieces of literature on temperance did the Methodist Episcopal Church publish last year? Practically none. Why? Because it did not have the money.

If the transforming power of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of men is not sufficient to enable them to conquer this form of legalized sin—the legalized rum traffic—and array individual believers, as well as national, state, and municipal governments, against this evil, then the declaration of Holy Writ, from Genesis to Revelation, that the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, that all power in heaven and earth is given to our Christ, that Jesus is to reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet, and shall have put down all rule, authority, and power, when he shall deliver up the kingdoms to God, even the Father, purged and made clean, is not true, our holy Christianity is a mockery, and sin is supreme.

I believe that my Christ is clothed with all power and will conquer all sin, and my faith takes in the glad hour when humanity shall be redeemed from the terrible thralldom of the legalized rum curse, when society and government shall be arrayed for, and not against the Church of Jesus Christ and the home.

To help bring this to pass, I have a holy ambition to see my church, as a part of God's host, at the next session of her law-making body, clothed with sufficient legal authority, and the necessary machinery authorized, to enlist actively every member in this mighty conflict. Shall it be done? I believe it will be.

H. T. AMES.

Williamsport, Pa.

Magazine Notes.

The Christmas issue of *Harper's Bazar* is essentially a girls' number. It contains the second of Dr. Van Dyke's "Little essays about girls," and an attractive article by E. S. Martin, entitled "Girls and their education." Martha W. Baker's "Ancient tales with modern endings," and the accompanying silhouette drawings by J. K. Bryans, are most amusing. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman contributes a characteristic Christmas story entitled "The chance of Araminta."

The Century is resplendent in a unique Christmas cover by George H. Halliwell, and a great number of handsome colored illustrations. Unusual in their scope and treatment are two symbolical drawings by Violet Oakley. Among contributions of rare and peculiar interest we note Jacob A. Ellis' "Children of the tinctures;" a story of the streets by Alice Katharine Fallows, which bears the somewhat enigmatical title, "Temptations to be good;" "Fanaticism in the United States," by Dr. J. M. Buckley, and a description of the "Krippensammlung," or Christmas mangers," by Emma Ernestine Porter. The fiction is excellent, abundant, and seasonable.

A remarkable poem is Henry Van Dyke's "Ode to Music," in *Scribner's Magazine*. It is worthy of careful reading. Edward Penfield describes a trip through the canals of Holland and across the Zuyder Zee. The colored drawings with which he illustrates his article are thoroughly characteristic. Another interesting illustrated article is Frederiek Palmer's description of the bridged cities, Buda and Pest. The magazine is well supplied with entertaining stories. Of special interest are "The jade teapot," a tale of the American army in Pekin, and "The sub-mascot," Alden Arthur Knipe's story of a small boy's experiences with a college football team. Eight handsome colored pages by Jessie Willcox Smith tell the pictorial story of "The child in a garden."

Country Life in America is all aglow with the spirit of Christmas. It is a special double number, and from its unique and attractive cover to the eight brilliant pages of Christmas flowers and greens, the sentiment of the season predominates. Among its contents we note a story entitled "Christmas in the pine woods," by Stewart Edward White; an article by Commander Booth-Tucker, telling how the Salvation Army furnishes Christmas dinners to 300,000 guests; "Christmas on a Louisiana sugar plantation," and "Christmas games." Other interesting contributions are: "Animal stories told by the snow," "Winter flowers," "The home of a naturalist," and a description of the winter sport known as "skeeing." It is needless to say that the illustrations are superabundant and superb.

The Christmas *Harper's* is exquisite. With its numerous pages of illuminated text, and its wealth of colored illustrations, it is entitled to a place among works of art. A unique feature in the table of fiction is "A dog's tale," a pitifully pathetic story, which introduces Mark Twain in an entirely new and unsuspected role. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman contributes one of her characteristic stories, which clearly reflects the Christmas spirit. An interesting illustrated article is Guy Wetmore Cary's description of "The playground of Paris." John R. Spears writes of "The beginnings of the American navy," and George H. Darwin describes "The birth of a satellite." Educators will be interested in Professor Thwing's article concerning the University of St. Petersburg, and literary connoisseurs will instinctively turn to J. C. Thomson's collection of the suppressed poems of Alfred Tennyson.

John S. Sargent is reaping a rich harvest of homage this season. The November number of *The World's Work* contains two excellent sketches of Mr. Sargent and his achievements. The illustrations are by far the most numerous and representative of any collection which has appeared in the magazines. Since Christmas is essentially a children's holiday, an article concerning the public schools of New York, in the December issue, is particularly appropriate. It is the first of a series of public-school studies. The exceedingly large number of excellent illustrations which accompany this article are in themselves a volume of valuable comment. Another interesting contribution is a finely illustrated discussion of advanced methods of soil-cultivation and culture. It is entitled "The new farmer and a new earth," and is by Prof. B. T. Galloway, chief of the National Bureau of Plant Industry.

Frank Leyendecker's cover design for the holi-

day *Success* is a quaint reminder of the ancient Yuletide. The introductory page of the magazine, by Olive Rush, presents a typical picture of a busy Christmas morning in an American home. A noteworthy article is E. Gerald Chapin's sketch of "Georgia's grand old man," ex-Justice Logan E. Bleckley. Forest Crissey tells how Burton L. French, "the new congressman from Idaho," worked his way up the ladder, and won political honors in the Far West. Gabriel Bie Ravindal writes of American progress and accomplishments in the Holy Land. Charles G. D. Roberts contributes one of his fascinating nature-stories, and Charlotte Perkins Gilman answers affirmatively the question, "Does higher education of women tend to happiness in marriage?" The stories which this number offers are fully up to the standard, both in point of excellence and in variety.

Epworth Evangelistic Institute.

Thanksgiving Day was a red-letter day at Epworth. Our hearts were made happy by the generous remembrance of friends in the Thanksgiving donation arranged by our Woman's Auxiliary Board. Nine St. Louis churches responded, and \$55 worth of vegetables, fruit, meat, groceries, etc., were brought in. The union service of Lindell-avenue, Union, and Maple-avenue churches gave a cash offering, which, together with individual gifts, amounted to \$851.

The Epworth League personal workers' class, which was formed early in the fall, was suspended during the revival period of November. It is now being reorganized for the winter as a Bible-study class, and a very interesting course, based on the Articles of Religion, is being arranged. All young people are welcome. The class meets Monday evenings, in Epworth Chapel.

Miss Treleaven, whose efficient service has so largely increased the success of the district nursing work, will spend her Christmas vacation at her home in Canada.

This winter the institute offers again a course of lectures on "Invalids' aid and home nursing." This will be in charge of Miss Lois L. Shallow, superintendent of district nursing, and the lectures will be given by physicians of high standing, and capable trained nurses. The course will be especially valuable to women desiring practical information regarding the care of the sick in the home, and to those who wish some experience as caretakers.

The travelers' aid work is proving its value. Several striking instances have occurred in the past few weeks. One young woman, whom a deaconess found, listened to the gospel story, and was clearly converted in the Union Station. A gentleman and his wife, going from New York to Texas, were waiting in the station, when, without an instant's warning, the man fell dead. The wife was overwhelmed by the shock, and no words can estimate the value of the deaconess' service that day. Friends were found, and all arrangements made for the sad journey home; but the unspeakable comfort was the spiritual aid given to the bereaved wife.

IVA MAY DURHAM.

ON THE BABY

Coffee Even the Babies Thrive On.

The little daughter of a College President was saved by the use of Postum Food Coffee at a time when she could not take any solid food.

Baby's aunt says: "My sister and her husband (who is President of a College in Georgia) visited me last Christmas and their little baby two months old was very sick. I thought it was not properly nourished so I began feeding it on Postum which I have used in my own home for years with such grand results."

"You would be surprised to know how that little thing improved. Sister had been feeding it on artificial food that did not agree with it. The baby continued to get stronger all the time we were feeding her on Postum and when sister left here she took Postum with her for she feels certain that with Postum to feed the baby on she is sure of good healthy nourishing food drink." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum is made of the purest cereals with absolutely no medication whatever and when boiled according to directions it is heavy with food value and a great nourisher and rebuilder as well as a delicious drink. It is also a specific for all of the dozens of different diseases caused by coffee. Trial proves this.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

FREE TO EVERYONE.

Read and Learn How You May Procure It.

The question of why one man succeeds and another fails, is a problem that has puzzled philosophers for centuries. One man attains riches and position, while his neighbor, who started with seemingly the same, and better opportunities, exists in poverty and obscurity. No man can win success who is suffering from an irritating and nerve racking disease, and the man who has the qualities of success within him would be quick to recognize this fact, and seize the best remedy to eradicate this trouble.

A person afflicted with a serious case of hemorrhoids or piles is handicapped in the race for power and advancement. It is impossible to concentrate the mental energies when this dreadful trouble is sapping the vital forces. To show how easily this success destroying trouble can be overcome, we publish the following letter from a prominent Indiana man.

"When I received the former letter and booklet on 'Piles, their nature, cause and cure,' I was in a critical condition. Ulcers to the number of seven had formed on the inside of the rectum, culminating in a large tumor on the outside, resembling fistula. I suffered the most excruciating pain, could get no rest day or night. After reading the booklet I sent to my druggist, but he happened to be out of Pyramid Pile Cure just at that time. However, I obtained a part of a box from my brother-in-law, and began their use. Five pyramids completely cured me. I procured a box later, but have had no occasion to use them. I have been waiting to see that the cure was permanent, before writing you of its success. I believe Pyramid Pile Cure to be the greatest and best pile cure on the market, and ask you to please accept of my grateful thanks for this invaluable remedy. I take great pleasure in recommending its use to any sufferer along this line. You may use my name if you wish, for reference to any one afflicted with this disease." J. O. Littell, Arthur, Ind.

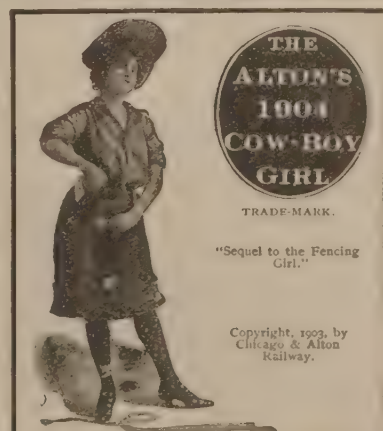
You can obtain a free sample of this wonderful remedy, also the booklet described above by writing your name and address plainly on a postal card and mailing it to the Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

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THE JUNIOR HERALD.

VOLUME XIV.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

NUMBER 30.

The Children's Story.

HOW BETTY WOVE.

Felicia Buttz Clark.

Chapter V.—Gretchen's Revenge.

BETTY and her mother were setting up the piece of silk on the loom. It was such pretty work; but it must be so delicately done that it was necessary to give all their attention to it. They sat silently, counting the threads of dark green, and passing them through the little hooks of the heddles, and then through the interspaces of the reed.

"I'm in such a hurry to begin!" sighed Betty, regarding the loom ruefully when dinner-time came, "and here it is not half ready to work upon. It will take another day to set it all up."

Frau Wilder smiled. "Ye have need of patience," she quoted, placing a smoking bowl of soup on the deal table, and pushing up the chairs.

"It's going to be a beautiful piece, mother. I've never done one like it. All the morning, as we sat there so quietly, I was trying to learn the design. It's thirty of green, and then fifteen of red, two threads of yellow, twelve of dark blue, and three of white. Then it begins again with the green. It's not so difficult, after all, is it, mother? And thou thinkest that I will get it right, dost thou not?"

"I am certain that thou wilt if thou dost not try to work too fast."

"There are eighty meters of it, and I ought to be able to do it in a month, if I work very steadily at it. That would be about three meters each day."

Her mother shook her head. "It would be better to do it more slowly and perfectly," she responded.

"I suppose so. If Gretchen had taken more pains, she would not have been reproved by Herr Grünewald yesterday," said Betty, with a toss of her head, which her mother did not fail to notice.

"Thou takest too much credit to thyself for the manner in which thou doest thy work," she replied, reprovingly. "If I did not help thee to place the threads in perfect order, and, by doing all the housework, give thee a chance to keep thy fingers smooth and soft, thou couldst not succeed any better than poor Gretchen."

"He said that was the trouble with her weaving," replied Betty, holding down her head. She thought a great deal of her mother's good opinion.

"It is too bad that she must spend so much time out in the fields, but I suppose that it is necessary; they must live. Surely, Samuel Herder will get his deserts for his evil deeds; if not in this life, then in the next. A man who can rob an orphan of her home—for that really is what he did, by forcing Hans Prout, in his weakness, to deed away his daughter's inheritance—is worthy of any punishment."

Gentle Frau Wilder arose, and commenced to take off the plates. Betty returned to her work, leaving it only when it was too dark to see.

"Suppose we send Gretchen over a cheese," said Frau Wilder, a few days later. "The man has brought a fine large one down from the Alp. I did intend to sell it, but we shall not know the difference."

That evening the man carried the big cheese, with its brown, hard exterior, and its yellow, creamy center, over to the cottage where Gretchen and Aunt Hannah were busy with their knitting. Only one candle lighted up the room, and it stood near the loom, which occupied the best position in front of the windows. Two beds stood in the corners, draped with colored curtains, woven by Gretchen's loom. Behind the curtains one could see the feather-bed which served as a covering, piled high in snowy plumpness. These things Herr Herder, in an unusual fit of generosity, had permitted Gretchen and her aunt to bring away with them. The fittings of the beds, a work-table which had belonged to Gretchen's mother, a few other family relics, and the loom, constituted all

that her niece should so rudely refuse a gift which was sent in kindness.

"We cannot accept it. Take it back, and tell Frau Wilder that Fräulein Prout is still able to earn her bread by her own work."

The man, glad to escape, shouldered his burden again, and walked away with it.

"My! but she's a vixen!" he muttered. "I don't wonder that Hans took to gambling, if his wife treated him to any of those scenes. She's the image of her mother."

But Max was mistaken. The gentle wife of the guide had never ventured to talk thus to her husband. Gretchen had so allowed the spirit of rebellion to enter her heart, that her natural disposition was entirely changed.

"It is only the grace of God that can bring Gretchen to her senses," was Grandmother Von Bergen's answer when Aunt Hannah, in her distress, told her all about it. "Mark my words, some day something will touch Gretchen's heart, and the Lord Jesus will enter, and then thou shalt see what a splendid Christian she'll make."

Aunt Hannah shook her head. Her faith was not so great, and she had little hope for the niece whom she loved.

As the days passed, there seemed little prospect that Gretchen would undergo any regeneration. She worked moodily at her loom, and by dint of doing all kinds of work, managed to get together enough money to pay the first installment on a cow, which one of the peasants was willing to sell in that way. The woman from whom they rented the two rooms consented to make a place for the animal in her stables under the living-rooms.

Gretchen took care of the cow herself, and began to love it very much. To the Swiss peasant, his herd of cattle comes next in his affection to 'the wife and children.

In the meantime, Betty's piece of silk was growing every day. It was the handsomest work ever done on the Hasli-

berg, so everyone said, and people came from far and wide to see it. Betty took great pride in showing them how swiftly and perfectly she could weave, and how beautiful the design was.

Often there were as many as a dozen visitors a day, and among them came the strangers who were boarding at the big pension, which some enterprising person had opened on the meadow a little distance from Golderen.

"How pretty she is!" said one of the strangers, not seeming to realize that the weaver was anything more than a part of her loom.

But Betty heard, and her vanity grew. The beautiful simplicity of her character was fading. If Grandmother Von Bergen had known it, she would have warned her that she was beginning to weave into the web of her own life some very ugly spots. But only the mother saw the change in her daughter, and prayed nightly for her.

Every two weeks while the good weather lasted a preacher and his wife came to Golderen to hold service for the villagers. Grandmother Von Bergen opened her house for the meeting, and the



"You may take Frau Wilder's cheese back to her."

their wealth. But if the room had held also a cheerful spirit, life would not have been so hard for either of them. Unfortunately, Gretchen's temper grew worse every day, and the old woman crept about her work in silence, often fearing to speak to her niece, lest she receive a sarcastic answer.

"For Fräulein Prout, with Frau Wilder's compliments," said the man, as he stepped inside, and laid his heavy load on the table.

Aunt Hannah felt of the cheese, and stooped down to smell of it. Since they had no cows, there had been no cheese of their own making to eat, and that which they bought was of an inferior quality.

Gretchen arose, and her eyes blazed.

"You may take Frau Wilder's cheese back to her!" she exclaimed.

"Gretchen!" remonstrated Aunt Hannah.

"Are we beggars, Aunt Hannah, that we should accept charity from our neighbors?"

"Frau Wilder meant it for a present, not for charity," said Aunt Hannah, justly indignant.

peasants derived much blessing from the ministrations of this plain servant of the Lord Jesus, who spent his time going from village to village to bring them the message of salvation.

Frau Wilder and Betty wrapped themselves in their shawls—the evenings had already commenced to be a little cool, even in September—and prepared to join the lines of peasants who were wending their way toward the house of Grandmother Von Bergen.

"Thou wouldst better go back, and get the umbrella, Betty," said her mother, stretching out her hand over the wooden railing of the balcony, "I feel a drop of rain. It's going to be a dark night, too. Better bring the lantern."

Little, flickering lights were wandering up and down the hills, all coming gradually to one common center. Frau Wilder and Betty fell in with the procession, and soon arrived at the cottage.

"It's a bad night," said one of the men, shaking off the raindrops from his rough coat.

"How's your work getting on, Betty?" asked his wife. "I hear that it's very handsome. You'll have to send some of your weaving down to the exhibition at Brienz this year."

Betty grew rosy with pleasure. These people lived a long distance from Golderen, far up the mountain. It was a sign that her reputation had spread beyond her expectations.

"It's all done," she replied. "I finished the last meter this afternoon."

"I'd like to see it," continued the woman, in a low voice.

"You'll have to come quickly, then," responded Betty, entering the room where the people were already gathered. "I'm going to take it over to Hohfluh the day after to-morrow."

There was no time to say more, for the minister was announcing the hymn. The peasants sat in solemn silence as they listened to the reading of the scriptures and the sermon.

The text which the minister chose was a familiar one. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

As Betty listened the vanities which had been filling her heart during the recent days vanished, and in their place came a sincere desire to serve her heavenly Master faithfully, and without thought of self.

Aunt Hannah had gone to the meeting without asking her niece to accompany her. She knew that it would be useless. Gretchen sat by the table, mending some clothing and scarcely heeding her aunt's absence. She knew very well, however, that it was the evening for the service, and her mind had been full all day of a wicked plan which she would not have dared to disclose to any one. Poor Gretchen was very miserable.

That day she had learned that Betty had finished her work and would soon take it back to Hohfluh.

After the door had closed on Aunt Hannah, the girl sat alone for half an hour, waiting till all should be quiet in the village. Almost everyone was at Grandmother Von Bergen's.

At length she arose, went to the work-basket which her aunt had left near by, and taking out a long pair of shears, slipped them into her capacious pocket. She found a box of matches, took up a candle, and, wrapping her cloak about her, went out into the darkness. Her teeth were shut tight together, for she knew she was running a great risk.

Up she climbed, leaving the close cluster of houses and shrinking back like a guilty creature at the distant sound of a footstep. Down below she saw the lights in the house where the meeting was held. She heard the melody of a grand old choral, one which was first sung long years before, in the monastery of Wittenberg, where Luther lived. She could almost hear the words:

"But still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal."

Gretchen ascended the wooden steps of the balcony, very softly, and listened at the door. Certainly, no one was there.

Then she turned the knob gently, and felt her

way along the narrow hall. It is not the custom for the peasants to lock their houses when they go out. A robbery is almost unknown. It had never occurred to Frau Wilder that there could be any danger in leaving her door open that evening.

Entering the large room where the loom stood, Gretchen struck a match and lighted the candle which she had brought with her. It blazed up brightly, and she looked about her. A few pictures hung on the walls—portraits of members of the family. The sword which had belonged to Betty's grandfather, who had fought for freedom, was fastened over the mantel. A vase of flowers was on the table—the last of the summer's beauty. And in the center of the room was the loom, with the chair pushed back, from which Betty had risen when she finished the last meter of the beautiful piece of silk.

Gretchen went close to the loom, and held the candle high. The silk was stretched from the yarn-beam to the cloth-beam. It shimmered and gleamed in the candle-light. A long time Gretchen gazed.

"It's so pretty!" she murmured. "It seems a pity to spoil it, and yet, I said I'd be even with her, and I will!"

She pressed her lips tightly together, and set the candle down near by. Taking the scissors from her pocket, after a moment's hesitation, she began to slash the silk. Unrolling it from the beam, she continued to cut, until all the eighty meters of silk lay in bits upon the floor. It looked as if a heap of jewels had been emptied out upon the dull-colored, home-made carpet.

Gretchen surveyed her work.

"I said I'd get even with her, and I have," she said.

Then she blew out the candle, and fled away into the darkness of the night.

(To be concluded.)

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door! —British Weekly.

The Railroad's Opinion.

GRANDFATHER had returned unexpectedly from a trip to the city, and had suddenly come upon the boys smoking in the barn. He said nothing at the time, however, and the boys hoped that perhaps, after all, he had not really seen their cigarettes. But after supper, when the whole family had gathered in the kitchen to hear grandfather relate his experiences, he spoke thus, bringing blushes to the cheeks of the boys:

"I've found out to-day what the railroad company thinks of tobacco. It has a special car for tobacco users, you know, and invariably this is the meanest one on the whole train. Not only does the company thus give an implied opinion of the smokers by the shabbiness and filth of its smoking-cars, but it distinctly rates them as second-class travelers.

"Some odoriferous immigrants got aboard our train, with great bags of clothing over their shoulders. When the conductor saw their tickets he said: 'These are second-class tickets; you'll have to go ahead into the smoking-car.'

"That wasn't the worst, either. Just before the train left the station some hunters with their dogs and guns entered our car. 'The smoking-car is the place for those dogs and for men with guns,' sharply said the conductor. 'It's against the rules of the company to carry either dogs or guns in an ordinary coach.'

"I don't say this is the opinion I personally

would express of users of tobacco, but I must say that I thought it interesting to find a big and unsentimental corporation saying, 'Second-class immigrants, dogs, smokers, and dangerous weapons are all in the same category, so far as we are concerned. Curious, isn't it, boys?' And there was a distinct twinkle in the old man's eyes as he turned toward his grandsons.—Forward.

Father's Girl.

Her hair is straight and stubborn; she has freckles by the score;
She is apt to have a rent within her choicest pin afore.
She is undersized and sallow, by her sisters fair and tall,
But she never tires of doing kindly acts for one and all.

Mary brings the water in, and hunts her father's hat;
Mary sweeps the kitchen floor, and picks up Tommy's bat.
God's wondrous gift of beauty missed her homely little face,
But her loving little mother-heart it filled with double grace.
—Emma Ellen Glossop.

Too Much Rope.

A BOY and a dog met. Just how this came about is of no importance, for boys and dogs are often companions. This boy had a long piece of rope tied around the dog's neck, to serve the purpose of a collar and chain. At first, the boy was leading the dog in a quiet manner. But the dog grew restless, and began to tug and pull at the rope. The boy gave the dog all the rope he had, and then things changed. Instead of the boy leading the dog, the dog began to lead the boy, and the last I saw of that pair was the boy following the dog as he darted around the corner of a building. The dog had the boy on the run. I laughed at his predicament.

There are other companionships than those formed by boys and dogs. We form companionships between our habits and ourselves. We think we are the leaders in the party—and we may be. But there are times when our habits refuse to be satisfied with the liberty we allow them, and they become restless. They do not work as strenuously as did the dog, but they pull for more rope just the same.—Baptist Union.

A Happy Secret.

"WHY is it, my dear," said a father, looking down at his little daughter, "that everybody seems to love you?"

"I don't know, papa," she replied, "unless it is because I love everybody."

This is the secret of all happy lives, for dropping sweetness into others' lives sweetens our own.—Jewels.

Junior Jottings.

Thanksgiving week was one of special thanksgiving for the young people of First Church, Oskaloosa, Ia., and particularly for the boys and girls of the Junior and Intermediate leagues. During that week Mrs. S. T. McKim, the Iowa state superintendent, conducted a series of revival services, which were blessedly helpful to all who attended. The members of the Intermediate League proved their devotion by the earnest personal work which they did. Every evening, before or after the regular service, special prayer-meetings—one for boys and one for girls—were held in the class-rooms, and resulted in many conversions. There are more than 100 Juniors in this chapter, and they are doing earnest and faithful work in every department. The older classes have taken up "Junior studies in the life of Christ" as their text-book for the year. The Intermediate League also has a large membership, and is in every way a remarkable success and a great help to the church.

The Junior League at Medford, Wis., is the banner chapter of Ashland District, and is trying to break the record which it made for itself last year. The enrollment is fifty-nine, with an average attendance of forty-five. The work is superintended by Mrs. P. F. Stair, who has three assistants. The boys and girls meet every Saturday afternoon, and the first half-hour is devoted to a chorus rehearsal under the direction of an experienced vocal teacher.

Then the younger children separate into two classes for their lessons. Two Bible classes, composed of Juniors ranging in age from seven to fifteen years, meet on Monday afternoon for the work planned in "Junior Studies in the Life of Christ."

The Junior League at Floy, Ia., is thoroughly alive and vigorous, and is planning for a successful new year. The secretary, Miss Mary Day, reports an interesting installation service held in the church on the evening of Oct. 25. In connection with this service the Juniors gave a program which was greatly appreciated by a large and interested audience. Miss Rosa Dodge is the newly-elected president. Miss Myrtle Raymond is superintendent.

At the November business meeting of Commerce-street Epworth League, Bridgeton, N. J., a class of thirteen boys and girls was graduated from the Junior League into the Senior chapter. The children received their diplomas, and were presented by their superintendent, Mrs. Hemsley. They were then received by the Epworth League president, and welcomed by the pastor and members of the cabinet, after which they received Epworth League badges. An appropriate program was an attractive feature of the meeting.

There is a flourishing Junior chapter at Crown Point, N. Y. The little secretary, Alida F. Barney, sends us an interesting letter. We wish we might reprint it in full, but space will not permit. This chapter was organized in February, 1902, with eight members. It now has an enrollment of forty-one. The regular weekly meeting is held on Saturday afternoon. The boys and girls are earnest little Christians, and most of them take an active part in the prayer-service. They are studying the New Testament miracles, and are greatly interested in the lessons. The pastor, Rev. H. F. Titus, has a warm friendship for the Juniors, and frequently conducts their meetings. These little people have done some excellent and practical work. During the month of June they interested themselves in the improvement of the parsonage, and contributed \$13.50 for a couch, \$5.00 for carpets, and \$1.50 for paint. They also helped the ladies' aid society to pay for chairs furnished for the prayer-room. On the evening of Nov. 25 they gave an entertainment, from which they realized \$20. Mrs. H. F. Titus is superintendent.

Junior Prayer-Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

January 3: A New Year's Gift.

(2 Cor. 8: 5.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday—How can we give ourselves to God? (Rom. 12: 1.)

Tuesday—When should we give ourselves? (2 Cor. 6: 2.)

Wednesday—How will our gift be received? (Hos. 14: 4.)

Thursday—Should we wait to make ourselves better? (Heb. 3: 7-9.)

Friday—What will we receive in return? (Gal. 4: 5.)

Saturday—What rule of giving have we? (Matt. 10: 8.)

Sunday—What is God's best gift to the world? (John 3: 16.)

PROGRAM.

Singing, "Joy to the world."...Beatitudes responsively... Roll-call... Sentence prayers... Lord's prayer chanted...Singing, "I've given my heart to Jesus."... Junior topic and blackboard talk...Class study...Collection...Closing song, "Just as I am."

To the Junior Superintendent.

The question, "How can I hold my older Juniors?" is being answered in many of our Junior League chapters by the use of the new course-of-study book, "Junior Studies in the Life of Christ."

The easiest way to use this book is for the Junior superintendent to buy one copy, and from it teach the lesson, using the blackboard, written slips of paper, and the Juniors' Bibles as aids. This is the *easiest* way, but I believe it is not the best way. Children and young people, as well as older people, value what costs them something. The cost of an individual outfit for each Junior is the lion in the way in most chapters, rather than a desire to shirk on the part of either the superintendent or the Juniors. Let me tell my own experience in vanquishing this lion:

Our Intermediate League, called the "Pansy Chapter," did not wish to take up the course of study, as many of the members are doing heavy work in the high-school. The promised text-book,

"Junior Bible Study," has been delayed in publication, and for this reason the older boys and girls in the Junior League were left without a text-book. I decided to allow all over eleven years of age, who desired to do so, to join the class in "Junior Studies in the Life of Christ." Twenty were ready to join, and every week brings additions to the number.

Each outfit is made up as follows: Text-book in board covers, 35 cents; two small Testaments, 10 cents; blue-covered blank-books, 5 cents; set of Brown pictures, 12 cents. Thus each outfit costs 62 cents. Of this amount each Junior pays 25 cents, an equal amount is taken from the Junior treasury, and the pictures are given by the Junior superintendent. Class study is carried on at small tables, where a number of Juniors work under the direction of an adult helper. Here the clipping of references from the Testaments, and the pasting of references and pictures in the blank-books is carried on. The maps required are drawn at home, and the lessons are studied there. It is evident that the Juniors are interested in their work, for some of them come a long distance through fair or stormy weather, and none are willing to be absent for a single Sunday. Sets of pictures may be obtained from George P. Brown & Co., 38 Lovett Street, Beverly, Mass.

Blackboard Talk.

Has anyone here received a watch for a birthday present? If so, you are doubtless well-pleased with the valuable gift.

The watch has a face, a pair of hands, and a beating heart.



ing heart. It seems almost alive, as it keeps at work night and day. (Show watch.) If a watch runs down it is of little use, except to look at.

Each of us carries a watch around with him, but we too often let it run down. That watch is called *conscience*. It ticks loudest at night, or seems to do so, because then we are listening. We need to watch our hearts, our hands, and our lips.

Who can tell why we should watch? (1 Peter 4: 7.)

What should we watch? (Psa. 141: 3.)

What key winds the watch? (Col. 4: 2.)

MEMORY MENDING.

What Food Alone Can Do for the Memory.

The influence of food upon the brain and memory is so little understood that people are inclined to marvel at it.

Take a person who has been living on improperly selected food and put him upon a scientific diet in which the food Grape-Nuts is largely used and the increase of the mental power that follows is truly remarkable.

A Canadian who was sent to Colorado for his health illustrates this point in a most convincing manner: "One year ago I came from Canada a nervous wreck, so my physician said, and reduced in weight to almost a skeleton, and my memory was so poor that conversations had to be repeated that had taken place only a few hours before. I was unable to rest day or night for my nervous system was shattered.

"The change of climate helped me a little, but it was soon seen that this was not all that I needed. I required the proper selection of food although I did not realize it until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts to me, and I gave this food a thorough trial. Then I realized what the right food could do and I began to change in my feelings and bodily condition. This kept up until now after 6 months' use of Grape-Nuts all my nervous trouble has entirely disappeared, I have gained in flesh all that I had lost, and what is more wonderful to me than anything else my memory is as good as it ever was. Truly Grape-Nuts has remade me all over, mind and body, when I never expected to be well and happy again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

GIVE YOUR STOMACH

A NICE VACATION.

Don't Do it by Starving it Either—Let a Substitute Do the Work.

The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies just as well to the stomach, one of the most important organs of the human system, as it does to the man himself.

If your stomach is worn out and rebels against being further taxed beyond its limit, the only sensible thing you can do is to give it a rest. Employ a substitute for a short time and see if it will not more than repay you in results.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a willing and most efficient substitute. They themselves digest every bit of food in the stomach in just the same way that the stomach itself would, were it well. They contain all the essential elements that the gastric juice and other digestive fluids of the stomach contain, and actually act just the same and do just the same work as the natural fluids would do, were the stomach well and sound. They, therefore, relieve the stomach, just as one workman relieves another, and permit it to rest and recuperate and regain its normal health and strength.

This "vacation" idea was suggested by the letter of a prominent lawyer in Chicago. Read what he says: "I was engaged in the most momentous undertaking of my life in bringing about the coalition of certain great interests that meant much to me as well as my clients. It was not the work of days, but of months. I was working night and day almost, when at a very critical time my stomach went clear back on me. The undue mental strain brought it about and hurried up what would have happened later on.

"What I ate I had to literally force down and that was a source of misery as I had a sour stomach much of the time. My head ached, I was sluggish and began to lose my ambition to carry out my undertaking. It looked pretty gloomy for me, and I confided my plight to one of my clients. He had been cured by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and at once went down to a drug store and brought a box up to the office.

"I had not taken a quarter of that box before I found that they would do all the work my stomach ever did; and as a rest or vacation was out of the question for me, I determined to give my stomach a vacation. I kept right on taking the tablets and braced up and went ahead with my work with renewed vigor, ate just as much as I ever did and carried out that undertaking to a successful issue. I feel that I have Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to thank for saving me the handsomest fee I ever received as well as my reputation, and last but not least my stomach."

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Letters to the Editor.

Concerning the Collection.

Nine-tenths of the money given to foreign missions comes from one-tenth of the church membership. Is that right?—EPWORTH HERALD, Oct. 17.

Why is it not right? My observation and experience are that nine-tenths of the money is held by one-tenth of the membership (or less). I believe that if all gave in proportion to their wealth, the proportion would be still greater. I am convinced that the members in small circumstances give out of all proportion to the wealthy ones (with exceptions, of course).

One working woman will give a dollar, and the man she works for will give ten dollars, when, if he gave in proportion, he would give a hundred, and probably could give a thousand with less sacrifice.

I would be glad to see a further discussion of this matter in THE HERALD, or other church papers.

FRANK M. STROUT.

Portland, Me.

A Sunday-School Contest.

Here is the plan, for which we claim no originality, but by which we more than doubled our average attendance in the Sunday-school, and increased the average collection more than thirty fold, pushing it up on the seventh Sabbath to \$285:

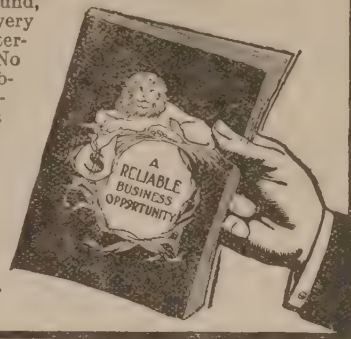
For seven Sundays have a contest in which friendly rivalry is encouraged. After the Sunday-school board votes to have the contest, let it appoint a committee to divide the school equally as to numbers and ability to contribute. It is not well to divide by classes, as it is impossible thus to get the school divided equally as to financial ability. Let the committee appoint a captain for each side, and each captain choose a lieutenant to assist him. The superintendent should be neutral, sympathizing with both sides and encouraging them. One side wears red ribbons and the other blue, and every member strives to get as many new scholars into his division as possible. Each Sabbath every ribbon is counted as a point, and every five cents in the collection as a point, and the collection is taken by divisions rather than by classes, as is the usual custom. The standing of

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each side is announced every Sabbath, and the division that makes the most points during the whole period of contest is declared the victor. The defeated side gives an elegant program at the Sunday-school jubilee held soon after the contest closes.

The Sunday-school board determines what shall be done with the contributions, and it is well to announce during the contest that the money will be used to pay off church debts, make improvements, assist the missionary cause, replenish the Sunday-school library, or meet any need of the local situation. This plan worked throughout Methodism would greatly arouse interest in the Sunday-school, largely increase the attendance, and put into the treasury several million dollars to be used to promote objects dear to the Redeemer's heart.

J. A. H.

The results are surprisingly large. But have you ever thought that the spirit of competition is not the best motive to prompt Christian work?—[Ed.]

Charles Dickens' Golden Rules.

Many men have worked much harder and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence; without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels. . . . My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to I have devoted myself to completely; that in great aims and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self; and never, never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rule.

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The Meaning of Surnames.

In primitive times, we know men and women boasted of but one cognomen, as witness the biblical records. It was not until the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, or even fourteenth century that surnames became really stationary.

The word was formerly written sir-name.

Williamson and Stevenson would naturally be sir or sire names equivalent to son of William and of Steven.

In the same way the people of Russia affix the termination of *witz*, as Pietrowitz, son of Peter, the Poles employing *sky* in the same way—Paderewsky.

Among the Saxons we find the ending *ing* denotes descent; to this origin are due such names as Browning, Willing, Dering, etc.; the patronymic syllable *Mac* was used in similar manner; and in Ireland the *O* signified grandson, as O'Sullivan.

The Welsh often put the father's name in the possessive case, as George William's, or, as it is now written, Williams. To this origin may be traced many names ending in *s*.

The Greeks bore a single name given the tenth day after birth, and usually expressing some admirable feature, as *Sophon*, the wise.

The Romans were much less dignified than the Greeks. Names were derived from ordinary employments, as *Porcius*, swineherd; or from some personal peculiarity, such as *Naso*, long-nosed.

History tells us that the early dwellers upon earth erected their shelters upon the shores of lakes, along the banks of rivers, or close by the sea, from which source much of their food was drawn. And so to-day, the connection being obvious, we have such names as Fisher, Hook, Bate, Sholes, Dolphin, Eels, Conger, Salmon, Bass, Codman, Pike, Roach, Herring, and Crabb, all of them good English names.

Trades and occupations have given names to more inhabitants of the earth than any other cause, as, for example, the innumerable family of Smith, derived from the Anglo-Saxon *smiten*, to smite, originally included wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, etc.

Some years ago a philologist undertook to enlighten the public as to the extraordinary extension of this name; after thirty columns he threw down his pen in despair.

Trade also first gave names to the Taylors, Carpenters, Bakers, Brewers, Slaters, Sawyers, Chandlers, and Colliers.

It is said that a Sussex family by the name of Webb has carried on the trade of weaving since the thirteenth century.

Spencer is from a dispensator or steward; Grosvenor from *gros veneur*, grand huntsman.

With these we might mention names from signs of inns, as Will at the Bull, and George at the Whitehorse, which were afterward simplified into Will Bull and George Whitehorse.

From *wood* is derived Atwood, Bywood, Underwood, Netherwood, etc. Jenner is an old form of joiner; Milner of Miller; Bannister is the keeper of a bath.

We find the name Pilcher means "a maker of pilches, a warm kind of upper garment, the great coat of the fourteenth century."

Crocker means a maker of pottery, from the word "crock," which in provincial dialect signifies a large jar. Ward indicates a keeper, as Durward, doorkeeper; Hayward or Hereward, keeper of the town cattle; Woodward, forest keeper; Millward, keeper of a mill; Kenwood, dog keeper.

Formerly, if one dwelt upon a hill, he would style himself Attehill, or Athill; if near a moor, Athmore. We find color and complexion have given rise to many surnames, as Black, Blackman, Brown, and Redman.

The color of the hair must also have been considered, as we find innumerable Blackheads, Grays, Redheads, and Whiteheads. The form of the head added a few Longheads, Broadheads, etc.

Not from the head alone have names been taken; Longfellow, Tallman, Prettyman, Freeman, Pullman, and Pennyman conjure up for us length, height, and penmanship. The termination *kin* is a

diminutive, Timpkin, meaning little Tim.—*Connecticut Magazine*.

How the Nonconformist Took Part.

In his intensely interesting biography the late Joseph Parker describes the funeral of Mr. Gladstone, held in Westminster Abbey, which he considered the most impressive and memorable public ceremony he ever attended. He says:

"No nonconformist took any part in the national function. Archbishop, bishop, deans, rectors, vicars, and clergymen of every degree were properly there in great numbers. How could any nonconformist be present in such an assembly? Think of the highly exalted company—the archbishop, the prime minister, the lord chancellor, the speaker, her majesty's judges, and her majesty's family—how could any dissenting member expect to be officially associated with such ecclesiastical dignity and splendor? But it is true that no nonconformist took public part in that grand festival of appreciation and sorrow? On reflection, I correct myself. A nonconformist took one of the most impressive parts in the solemn ritual. I am not sure that his name was given on the program, but the fact does not deprive my memory of one of its most thrilling recollections. The archbishop, the prime minister, the lord chancellor, the leader of the House of Commons, the leader of the opposition, together with ten thousand others, sang, as with one voice, to the accompaniment of organ thunder:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.

"Right nobly and gloriously did the grand hymn sound and resound in that echoing and re-echoing abbey; and that hymn is by Dr. Isaac Watts, one of the foremost nonconformists known to history.

"No man was conscious of ecclesiastical division and contention as he took part in the singing of that elevating hymn. All felt the grandeur, the brevity of time, and the solemnity of life.

"When I think of the singing of that hymn by all classes and conditions of men, I must recall the remark that no nonconformist took public part in the interment of the illustrious statesman."

Peary's New Plan.

Next July Commander Peary will have another Arctic expedition, the expenses of which will be paid by private contributions. His plan is to take a sufficient number of Esquimaux aboard his ship somewhere in the region of Whale Sound, in northwestern Greenland, settle them at Cape Sabine, and there establish his base of supplies and force his way northward, ice conditions permitting, to winter quarters on the north shore of Grant Land, making caches along the route as he can. In February, 1905, as soon as it is light enough, he proposes to start over the polar "pack" with a small party, followed by the main party. He hopes to cover the distance to the pole and back in 100 days, traveling at the rate of ten miles a day.

He will use individual dog-drawn sledges with light loads. His land base is 100 miles nearer the pole than is possible on any other route. The ice pack reaching toward the pole is more rigid than on the other side of the pole, and he will have beaten lines of communication and retreat.

The North Pole is, as Commander Peary says, "the last great geographical prize." May he hang the American flag on that pole!—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Are You Looking for a School?

The Woman's College at Jacksonville, Ill., is one of the best schools for young women. In the term beginning January 5 there will be only a few vacancies. Strong work is done in the regular college studies, and there are exceptional advantages for any who desire to specialize in music, art, or elocution. The home life is delightful and helpful. This is a fine opportunity for a few young women. The vacancies will soon be filled. Apply to President Harker, Jacksonville, Ill.

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